THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal.

THE CRISIS IN ITALY AND THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

From the Wednesday Cincinnati Commercial.

The latest news from Europe clearly indicates two things: first, that in consequence of the overwhelming vote of the people of Central Italy in favor of annexation to the kingdom of Sardinia, Tuscany, Romagna, Parma, and Modena will be added to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel; and, second, that Savoy and Nice will be ceded by that monarch to the imperial crown of France.

The vote in favor of annexation to Sardinia by the people of the Duchies and the Romagnesse was almost unanimous, and since the King of Sardinia has solemnly declared that the popular will, whatever it might be, should be respected and defended by him, it may be regarded as a fixed fact that Victor Emmanuel will accept accession to his dominions. If the plebiscite of Savoy and Nice shall be immediately after the peace of Villafranca, and approved by Napoleon III, is faithfully carried out in its legitimate results Austria will not be permitted to cross the Po or the Mincio, as, it is said, she threatens, in order to maintain the dominion of the Bourbons and Hapsburg-Lorraine dukes. If the court of the Tuileries opposes decidedly this alleged hostile movement on the part of Francis Joseph, it is not probable that he will venture upon the severe lessons taught at Solferino and Magenta as again to risk the chances of another war with those whose successes in the last conflict were as brilliant and decisive.

There is good reason to believe that France will approve, rather than oppose, the disposition which the Italians have made of their destinies, more especially if, by doing so, she can secure the possession of the long-coveted provinces of Savoy and Nice, thus placing within her control the principal passes of the Alps, and giving her an additional post on the Mediterranean. It is positively stated that the King of Sardinia, and his talented counsellor, Count Cavour, have consented to the cession "of the territory which has been for so many years the glorious appendage of the House of Savoy;" that a treaty with this object is being concluded between the cabinets of Paris and Turin; and that, after the ratification of the treaty, the people of Savoy will be asked to approve of the transfer of their allegiance. The great powers of Europe, whose consent it may be necessary to obtain, at the time would be a nice one as to the completion of this arrangement, although not confirmed, will not object, although two of them—England and Prussia—I do not approve it.

Austria professes complete indifference on the subject, and will neither sanction nor oppose the cession. Russia, considering the matter as one which only affects France and Sardinia, declines to interfere, and gives concurrence by silence. Spain, from good motives, consents, and the inhabitants of Savoy indicate cheerful concurrence; and France assumes that the necessary consent will be her security. England and Prussia grumble, and say that the French Emperor has not acted in good faith, or adhered to the programme which he declared at the commencement of the Italian war. But the British Parliament seem decidedly of opinion that if Russia and Spain do not object, and Sardinia consents to the transfer, it will be "difficult for England to make any opposition to the act."

The anti-Napoleon press in England criticises the action of the French Emperor with extreme, and, it appears to us, undue severity. It points out the great danger which will result to Europe from the annexation by France of all the passes of the Alps, and further declares that from the moment Savoy is a French province, the independence of Switzerland is at the mercy of her powerful neighbor. The French justification of the annexation is reasonable and feasible. The population of Sardinia was confined to River Piedmont, and the island of Sardinia, it was a weak power which could never seriously threaten the French frontier. But now, not only has it been enlarged by the acquisition of the large and wealthy province of Lombardy, but it is about to include within its limits the entire of Central Italy, and therefore ceases to be an insignificant power.

The foregoing we believe to be a fair and truthful view of the political news from Europe. We do not share the apprehension which some of our contemporaries across the Atlantic seem to entertain that war is inevitable in Italy. Neither France or England has anything to gain from a war. On the contrary, they both want peace. Russia has no interest in Italy, and no desire to go to war to aid Austria or perpetuate Austrian dominion in northern Italy. Austria cannot afford to go to war single-handed, to restore her exiled archdukes, and incur the renewed hostility of Napoleon, from whom she could not expect the same moderation as he showed her at Ville-Franca; and Sardinia can be secure that safety for another campaign, provided she can obtain her object by peaceable means.

There is only one event in which war appears all probable, and that is the withdrawal of the French troops from Loubardy, thus giving Sardinia to understand that France disapproves her annexation of the Duchies and the Romagna; and thus intimating to Austria that, if she interferes by force to defeat the popular will and restore the deposed sovereigns of the Duchies, France will not take any part in the struggle. We think there is little reason to fear that any such event will occur, and that those who expect that "popular sovereignty" in Central Italy will triumph; that Tuscany, Parma and Modena, and perhaps the Romagna, will become part of Victor Emmanuel's dominions; that Savoy and Nice will be attached to France, and that the Emperor will serve to it, will find their predictions fully verified.

