

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

A. HART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHENIX BLOCK, THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 2, NO. 36.

RAVENNA, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1856.

WHOLE NUMBER 562.

Poetry.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Dr. Chambers is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of his son, whom he greatly loved:

I am alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the clock's tick, and the clock's tick,
Are the only sounds I hear.
And I think of my little boy,
Who has fallen from my arms;
Sweet feelings of sadness greet
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went tonight to my father's grave,
To see his face and his eyes;
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly I opened the door of the hall,
My mother came out to me,
She kissed me and then she wept,
Another fond kiss she gave,
For the little boy that died.

I shall visit him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall visit him more by the bedside,
When the flowers shall all decay,
And I shall see his empty chair,
And I shall see his empty bed,
And they will all speak a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the sky,
Where the hope of souls shall have no light—
Our love no broken ties,
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

A Prize Tale.

THE OATH OF MARION; A Story of the Revolution.

BY CHARLES J. FETTERSON.
(To whom a premium of \$200 was paid for it.)

[Continued.] CHAPTER IV.

When the general's majesty was fixed,
The lesser in scarce felt.—KING LEAR.

The apartment in which Major Lindsay found himself, was one with which he had been familiar in his preceding visit to the mansion; but for a moment after Mrs. Blakesley's exit, he gazed around him as if examining for the first time the architecture and furniture of the room. It was an apartment, too, well worthy his scrutiny. Few even of the gentry of that proud State could boast a dwelling like that of Mrs. Blakesley. The walls of the parlor were unadorned to the ceiling with richly carved cornices; and over the mantel-piece, encircled by a wreath of roses carved in wood, were the arms of the family. The furniture was of mahogany, consisting of massive tables and chairs with elaborately carved feet. A couple of fine portraits adorned the walls—one a picture of the deceased Mr. Blakesley, the other a likeness of Mr. Mowbray.

Major Lindsay cast his eyes from the cornice to the floor, and from the mantel-piece to the portraits, and at length steadily turned them in the direction of Kate, who sat on the sofa, her color rapidly changing, equally surprised and embarrassed. That a young and almost inexperienced girl should have perfect self-possession, was less singular, however, than that a practiced man of the world like Major Lindsay should be without it. But the truth was that he scarcely knew how to introduce his grand to Kate.

When his eyes, however, met those of the fair girl, there was an expression of surprise and inquiry at his glance, which was not to be misunderstood; and he thought it best to refer to the purpose of his business.

"It pains me exceedingly—you cannot imagine how much—my dear Miss Mowbray," he began, "to come here without the unconditional pardon of your father. But there are two circumstances which prevented my succeeding to the extent of my wishes, and thus having the pleasure of bringing such welcome news. In the first place, Mr. Mowbray is not, as you suppose, a prisoner to Col. Watson, that officer being on his march to join Lord Rawdon at Camden, but, on the contrary, in the hands of Lieut. Col. Campbell, who now holds the post of Georgetown, and who, besides being a gentleman of the most inexcusable nature, is personally unacquainted with your father. Now, had it been Col. Watson to whom Mr. Mowbray was surrendered, I indulge the hope that, difficult as the task would have been, his intimacy with Mrs. Blakesley and yourself, to say nothing of my own solicitations, would have procured the release of your parent.—But with Col. Campbell the case is different. He is not only a stranger to you all, but he is nearly an entire stranger to myself. There does not exist between those terms of intimacy that, in the case of Col. Watson, would have justified me asking the release of your father as a personal favor.

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expecting Kate to answer; but she only bowed.—It was also evident from her look of continued surprise that she could not yet make out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued, slowly, "there is nothing in this case to distinguish from others—nothing, I mean, to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes in pardoning your parent, when so many others, also taken with arms in their hands, are executed.—Lord Rawdon's orders are explicit. Every man, who having once signed the protection, and is afterwards captured fighting against the King, is punished with death.—This command hitherto has been rigidly enforced. Nor is there in Mr. Mowbray's case, as I before said, anything to take him out of the general rule. On the contrary—as Col. Campbell assured me, there is every reason why he should be proceeded against even more rigidly than others.—Your father

is rich and has great personal influence; and his pardon would lead the gentry generally to suppose that they could revolt with impunity. To offer the leaders to escape—these were the words of my superior—yet punish their deluded followers, is neither justice nor good policy. These considerations induced Col. Campbell, to whom I hastened at once as an intercessor, being fortunately in Georgetown, to refuse to sign, though he kindly explained the reasons, as I have recapitulated to you."

