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From the Knickerbocker.

PELAYO.
AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

[By the author of the sketch book.]

It is the common lamentation of the Spanish historiographers, that, for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavouring to connect incongruous events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abarca, declares, that for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in the theological controversies, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of the Spanish history, and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject was a melancholy and even mortifying state of indecision.

During this apocryphal period flourished Pelayo, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country, but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven.

The quaint old Chronicle of the Moor Rasis, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least hesitation. It makes his a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic Kings of Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was passed in a castle among the Pyrenees, under the eye of his widowed and noble minded mother, who caused him to be instructed in every thing befitting a cavalier of gentle birth. While the sons of the nobility were revelling amid the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that vicious effeminate indulgence which led to the perdition of unhappy Spain, the youthful Pelayo, in his rugged mountain school, was steeled to all kinds of hardy exercises. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pryenees abounded: and so purely and chastely was he brough up, by his good lady mother that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts, may be relied on, he had attained his one-twentieth year, without having once sighed for woman!

Nor were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest. Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a formidable character. The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascons, says an old Chronicle, were a people who used smooth words when expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on every thing they met. Though poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not pride himself on being a hijodalgo, or the son of somebody.

At the head of a band of these needy hijodalgos of Gascony, was one Arnaud, a broken down cavalier. He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border; here to-day and gone to-morrow; sometimes in one pass, sometimes in another. They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and were over the mountains and far away, before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant, trading with Biscay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with his wife, who was a goodly dame, and daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon.—He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and man servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandize.

When the Goscons heard of this wealthy merchant and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by Providence for the benefit of hijolalgos like themselves, of valor and gentle blood, who live by the sword.—Placing themselves in ambush, in a lonely defile, by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounting on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the defile, when the Bandoleros rushed forth and assailed them.—The merchant, though but little exercise of arms, and unwieldly in his form, yet made a valiant defence, having his wife & daughter & money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered, one of his servants was slain, the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransack for spoil, but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breast of the trembling merchant, and demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited their arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day, Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand on a rock, at a narrow pass, to await the sallying forth of a wild boar. Close by him was a page, conducting a horse, and at the saddle bow hung his armor, for he always prepared for fight among these border mountains. While thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the robbers: On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life, for he supposed him to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were the crew of Gascon hijodalgos, upon the scamper. Taking his armor from the page, he put on his hemlet, slung his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and mounting his steed, compelled the trembling servant to guide him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek his huntsmen, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Peelayo advancing through the forest, with a single attendant on foot, and beheld his rich armor sparkling in the sun they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands, and Arnaud and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass, between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler, and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

'Who and what are ye,' cried he, 'and what seek ye in this land?'

'We are huntsmen,' replied Arnaud, 'and lo! out game runs into our toils!'

'By my faith,' replied Pelayo, 'thou wilt find the game more readily roused then taken: have at the for a villian!'

So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of his breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter, which cleft his skullcap, and sunk into his brain. His companion seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming up, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth, and struck one of the robbers dead; the others, beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for never had they looked upon such feats of arms They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rival band of robbers; and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were soonest undeceived, especially the daughter; for the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanor of Pelayo, and said to himself—'surely nothing evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form.'

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him at these signals, and especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket.—They were clad in hunter's dres and armed with boar speare, darts and hunting swords, and many of them led hounds in long lashes. All this was a new and wild scene to the astonished merchant: nor were his fears abated, when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney, laden with money bags: 'for of a certainty,' said he to himself, 'this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains.'

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dross; at which the honest burgher marvelled exceedidgly, He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and his own examined. On taking off his cuirass, his wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have put the captive robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

The huntsmen now made a great fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they killed, cut off portions and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals.—Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relish of huntsmen and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife and daughter looked at all this, and wondered, for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of them if they did not desire to eat; they were too much in awe of him to decline, though they felt a loathing at partaking at this hunter's fare; but he ordered a linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream; and to their astonishment, they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess; his fears having subsided, his appetite was awakened, and he addressed himself manfully to the viands that were set before him. His daughter, however, could not eat; her eyes were ever and anon stealing to gaze on Pelayo, whom she regarded with gratitude for his protection, and admiration for his valor; and now that he had laid aside his helmet, and she beheld his lofty countenance, glowing with manly beauty, she thought him something more than mortal. The heart of the gentle donzella, says the ancient chronicler, was kind and yielding; and had Pelayo thought fit to ask the greatest boon that love and beauty could bestow—doubtless meaning her fair hand—she could not have had the cruelty to say him nay. Pelayo, however, had no such thoughts; the love of woman had never entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as the fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty caused no perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the defiles of the mountains, lest they should be molested by any of the scattered band of the robbers. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the servant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. Having formed their cavalcade, they pursued their way slowly up one of the steep & winding passes of the Pyreness.

