New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

Three Angels

Three sweet angels fast asleep!
Two blush-buds and one white lily—
Queens of silence crowned alone,
On a throne,
Under a monumental stone,
Where the royal shadows keep
In a palace dim and chilly.
Lily in her regal white;
And her fair hands clasped from lifting
'Neath each dainty, moulded breast,
Beauty blest—

How she lies and takes her rest!
Heedless of the coming night,
Or the gold and purple drifting
Of the splendors of the West.

Buds with blushes washed away
In that dark and solemn river,
Their meek beauty floated on.
Music drawn
Going out to meet the dawn.
That comes smiling through the gray,
White pearl and jasper quiver.

Three wild birds that used to be
Singing down our orchard tree—
Three white sleepers beath the sod—
And three jewels, gloriously
Flaming in the crown of God!

The Printer's Epitaph

Here lies his *form in pi*;
Beneath this *bank* with *briars* overgrown;
His *many cases*, far more noteworthier lie
Neath some *imposing stone*.

No *column points* our loss—
No sculptured *caps* his history declare;
Although he lived a follower of the cross
And member of the *bar*.

The golden *rule* he prized,
And left it as a *token* of his love;
And all his *books*, *corrected* and *revised*,
Are *registered* above.

The *copy* of his wrongs—
The *proofs* of all his *pi-ety* are there;
And the fair *title* which to truth belongs,
Will *prove* his *title* fair.

Though now in death's *en-grave*,
A *mouldering* heap our luckless brother lies,
He'll re-appear on Gabriel's *royal chase*,
And *print it* in the skies.

RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—Under this head Mr Chas. A. Meigs, of the firm of Meigs & Greenleaf, writes THE Brooklyn Eagle a graphic account of a race that came off between himself and a light one-horse cutter on one side, and a locomotive on the Long Island Railroad on the other side. Mr. Meigs was on his way to church with his son and daughter, and a Mrs. Pardessus. In Franklin avenue they met the locomotive, which came upon them at a fast rate, without any previous notice whatever. Mr. Meig's horse was very much frightened, and started off along a narrow side path at a furious pace. Mr. Meigs says:

Along the side path we dashed, with the locomotive keeping pace, neck and neck with my horse, and within six feet of us, for the distance of about one hundred and twenty-five yards, when on seeing some stone steps ahead, I saw that the only chance for our lives was to get down from the side path on to the track, ahead of the locomotive, and then to outrun it. With this object in view, I urged my horse down and gradually down on to the track; reached it, crossed the track within six feet of the wheels of the tender, and was about to turn my horse parallel with the track, and in it, to continue this fearful race for our lives, which was our only chance, when the cutter upset! Mrs. Pardessus was thrown between the rails, my daughter Sue just outside the rails, and myself and son were landed in the snow nearly or forty feet further along the track, outside the rails.

Mrs. Pardessus, by great presence of mind, rolled over three or four times, and by this means saved her life as the engine passed between herself and Sue, within twelve inches of both their heads, one on each side of it.

At this point the engineer stopped his locomotive, and it appears to have been the earliest moment at which he made any attempt to do so. By a most merciful interposition of Divine Providence, we all escaped with our lives, with some very severe bruises, and the horse and cutter also escaped utter destruction, although both are very much damaged.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveler thus describes one of the *attaches* of the National Intelligencer office:

He is a very large, very sagacious, very old, and very self-important, black dog. Like everybody and everything about the office, he has a speck, peculiarity of extreme solidity, and great good nature; but a sense of an ability and determination to maintain his principles, privileges and rights. Since I have known him, it has been his custom to go to the post-office every morning with the mail bag. This morning, as I returned, I met him; he occupied the narrow footpath, and pitched his way along very manfully. The moon on either side was about four feet deep. One of us must turn out, and I rather expected to take precedence over his dogship. But not an inch would he yield, and when I attempted to push him off into the snow, he very good-naturedly turned the tables by placing his immense paws on my shoulders, and precipitating me headlong into the snow bank, and then quietly passing over my body. He covered my discomfiture in a manner to see several others who had laughed at my fall, take warning by my fate, and accord the way to the old fellow, who passed on as quietly as ever.

A "MILKY WAY" AT SEA.—A lady on a voyage to Calcutta writes the following, which the New York Observer is permitted to print:

When in the Gulf of Aden, we saw a very remarkable sight. It was a rough and showy evening that we were called on deck to see the "milky water," which is only seen in this region. It is still undecided whether the effect is produced by electricity, by atmospheric causes, or by animalcule. Instead of water, it seemed for all the world were plunging through great drifts of snow. The appearance extended even to the horizon, and if the air had been colder, and I could have caught the sound of sleigh-bells, I should have lost all idea of the sea and imagined myself enjoying a magnificent sleigh ride. It is very remarkable that no chemical analysis can detect any peculiarity in the composition of the water; and so soon as daylight or moonlight comes it vanishes. The milky water lasted for three nights, and then suddenly stopped; and every evening afterwards the water was as usual.

