Delaware Gazette.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to News, Literature and Politics.

VOL. XLI. DELAWARE, OHIO, JULY 16, 1858. NUMBER 19

For the Delaware Gazette.

TO MISS R. G—,

BY J. GRIFFIN.

Thou asked how would I be loved?
Loved as thyself would be,
With a heart whose every cord is tuned
To affection's melody.

Loved? not as they who bow
Before the shrine of gold,
And leave thereon an offering
A heart—all icy-cold.

Loved? not as the sensual love,
With lips of wanderlire,
Whose burning words of passion
But with the breath expire.

Loved? for myself alone,
With pure affection deep,
By one who smiles when I would smile,
And weeps when I would weep.

DELAWARE, June 30th, 1858.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

There are those who believe that it is the especial privilege of the "loved and lost" to be the Guardian Watcher of the living who are left behind them. Such a persuasion has dried many a mourner's tears. In the overwhelming grief that death brings, it is a relief inexpressible to think that the lamented parent, the cherished partner, or the darling child are still with us, separated only by a thin division of air, sympathizing with us, watching over us and silently persuading us to holy actions. Often has such a conviction checked the rising thought of evil, and turned the tempting and erring back to the path of virtue.

We would fain believe that those sweet innocents who are given to their parents for a while, and are taken away just as they have begun to weave themselves about our hearts, are angels in disguise, sent to wean us from earthly things and revive in our souls a longing for Paradise. God spiritualizes us in this way when other means fail. There are praying mothers, whose sons are far away, to whom this belief has sometimes come with peculiar beauty. Oh! what inexpressible joy to think that the guardian angels attend the wanderer in the watches of the night, in the storm at sea, on the wide prairie, and on the black Sierra.—Grown men, seperated by the vast oceans from their early homes, often feel as if some invisible presence was with them; as though a celestial spirit, won by a mother's petitions, was constantly protecting their footsteps.

There is a German legend which says that each of us at birth, has a guardian angel appointed, who remains with us until death unless driven away by our remorseless wickedness. Alas for those who have banished their invisible attendant. What a dark desolation there must be as they go into dark eternity to become lonely wanderers, whom no messenger from Paradise takes by the hand to conduct his spirit to the realms of purity and bliss, where countless myriads bask eternally in the golden sunlight of God's love.

FLOWERS.

How gentle and refining are the influences of flowers! They shed around our pathway a sweet and balmy fragrance, that imparts to us fresh life and irrepressible pleasure. Bright, beautiful flowers, how blessed is their mission to man! What is our world with flowers! What would it be without flowers! Flowers are the bright and resplendent stars in the green firmament of earth! They are the joyous adorning of a finished creation. The great hand that framed the universe has made the lovely flowers, and made them too for our pleasure, profit and instruction.—What heart is so callous as not to dearly cherish the lovely flowers! They have a language that is full of poetry and music, life and pleasure, and refind enjoyment! Who does not love the flowers!

"Flowers! beautiful flowers!
How sweet in this dim world of ours!
—[New York Observer.

THE FATHER'S LOVE

Christianity teaches that God is our Father—loving us as no earthly finite parent can—setting his heart upon us as his beloved children. Jesus, himself is the image of the father, showing in his own beautiful character the character of that gracious presence that evermore surrounds us here, and that, with all the resources of infinite power and wisdom, will seek our salvation and immortal blessedness. The Father's infinite and changeless love is the precious central truth of the Gospel, giving us trust and hope for the future, the very assurance our human hearts most earnestly crave and need.

This doctrine of our Heavenly Father's love is valuable amidst the pleasures of life. All life's brighter experience is made more dear by it. It deepens and purifies the fountains of our joy, and makes life more cheerful, and the world more fair.

It is precious under the depressing consciousness of guilt and unworthiness. God loves us notwithstanding our wanderings and sin. He is ever ready to receive us back, to grant us forgiveness, and fill our souls with the peace of reconciliation.

It is the best source of consolation in sorrow. Though all fail us, God's love will not. Amidst the saddest loneliness, when all earthly things seem failing, if we can look through the cloud, and see the Father's face beaming upon us, then light is shed over our way, peace descends into the heart, and the joy of heaven spreads itself through all the chambers of the soul.—[New Covenant.