THE BRINVILLIERS POISONERS

During the reign of Louis XIV, Paris witnessed a series of the most horrible atrocities ever committed; and the most disheartening inventions that ever entered a human brain, supplied the unprincipled people with the means of gratifying their passions. Ou Glaser, or Glazier, a German apothecary, who was the best operative chemist of his time, had long been of himself (as usual with the people of his profession), in endeavoring to find out the transmutation of metals, and the "elixir vitæ." He had taken into partnership an Italian named Exili, who, for some time, bore a good character; but to him, at least, the art of making gold only served as a pretext for following out the most abominable of all designs. While Exili thought only of discovering the philosopher's stone, the Italian was constantly employed in the mixing, distilling, and sublimating of poisons, which, at last, he brought to such perfection, that he could produce death in many different ways, either without any trace of such operation left in the body, or with symptoms so new and unheard of, that the physicians were completely delayed; and, not suspecting this kind of assassination, ascribed the unexpected death to some inscrutable decree of Providence.

Cautiously as Exili went to work, he was, at last, suspected as a vender of poisons, and thrown into the Bastile. Soon afterwards, he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted, during his confinement, with a certain Captain Sainte, a needy libertine of character, who had long lived with the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, under circumstances which brought disgrace on all her connections, till, at last, as the Marquis seemed to care nothing about the conduct of his wife, her father, Dreaux d'Aubrey, was necessitated to separate the criminals, by procuring the arrest of St. Croix.

Wholly unprincipled as was this man—and, though counterfeiting piety, libertine, from his infancy, to every species of vice—hate and revengeful, even to madness—he could not have met any discovery more welcome and congenial to his disposition, than the diabolical contrivances of Exili, which seemed to give him the power of annihilating all his enemies. He became, therefore, a zealous scholar of the Italian, and was soon equally skillful with his master, whose imprisonment continued; but St. Croix was liberated, and was found himself in a condition to carry on his infernal schemes.

Of course he betook himself again, though cautiously and in secret, to his former haunts, and De Brinvilliers, who was only a depraved woman, became, with the help of St. Croix, an absolute monster. Gradually, she was led on to poison her own father, by whom she lived, hypocritically pretending to nurse him in his old age; and, in like manner, her brothers and sisters were sacrificed. Against her father she was instigated only by revenge, because he had interposed his authority to deprive her of her patrimony; but as to the rest of the family, she had other motives for by their deaths she succeeded to a very rich inheritance.

From various examples, we may divine the horrible truth, that the inclination towards crimes of this description becomes, at last, an absolute ruling passion, without any other object than the unnatural pleasure derived from it. These traffickers of poison have been known to destroy individuals whose life or death must have been to them, in other respects, a matter of perfect indifference. The sudden and almost simultaneous deaths of many poor prisoners, at the Hotel Dieu, awakened a suspicion that the bread was poisoned which De Brinvilliers used to share out among them, in order to acquire a reputation as a model of piety and benevolence.

However this may be, it is historically certain that she many times poisoned the dishes at her own table, and placed them before the distinguished guests that were invited to her house, so that the Chevalier de Guet, and several other persons of eminence, fell victims to these inconsiderate banquets. Notwithstanding the frequency of these practices, St. Croix, De Brinvilliers, and a female assistant named Chausseu, were for a long time able to keep their crimes concealed under an impenetrable veil. There was, at all events, no sufficient proof against them, nor could the physicians always decide that their victims had died by poison; but whatever may be the cunning and hypocrisy of such wretches, divine justice never fails, sooner or later, to overtake the guilty.

The poisons which St. Croix compounded were of a nature so fine and subtle that if the greatest caution were not observed in preparing the powder, a single chance inhalation might cause instant death. St. Croix, therefore, employed a glass operator, who was a mere principally made of glass, and with the nostrils covered with silk; but this happened to fall of one day, when he was in the act of shaking a powder, just prepared, into a phial, and in an instant, (being already almost suffocated for want of breath,) he ran out, inhaled some of the fine dust which flew about him, he fell down and almost immediately expired.