DECLINE IN MATRIMONY.—It appears, from statistics, that the number of marriages in Boston last year, as compared with the year previous, is twenty per cent. less, and it is no doubt the case in nearly every portion of this country. The Boston Ledger gives the reason as follows:

It is that the fair sex null so hard on the purse-strings of their husbands as to frighten those who would otherwise marry from ever undertaking it at all. We asked a friend only the other day, a prosperous gentleman with a respectable income, what was the reason he did not marry. "Because I can't afford it," was his reply; which would be the reply of nine-tenths of those who refrain from honorable marriage if they were once put the question. It is the silks and laces that do the business for the girls, and they may as well open their eyes to it first as last. It is the ceaseless expenditure, and the endless extravagance. They make a young man with limited means, but of unbounded energy and perseverance, tremble whenever he is presumptuous enough to think what a comfort and blessing it would be for him to take a wife.

In these fast times of ours, when the ladies seem to vie with the men in intellect and energy, girls think too much of outward display, and too little of inward worth. They are anxious to furnish the outside, and let the inside go empty as a barrack or barn. We hope the sex will pardon our liberty of speech, but the more sensible of them cannot fail to see that these truth-telling shocks are just what is needed to bring the rest of them back to their senses. Good sense alone is compatible, we think, with abiding affection. If a young woman has not judgment enough to see that extravagance is doing both herself and those connected with her unbounded injury, she will be likely, if she lives long enough, to obtain her schooling at a dear rate indeed.

Some one not otherwise profitably employed, pays the following compliment to the fair sex. Of its justness let readers determine: "Calico is a great promoter of laziness. If young men wish to accomplish anything of moment, either with head or hand, they must keep clear of the institution entirely. A pair of sweet lips, a pink waist, a swelling chest, and a pressure or two of delicate hands, will as much unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large sized whooping cough, a pair of lock jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

The Duke of Wellington once left his umbrella by accident on the stall of a lady of rank, at a fair. On returning to look for it, he was told that the umbrella had just been sold for twenty-five guineas by the lady, who could not resist the temptation of disposing of so valuable a relic for charitable purposes.

LONG SERMONS.—At the South Carolina conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the presiding bishop decided long sermons, except on very special occasions, to be improper, contrary to the discipline, to the practice of "the Fathers," and, to some extent, subversive of the ends of the Christian ministry. The limit on ordinary occasions, according to the bishop, should be from thirty to forty-five minutes.

The true perceptions of a child are the objects that surround him: these are the instructors to whom he owes almost all his ideas.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

A Sketch from Real Life.

"Number 2,008 and number 2,009 are free," said the official Secretary of the Governor of Tobolsk, as he entered a hut occupied by a man and woman gray and careworn.

Eager questions were asked by the woman, who seemed to receive fire and life by the words, "You are free."

The man sat listless still, with shaggy beard, coarse clothes and rough hands. He had a taciturn brow and an icy composure of face.

The woman's tall form grew erect—her face flushed and faded with alternations of feeling, and falling on her knees, she drew her husband to her side and returned thanks to a gracious Father in Heaven, who, after twenty years of exile would again restore them to home, to kindred. Her husband was unmoved still—his heart had hardened as each successive year rolled on—he had even hardly been thankful for the favor allowed him—the companionship of his wife.

Ivan Surowak was a Russian noble, the owner of broad lands inherited from his ancestors, and with three thousand serfs at his command.

At twenty years of age he was left his own master, and with the Russian's love of pleasure entered into every wild gay frivolity that caught his attention.

He belonged to a proud but chivalrous race, bold, hospitable and generous.

Never had his word sanctioned a bad action, nor been pledged without being redeemed.

He resided in an old chateau belonging to one of his estates, which had been built some three hundred years before, and was a regular fortification, calculated to resist assaults in days of strife and bloodshed.

A year after the death of his father, the old prince was married, Ivan visited Paris, wherever he went, he was welcomed, always met by smiles and looks of approbation. His life was one scene of perpetual gaiety and pleasure. He found easy entrance into the clubs, and the houses of the old Faubourg St. Germain were opened at his approach.

One day strolling through the Palais Royal, he suddenly came upon the sign "Commissioner du Monte di Pietà," over the door of a low building. Upon looking in at a window, he saw the Jew commissioner in earnest and rather angry conversation with a female deeply veiled. Hastily stepping in he overheard these words:

"I can lend you but five thousand francs on them," said the commissioner.

"Let me have eight thousand," implored the woman.

The commissioner indulged in a coarse laugh.

"If you like to take the five thousand francs, say so," and turning to Ivan, he said, "Can I do anything for you?"

"When you have done with that lady, not before," said Ivan in disgust.