Towards sunset, they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of the living rock; there was a cross over the door, and before it was a great spreading oak with a sweet spring of water at its foot. The body of the faithful servant, who had fallen in the defence of his lord, was buried close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit promised masses for the repose of his soul. Then Pelayo obtained from the holy father consent that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell; and the hermit made beds of moss for them, and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful champion who had rescued her from death or dishonor.

Pelayo, however, was visited by no such wandering of the mind, but wrapping himself in the mantle, slept soundly by the fountain under the tree. At midnight, when every thing was buried in the deep repose, he then awakened from his sleep, and beheld the hermit before him, with the beams of the moon shining upon his silver hair and beard.

'This is no time,' said the latter, 'to be sleeping; arise and listen to my words and hear of the great work for which thou art chosen!'

Then Pelayo arose and seated himself on a rock, and the hermit continued his discourse.

'Behold,' said he, 'the ruin of Spain is at hand! It will be delivered into the hands of strangers, and will become a prey to the spoiler. Its children will be slain, or carried into captivity; or such as may escape the evils, will harbor with the beasts of the forest, or the eagle of the mountains. The thorn and the bramble will spring up where now are seen the corn field, the vine, and the olive, and hungry wolves will roam in place of peaceful flocks and herds. But thou, my soul tarry not thou to see these things, for thou canst not prevent them. Depart on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine; purify thyself by prayor; enrol thyself in the order of chivalry, and prepare for the great work of the redemption of thy country; for to thee it will be given to raise it from the depth of its affliction.'

Pelayo would have inquired farther into the evils thus foretold, but the hermit rebuked his curiosity.

'Seek not to know more,' said he, 'than Heaven is pleased to reveal. Clouds and darkness cover its designs and prophecy is never permitted to lift up, but in part, the veil that rests upon the future.'

When the first rays of the rising sun shone upon the tops of the mountains, the travellers assembled round the fountain beneath the tree, and made their morning's repast. Then, having then having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed in the freshness of the day, and descended along the hollow defiles leading into Spain.—The good merchant was refreshed by sleep, and his morning's meal; when he beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled a chanson as he went, and the woodlands echoed to his song. But Pelayo rode in silence, for he revolved in his mind the portentous words of the hermit; and the daughter of the merchant eyed him with tenderness and admiration, & deep sighs betrayed the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to the foot of the mountain, were the forests and the rocks terminated, and an open and secure country lay before the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different. When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were loud in thanks and benedictions, and the good burgher would fain have Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold; but the young man put it aside with a smile. 'Silver and gold,' said he, 'need I not, but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price.'

In the meantime, the daughter had never spoken a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed, and after a violent struggle between strong affection & virgin modesty her heart relieved itself by words.

'Senor,' said she, 'I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it, you may consider it as a memorial of your own valor, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you'—

With these words she drew a ring from her finger, and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at these words of the simple maiden, at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him: but as yet he knew nothing of women, and his heart was free from the snares of love. 'Amiga,' (friend) said he, 'I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness,' so saying he kissed her on the cheek. The damsel was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing, says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters; yet certain it is, that he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted, Pelayo remained, with his huntsmen on a cliff, watching that no evil befel them until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him, for the distance, and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And, for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man; but for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a vergin. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discoursed of celestral matters, and it was called "The contemplation of love," because, at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel, and called her by the gentle appellation of "Amiga." And often thinking of him in her tender sadness, and of her never having beheld him more, she would take the book, and would read it 'as if in his stead: and while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would endeavor to fancy them uttered by Pelayo and that he stood beside her.

From the N. Y. Observer.

A CORPSE GOING TO A BALL.

Those who read the thrilling 'Passages from the Diary of a London Physician,' that were published a few years since, will remember one tale under the title of 'Death at the Toilet.' Although it was asserted by the writer that those narratives were the records of facts, few I presume, were willing to believe that real life could furnish matter of such romantic interest. Especially did the one alluded to strike my own mind as quite unnatural, and I read it, as others admiring the genius more that the varacity of the writer.

Perhaps some who have seen the words at the head of this article may imagine that they are about to be treated to a passage from the dreams of fancy, but they are mistaken. I have a sad and solemn tale of truth to relate, and when it has been read, there is no hesitation in believing that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' No coloring shall be laid on the story; no art of embelishment shall heighten its interest; it shall be told to others as it was told to me, and you shall be convinced that there is nothing more than truth in the story of the corpse that went to a ball.