COMFORT BEFORE APPEARANCE

Most people are apt to sacrifice comfort to appearances, to subject their own families to manifold privations and discomforts in order to astonish with a show of affluence a few acquaintances, who seldom visit them, and who only laugh at their foolish and peurile attempts at displaying a little superior upholstery in a room which none of the family dare make use of. Many is the house we have seen wherein the "parlor" was crammed with useless stuff, while not a single room was comfortably furnished. Every family should first seek the utmost comfort for its own members, that its means will compass; and then if there is a surplus of funds which they know not what else to do with, let it be devoted to the purchase of something to please the eye of strangers—or to excite envy rather than pleasure among rival householders. Those apartments of a house which are most used should receive the most especial care, for on these does the health (and consequently the comfort and happiness) of the family pre-eminently depend. In short, seek first your own comfort and the "appearances" will take care of themselves.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

A monarch vested in gorgeous habliments is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant ennobled and adorned by communion with God. Consider how august a privilege it is when angels are present, when Cherubim and Seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne, that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence ...verse with heaven's dread Sovereign. Oh! what honor was ever conferred like this. When a christian stretches forth his hands to pray, and invokes his God, in that moment he leaves behind him all terrestrial pursuits, and traverses on the wing of intellect toe realms of light; he contemplates celestial objects only, and knows not of the present state of things during the period of his prayer provided that prayer be breathed with fervency.—[Chrysostom.

SELF-ESTEEM.

He that holds himself in reverence and due esteem, both for the dignity of God's image upon him, and for the price of his redemption, which he thinks is visibly marked upon his forehead, accounts himself both a fit person to do the noblest godliest deeds, and much better worth than to deject and defile, with such a debasement and pollution as sin is, himself so highly ransomed and ennobled, to a new friendship and filial relation with God.—[John Milton.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

BEATRICE LANCASTER.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

I.

It was late in the afternoon. A long row of girls and boys stood in a regular line before their teacher, in a little red school house, reciting their spelling lesson, while the remainder of the pupils fidgetted in their seats, piled and repiled their books on their desks, and cast restless, eager glances out of the open door, and then at the teacher's face, for it was nearly time for dismissal, and weary of a long afternoon's confinement, the children could hardly wait for the tinkle of the bell—the signal for their release. At last the spelling class took their seats, the bell sounded, and instantly there was a scene of confusion—boys rushed out of the door, and gave vent to their pent up spirits in whoops, yells and somersets, and girls more quietly but not less gaily ran out into the open air. Soon their merry voices died away in the distance and the teacher was left alone in that just now crowded school-room.

She was a young and striking looking girl. Her form was erect, her step stately, and her features, though irregular, were pleasing; her abundant raven hair was wound in a sort of coronal around her head, in a singular but not unbecoming fashion; her complexion was a clear olive, and her mouth firm in its expression, almost unpleasantly so when closed, but when she smiled she was positively beautiful; then her whole countenance changed; her large, fiery eyes grew soft and tender, and the pride and hauteur that spoke in her every lineament, marring her otherwise almost perfect beauty, disappeared.

Just now one of those beaming smiles lighted up her countenance; she stood by her desk, in her usual erect position, holding a note, yet unopened, in her hand. It had been brought to the school-room during the session, and now that she was alone, she prepared to read it. She seemed in no haste to break the seal. She looked at the bold, firm hand writing, and pressed it to her lips; then slowly unfolding it, she read:

"For some time past, Beatrice, I have been unhappy; you have observed it, and to your inquiries as to its cause, I have given false and evasive replies, but I can deceive myself and you no longer. I sought you last night with the determination to tell you all, but I could not utter the words that I felt would give you so much pain. But I must trust to it. What my tongue refused to tell, I must trust my pen. It is useless to hesitate; the sooner it is all known the better for us both. Beatrice, I find that I have mistaken the nature of my feelings towards you. As God is my witness when we were betrothed I thought I loved you. I still appreciate your rare loveliness, and better still, your many excellencies of mind and heart, but our affections are beyond our control, and much as there is admirable about you, I no longer love you. At first I determined never to acquaint you with the change of my sentiments, but I shrank from a lifetime of deceit. I could not at the altar perjure myself by taking those solemn vows, and I knew, too, that you would spurn the offered hand without the heart accompanied it. I have done very wrong by hastily entering upon our engagement without a proper knowledge of my true feelings towards you. I was charmed by your beauty, dazzled by your wit, and attracted by virtue; I mistook the whirl of emotions I felt for love. But it is better for me to acknowledge my faults, than to commit a sin by leading you to the altar when my heart is another's. Forgive me and forget me.—Farewell, and may you soon find some one more worthy of your love than your friend (if you still allow me that title.)

LOUIS MEREDITH."

Every particle of color forsook Beatrice's cheeks as she read—her lips were white, her hands trembled violently; she could scarcely hold the letter, a death-like faintness stole over her, and she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

Not a tear, not a moan escaped her; she sat in silence, motionless as a statute, but in her heart what a whirlwind of emotions was raging! How long she sat there she hardly knew; when at last she looked up the twilight was deepening, and she rose with a start from her seat. Her countenance bore the traces of her suffering—she looked haggard and wan; the agony of these few hours had changed her fearfully, but her eyes flashed with all their usual fire, and her lips were firmly compressed together. She drew herself up proudly, as if she despised herself for her weakness, and crushed the letter, which had fallen from her trembling fingers, contemptuously under her foot, and then picked it up with a look of disgust, as if it had been some loathesome thing, and putting on her hat and shawl, she walked firmly out of the room.