The woman turned quickly at the sound of his voice, and drawing her veil more closely, again repeated her demand for eight thousand francs.

"Once for all, exclaimed the Jew, quickly, "I offer you five thousand francs, if you do not choose to accept it you shall have nothing. You see Monsieur has been kept waiting—do you, or do you not?"

"Give me them," she murmured, "give me any thing;" and leaning against the wall she awaited the termination of the arrangements.

"Here's your money."

The woman grasped the notes without speaking, and with a quick step moved towards the door.

"Now, Monsieur," said the commissioner, "I am at your service." But Ivan, who had become interested in the woman, and who really had no business there, was already upon the threshold, determined to follow her, and if necessary relieve her distress.

She was remarkable for the elegance of her movements and the symetry of her person, which the large shawl wrapped around her did not wholly conceal. She walked on with that lightness, ease and unconscious grace which belongs only to the high bred.

Arriving at the rue Neuve des Petits Champs, she entered a gloomy looking passage, and passing the porter's lodge, was soon lost to view.

Ivan loitered near the entrance until sure she had disappeared, when approaching the porter, he asked who was the young girl, for young he was certain she was, that had just entered Mademoiselle d'Amanle's, No. 6, third floor. After some more questions, and a judicious supply of gold, he learned that she resided there with her old father, and had done so for a year past.

The porter was confident she was a lady, and the father, he said, had the grand air which only belongs to birth and distinction.

A week previous, Monsieur had been arrested for debt and hurried away to prison, and every day Mademoiselle, her eyes red with weeping, hurried out, and late in the day came back no better.

Certain that she had pawned her jewels for her father's release, he inquired the way to the prison and the old gentleman's address, and calling a cabriolet, drove to St. Pelagie.

"You have a French gentleman by the name of d'Amanie, brought here a week since," said Ivan to the turnkey.

"I have."

"What is the amount for which he has been arrested?"

"Eight thousand francs," was the reply.

"Then send for his creditor. I have brought the amount of his debt."

"There is no necessity for such a step," said the turnkey. "If the eight thousand francs and expenses are deposited in my hands, the gentleman can depart at any moment."

"Good," said Ivan, who paid the eight thousand francs, took a receipt and the papers connected with the arrest, and was about to depart, when his footsteps were arrested by the turnkey, who asked him if he did not wish an interview. Declining, he threw a Napoleon to him and left.

"What a strange fellow," muttered the turnkey, as he pocketed the gold.

It was a beautiful morning in October; the rich tints of the autumnal leaf shone in beauty, and the atmosphere was golden in the rays of a meridian sun. The gay edifices of Paris rose lofty and clearly defined in the hazy atmosphere, the bells chimed musically, and the streets were crowded with a living sea of human beings, mingled with carriages and horsemen, of every description. Pleasure beamed from every countenance and the light repartee flew from one to another among the eager crowd.

The whole population of Paris had turned out to receive Napoleon on his return from Switzerland.

The windows of the lofty houses on either side the street were filled with beautiful and elegantly dressed women, awaiting the expected pageant with as much impatience as the crowd below them.

Ivan, with a party of friends, occupied an apartment in the Rue de la Paix, which commanded a good view of the whole crowd.

For more than two hours they had awaited with impatience the appearance of the troops which announced the approach of the Emperor.

Ivan amused himself in studying the countenances of the anxious crowds as they swayed and surged below him.

Immediately under the projecting window he occupied was a gentleman and lady, accompanied by a female attendant, who stood just without the line of the crowd. Ivan's attention was constantly attracted to them by an interest he could not account for, until at last, noticing the direction of his eyes, one of his lady companions rallied him playfully upon the interest he manifested in the strangers.

The young lady appeared to be about nineteen; her complexion was fair, her hair of a beautiful auburn, luxuriant and glossy; and her large blue eyes had an expression of touching softness and beauty. Her figure was elegant, and her attitude free and unstudied.

The eyes of all the Ivan's party were fixed upon this young girl in admiration of her beauty, when the people began to move, and the troops of the household guard coming past the window, one of the officers leaned forward, gave his hand to the gentleman who accompanied her, and saluted herself with respectful courtesy. Just at this moment his horse became restive, suddenly plunged, and the young lady, losing the support she leaned against, fell to the ground. The furious horse, rearing in the air with his pawing feet, threatened destruction to the young girl, when Ivan, springing into the street, caught the bridle, and, with a vigorous effort, succeeded in turning him completely around. The horse fell with his rider under him, but Ivan, catching the girl from the earth, with the assistance of her father and attendant pressed through the crowd, and calling a fiacre, he conducted them to it. The young girl upwards, and as the coach drove off, expressing a wish to see Ivan, handed him his card:

COUNT DE ARZNEE,
Rue Neuve des Petites Chausses.