You recollect the first day of January, 1840 it was a bitter cold day. It was cold as far south as the city of New York, and up here in the country, where I am writing, it was terribly severe. You could not ride far against the wind without being exposed to freezing. I have heard of two cases of death by cold on that day in this region, and of another case in which the sufferer was saved by great exertion, when at the point of perishing.

The night of that day was to be observed, as is usual here, by a New Year's ball. Invitations had been extended for many miles around, and a great gathering of the young and gay, and thoughtless was expected. Extensive preparations had been made for an evening of merriment and glee, and merry hearts beat quickly in anticipation af the pleasure of the scene.—None was happier in the thought of coming joy than Miss———, who took her seat in the sleigh by the side of her partner for the evening, and set out for a ride of some twenty miles, to join the dance. She was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty never were lovelier than when dressed for that New Year's ball. Of course too thinly clad for the season, and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being very cold, very cold, but their anxiety to reach there in time to be present at the opening of the dance, induced them to hurry onwards without stopping by the way. Not long after this complaining, she said that she felt perfectly comfortable, was now quite warm, and that there was no necessity of delay on her account. They reached, at length, the house where the company was gath ring, the young man leaped froms the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out, but she did not offer hers, he spoke to her. but she answered not, she was dead —stone dead —frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball.

W.

Singular Instance of Delusion.—The following extraordinary instance of delusion is related in the Courier de Lyon: A few nights ago, as a patrol of police were making their rounds, in a secluded spot in the suburbs of the town, they saw a man digging what appeared to be a grave and a gentleman and three ladies anxiously watching his proceedings. As a large sack which appeared to be well filled, was lying near the party, the police concluded that it contained something which it was intended mysteriously to inter. They were, however surprised that, at their approach, none of the parties attempted to escape, and that the man who was digging did not even discontinue his occupation. When the lieutenant of the patrol reached the spot, suspecting some horrible mystery, he laid hold of the man who was digging, and of the gentleman who was watching him. The latter immediately said he was Mr G— a magnetising physician, and that one of the somnambulatic patients had revealed to him that a treasure lay concealed in the place where they were digging, and to which he was accompanied by three of his female pupils, who were also somnambulic, in order that he might obtain further indication from them, if the first should be insufficient. He added that it was his intention to share the treasure with the government according to law, but that he had chosen to operate at night to prevent ridicule in the event of non-success As the lieutenant was not a Mesmerian, he did not give entire credit to the statement which he had heard, and opened the sack, which however, was found to contain only the necessary implements for digging a hole, and a large number of money bags, in which the treasure was to be placed when found Notwithstanding this confirmation of the magnetizer's store, the police took the whole party to the guard-house, where they passed the remainder of the night, and they were only discharged on the following day, when their identity had been proved.

THE FARMING INTEREST.
PRICES.

Most of the Journals in the country, not exclusively devoted to political discussions, have for some months past been more or less engaged in inquiries connected with the fundamental principles of political economy, such as supply and demand, production, prices, monopoly, and their kindred topics, all of which are interesting, and should be understood by every individual of our country.

Until the relation is understood, that necessity exists between production and value; and the relative effect which the price of one article if it be a leading and indispensable one, exert, shall be made familiar, there will be a liability to imposition in prices on one hand, and a tendency to undue excitement on the other, when, from any cause, the price of that article undergoes any considerable fluctuation.

Cotton might afford a very good illustration of the effect which a fluctuation in price has on other interests, but we prefer wheat for this purpose, as one with which the people of the north are more familiar, and one to which their attention, from peculiar causes, has been particularly directed. With the question of monopoly we shall not meddle. If the attempt at monopoly in the wheat market has been made in any quarter, it has met with a most signal rebuke; but we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion that much of the feeling which has been manifested on this topic, though under the circumstances very natural, has originated in an entire misconception of the actual state of things the object of this paper is to show the effect which the price of wheat must have on the other interests of the country.

In the first place, it must be remembered, that of the article of bread, the wheat grower is the producer, and that no power on earth can compel him to grow a bushel, unless it is for his interest to do so. If the prices of wheat fall below the remunerating point of the scale: or if they are forced down so much below their relative proportion to that of labor, and other things the farmer, it is clear, has the remedy in his own hands, and the first result will be a restoration of proportion by diminished productions The farmer will not continue to grow wheat for sale, while the disproportion between the prices of that and other things is so great, to do so would be folly—ruin. The farmer will allow his farm to recruit by seeding down to grasses, or turning his soil to other products, only growing his own bread, rather than wear his farm and himself out, in producing grain at non remunerating rates. Diminished production will be the first result.