Kate clasped her hands at these words, and became as pale as death.

"Then he is to die," she gasped. "It is thus you would break the news to me?"

"Nay, not so, as I hope in heaven!" cried the Major, springing forward to support the fainting girl. "Your father's life may be spared—Col. Campbell himself assured me so."

Kate's eyes were eagerly turned to the speaker at these words, though by a motion of her hand she waved off his assistance.

"The Col. said," continued the Major, "that it was only necessary to give a proper pledge to the royal government for his future neutrality, and Mr. Mowbray might yet be saved. He himself hinted at the character of that pledge, or else I should have remained in doubt. Go to Miss Mowbray," said he, "I'll hear that with her rest to save her father's life. I have heard of your suit in that quarter; obtain her consent to a speedy marriage; and then to the father-in-law of one of his Majesty's most faithful subjects I can grant the life which I must deny to a rebel in arms." These were his words. And now dear Miss Mowbray, think not that I come to take advantage of you; God knows nothing is further from my thoughts. But it is the weakness of love to be selfish, and when a way was pointed out to which I might win my suit, I had not the power to resist.—Beside, I refused I should never forgive my self if I knew to come, and your father's life in consequence. My very love for you, by making me anxious for his life would have forced me hither, even if I had known beforehand that you would spurn me.

Surprise and indignation chased each other through Kate's mind on hearing these words. The embarrassment of Major Lindsay was now explained, for well might he hesitate in making her father's life the price of her hand. Kate was firmly persuaded that he might have saved his life if he only would, and her bosom heaved with indignation. But had she known all—had she known that Major Lindsay himself planned her father's capture, and instigated his superior to dictate the only terms of pardon—how would she have turned from him with horror and loathing unexpressible.

Kate's first impulse was to rise and leave the room. But she remembered how completely she was in her auditor's power, and her feelings suffered a revulsion. She burst into tears.

"I see I pain you," said the Major, in affected sorrow. "Nay! then I will leave you; your presence, if even blessed you, and he so sadly and prepared to go."

Kate was staggered by these words.—Could any one who thus spoke have really acted as basely as she had now supposed? She could not believe it. Yet still she turned with repugnance from the idea of a union with Lindsay. Meanwhile that individual had advanced several steps towards the door while Kate continued sobbing violently on the sofa. Her heart was torn violently by conflicting emotions. If she suffered her visitor to depart, her father's blood would stain upon her hands. The Major had already turned the lock; there was no longer room for delay. Springing wildly from her seat she rushed forward and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Stay!" she cried. "Do with me as you will."

A gleam of triumph passed across Major Lindsay's face.

"You know not how you transport me," he said rapidly. "If the devotion of a life can pay you for this promise, here I swear to bestow it in requital; and taking those fair but listless fingers in his hand he would have raised them to his lips.

But Kate instinctively drew them back, and with a haughty gesture. The next moment, however, she again burst into tears.

"Oh! she exclaimed, 'is there no other way. Be generous Major Lindsay.'

She stood like an imploring Nieb, her eyes raised in supplication her whole face beaming.

The countenance of her auditor, on the withdrawal of her hand, had flushed with anger; but he had now controlled his features to a look of pity, as he replied—

"Would I could do as you wish; would there were some other way."

"There is—there is," said Kate, eagerly. "You yourself will go again to Col. Campbell and intercede for us."

"Alas! I have done so already."

"To Lord Rawdon, then," breathlessly interposed Kate.

"It would be useless. Nay, if he hears of this matter prematurely, before you are mine neither Col. Campbell nor I can save your father."

There was a tone of decision in him as he pronounced these words, that shut out all further entreaty. Kate felt, moreover, that what he said was true; for Lord Rawdon's hope could be entertained. With a groan she buried her face against the sofa.

Major Lindsay stood at a respectful distance. During the interview he had more than once been smote to the heart by Kate's

agony. He was not a villain in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Impelled by his necessities, and stung by Kate's persevering refusal, he had planned her father's capture intending to purchase her hand by his pardon, and little doubting that in time, she would learn to love him. He had found little difficulty in persuading Col. Campbell to further the scheme, representing to that officer that Kate was not indifferent to him in secret, but was unwilling on her father's account, to marry a royal officer. But the Major, though engaged in this black plot, really loved Kate; and had he not gone too far to retreat, perhaps would have been moved from his purpose by the sight of her suffering. His commiseration was not, therefore, all affected; and even now, as he stood awaiting her final decision, which he no longer doubted would be in his favor, a pang of remorse shot through his heart on raising his eyes and beholding Mr. Mowbray's picture, for the snate canvas seemed to rebuke him with its sad, earnest gaze.