Ivan's countenance lighted up with intelligence and interest; now he could explain how it was that his feelings were so drawn to these persons—some mysterious chord of sympathy there was, and he resolved as speedily as possible to see them again.

The following morning the handsome cabriolet of the prince was driving through the dirty streets leading to the apartments occupied by the count, and Ivan alighting, entered the porter's lodge and sent up his card.

He soon had an invitation to ascend to the third story, where he was introduced to small but neat and even elegant apartments. The count was seated at a small table, with a cup of coffee before him, and his daughter, as Ivan entered, looked up with a flushed cheek, and half rose as if to meet him, but again resumed her seat as her father, with stately courtesy, presented him.

The old Count was of a noble family near Bordeaux, but had come to Paris to contest a claim against his impoverished family.

To the preserver of his daughter he spoke freely, and mentioning his arrest for debt, he touchingly related his feelings at finding himself suddenly released. He had, he said, incurred heavy expenses in the prosecution of his suit, and was therefore limited in his funds. Entirely unacquainted in Paris, he had no friends to whom to apply, and it had been a source of anxiety with them to discover their benefactor, that when able they might restore to him what he had so generously expended in their behalf.

Aurelia joined in the conversation with ease and sprightliness, and before the termination of the call, Ivan's interest had already ripened into a warmer feeling.

Weeks and months passed; Ivan had forgotten and forsaken other society, that he might daily sit with Aurelia, or accompany the old Count in his visits of business to his lawyers.

With the sanction of her father, Aurelia was already his betrothed bride, and they only awaited the termination of the law suit, and the performance of the marriage ceremony. Ivan would have hastened it, but the old Count, in his poverty, proudly refused, and said Aurelia should not go a portionless bride to her husband.

But what was the Count's surprise and horror when the tribunal pronounced sentence against him. His whole fortune was gone, and the merest pittance barely sufficing for his support remained. He declared himself a victim of persecution on account of his faithful adherence to the Bourbons, took his bed, and was fast wasting with discontent and weariness of life.

Aurelia sacrificed her own sorrow in the presence of her father, soothing him with expressions of affection and words of consoling trust.

Ivan's love and untiring solicitude sweetened her father's passage to the grave.

"I would, my child," said the Count one day to his daughter, "see you the wife of Ivan before I die; then, indeed, could I depart in peace."

Her answer was a caress.

A week afterwards, the Count was carried to the tomb of his ancestors, and Ivan and his bride were on their way to his home in Russia.

Then, and not till then, did she know how high was the rank, how great the wealth, of her husband. Then, also, did she learn how deep had been his interest in her from the first moment of their meeting.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, they lived in retirement for a few months.

Aurelia, although mourning for her father, lived in all the deep content of love. Every thought partaken, her heart was filled with thankfulness and affection.

* * * * * * *

Six years have passed, and the young Princess, at midnight, sat in the dressing-room awaiting the return of her husband.

She had visited her nursery, and found each little head nestled in innocence upon its pillow, and she now sat with her cheek resting upon her hand, listening to every sound in the deserted streets. Suddenly she heard his carriage, and breathless with eager expectancy, she rushed out to meet him.

Ivan entered the room with a troubled look; kissing Aurelia, he seated himself, and told her of his meeting with the conspirators. Imbued with a love for liberty and hatred of the despotism which ruled Russia, he had become one of the leading spirits in the movement about to be made against the Czar.

This evening it was suspected that a spy was among them, and as the measures of the Czar were known to be cruel and prompt, a sad foreboding rested upon Ivan's mind.

The next day he was arrested. With only a slight show of a trial, twenty of the principal conspirators, all noblemen, were sentenced to Siberia for life. Many others, of less note, secured sentence of ten, twenty and thirty years.

In one short week they were to be sent on that desolate exile, without hope, without friends and affection.

Aurelia hastened to Ivan's friends; she besought his uncle to intercede, and she herself, with tears and appeals for mercy, knelt at the Czar's feet, but he was inexorable, all that she gained was permission to accompany her husband—permission to bid a final adieu to her swet little Ivan, to part forever with her darling pet, her infant Aurelia—but she hesitated not a moment. Her husband was the idol of her soul, to him she resolved to be a nurse, counsellor, supporter, if necessary, reliever of toil and hardship. In that cold and cheerless solitude, to which he was sentenced, could she not cheer his drooping spirits, raise his crushed heart, and keep alive hope?

In a rude hut sat Ivan and his young wife, in coarse clothing, without ornament, and with the rude implements of toil about them.

A sad change had passed over Aurelia; her long hair, white as snow, was thrown back from her face which had a terrible sadness imprinted upon it. The large blue eyes were dilated and the lashes shone with unshed tears.

One hope after another had departed as the years glided away. Tired and imbittered, Ivan had taken refuge in a harsh indifference. Aurelia's bright hope in God had almost given place to despair when the words with which my story commenced were spoken at the entrance of their hut.