She went rapidly on till she reached a low white cottage; she entered it, and passed quickly through the little sitting room to her own apartment. Here she took from an inlaid box a package of letters, and adding that she had just received to the number, she hastily collected every memento, however trifling, which had been the gift of Louis Meredith, and placed them securely together in readiness to return to him.—Then carefully arranging her toilet, she returned to the sitting room. An old lady, dressed with scrupulous nicety, was its only occupant, she was quietly knitting. The table was spread for the evening meal, she had been evidently waiting for her daughter's return.

"You are late to-night Beatrice," she said, "but I suppose Louis came for you to go walk. It is foolish to take such unreasonable hours for his walks. Tea has been waiting this half hour."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, mother," returned her daughter's silvery voice, "but those walks will trouble you no longer. Louis Meredith and I have parted forever."

The old lady dropped her knitting work in her lap, and looked at her daughter in astonishment; at length she spoke—

"Oh, I see a lover's quarrel, But you will make it up in a day or two, and be all the happier for it. Well, well—better disagree before than after marriage."

"Mother," said Beatrice, "listen to me.—I shall never marry Louis Meredith. Nothing on earth could induce me to do so. As I said, we are parted forever; and now let me beg you never again mention his name to me; let the subject never again be alluded to between us; let all be as if we had never known him." Her voice softened.—"You will not be sorry, mother dear, to have your Beatrice again all your own;" and she took her parent's shriveled hand fondly between her own.

Mrs. Lancaster was touched by this expression of tenderness; for Beatrice although a most devoted daughter, in fact the only support of her poor and widowed mother, rarely made any demonstration of her attachment, and this caress, slight as it was, filled the mother's heart with joy. She drew her child to her side and kissed her tenderly, but Beatrice escaped from her embrace, and saying cheerfully, "Are we never to have supper?" led the way to the table. She talked gaily during the meal, and though she ate little, succeeded in withdrawing her mother's attention from her want of appetite.

Not the most watchful eye could have detected a shade of sadness in her manner or face that evening, indeed she was gayer than usual. No wonder that her mother—good, unobservant soul—believed that she was happy in her release from the tie that had bound her.

A few evenings had passed, and Beatrice stood in the little sitting room dressed for a party. Never had she looked more beautiful than now, in her simple white dress, with its crimson ribbons, and a red rose-bud in her hair. Mrs. Lancaster looked at her in admiration; nor was she alone in the appreciation of her child's loveliness.

She was the belle of the evening at Mrs. Mercer's, and not even the youthful heiress, in honor of whom the party had been made, and to whom Louis Meredith was said to be affianced, could divide the honors of belleship with her.

It had been well known throughout the village that Beatrice and Louis had been engaged, and the fact of their separation was equally well understood; but though she was narrowly watched, no look or gesture betrayed that she had been moved by the sundering of the tie.

She was surrounded by admirers, she had a smile for this one, a command for a second and merry words for others; and, as it attracted by some irresistible charm, Louis Meredith hovered near her—even when talking with his affianced bride, Therese Benedict, he heard every word that fell from Beatrice's lips and saw her every motion.

His eyes flashed angrily as he saw her smilingly receiving the attentions offered her, and contrasted her manners towards all with the careless "good evening" with which she met him; her hand had not trembled in his grasp, and he was piqued at her evident indifference; he was jealous, too, and almost gnashed his teeth with rage when he saw her apparently listening with the deepest attention to the half-whispered words of Ralph Mercer, the only son of their host—the wealthiest man in the village.

Louis looked at Beatrice, and then at Therese—the one a poor village school teacher, and the other a wealthy daughter of a distinguished lawyer—and he could but acknowledge how far superior, in beauty, grace and talent, was the humble teacher he had discarded to his affianced bride.

His eyes were open. He knew that he still loved Beatrice, and that without her money, Therese would have been utterly indifferent to him.

He could bear it no longer. He stole as soon as possible to Beatrice's side and said a few words on her coquetry and heartlessness.

She turned her large flashing eyes full upon him with a look of contempt.

"Mr. Meredith forgets himself," she replied, boldly; "his opinion is utterly indifferent to me. What right has he to criticise my conduct?"

She waved her hand in token of dismissal; and he left her with a strange mixture of love and anger in his heart as he saw her again—the centre of a circle of admirers—full of life and animation. The hours flew rapidly, and when at last the gay company departed, Louis saw with bitter jealousy, that Ralph Mercer was the devoted attendant of his discarded Beatrice; and he sought his home angry with himself and the world.

The excitement of the evening was over, and alone in her chamber Beatrice thought of all that had passed. She had triumphed; but, alas! what an aching heart had been hidden under that gay exterior!