As he had died without heirs, the officers of the law hastened to his apartments to take charge of his effects. There they found, shut up in a box, the whole arsenal of poisons, by means of which St. Croix had carried on his work of destruction; and besides, this, there were found many letters of De Brinvilliers, which left no doubt as to her guilt. She fled accordingly to a convent at Liege; but Desgrain, the principle officer of police, was sent after her. Disguised as a monk, he appeared in the convent where she had taken refuge, and (his features luckily being unknown to her,) he insinuated its drinking this abominable woman into an intrigue, and persuaded her to make an assignation with him in a retired garden beyond the town walls. Immediately on their arrival there, she was surrounded by the assistants of Desgrain; when the renegade monk transformed himself into a police officer, forced her into a carriage that stood ready near a garden, and, with a guard of cavalry, they drove off directly for Paris. De Brinvilliers was soon after brought to the block, her body was burned, and her ashes strewn to the wind.

The Parisians felt themselves greatly relieved when these monsters were got out of, but it soon afterward transpired that though the town might be rid of St. Croix and his accomplices, yet their art had not disappeared with them. Like an invisible demon, the crime of assassination continued to make its way, even into the bosoms of families, breaking through the most confidential circles, that love and friendship could frame. He who had been to-day in the utmost bloom of health, might be found to-morrow falling about in the most wretched state of decline; and no skill on the part of the physician could rescue it of supernatural beings. Riches, a comfortable place in the legislature, a young and handsome wife—any of those advantages were sufficient to direct against their possessors the relentless aims of these fiends in human form. Crime distrust and suspicion dissolved the most sacred ties among relations. Husband and wife, father and son, sister and brother, were alienated by the terror which they fell one of another. At the social banquet, food and wine (which, indeed, was not always safe,) were instead of indulging in innocent mirth, the party, with pale and confused looks, were trying to find out the concealed murderer. At length fathers of families might be seen timidly purchasing provisions in remote districts, getting the food thus obtained, cooked at some neighboring tavern, fearful of the treachery that might lurk under their own roofs. Yet in many instances, all these precautions were taken in vain.

The king, in order as much as possible to stop this torrent of inquiry, established a peculiar court of justice, to which he gave exclusively the commission to search into and punish these crimes. This was the institution known as the Chambre Ardente, which held its sittings under the Bastile, and of which La Reyne was the president. For a considerable time, this man's endeavors, zealous as they were, proved vain; it was reserved for the quaint Desgrain to trace out the quality, even in the most obscure places. In the Faubourg de St. Germain, there lived an old woman named De Vanin, who employed herself in conjuration and fortune-telling, and who with the help of her two confederates, Le Sage and Lavigueraux, had been able to excite the fear and astonishment, even of persons who were not generally considered weak or credulous. But oh! did more than this—having had an opportunity by the aid of her confederates from Exili, she also prepared in like manner that subtile poison, by means of which she assisted the unnatural passions of her sister, before due time, at their inheritance, and deprived wives to rid themselves of their husbands. Desrais, however, found means to pluck the veil from all her mysteries, whereupon she was brought to trial, and made a full confession. The Chambre Ardente sentenced her to be burned at the Place de Greve, and there she was accordingly executed.

There were found among her papers a list of all persons who had applied themselves of her art, so that one execution was rapidly followed by another; and very serious suspicions were entertained even against persons of the highest rank. Among other examples, it was alleged that Cardinal Bronzy had obtained from her the means of bringing to an untimely end all the persons to whom, in his capacity of Bishop of Narbonne, he was under the necessity of paying yearly pensions. In like manner, the Duchess de Bouillon—all the Duchess de Soissons, before she quitted France—on the list, was accused of having dealt with the infernal sorceress; and even Francis Henri de Montmorenci, Duke of Luxembourg, marshal and peer of the realm, was not spared. He was himself up to imprisonment in the Bastile, where, through the hatred of Louvois and La Reyne, he was confined in a cell only six feet square, and months passed away before means were found to prove that the Duke's misdemeanor had not been such as to deserve punishment. He had, of his own foolish enough, on one occasion, to have his horoscope drawn and calculated by La Saze. It seems that war is inevitable that year in Italy. Neither France or England has anything to gain from a war. On the contrary, they both want peace. Russia has no interest in Italy, and no desire to go to war to aid Austria or perpetuate Austrian dominion in northern Italy. Austria cannot afford to go to war single-handed, to restore her exiled archdukes, and incur the renewed hostility of Napoleon, from whom she could not expect the same moderation as he showed her at Ville-Franca; and Sardinia can be secure that safety for another campaign, provided she can obtain her object by peaceable means.