We have seen how they were received.

Ivan still retained his indifference until their departure, while Aurelia's face grew white with expectation and hope. Twenty years had passed; they had almost forgotten their own names; not a word had been told them of home, of children. If their son, if their daughter yet lived, would they, surrounded by wealth care for the miserable, broken forms, now coming to claim them as children, coming to ask a share in their hoards? Would they meet sympathy, kindness, affection? So long separated from their kind, buried in a living death, accustomed to the coarsest fare and most menial occupations, the world outside was as though it were not.

I cannot better close this sketch than by giving some extracts of a letter written by a French lady in St. Petersburgh to her friend in Paris.

"Do you recollect, dearest *ma*, Ivan Surowak, who in our younger days was so great an attraction at Paris from his great wealth?

"You know he made a romantic match with the poor daughter of a count in our country, and brought her to St. Petersburg with him.

"They lived six years, I am told, in most perfect happiness—in the summer at his old chateau on one of the Prince's estates, in the winter in the city. His travels abroad had enlightened his mind; in fact, although living in despotic Russia, I am afraid from what I heard that he was a republican at heart. He had thousands of serfs on his estates, whose condition he ameliorated as far as the law would allow him to do so. But in an evil hour he joined a party of conspirators, was arrested, and condemned to Siberia for life. He had two beautiful children, but the Princess sought of the Emperor and obtained permission to accompany her husband. Her children were confided to an uncle of the Prince, who was childless. Conceive what must have been the misery of this lovely, accomplished woman—forced by circumstances to desert husband or children.

"None saw the conflict or the agony, and this woman, so formed for worship, whose style of beauty would have suited the days of chivalry, whose step was proud and lofty, and who looked as though never meant to breathe the air of but palaces, had feelings generous and a heart unspotted by the world.

"Think of that horrid journey where the snows and the frost congeal one's heart—of a country where for half the year there is almost darkness; where no communion, no interchange of companionship is allowed; where no news of country, of wife, of children ever comes; where even the name is no longer recognized, and like goods they are numbered.

"Think of twenty years of toil, of sorrow, of days without hope, of nights devoid of rest, the heart despairing, the soul sick, the body worn and suffering.

"Their children grew in beauty, carefully trained and cherished by their uncle, father and mother might well be proud of them.

"Unceasing and unwearied have been their efforts for the pardon of their father, and at last they have been crowned with success.

"The old chateau was restored to him, but he was never to enter St. Petersburg again. It had been uninhabited during his exile, and now his children pleased themselves in having it prepared for their parents' reception.

"Everything was, as far as possible, restored to the position it occupied on the'r leaving. The Princess' boudoir and the Prince's dressing room looked as though left for a moment only. The gardens and trees had grown as in a wilderness, and the hot-houses had been neglected, but the avenues were cleared, the shrubbery weeded, and the old castle shone brilliantly illuminated on the evening that the exiles were expected.

"Ivan and his sister had been gone a week; they were to meet their parents some three or four days' journey from the city. And while this desolate pair were in doubt as to their reception, these loving children were flying to meet them. Furs of the costliest description, silks of fabulous price, and everything rich and rare, they took with them to adorn their parents hardly known before they were torn from them.

"I leave you to imagine the meeting—so unexpected, so touching. And when the chateau was reached, and gray-headed men and women, who had been youths and maidens, youths who had been children when their Prince departed, crowded to welcome a master always adored and never forgotten, their cup was full.

"What to them now was all the woe, sorrow and wrong of the past dreadful years? Forgotten.

"We go next week to a *fete* at the castle, which is given by the Prince to his early friends. I hear it is to be a most magnificent thing, intended to celebrate the majority of his son and to introduce his daughter into society, which she has not formally entered.

"And now, adieu, my eyes are closing, while Katarina rattles on about dresses, jewels and velvet. I must go to sleep awhile and dream of them.

Your affectionate,
FRANCESCA.

AMERICANS AT ENGLISH GUEST DINNERS.—Some surprise is expressed at the announcement of plain private American citizens destitute of official rank, being invited to dine with the Queen. We are told that this is the result of the advice of the Ministry. America is a first power in the world. It is her policy—the very principle of her constitution—to have no artificial distinction of rank. The Queen invites to dinner the major domo or gold stick of any little German principality excomitate, from a desire to be on friendly terms with all powers. Now, as the United States have no gold sticks or hereditary grand washerwomen, their citizens have hitherto been by etiquette excluded from the circle of royal civilities. Seeing the mountain couldn't go to Mahomet, the prophet has gone to the mountain; Palmerston has "swallowed formulas," and Queen Victoria plays the hostess to plain Uncle Sam.

[London Weekly Dispatch.