She had loved Louis Meredith with all the ardor of her passionate, but reserved nature, and not so easily could she thrust him from her heart. The struggle to appear happy, to deceive all about her with a show of indifference, was too much for her. She longed to be away, and right gladly did she accept a lucrative offer to take charge of a school in a large town of Montfort, where she might escape the Argus eyes of a whole village.

Mrs. Lancaster made no objections to the proposed removal, and ere long Beatrice and her mother left Langdon forever.

II

"Is Mr. Irving in?" said a young man, evidently a stranger, entering the large establishment of Messrs. Irving & Co., the most successful of the many successful merchants in Montford.

"He is, sir," was the reply of the clerk addressed. "Step this way, sir, and I will show you to the counting room."

Threading his way through boxes and bales of goods, the gentleman followed his guide, and was ushered into the room.

Mr. Irving was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing. He looked up as the boy approached him, and seeing the stranger exclaimed:

"Ah, Meredith, how are you! Take a seat and I will be at your service in a few moments."

He turned again to his desk, and rapidly sealing the letter he had been writing, gave that, with several others, to the boy in waiting, and then turned to the new comer. He looked at him searchingly; then, bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed: "What's the matter now? Have you lost your last friend, or have you got a heavy note falling due, and nothing to meet it, hey!"

Meredith shook his head. "Only my old complaint," he said; "a touch of the blue devils, and so I dropped in here to see if you couldn't exercise them as usual. You are always so happy, notwithstanding you are so busy."

"*Notwithstanding!*" interrupted Irving.—"*Because* I'm so busy, you might say, and come nearer the truth. Take my advice; go to work yourself, and I'll venture you'll be no more troubled with these blues than I am.

"The remedy is worse than the disease," said Meredith. "Why should I care to make money! You know well that my poor Therese left me more than I know what to do with. I am much obliged to you for your prescription, but must decline following it."

"Well, I won't get offended, like most friends, if you won't take my advice; but I'll prescribe again. This is Mrs. Biglow's reception evening; go with me there, and I promise you a release from your blue tormentors for one evening at least."

"A party!" exclaimed Louis shrugging his shoulders. "That is worse and worse!"

"It isn't like an ordinary party," persisted his friend, "where you go to be stifled in a crowd, and cram yourself with delicacies.—It is an unpretentious assemblage of agreeable people, drawn together by a desire to meet each other in part, but I must confess the most powerful magnet is Bigelow's niece—the loviest creature you ever beheld."

"A belle!" sneered Meredith; "I detest the whole tribe of empty-headed coquetts."

"It's plain you haven't seen the belle of Montford," rejoined Irving. "You've read Bianca, have'nt you!"

"Yes, I have, and it surely was a glorious work."

"Well, our belle wrote that."

"Indeed!" said Meredith with a start, and a look of animation that made his fine but impassive features doubly beautiful; then relapsing into his old manner he said, "A belle! From all ink bedaubed dames, good Lord deliver us!"

"I see that you are determined not to be pleased with anything," said his companion. "But I'll defy you to resist our belle and blue, if you but see her. Will you go to the party or not? Say yes or no, Louis, for I must dismiss you rather unceremoniously, as I have a business engagement at four, and it looks only a quarter of that hour."

"Yes, then," yawned Louis, as he slowly sauntered off.

Mrs. Bigelow's splendid parlors were a blaze of light as the two gentlemen entered that evening, and paid their respects to their hostess. At a little distance from her stood a young and queenly looking girl, talking gaily with a knot of gentlemen; she was richly attired, and her robe of rose-colored silk contrasted well with her clear olive complexion. She did not observe the new comers till they had joined the group around her; then, with easy elegance, she welcomed Mr. Irving, and bowed with much grace to Mr. Meredith on his introduction to Miss Lancaster.

For once Louis Meredith was startled out of his usual apathy. "Beatrice," trembled on his lips; for it was she, more lovely, if possible than when he saw her five years before. Could it be that she was the author of that wonderful book that had thrilled the hearts of a nation! He could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses, and bewildered by his emotions, he stood speechless for a few moments. Then recovering himself, he was again the polished man of the world.

Beatrice, neither by words or look betrayed her recollection of him, and he did not venture to recall the past. She treated him with easy politeness, and he, half vexed at the power she had over him, yet unable to resist her fascination, was as constant upon her as her shadow during the whole evening.

His friends rallied him on his surrender to the belle and the blue, and Louis said but little in reply; but from time to time he was a constant visitor at Mrs. Bigelow's, where Beatrice, since the death of her mother, had resided. With Mrs. Bigelow he soon became a favorite, but Beatrice, though studiously polite, was equally cold; yet, notwithstanding all her coldness, Louis was more madly in love with her than ever.