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THE DEAD ARM.

BY SEA ESE.

"Do you see that arm?"

The convict, wasted by a fierce disease, raised himself to a sitting posture on the bed, with much labor, and lifted his withered right arm with the other, clutched it as if he would wring it from its socket, as a traitorous member of his body.

"That arm did it," and he glared vengefully upon it, and shook it fiercely.

"Did what?"

"Did murder! Put me here to live a buried life of ten long years. Oh! how long they have been. I have counted them, hour after hour, in my cell. How long can I live, at the most, Doctor?"

"Three hours—perhaps four."

"Too long to live, but sufficient time in which to tell you my story. If you believe it, it will be more than judge or jury have done. Would you deceive when on your death bed?

"My marriage to the girl I had long loved, and who loved me with a love far exceeding my most sanguine hopes, is the point, so far as regards the nice applicability of past events to present conditions, at which my narrative commences. Dating from the day of that marriage, there being a succession of misfortunes, that, twisted and at their birth, were gradually welded together by extraneous contingencies, as it they culminated in an act foul and terrible, if premeditated or intended, that has made me a broken-hearted man.

"My wife and I never quarreled. We loved and reverenced each other too much for either to trespass or tramble upon what the other considered sacred. No home, in mere lexiny and exultation of spirit, we performed acts that to persons unequalated with us, and our circumstances, might seem seasoned with eccentricity.

"To such misunderstandings, by a third person, may be attributed the origin of reports that we, my wife and I, lived an unhappy life, a life of turmoil—of blows.

"I may around us held to such an opinion, but I was ignorant of the exact nature of our lives.

"But I, descending speedily to the grave, do declare that we never, by word or deed, transcended the bounds of our great love for each other; or transgressed those laws that should preserve the person of the wife from blow or contumely. If it were possible to exist without strong discord, to turn the sweetest sympathies into bitter hatred, ours was that existence. Yet it availed me nought in the dark day that came upon me unwarned; but rather afforded opportunities by which to strengthen an apparent guiltiness."

"Jessie," I said to my wife, one evening, "do you stand on one side of the room, while I take a position on the other. Get me a ball of yarn from the basket, and then whoever is the most skillful, shall have the greatest number of times, shall make a present to the other. A nice present, of course."

"If I loose, my present will be a dressing gown," said Jessie, "but you know you'll have to pay for it."

"It will be just as acceptable," I answered. "But if I loose, you shall have that ring with the emerald and pearls."

"Then the soft ball of yarn flew quickly from hand to hand, we all the time laughing and talking with great glee. A knock at the door, and an acquaintance entered, finding our faces flushed with the excitement of the contest, and each contending who or is vanquished. I declared that she had won the ring, and promised to put it upon her finger the next day; and, in fact, I never alive never came.

"About two o'clock the same night, I was awakened to consciousness by one of those inexplicable, preternatural premonitions of near danger, which, in other cases, I had always ridiculed as a skeptical spirit.

"My mind was clear to reason—not having the slightest power wrought by sleep. Scarcely were my eyes unclosed, before I became cognizant of the presence of a body of a cold, calmy nature, by its loathsome contact with mine. I felt a shivering sensation, as of ice, whereby it nearly stilled the beating of my heart. Naturally, I am no coward; but the horrible, cold, clammy character of this burden, combined with utter darkness, greater of fierce fear, completely unnerved me, and my body shook with the rapid leaf.

"The quiet condition of this body, which apparted and not to myself nor my wife—its mysterious situation—and above all, the moist, clammy contact with my person, deprived me for an instant of self-possession. The clattering of a blind, or the nibbling of a mouse, seemed like a peal of thunder to my ears; the overstrained eye-saw, or seemed to see, ghostly shapes pendant from chandelier and bed-post.

"I dared not shout aloud, or change my position, lest, for fear that my throat would be clutched by the incubus that sat like a hideous nightmare fully developed into a reality, upon my chest.

"I experienced such sensations as does the strong swimmer, or the venturous diver, when coming into bodily contact, unforewarned, with a corpse beneath the surface of the water—when Nature acts like an electric battery, and discharges volumes of fear at the slightest movement; yet like one in the dark who encounters a skeleton.