A CASE BEYOND MEDICAL SKILL.—Some readers may remember the curious account of a man who died suddenly in this city a while since, over whose face, as his body was exposed at the grave, a sudden shade and light passed so strangely that the friends removed it back to the house, and kept up frictions all night trying to restore it to life. We learn since that some of the anxious friends of the deceased visited New York at the time, and tried to induce the physician, who attended the dead man in his last illness, to go up and try his skill toward his restoration. Dr. S. listened a while incredulously, but at last seemed to believe the story of his informant. "But," said he, "I hope you won't be able to restore him—I really hope you won't." "Why?" asked his visitor in amazement. "Well," said the doctor, "I don't see how he would be able to get along, it would be very awkward for him—for his liver and heart are in that jar on the shelf."—[New York Times.

From the Edinburgh Argus.

"Willie and I."

BY DAISY.

"Memo ies fleeting to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear, familiar face,
In each heart of long ago."

Ah! what recollections that little couplet recalls of "by-gone days"—those halcyon hours passed away, *never* to return! How vividly they rise before me, as in the stillness of my chamber, I am alone and thinking—thinking! Time, with its busy and effacing finger, has wrought many changes, that with sad and harrowing array present themselves to my mind, and the fleeting joys that threw

"A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,"

are passed away, even as those "days of old." How melancholy the retrospect! Yet I am wandering—for a spirit is hovering near me, and its murmurs are breathing of "Willie and I," and of the time when Willie and I rambled over the hill-side, careless, happy children. We were playmates; he was an inmate of our home; no matter how he came there—but he was not a brother, not a cousin, but simply "Willie"—that was all I thought of or cared for, and we played and frolicked together as if life were but a summer's day, and we were thus to ramble on until its close. He may not have felt thus, for he was older, and far wiser than I, yet I thought he did.

We used to go after hickory nuts and chincapins, and whole nursery parties sometimes joined us—still it was always Willie and I—for he used to shake down the nuts where I could pick them up, and when he filled his pockets as full as they could hold, he would slip down and silly slide them into my apron. I remember once he did thus, with some persimmons, and how the truant berries told such naughty tales on me. Foolish children we were, not to think of the ugly stains! and when he quietly emptied them into my apron, I gathered up the corners and pressed them closely to me, holding my bonnet as a screen. When we scampered homewards I came in contact with an ugly root and fell! Oh! how the persimmons were mashed! Then only think of my white apron. How Willie laughed, and he said in a whisper "why, Daisy, it is such a big stain the girls will know where my berries disappeared so mysteriously." He had such a joyous laugh I could scarcely help joining in, though my eyes were full of tears as I looked ruefully at the dreadful spots on the white surface I upheld to hide my face.

Yes! it was Willie and I, who used to wander off on Saturdays and cast ourselves on the soft grass beneath the thick shade of the luxuriant "Pride of India" which grew so abundantly in our dear old yard. It was a large yard, and we stole off to the farthest end, there was no one to hear our wild imaginings. There we used to sit while I listened with such wondering interest to the accounts he gave me of the many, many things he had seen in his travels; for Willie had travelled. He was a very wise boy, and great in my eyes. He had been in steamboats, and on the great Mississippi! and had been—Oh! I could scarcely follow him in my imaginations, rustic that I was. But he had rambled over those dear "New England" homes, and I was never weary of hearing of them, little as I ever dreamed of pressing my feet on their green meadows. "All is different now." I had listened a hundred times before to just such glowing pictures from dearer lips—but it only made me eager to listen still.

Then in the southern climes he had gathered from the seashore a collection of beautiful shells. How we admired them together! and I listened in fancy to the music of the waves—that melancholy sound, which through the rapture of his description I learned to love, though I might never stand in nature's grand rotunda, and feel that in that mystic murmur was the voice whose mighty tones reverberated through the glory of the creation morn! He gave me shells—I have them yet—one which he said was especially for me, as its form—marked with gold den zigzag stripes, reminded him of my curls. And what do you think after all this? Why, he listened to the eager minutiæ I gave of my only journey—one taken in a carriage and over a monotonous country—and he seemed as interested, as if it had been tales of the wonderful.

Well! but they multiply! they multiply! They crowd over my memory, "those times." I think all the brightest or others will weary of what is so dear to me! There was a never to be forgotten picnic, which, like the "oasis in life's desert," looms up on the dark background of sadder experience—but the fairy books! How wild I grew over them! How I devoured all the histories of Titania's realm, real fairies, walked fairies, dreamed fairies, until Willie laughingly declared, "I was turning to fairy." I smiled with such apparent earnestness, that I should begin my enchantments by converting him into some glorious being, superhuman and capable of doing good! But I shut my eyes and the phantoms of the past glide slowly along. I linger, and then—there is *one* evening that rises o'er my vision and thrills my soul, as when some strains of sweetness recalls the past.

"It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody."