Week after week he lingered in Montford and at every opportunity he was at her side. She appeared utterly unconscious of his devotion, and by her manner effectually prevented his uttering any expression of affection. He longed to, yet dared not, learn his fate, and in alternations of hope and fear passed his time.

At last, he could not bear it any longer; he resolved to know the worst, and went one afternoon to see her, with the determination to offer his hand and his heart. Fortune favored him; she was alone in the library, and he was shown there at once.—She was sitting with her head a little turned aside as he entered, but he saw the blood rush to her cheeks, and her eye sparkle, and she was half started forward to meet him; then resuming her olden, stately manner, she received him with dignity, and sank into her chair. He had seen and hoped much from her emotion.

"Beatrice!" he exclaimed, unable to restrain himself, "thank God, I see you once more alone. How I have longed for this opportunity. Nay, Beatrice," he said, as she was about to speak, "you must hear me. I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love such as no other can offer you. Will you be mine!"

She looked at him coldly.

"Mr. Meredith has doubtless been misinformed," she said; "my uncle is wealthy, but I am not his heiress."

"Cruel as your words are, I deserve them," he said, "for my dastardly conduct years ago. But hear me; I was young, proud, and poor, daily stung by my poverty—cramped by it—struggling vainly to overcome the obstacles it placed in my way. Just then my evil genius threw Therese in my way. Her evident partiality for me flattered me, her wealth dazzled me, and in an unlucky moment I yielded to the temptation, and secured her but lost you. No sooner was it done than I regretted it. Even had you treated me less proudly, less contemptuously, I would have resigned her and claimed you, but I knew that you would have none of me, and blindly I was led on to marriage without love. I never ceased to love you, Beatrice; even when my wife's arms were twined around me, and her voice whispered tender words in my ear, your form would glide between us and I cursed the fate that had taken you from me. But yet I was a kind husband to Therese—so she and all the world said. I paid all the attention due to her; I gave her all but my heart, and that was always yours.

"At last she died, and left me all her wealth—I was free, and instantly my heart turned to you. I then sought for you everywhere, and at last I found you.

"God be praised that you are poor, so that I may prove my disinterested attachment to you. I offer you my heart, hand and fortune. I offer you a love that has increased in fervor every year. Be mine, my Beatrice—my wife."

He took her hand as he spoke; she withdrew it instantly.

"Louis Meredith," she said, "I give you credit for rare candor. Few would confess that they sold themselves for money—but how dare you offer me the wages of your shame!" Her eyes flashed fire. "Never would I become the wife of a dastard, such as you declare yourself; you have your answer."

She turned to leave the room, but he prevented her.

"Beatrice," he said, "I know you well! I forgive you your cruel words, for your pride forbade you to show any regret on our separation. In your heart of hearts you love me even now, when with bitter words in your pride you send me from you. Your eyes sparkled at my coming, Beatrice; your heart plead for me when your resolute will stilled its voice. Oh! do not, my Beatrice, for such a hollow triumph, prepare a lifetime of misery for yourself and me."

She drew up her tall figure to its full height.

"Yes, Louis Meredith, I did love you once," she said, "though I blush to own it; I loved you for what I thought you were—a noble and true man. It was the ideal not the real man that I loved. Thanks to you, you opened my eyes—long since I ceased to love you. And you could flatter yourself that you had power to move me! No, sir, your coming could neither bring the blood to my cheek, quicken my pulses, or make my heart beat. I did start at your entrance but it was because I expected momentarily the entrance of him whom I do love with my whole heart—my affianced husband—whose steps I hear even now approaching. Remain, if you choose, and I will show you A MAN, such as you must become ere you win the heart of a true woman. Forgive me if I have been too harsh, but learn this lesson, that he who sells himself for money sinks beyond the level of a man, and forfeits all claims to be treated as such."

Without a word Louis Meredith bowed and withdrew, a sadder if not a wiser man, as the betrothed of Beatrice entered the apartment.

A few weeks later, in those spacious parlors, surrounded by her friends, Beatrice gave her hand where she had long since gave her heart. Never had she looked so lovely as now, when with a holy confidence, she entrusted her happiness to the keeping of the man of her choice, and never during a long life of mingled prosperity and adversity did she have occasion to regret it.

Their love was founded on a rock, and tho' "the rain descended, the floods came and the winds blew, it fell not," for it rested on the sure foundation of trust in each other and in God.

The First Ice Cream.

The following article appeared a few years ago in "The Daguerroty pe," a periodical of short-lived existence, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Freeman, who died a few years since, Bishop of Arkansas and Texas.

"If we knew to whom, or to what, to give credit for the following bit, we would certainly do it. It comes to us without any intimation of its origin, and we give it place as ludicrously characteristic. It purports to be Ethan Spike's First and Last visit to Portland:

"Portland is the all-firedest place I ever seed. I was down there in '38, to see a little about my goin' to the Legislature, and such a time as I had you never heard tell on. Did I ever tell you about the ice cream scrape I had?