Perhaps five minutes thus passed—the Major leaning on his sword—Kate, her face buried from sight, continued to sob. At length she looked up, and holding out her hand with averted head, she said,

"My father shall be saved." And then, almost choked by the words, she added, "Leave me now."

"Thank you for those blessed words," said Major Lindsay; and bowing over her hand to which he just touched his lips, left the room.

Kate waited till he left the room, when with a cry of anguish, she gave way to tears.

"Oh, miserable, unhappy me," she groaned, "would nothing but this save my father!"

All at once she started up, and a wild gleam of joy irradiated her face. She dashed the tears from her eyes; for the first time it had occurred to her that Preston might avert her horrible destiny—in what way she knew not; but in childhood he had always been her protector and she still felt the habit of looking up to him in peril.

But in an instant came the reflection of the terms they now stood on to each other. They had parted in anger; and he either despised or hated her. Under such circumstances her womanly modesty revolted from appealing to him for aid. "No," she mentally ejaculated, "I will die sooner." And as she came to this resolution, she fell back again in hopeless misery on her seat.

Major Lindsay, meanwhile, had sought out Mrs. Blakesley, to whom he related the result of his interview with Kate. To her aunt, who knew little of her heroine's feelings, the sacrifice appeared an inconsiderable one; and Mrs. Blakesley had always regarded Major Lindsay with favor. She informed her guest that they were soon to set forth for Georgetown and invited him to accompany them. He declined, all-giving the necessity of his returning as soon as possible, but offered to leave a portion of his dragoons to escort the ladies.

"I shall be the first to meet you in Georgetown," said he, as he bid Mrs. Blakesley farewell on the steps of her mansion; and plunging spur into his steed, he was soon out of sight with his train.

CHAPTER V.
"Who thunder comes on blackest storm."
BROWNE.

While Major Lindsay was gollapping from Blakesley Hall, Capt. Preston, by the same road, was advancing towards it. He had been out on a scouting expedition, and hearing that Kate was still with her aunt, determined in a moment of relating, to visit her. He had not yet heard of her father's capture;—of course he was ignorant of her own peril; and Kate determined that he should still remain so.

The rapidity of Major Lindsay's pace was in unison with the tumult of his thoughts. Now that all was settled, conscience was stilled; and he felt only the wild exultation of success. Exposure was the only thing he had to dread; but of that he felt no alarm, the unsettled state of the country afforded secrecy as well as impunity.

He had no doubt Kate would soon love him. With other women he had generally been successful; he attributed his failure in this case to her remembrance of Preston as her old playmate. But once finding her, self the wife of another, duty would soon teach her to forget the past. Occupied with these reflections, Major Lindsay's spirit rose. Triumphant guilt is rarely given to remorse.

"But one thing only is wanting," he said. "If I could meet this Preston—this brigado—I would at once have my revenge and get rid of all possibility of future rivalry."

As if in answer to this half expressed wish, there was at that moment seen, on the crest of a slight elevation in front, a single horseman, who, even at that distance, was recognized as wearing the uniform of Marion's brigade.

"Wheel to the right," said Major Lindsay sharply and suddenly to his dragoons. "In to this old wood road. Halt! We will lie in ambush here until we know something of the strength of the enemy. They do not see us."

His orders were immediately executed.—The troopers dashed into the pine barren, where they were easily concealed behind some high brush. Major Lindsay alighted and stealthily advanced to reconnoitre.

First he saw a trooper idly decoding the hills; then another immediately out clear the fourth with his figure; and soon a third, fourth, and fifth appeared in rapid succession. The last comer was at a gallop, and dashed by the others until he reached their

head. Even at that distance Major Lindsay thought there was something familiar in his person. He could not believe, however, that he had seen the whole of the enemy's force, until the five horsemen had nearly descended the hill, when he concluded that they were merely a scouting party of the foe. He beckoned to his orderly.

"Do you know those fellows?" he said.