It was a winter's night, clear and cold, and we were gathered around the hearth, when the glowing coal sparkled in the grate and lent a bright crimson to my cheek. The cold stars were shining without, and the moon's silvery freezing decked the outer night, but the winter's chill did not penetrate where we were seated, that is, "Willie and I," were each on a cricket at the feet of that *one* "dearer than all." My head was nestled in her lap and a soft hand gently stroked my hair. Willie held her idle hand, and was gazing with me into the red coals and thinking—oh! not as I AM now!

There were others in the room. One of my brothers studying at a table, with his feet crossed underneath and his fingers in his ears. The faces of merry girls filled up the group, one of them gentler, fairer—she was my only sister. *I* was the youngest of all. They were all engaged with their books or slates, and the soft murmur of their voices did not mar our quietude. Suddenly Willie looked up in Ary Scheffer's school, with a radiant lightling of countenance, for a story! My entreaties were *voiceless* but she felt them and smiled. Her dark grey eye rested upon us with unutterable tenderness, then that voice *ever* musical, fell upon our ears in a low cadence meant for us alone.

"A story!" she exclaimed, "then listen well, my Daisy, and Willie, do not lose a word."

"No, indeed, not a syllable!" was Willie's emphatic response. Thus, with breathless earnestness and dilating eyes we sat upon our crickets, and felt the dear pressure of her hand, whilst the sweet voice murmured on. It was a floating fancy, from her own brain, that she painted for us in colors, suiting our youthful imaginations. Spell-bound we were. I whispered low. "Willie it is a true tale, I am sure. "Yes, yes!" he replied mischievously, "anything might be true with you."

Somewhat mortified, I turned away. Then when we were both, with parted lips, watching her face, and wondering what would come next, she said: "And—and then the cats turned pale!" Oh! I see it now, I hear it now—the sudden change that came over Willie's face, and his merry peal of laughter! We all laughed so heartily and joyously. It was a funny idea, the cats turning pale, and how it banished the hope I had cherished of its being true! Willie gave me an exulting nod. She would not go on—no, no, we had broken the thread of her ideas, and stopping our entreaties with a kiss, she told us it was time that "all little folks were in bed!"

Have I wearied you? Forgive my fancy, it may be weakness—but I am sitting by my lonely fireside and thinking—as I have never before.

My bosom is throbbing, and tears are blending my eyes—voices are singing near me, and tones of melody are echoing in my heart. I start, and look for a shadow on the wall. I see through the parted curtain and out into the night, the white church, in its green enclosure, where slabs are gleaming through the misty air. Stars are gleaming in the heavens. The very same, that twinkled long ago! Oh! Life! Death! Eternity! how read thou art!

The vision fades. I see naught but the flickering embers by my lonely heartstone, and the faint shadows my dim lamp is casting on the wall!

Willie has grown to manhood and I do not listen to his voice as then. We are apart, and perhaps in his constant mingling with the great world, he has ceased to linger as I do, in those memories.

And I—a vacant chair is beside me, and that voice of melody I hear no more, a loving hand no longer caresses my ringlets—as then!

But a light gleams through the darkness, even of the night so lone and drear! I see a hand pointing upwards, and it speaks of Mercy and Love!

"For in the Future lies its Heaven,
And the Past its long ago."

A HARD CASE IN LAW.—Mr. G., a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who had a difficulty with a cabinet-maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a great deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals effected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in-full of all demands, the cabinet-maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, *payable in cabinet-ware*.

Lawyer G. was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the matter was supposed to be fully and amicably arranged.

G. saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick came riding furiously up, dismounted and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming:

"I say, 'Squire, am I bound to *take coffins?*"

It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet-maker had refused to pay him in any other way.

PLEASANT DREAMS.—A chemist in New York city is advertising *a newly discovered article* under the above name. He guarantees, or the money refunded, that five drops on a piece of sugar, taken on retiring to bed, will secure the most delightful dreams and the sweetest sleep ever enjoyed by mortals."

THE "INEVITABLE MERRIAM"—The philosopher of Brooklyn Heighths (Merriam) must be an ice-house. He says of himself: "Notwithstanding the intensity of the cold of Sunday night, and the great and refrigerating power of the wind, I continued my observations hourly throughout the night, *clad in my thin cotton night-dress, with bare feet, and in loose slippers*, and was, at times, five minutes in the open air without experiencing the least sensation of cold." Think of that, ye lovers of fires and warm beds!

Robbers.

It does not need an unfrequented highway, a midnight hour, a bearded pard, a brace of pistols, or an unguarded coach and a hostile assault upon purse or person, to constitute a robbery.

There are more thieves and outlaws than those who prowl in heavy forests where the solemn arms of centuries stretch towards heaven, and then shelter themselves in the underground fastnesses of crumbling castles, and revel on their ill-gotten gains.