We answered in the negative and he resumed:

"Wall, I'd be down there two or three days, pokin' in every hole, an' tho't that I'd seed everything that was to be seen. But one day, tour's sun down, I was goin' by a shop in Middle street that looked wonderfully slick—there was all manner of candy an' peppermints an' what nots at the window. An' then thar was signs with gold letters on them, hungin' round the door, tellin' how they sold Soda, Mead, an' ice cream thar. I says to myself I have hearn good deal about this 'ere ice cream, an' now I will see what they's made off. So I puts my hands into my pockets, an' walked in kinder careless, an' says to the chap standin' behind the counter,

"'Do you keep any ice cream here?'

"'Yes, sir', says he "how much 'ill have?"

"I considered a minit, s ys I "a pint, sir."

The young fellers face swelled out, and he liked to have laughed right out, but arter a while he asked—

"'Did you say a pint sir?'

"'Sartin,' says I, "but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart."

Wal, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sort a pison, an' I give him a look that made him look sober in about a minit, an' when I clinched my fists and looked at him, (here Mr. S. favored us with a most diabolical expression,) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a pint o' the stuff as perlite as possible. Wal, I tasted a mouthful of it, and found it cool as the north side of Bethel in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but just then I seed the confectioner chap grinnin' behind the door, which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white-liver'd monkey think I'm afeared—I'll eat the plaguey stuff if it feezes my inards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bar or whipped a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole in about a minit.

"Wal in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel kinder gripy about here" continued Ethan, pointing to the lower parts of his stomach, "an' kept on feeling no better very fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd got a steam ingen sawin' shingles in me. I got down on a cheer, and bent myself up like a nut chacker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still—I twisted and squirmed about like an angle wurm on a hook, till at last the chap as gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on snickera' says he,

"'Mister what ails yer!,'

"'Ails me!" says I, "that ere stuff o' your'n is freezing up my daylights."

"You eat too much" says he.

"I tell yer I didn't," I screamed, 'I know what is a nuff and what's too much without asking you, an' if you don' leave off snickering I'll spile your face."

He cottoned right down an said he didn't mean any hurt, and asked if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him I would. So I took a pretty good horn an' left the shop.

"Arter I got out," continued Ethan, "I felt better for a minit or so, but I hadn't gone far before the gripes took me agin; so I went in to another shop, an' took some more gin; then I set down on the State House steps, an' there I sot and sot, but didn't feel a mite better. I begun to think I was going to kick the bucket, an' then I thought of father an' mother, and of old Spanker—that's fathers boss—and when I thought that I should never see 'em agin, I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up, an' see a dozen boys grinnin' an' larfin' at me, I tell yer what, it riz my spunk—that had got down below zero—rite up agin. I sprang at 'em like a wild cat, hollerin' out I'd shake their tarnal gizzards out, an' the way the little devils scampered was a caution to nobody. But after the excitement of the race was over, I felt was agin' and I couldn't help groanin' and screechin' as I went along.

At last I thought I'd go to the theatre; but afore I got there, the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin' house and holler. Arter while I got up and went into a shop an' eat half a dollar's worth of isters with four pickled cowcumbers, and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre, an' seed the plays, but I felt so bad that I couldn't see any fun in 'em for I don't think the isters and cowcumbers done me any good. I sot down, laid down, stood up but still it went on, gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time, an' once in a while I was obliged to screch kinder easy. Everybody stared at me, and somebody called out 'turn him out' once or twice. But at last, just as the nigger Orthello was going to put the piller on his wife's face to smother her, then come such a twinge through me that I thought I was burstin' up, and I yelled out—"Oh, dear! Oh, scissors!" so loud the old theatre rung agin.' Such a row you never seed; the nigger dropped the piller, and Deuteronomy—or what you call her there—his wife, jumped off the bed and ran, while every body in the theatre was up in a muss, some larfin' an' some swearin.' The upshot of it was the perlice carried me out of the theatre and told me to make myself scarce.

Wall as I didn't feel any better, I went into a shop close by, an' called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallerin' it I went hum to the tavern. I sot down by the winder, and tried to think I felt better, but it was no go; that blessed old engine was still wallerin' away inside; so I went out and eat a quarter's wuth of isters an' a piece of mince pie. Then I went back, an' told the tavern keeper I felt kinder sick and I thought I'd take some Castorile, a mouthful of cold meat, and a strong glass of whiskey punch, and then go to bed. He got the fixens, which I took and went to bed.

But, tell yer what, I had rather a poor nite. Sometimes I was awake groanin', an' when I was asleep I'd better been awake, for I had such powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was skinnin' a bar, and then by some hocuspocus 'twould all change tother side an' the tarnal critter would be skinnin' me.