"I was peculiarly situated: surrounded by an immensity of other; expansive, inkmouth that, it grasp, thought and sensations in habiliments that gave them a gigantic appearance; immersed in a sea of dread and doubt; and, darkness, completely covered by fear.

"Now reason made its appeals to the frightened soul. The mere consciousness of bodily contact with this invisibility, suggested its materiality, but I hesitated to make the first movement, hostile or otherwise. There was a half formed supposition in my mind that if I retired, there would come upon me a nonest by the incubus that I could not withhold; this hesitancy to action, I partly overcome by the circumspect raising of my left arm; it was from that moment my right arm instantly, and consequentously with that movement the weight upon my face was removed to my neck. A little more stealthy investigation, still fearful of an attack by an insidious enemy, and I found that my right hand and the arm and for as the other was temporarily paralyzed, or in that condition usually called "asleep;" that the hand was cold and with out sensibility, and that it was the object that had rested upon my face.

"Of course, I was much elated at the discovery, and ashamed that I had been so easily alarmed at an accident that was susceptible of an easy explanation. In order to give to my wife an account of the absurd occurrence, I turned over, my previous position being a reclination upon my back. In my rollet, consequent upon what I considered a correct explanation of my fright, the weight upon my chest had been forgotten; now, the change of my position recalled it very unpleasantly and inopportunely, even before I had touched my wife.

"I imagine, if you can, the result of this sudden knowledge that my oppressor had not been explained away. Think how quickly all the reasons which had been carefully resolved from the mental perplexities in which I had been entangled, were effectually contrasted, and how absolutely mystery and frantic horror again swayed the sceptre. There was then, a boring or things in the room that did not belong there, never had been there previous to that night, and my deductions were faulty. The result was, that I lost all control over my passions—that I was lashed into a fury of despair, by the fear of the presence of a supernatural being.

"Clasping the object upon my breast, with my left hand, with my right nerved by a terror knowing no restraint, and nerved to all sensation of pain by reason of its paralysis, I struck heavy, treacherous blows. It had hair, and at this I pulled and tugged in the paroxysm of horror. In my great agony of mind, I shrieked for aid—notwithstanding my efforts encountered no resistance—and called for Jessie to awaken. There was no response. The passive submission to blows of the object grasped by my left hand was extraordinary—the silence of my wife unaccountable.

"Then, for the first time during the struggle did I think of Jessie's remarkably sound slumber, and connect therewith the burden. I could not, so help me God! I could not separate the identity of my wife with that of the object of my vengeance.

"Feeling the weight aside, I leaped from the bed and lighted the gas.

"My wife was dead!

"It was her head—that I had so often confided, playing with its silken tresses—kissing those dear lips—looking into those lustrous eyes—that had so confidingly reposed upon my breast. Yet not more than five minutes had elapsed since my awakening.

"I can't believe that I am her murderer, even though the law so seals me with the crime.

"But that arm, now shrivelled and withered into its present form, came not so by a painless amount from nature. After my consideration, doubting as I did my agency in her death, yet hating the instrument that he I known no pity or gentleness in its blows, I held it, that arm, as a sacrifice to my dead wife, in the fire, until the flames sapped its life, blackened its beauty, and burned out of it all semblance of human form.

"These are the reasons why I hate it, and have hated it since that night. I am thankful that my stay on earth is so diminished. When you have lived a life of solitude such as mine, with a doubt such as mine for an invisible companion, you too would gladly seek its solution in heaven."

The convict died that night. The prison warden confirmed the truth of the convict's narrative, adding that the mark of blows upon the body of his wife—the absence of all causes to create a sudden death—and the unfavorable testimony of the neighbors, induced him to interrupted their amusement the evening previous to his wife's decease, were formidable arguments against the innocence of the convict.

That being convicted, he was sentenced to death, which sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for ten years.

If the narrative was true, yes, and I had no reason to believe that it was false, it was certainly an instance of remarkable complicity of circumstances, sufficient to much embarrass both judge and jury. It was doubtless a case of unintentional murder, committed by the convict in a state of frenzy—originated and finished under the influence of a superstitious mind, too easily excited by such a situation as that in which he had been placed.—*Chicago Leader.*

HOME—MOTHER—HEAVEN.

From the Waverly Magazine.]

HOME.

The above are three of the sweetest words in our language. They are freighted with much good to humanity, and are the tender and affectionate hearts that are now wandering through this world of change.