In the society of the present day, mingling with its fashion, wealth and beauty, there are more daring robbers than were ever sheltered by the crowding oaks, or hidden by the ivy that creeps over the ruined wall.

You have often met these robbers, reader; perhaps, unconsciously, you are one of them yourself. Start not at the assertion, it is true; you are robbing your own integrity, you are robbing your children, you are robbing your God.

In the curtained splendor of a richly furnished room, a man once sat, enjoying his ease. He looked at the stained windows, the great, grand library stored with the thoughts of the good, the witty and the wise. He gazed from his cushioned arm-chair at the embodiments of beauty that had first laid dream-like in some busy brain, and been evolved therefrom, by the power of industry, and the hand of genius, and clothed with truth, elegance and eloquence. He feasted his eyes on the dyes of the carpet, that seemed a streaming of light from some eternal rainbow, so curiously were they blended and so choicely chosen. He smiled complacently, as his eye roved from picture to picture ranged along the lofty walls, a subtle and delicate atmosphere emanating from their wealth of coloring, and he said to himself, "I have labored hard for these things. They are mine, honestly earned. The evening of life may be made of the same material, I can now satisfy. I can read till I am weary. I can feast my vision on these creations of art and literature. I can take my fill of enjoyment thorough and satisfying. I will do what I please. I will be under the dominion of no man. I will be—"

"A robber!" sounded startlingly and solemnly through the gorgeous apartments. The man started wildly from his seat, demanding who *dared* make an accusation so heinous.

"I," said Time, standing before him with solemn eye and measured voice. "I am not yours to pass in ease, or to squander in pleasure. God sent me to you for a purpose. I am your soul's garden ground, and if I am left to desolation, you steal from my bosom all that would have expanded in blossom and fruit. In robbing me you rob your own soul, and become a culprit whom no clemency can pardon."

"I," said Labor, moving before his presence with the beaded drops of toil upon his brow; "In robbing me you steal strength from your own limbs, power from your speech, and lustre from your eye. Your repose of the sweetness and make of rest a torture. There is many an unrighteous claim, and you doom yourself to a worse fate than the felon condemned to the treadmill. I will harrass you with vertigoes, apoplexies and gout. I will give you such diseases that you shall go to your bed with loathing. You have no *right* to rob me, or make me sit inert at your bidding."

"I," said Duty; "he would be a base thief who would presume to plunder from my treasury. What! when men are dying for want of help—women and children perishing even as they gaze from their hovels of mud up to your palace windows—ruin and starvation, hand in hand, jeering at their own rage and shouting at their own blasphemy—the laws disregarded—men placed in power who allow the wicked to go unpunished—houses of pestilence open at every corner—young men gambling away honor and reputation—your daughters corrupted at the very hearthstone, your sons ruined."

"Hold," cried the would-be sensualist, "I was wrong, I will notrob Time, for I see that by so doing I should rob God. I will not steal from labor her better than gold—the prerogatives, but will hasten to blend with her exactitude the joys and blessings of an elegant leisure. I will not steal from Duty, lest the blood of the lost be required at my hands.

Thieves and robbers! you may be rich and beautiful, you may possess soft voices, shining eyes and ruby lips, you may have the *entree* of honorable assemblies, and positions of the highest power and wide-it influence; but if you are defiled with this immorality, what shall it profit your soul your attainments?

You idler, standing on the hotel steps—you debauchee, with foulness covering him as a garment—you fashionable woman, full of iniquity, though outwardly so lovely; you drunkard with bleared eye and bloated lip—you lean, vituperous slanderer, gorging her venomous appetite on the fancied wrongs or imperfections of others; you mother, neglecting the counsels of Holy Writ, and, contented with the blooming, seeing not whether her child is a weed or a flower—all are robbers in the worst sense of the word.

In what a guise will such appear in eternity. We are ashamed to hear it said, that any whom we have loved have been in prison or in jail for dishonorable conduct. Let us take heed, then, for we shall all be arraigned, and the shame and mortification in that day will far exceed any punishment that man can inflict. For moral thieves and robbers there is an imprisonment, for the law of the Eternal, not of man, is despised and broken. [Boston Olive Branch.

ON THE DEVIL'S SIDE, NOW.—A Georgia exchange furnishes it readers the following rich anecdote concerning Senator Toombs, of that State. The Senator was then a Representative—an Old Line Whig Representative—who was doing battle, manfully, against the Old Line Democracy! Well, he chanced one day to meet his friend George Pierce, now Bishop, and accosted him familiarly as follows: "Friend George, it looks mighty like that you and I are pulling pretty much the same calling. You are fighting the devil and I am fighting the Democrats." The Senator little thought, when he said that, that he should become a staunch Democrat.

A Mrs. Thorn, of Palo Alto, Michigan, hung herself to revenge herself upon her husband, who refused to take her to a ball. Other husbands now frequently refuse their wives.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 7 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3