The approaching horsemen were still at a considerable distance, so the man, shading his eyes with one hand, while with the other he held back the brushwood to get an opening for the lance, peered long and eagerly.—Then he drew back, nodding his head.

"I know 'em," he said, "least ways one o' 'em, who is that Captain Preston that used to plague us so, up at the hall, yonder, and he jerked his finger over his shoulder in the direction of Mrs. Blakesley's, which they had left about an hour before."

"Are you sure," said Major Lindsay eagerly. "I would rather lose a dozen guineas than that you should be mistaken."

"Then you'll keep your guineas, sir," said the orderly, "that's Captain Preston, and nobody else."

"Is that fellow, Macdonald, with him?" He is worth two men, and it would be a lucky hit to get both."

"No sir, I know his cut well—but he's not along. And that's odd too, for he and Captain Preston always be together like two dogs hunting in couples."

"Then we have him?" said Major Lindsay, exultingly. "He cannot escape us."

"Shall we blow trumpet and charge at once then?" said the orderly. "Our men will go at 'em like hungry wolves. They've a long score to settle."

"Not yet," said Major Lindsay, "we will wait till these fellows come up; then, boot and saddle, and upon them. I would not have them escape us for my life."

The dragoons, informed who the enemy was, chafed impatiently to begin the attack—for they had a hundred insults to avenge on the bold partisan before them. Meanwhile, our hero, for the orderly had been right in saying Captain Preston led the troops, approached on a trot, completely unconscious of the presence of his hidden enemy. He was engaged in a secluding expedition of some extent, and had no idea an arm of royalist was within twenty paces. Suddenly, however, he drew in his rein, for he thought he heard a horse stamping in the forest; but it was too late! Major Lindsay saw they were discovered, and immediately gave the long wished for word.

With a loud huzza, the dragoons shouting, "no quarter," followed his example, horse and man, and suddenly filling the road like apparitions. Preston saw he was surrounded. Their cries told him, moreover, that it was to be a life and death struggle. Five against fifteen was fearful odds, yet he cried,

"Marion forever!" and drawing his sabre, he dashed at Lindsay, whom he recognized. "Halt! have we met?" he cried.

"Yes! and I have you," was the reply hissed between his adversary's teeth.

As Major Lindsay thus spoke, he raised himself in his stirrups, and throwing all his strength into one gigantic blow, he brought his heavy sabre, down on the almost unprotected head of Preston. For a moment it seemed as if the trenchant blade would cut through cap and skull, even to the shoulder—and had it struck fair it would; but with a dexterous movement, our hero evaded the stroke, and in return dealt a side cut, that if Major Lindsay's horse had not fortunately sweaved, would have ended his life at once.

But though felled in his first attempt, each was eager to return to the charge; wheeling their horses, they rushed again upon each other. It was Preston's turn now to deal the first blow. He rode with very short stirrups, of which he took advantage to throw himself forward and casting all his strength into the blow, he brought his sabre down on the helmet of Major Lindsay with a force that was irresistible. Cutting clean through the crest as if it had been a smoke wreath, the well proved blade descended with full violence on the steel cap, through which it crashed like an egg-shell, but here it stopped, broken into fragments by the tremendous stroke and the resistance of the iron casque combined. Nothing but the well tempered steel head-piece could have saved Major Lindsay's life. As it was, stunned and bewildered, he reeled in his saddle.

"How him down!"—Use the cold lead!—Have at him there, and all!"

Such were the exclamations that met our hero's ear as he recovered himself from the blow, and found the hilt and fragment of his broken blade left in his hand. He looked around hastily. His followers were now hors du combat, and the dragoons now, like dogs around a wild boar, waiting a chance to rush in on him, encouraging each other by shouts; for such was the terror of Preston's name, and so terrific was the blow they had just seen dealt their leader, that each man hung back an instant, preferring that his neighbor should go first. Preston saw this advantage, and hastened to avail himself of it; for as pistols were already drawn, knew his chance would last scarcely a moment.

"Ho, Thunder!" he said, addressing his steed—a powerful animal, jet black all over—and turning his head toward that part of the circle of his foes which seemed the thinnest, he added, "Stand by me now and we escape them yet."