Then, agin' I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, an' just as I'd be shouting out—"now then!—here she goes!" everything would get reversed agin'—I was a log and the boys were prying me up with their handspikes. Then I'd wake up and screech and roar—then off to sleep agin'—to dream that Spanker had run away with me, or that father was whopping me, or some other plaguey thing, until morning.

When I got up, I hadn't any appetite for my breakfast, and the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on screamin' an' groanin' as I had the night afore, my room was better than my company.

I hain't, said Mr. Spike, in conclusion, I hain't been to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired Ice Cream.

Hannibal.

The following account of some of the exploits of the celebrated Elephant Hannibal, is contained in an obituary notice which appeared in the Cleveland Plain Dealer a few weeks ago, when it was erroneously reported that he had ended his earthly career:

This old and justly distinguished elephant died at Canfiel on Monday. He was quite old—extremely so. We have heard his age stated variously from five hundred to one thousand years. At times Hannibal was rather wild. Domestic troubles may have been the cause of this. We believe his faults were of the head, however, and not of the heart. He never used tobacco in any form, and in all his travels was never forced to "spout" his trunk for his hotel bills.—What other showman of any note can say as much! Still, the facts can't be disguised, Hannibal cut up some very hard capers during his life. In Maine, years ago, one night he was shut up in a shed. In the morning he was found three or four miles off with the roof of the shed upon his back!

When connected with Jane & Titus' circus and menagerie he had a falling out with some of the performers, and one day whilst they were making their grand entre in the ring on their high mettled and gorgeously caparisoned horses, Hannibal burst his fastenings, rushed into the ring, and unhorsed every one of them. After tossing them around for a while he returned to his accustomed place and permitted his keeper to tie him up again. Going from Boston to Salem some years ago, he became enraged about something or other and made terrific work on the road—tearing down fence, tipping over wagons, and tossing men and horses into the air.

Travelling from one small town to another one Sunday afternoon, in New Hampshire, Hannibal met a long line of carriages, filled with people going home from church; the man in the head carriage struck the elephant a smart blow with his whip as he passed. Hannibal immediately unloaded the entire line of carriages. No one was seriously injured. One night, as his keeper was driving him through a strip of woods in Vermont, a violent thunder storm arose. A tree was struck by lightning, and one of the shattered branches struck the keeper and killed him instantly. All night long the elephant watched the dead man closely and tenderly, even as a mother would watch the corpse of her child, and never from that moment left him until he was buried. Hannibal meant well. We don't hear what ailed Hannibal—probably it was old age. We understand that he cost his last owners, Van Amburgh & Co., 14,000 dollars.

The Folly of Duelling.

M. Henri de Pene, a Parisian literary man, writes in Figaro some smart observations on the manners of the inferior officers of the French army. He hints to them that if they did not mangle the ladies' dresses with their spurs, did not smell of cheap *kabac*, did not talk carelessly, and did not rush upon the refreshments like hungry clowns, and if they generally cultivated a higher moral tone, they might be less unwelcome guests in the houses than he was inclined to think them.—This Chesterfieldian counsel enrages to the last degree the individuals to whom it is addressed, showers of four epistolary menaces assail Figaro, and finally a gang of officers conspire to kill M. de Pene. They to the number it is stated (and as we would rather disbelieve) of twenty-seven, cast lots for the order in which they should attack him, and he receives a challenge.

Now, in England, we have put an end to this kind of thing. Without reference to the brutal folly and wickedness of the duel, we have put an end to it simply as rational beings who can do a sum in substraction.—We have—after a good many years, we confess, of Montague House and Wormwood Scrubbs—arrived at the conclusion that dueling is unfair, because men are unequal in value. We now agree that an educated, intellectual, working citizen, the mainstay of a loved family, the adviser of trusting friends, a useful, recognized man, with life assurances that would be vitiated if he fell in willful fray, is no match for an empty headed younger son, with just brains enough for drill, pale ale, and Skye terriers, who has been put in the army to be got rid of, and who may chance to find room in his narrow skull for an idea that he has been insulted.—Arithmetic has settled the question, and Cocker forbid pistol-cocking. We have got rid of the duel, because we can deduct Ensign Featherhead from Mr. Goldworthy and note the difference. So, if the Ensign, in an accession of martial fire, were to challenge Goldworthy, be he the author, lawyer, doctor, merchant, or anybody else who used to come within the degree of consanguinity (that is might be asked to shed blood with somebody else) Goldworthy would select Policeman A, 1-5, as his second, and the Lord Mayor as his umpire. Be it said, however, in justice to our officers, that, brainless and careless as a good many of the young ones are, they are mostly good-humored gentlemen, who take other gentlemen's humor in good part. As to their clubbing together to injure a writer who has ridiculed them, we should like to see the kicking the proposer of such a plot would receive in an English mess-room.