"Home! home! home!" Oh earth, around which my young affections cling, into the sweetest, holiest tie of love; the place where are cradled the scenes of my childhood—my joys and sorrows, my hopes and fears; the scene of their fruition, their ruin and decay. 'Tis the place where memory loves to dwell and linger upon its well remembered scenes, its bright, gladsome days that have passed away forever. Home! how sweet thy associations, how soothing thy recollections; how many pleasing as well as painful incidents rush before my vision! The favorite woods and fountains, the rocks and rivulets, the mossy dells and shady groves. Oh! how much like a dream they seem!

Home! home! the magnet of attraction to every true heart—the center of every social tie! Ever may I, as now, venerate and adore its sacred precincts; ever may I turn to it as the one true and faithful friend, and with longing eye enjoy its peaceful quiet, its sweet and holy memories. It possesses for the greatest charm on earth, and around it my heart is entwined in the holiest bonds of friendship. Its dear old mountains, its grand and majestic forrests, its rivulets winding here and there, all possess a charm that will never decay.

MOTHER.

The dearest, the truest and the best friend allotted us here below! Ah! who can write of a mother's love—ever true and constant through change, sickness and death—ever watchful of thy interest from the cradle to the grave. It is a spark of electric fire that never waxes dim—a taper whose genial light is always bright through storm and darkness; and the raging elements have no power to quench its radiance. 'Tis the stay and support of our great Republic—the one secret power of good—the life and light of every home.

Ah! who can tell its worth? Poets have sung of its beauty ever since the morn of creation, and 'tis a theme that is still fresh—a subject that can never be exhausted. The rough winds of adversity may lower around its object, sorrows innumerable may darken its pathway, yet, through all changes, the light of love remains the same. Oh! home can rightly prize it; none can do too much for the comfort of the mother that has done so much for them. Mother! sacred name! blessed be thy name forever! Thrice precious and holy be thy memory.

HEAVEN.

The great home above, where we hope to meet the whole family of man. The paradise that poets have sung about, and pictured so radiant—the green fields and murmuring streams, the blue skies and sunny hills. What great bourne from whence no traveler has yet returned?

Change, sorrows, and trials attend our earthly pilgrimage, yet, through all this there is a hope, a beaming light that, when all is over, and our forms are shrouded for the tomb, our spirits will rise on buoyant wings to the great throne where our father reigns and all is love, peace and joy, and anthems are swelling through the lofty domes, and gushing forth in glad, sweet echoes. Oh! that will be a glorious meeting! "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy." Yet we know that our Father is a God of love, that he watcheth over us, and knoweth all our wants; that he sees all our sorrows, and we feel conscious that in his own good time he will gather his children into the grand fold prepared for them.

Oh! ye care-worn and weary! bind this to your aching bosoms. Let it be a beacon light through all thy trials, and through change and change, still hope for that perfect rest that is promised when thy work is done.

"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." CARRIE BELL.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me; cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The trembling eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage stood by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of September, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only two naked trees near the house, and filled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loath to grant the boy's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years. But the woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large but by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold," and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the "good man" presented himself wearied with labor. A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the poor boy begged to be forgotten. Gradually he became the good people, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was so docile and worked so heartily they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance and disposed of his goods readily, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood; I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedler evasively.

"And where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail bird?" and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I swap in court, myself, and heard his sentence, 'ten months.' He's a hard one; you'd do well to look carefully after him."

Of there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly on his forehead as if the words were branded into the flesh.

"Well," he muttered, the while frame trembling, as if a burden had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once; there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me; I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off for some time in fright if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother—where?"

"O!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold; "O! I hain't no mother! O! I hain't any mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't ha' been bound, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on with whips. I wouldn't ha' been starvy, and got knocked down and run away, and then stole because I was hungry. O! I hain't got no mother; I hain't got no mother; I haven't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing great sobbing sobs, and hobbing the hot tears away with his poor knuckles. And did that women stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no. She had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She went up to that poor boy; put its hands in hers; but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head; to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words—words of counsel and tenderness.

O how sweet was her sleep that night! how soft her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken and the strongest bands of love; she had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

Did she boy leave her? Never! He is with her still, a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The unfavorable cast of his countenance has been changed to one open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his foster-mother aged and sickly; but the boy is her staff. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. *London Paper.*

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