As he spoke he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides till the blood spouted beneath the sharp steel, and, with a pistol in his right hand sprang fiercely forward. Right and left the dragoons, panic struck, gave way, as when a flock of sheep fly before the onset of an angry wolf. Only one attempted to stop his progress. But without so much as being wounded, the trooper went down overthrown by the shock of Preston's powerful charger; and our hero, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, as he saw the way thus cleared before him, rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand on high, looked back and gave utterance to a shout that long after he had vanished, like a bolt shot from some huge catapult, echoed and re-echoed in the startled woods.

"He is off, by God!" said the orderly.—"Saw you ever the like?"

For a second the dragoons stood stupidly looking at each other; then all at once a dozen pistols were snapped at the fugitive, and a dozen steeds put to the pursuit. Moreover, Major Lindsay, though his head was still warm from the tremendous blow, had recovered sufficiently to understand what was passing, and now lent his voice to encourage the chase, and himself pressed forward among the first.

All this occupied less time than he has taken us to relate it. The attack, the flight and the escape succeeded each other like flashes of summer lightning; and when Preston, proudly turning his horse into the narrow and winding road where his foes had lain in ambush, passed merrily out of sight, unarmed by shots that whistled past, it seemed to him almost as if he were in a dream. But the shouts of pursuers and the rapid tread of hoofs speedily convinced him of the reality, and plying voice and spur, he went onward at a slashing pace, now and then looking behind to see if the dragoons gained on him.

There is something inexpressibly still and refreshing in an old deserted road, winding through a cool pine forest. The tall trees, leaning overhead, the thick carpet of glittering leaves below, and the delicious fragrance of a larboard, have always been a charm to us; and Preston felt it so, especially after the fierce excitement of that life and death struggle; and when he came to a little dark stream, gliding softly across the road, he longed to stop and bathe his throbbing temples, and take one long sweet draught, as he had often done upon a hot day in the forest when a boy. But the red foe was behind him, and he shot on like an arrow.

Presently he came to an old clearing which had long been abandoned. Here, for about a quarter of a mile, was an open space, where ploughed fields had once been. He would rather have preferred the forest road; but there was no alternative, and on he dashed. He had nearly regained the shelter of the forest on the other side, when he heard a wild cheering, and looking back, he saw the dragoons, with Major Lindsay and one other in advance, entering the open space. They had caught sight of him for the first time since he had entered the road, and their shouts betokened the renewed hope and determination on their part.

Breathlessly, Preston kept on, but with less assurance than before, for his horse was already hard worked, and he saw with dismay that blood was flowing freely from a wound in his shoulder. A half a mile further on and the poor animal began to flag sensibly; yet, cruel as it seemed, and as much as it pained his own generous nature, Preston was forced to urge on the dying steed. He knew that a mile and a half ahead was a swamp, into the recesses of which he could once plunge, he would be safe. But now he heard behind him a rapid hoof. It came nearer and nearer, but still out of sight. One, if no more, of his pursuers was gaining rapidly upon him. Again he spurred his steed and encouraged him with words. The noble steed answered with a feeble cry, and staggered on; scarcely half a mile now remained to gain the swamp. If he could only reach it, Preston knew that all danger would be over. But this was impossible.

That rapid gallop came nearer and nearer, like the clock that ticks the hour of the criminal's fate. He heard a shout behind him, and saw the trooper whom he had last noticed side by side with Lindsay come then lering on. He cheered his dying steed to a last effort, but it was in vain; the dragon now strode to his one, a few paces only now separated them; the swamp, lay in sight the distance. Already the trooper had men in his stirrups, broad sword in hand. Preston had no such weapon. suddenly he collected the pistol in his other holster, and drawing it with the velocity of thought he turned half round in his saddle and fired. With snoring aim the ball entered the brain of the dragoon and he fell dead upon the ground.

It was but the work of a moment to leap on the ground and catch the fallen soldier's horse, on which Preston sprang. Poor Thunderer was already dead; he had sunk to the earth as his master fired the last shot. This fate interposed to prevent an interview between Preston and Kate at a time when it would have been of incalculable advantage to them both, and have circumvented a plot as base and cruel as it was now certain of success. At the very hour when Preston—after having ridden over thirty miles from the spot where he was attacked—drew himself, wearied, from his horse in one of the most secret recesses of the forest. Kate and her aunt were setting forth for Georgetown where they arrived the next day.