But the French through admirable mathematicians have not yet learned this vulgar arithmetic. They still expect Monsieur Pete d'Or to set his head against that of Lieutenant Vaurien. They cling to the supposition that blood is a detergent for insult, and that you can prove that you did not cheat at *ecarte* by proving that you can lunge in carte. So they permit their valuable citizens to be killed in duels by anybody who can get a small-sword and a second.

We have no right to condemn their extravagance, all we say is, that we really can't afford to spend with them. One of these days they may borrow our Cocker, to which they shall be very welcome. Meantime Vaurien kills Pete d'Or.—[Punch.

Cairo—Dry Land Apparition.

A Cairo correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writing July 1st, says:

Cairo is beginning to "dry up," and will be out of water in a few days. It was not falling half so fast inside yesterday as it was outside, but men were engaged in deepening the crevasses, in order to let the water out. It is three feet above the level of the river, inside of town, and the water outside is now seven feet above the mouths of the sewers. The damage has been greater than was at first supposed by the people of Cairo; ann the houses will need a great deal of repairing. The mud is about an inch deep on all the floors, and is of a very slimy character and disgusting smell. It seems as if it ought to be very sickly here, and there is indeed considerable sickness in town. The weather is still very hot, and the sky was perfectly clear last night. If a boy of ten years old should attempt to count the mosquitoes now in Cairo, he would reach three-score-and-ten before he had enumerated a quarter of them. The high water has left a very visible mark on all the houses, and the appearance of things generally is anything but ornamental. The water in town is almost too low to admit of the use of skiffs, and entirely too high for wading; consequently those who live in town are nearly isolated.

The track of the Illinois Central Railroad is being repaired as rapidly as possible, but it will be a month before trains will be able to run into Cairo. The grade is broken and washed away in several places, from 100 to 300 feet in length, and new trestle work will have to be put in.

A Steamer Story.

The Marksville (Louisiana) Central Organ, of the 29th ult. has the following:

Some two nights since, a death occurred in a certain portion of our parish, which was brought about in a strange manner. A gentleman living unhappily with his wife, some few months since committed suicide. This so affected her that she often of a morning declared the ghost of the deceased had haunted her during the night. Finally, one day she affirmed the devil had appeared to her, and, after upbraiding her, stated that hereafter when she should attempt to eat or drink, her food and water would choke her. And strange to say, whenever she took any nourishment or drank anything, she was invariably choked. This was continued for twenty seven days, when she died from pure starvations these facts we have from a gentleman of undoubted veracity.

The vicinity of Georgetown was thrown into considerable excitement yesterday morning, by the brutal murder of a pretty, interesting young lady named Mary Shelley, by Wm. Nugent, an Irish laborer on the Washington aqueduct. It is reported that Nugent became enamored of the young girl, and because she refused to marry him took her life in a fit of jealously, under the influence of liquor. His conduct previous to the commission of the deed was certainly very singular. He was frequently heard to mutter inconcerently to himself, and behaved himself in so extraordinary a manner, that he was on last Tuesday, taken to Georgetown and placed in confinement, from which he was released as soon as he evinced signs of returning self-control. Shortly after his release he returned to work, and heard to complain of the severity of the tasks imposed upon him. On Thursday night he went quietly to bed, but arose between four and five o'clock, and armed with a sharpened case knife, entered the apartment of the deceased and cut her throat. She lived but ten minutes, and when her father reached her side was just able to inform him of the manner of her death. The murderer was immediately secured by those who were attracted to the spot, but before the arrival of the officers, his fellow-laborers commenced beating in such a manner that he could not have survived for any length of time had he not rescued. At one moment the mob evinced a disposition to hang him, so intense was the feeling excited against him; and this, in all probability, would have been accomplished but for the timely interposition of the murdered girl's father.—[Washington Union June 26.

The largest auction sale of lands ever made in this or perhaps any other country, commences in Michigen on the 29th of July. They are technically denominated "swamp lands," but three-fouths of them are probably equal to the average of the State. They will be sold in parcels of from 40 to 1,000 or more acres, at prices ranging from 5 to 50 cents per acre.

Mr. James H. Headly, heretofore a respectable citizen of Buffalo, has been sentenced to the State Prison for five years for passing counterfeit money. The Courier says the prisoner while receiving his sentence appeared perfectly torpid, lying in an arm chair pale and motionless.

The amount of sugar destroyed by the inundation in Lousiana is estimated at 50,000 hogsheads, worth three million dollars. The cotton destroyed by the overflow on the banks of the Mississippi it is said will be 100,000 bales, whose value would probably be $4,000,000. In the Wabash Valley, as represented by the Evansville Journal, the losses by the farmers and property owners will certainly be equally as heavy.

The British gunboat Styx arrived at Havana on the 16th, from a cruise off the northeast coast of Yucatan, and pleads an alibi to many of the charges of outrages preferred against her.

Weaning Calves.

This, and the next month are the usual se