Never was human being in a more isolated

and mournful situation than Kate now found herself. Indulging in what she tho't a hopeless passion, every feeling of delicacy forbade her revealing it to those who alone could befriend her. She knew that if her father became aware how much her marriage with Major Lindsay was against her inclinations, he would interpose even at the altar, and ascend the scaffold to save her. Neither would it do to let her aunt guess her abhorrence at this union. Both her father and Mrs. Blakesley had at one time hoped that a matrimonial connection would be formed between her and Preston; but the mutual coldness of the parties had long since dissipated this expectation. It was no time now to reveal her secret preference; such a confession would only seal her father's fate without rendering her happy. Kate was forced, therefore, to wear a smiling face when her heart was lacerated.

As Major Lindsay was compelled to be at Camden in six days—his leave of absence closing at that period, the marriage was fixed for the evening before his departure.—This was an earlier day than Kate had looked for but she could not object without exposing her secret. She submitted, therefore in silence.

But who can tell the anguish of her spirit, when in company with her aunt and parent she was forced to wear a smiling aspect; when alone she gave free vent to her sorrow. The image of Preston often intruded on those bitter moments. Alas! that one so young should be so miserable. She could have prayed for death, but that it would have been impious.

Oh, the heart, the heart! what a mystery it is! there are blows worse than those on the wheel; it is when a gay heart is broken with anguish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Congratulation to the Doctors.
Doctors, one and all—from the bearded M. D. just out of college, to the gray headed man whose horse and gig have become fixtures in our good old Boston streets—we congratulate you. Your hands will be full before the first of May—your pills will be called for, your plasters in requisition—you will have plenty of calls for them. The ladies are preparing for you—they will be happy to see you. They are going in scores to the fashionable shoe-shops, and buying—oh, such dear, tiny, sweet, exquisite little shoes, with soles as thin as—almost as thin as a sixpence—a well-worn one—and they are going about these cold, stony, wet, sloppy streets, with furs that cost thirty and fifty dollars bundled about neck and shoulders, with thick cloaks and warm dresses, and those dear little shoes, "peeping in and out," like little mice.

So, there you see your work is all cut out. Consumption is on a hard gallop, behind "Death and the pale horse," and when he sees those soles of paper, he cries with a chuckle "there's another one"—and forthwith lets an arrow into the side. Oh, foolish girl, go learn of thy brothers. Look at their shoes and then at thine. Do you dread the sight of a doctor? He will be welcome soon, when the arrow has rankled long enough to fester in the wound and the terrible cough, and the wasting flesh, the hollow eye, the nerve less tread, call for his daily care.—Mrs. M. A. Denton, of the Boston Olive Branch.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—Samuel Henry, who resides about two and a half miles from Sparta, in this county, has totally abstained from food for fifty seven days! and he may yet survive several days. For some time he has been in a rather melancholy mood, and about two months ago refused to eat, and since that time has not taken anything except water, and strange to say, he is still alive, though reduced to a mere skeleton. Neither physician or friends can induce him to take any nourishment. He declares he can eat nothing though he does every now and then take a drink of water. He will doubtless persist in this delusion until he starves to death.—(He is a respectable farmer, about forty-one years of age, and has a wife and six children.—Rockingham (Va.) Virginian, 21st.

An Old Man's Testimony.
Grant Thornburn, in a letter addressed to Mr. Printer, and written on his 81st birthday day says the Bible has been his guide through life. He continues:

"It's all a delusion, says the ghost of Tom Paine, the Pope and the Devil; if so it is a very cheap delusion, you can buy a bible for a very little, a very pleasant and a very comfortable delusion. It has carried me over the storms of eighty winters. It will carry me over the swelling Jordan, the noise of whose waters are sounding in my ears.

Having carried this chart the Bible during a long voyage and always found it correct. I recommend it as a sure guide.

P. T. BARNUM.—A private letter from Mr. Barnum to a gentleman in this city, concludes as follows: "I have no inducements to struggle again to acquire wealth; for the enormous debts against me on account of the clock company will overshadow me to the grave. I have paid and secured all my private debts."—Boston Times.

Last week, an Alderman was seriously injured by the accidental discharge of his duty! Very cruel indeed! The Board was at first completely by surprise at the proposition, but measures were at once resorted to, to prevent such unpropitious occurrences in future.

The Covent Garden Theatre, in London, was recently destroyed by fire, during a masked ball. While this was proceeding, the calamity occurred, which robbed the musical world of its brightest shrine, and London of one of its most magnificent architectural ornaments.

THE WRONG BOX.

Larry M'Vailin was a clerk in a store where a few goods by wholesale were sold. The most of his business was sweeping the floor, and knocking the boxes about the door. Of writing and reading he knew nothing more than the cobb that he has a year old.

Now a rich widow from Liberton sent to purchase some merchandise rare, and to packing it up in a box Larry went, but a little bit cornered and with labor o'er spent, he stumbled and fell in a box that was meant for a different description of ware.

All night he lay in a beautiful dream, till morning crawled over the sky; then so mail up the boxes the customer came, according to orders he fastened the same, and the place was as dark nobody could beam if Larry had not peeped.

Then the fellow who marked all the boxes drew again, and a bad piece of business he made, for he wrote on the box in which Larry did fall, "For Mrs. MacLaughlin; take care and keep dry." Alas! for poor Larry, how soon he would die, if that sorry command were obeyed!

The box was sent by railroad to Boston, in the widow's fine dwelling, and the widow who had a mechanical taste, next seized a hatchet and quickly unseamed MacVailin who roared like a terrified beast, "Och! the death, what are ye at?"

The widow was horribly frightened at first at what seemed an infernal machine, expecting to see fifty heads from its horns! But when she discovered it was the man, her fears were all ended, her doubts were dispersed, and her rapture plainly to be seen.

"Och! Molly, look here!" thus he cried to her maid, "Come here and see what the mischief I've made, I wrote for such things as a widow might need, and faith, but the fellows have strictly obeyed; had luck to me now, but I'll see them well paid for they'll give me latitude content."

Where am I? said Larry; Patz darlin', you're here," the widow replied with a smile. "Cries the lad, "so am, sure enough; but fear I have sent the wrong box." "Never mind it my dear."

Said Mistress MacLaughlin, and gave him a look that cut to his heart like a file.

"It's happy I am," then, Mr. Vailin rejoined, "if the goods suit your ladyship's taste, if they goods you wanted, you'll be heartily glad that I'll sell you at once, for I'm that very kind." "Very well, then," says she, "that's the goods to my mind. And now listen send for the Frazer!"

Heroes of the Rail.
We copy the following from the Albany Evening Journal of March 18th:

"If the highest service man can perform is the saving of human life, the heroism of a railroad engineer who intelligently applies means to save a passenger train in rapid motion from destruction, at the hazard of crushing his engine and the prospect of the violent death of all upon it, is nobler and better than any martyrdom at Waterloo or Balaclava.

"Engineer John F. Haskins, in charge of a passenger locomotive upon the Rochester and Niagara Falls road, saved a train of cars containing one hundred and fifty travellers thus skillfully and bravely. He was running rapidly upon an embankment. A single blow from one of his forward truck wheels. The divergence of the head of the machine from the line of the track caught the engine, and he told him that the engine must go down the bank. At the same instant he felt the train press upon the tender and engine, and knew the couplings were slack. This sensation suggested to his experienced mind as quick as lightning the salvation of the passenger cars by the breaking of the first coupling next the tender by a sudden and powerful jerk. He withheld upon the throttle valve to its full width, and gave the piston suddenly a full heel of steam. The engine leaped and, snapping the couplings of the first car, plunged down the bank and overturned; the whole train passed in safety upon the rails, and were stopped by the breaks—its saviour, severely wounded, but not killed, lay at the bottom. Dignified as heroic, the faithful engineer refused a large present of money from the passengers whom his devotion had saved."

Volcanic Eruption.
The volcano at Hawaii still continues its violent action. The flow of lava has reached within five miles of Hilo, the capital of the island, and the total destruction of that town is confidently expected. A native, in attempting to avoid the stream of lava a few days since, plunged into the Waikoua river, but was scalded to death almost immediately, as the lava had penetrated an arm of the river, and had in its advance heated the water to almost boiling temperature. As the current is now running the advance of the lava is about one mile per month, the stream of burning matter is from three hundred yards to a mile in width, and at night presents a magnificent spectacle; in many places there is an outer crust so solid as to bear a person's weight. The liquid fire beneath occasionally bursts a tent through, and a stream is projected far into the air. One entire side of the island of Hawaii seems on fire when seen from the sea; as dense is the smoke which the fiery torrent raises in its track. It is now rapidly hurrying through the woods back of the town of Hilo, and ere long will no doubt reach the deserted place, and passing on find a town of us in the waters of Byron's Bay.

A day of fasting and prayer has been appointed, and the inhabitants, were commencing to make preparations for leaving the town.