In the second place, a decline in the price of wheat must affect the ability of the farmer to make his ordinary purchases, and this in precise proportion to the reduction. It may not, and will not, affect his general prosperity, but it is well known that when grain commands high prices, the wants of the farmer increase in a corresponding ratio, and of course his purchases are enlarged in the same degree. When prices fall, he ceases to buy, and if he is wise, bring his expenditures within his income, as before. Now, it it of the mechanic and the manufacturer that the farmer buys. When he does not purchase, they do not sell, and the experience of this country, and of England, demonstrates that the prosperity of the farmer is alike the prosperity of the mechanic and the manufacturer. The sale of new wagons, carriages, furniture, clothing and luxuries, many of which are perhaps needless, and may well be dispensed with, are the consequence of good prices of grain. put down prices to an improper point, and the farmer ceases to buy: go below that, and he ceases to produce until by the law of supply and demand adequate prices are restored. Diminished sales by the mechanic and manufacturer will be the second result.

A third result that must ensue, when any great staple is from any cause reduced below its relative value in the scale of prices, is a general prostration of business, scarcity of money, and a cry of hard times. If the price of any staple is above its proportionate value, business may not be so effectually checked, but the extra price is always felt as a pressure on some one part of the community. When the price of the staple is below, all the springs of industry are relaxed, and a deathlike languor and apathy seem to pervade the country. When the just proportion is to maintained, the result on the body politic is like that of vigerous health on the animal body—its influence is visible every where, while the equality of action prevents it being felt any where. The history of the cotton trade at the south, as well as the wheat staple in the north, turnishes ample illustration of the truth of these positions.

The legitimate conclusion at which we arrive from there undiniable truths is, that though the consumers of our great staples, especially the indispensible one of bread, may apparently for a moment be benefited by a forced decline of prices below their relative proportion, yet in the end it may be found such advantage has been purchased at too dear a rate, and that equalized prices are far preferable to a forced and unnatural state of things. It must be remembered that in such a conflict of interests, the ultimate advantage must always be on the side of the original producer, which in this case is the farmer, as by limiting or enlarging his operations, the scale of prices in the ordinary course of events, always remains within his power.

Genessee Farmer.

Extracts from a speech by Dr. D. P. Brown.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.

Why, gentlemen, who was it that shed the brigtest lustre upon the vast science of astronomy? One David Rittenhouse, a native of Pennsylvania, who followed the plough. Who was it that tore the lightling frow heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants? One Benjamin Franklin, a printer's boy, who protected himself from the inclemency of winter by exercise alone, and lived upon a single roll of bread a day. When the veteran armies of Great Britain faltered and fled in the Indian war, who safely conducted the retreat, and secured the remnant of the army, though he had 'never set a squadron in the field, nor of the division of a battle knew more than a spinster?' One George Washington, a Virginia Planter. Who was it that shed the brightest halo around the brightest reign that the world ever knew, the reign of Elisabeth, the age of the Raleighs, the Bacons, the Sidneys? Why it was Ben Johnson, a quondam apprentice to a bricklayer, and one Will Sheakspear, a peasant boy, shrewdly suspected of poaching upon his neighbor's deer. Or passing from astronomy and poetry to law, who was it that rose from a low beginning to be Lord Chief Justice of England? One Charley Abbott, whose father was a barber. Who was it that rose to be Lord High Chancellor of England? One Jack Copley, whose father was an American painter. Who was it that became the brightest star in the judicial constellation of Great Britain! One Phil Yorke, whose father no one knew.

Although I do not mean to say that there never was a great man among the wealthy curled darlings of the nation, yet I do mean to say, and history sustains the assertion, that luxury and affluence are calculated to enfeeble the mind and that those, therefore, who are great in despite of them, would probably be much greater if removed from their influence. It is a well known fact among gentlemen of the turf, that blooded horses, which for years have been permitted to browse and cater on irregular and mountainous pastures, have acquired a much greater muscular stength, in sportsman's phrase, better bottom than those fed upon a level surface. The application of this, although a physical illustration, is not difficult Men, whose lives have been an uninterrupted course of difficulty, a perfect up hill work, acquire in time a self-dependence and a self-sufficiency and promptitude in every emergency, which those who have been accustomed to stand for fame on their forefather's breast, never have known, and never can know.

Preaching, Not Practice.—A capital anecdote is related of Miller, the Millenist, who is now lecturing on the end of the world, and predicting its sudden approach.

The story runs that Miller owns a valuable farm for which he was offered the other day, $6,000, cash in hand, the purchaser not to take possession until 1845, two years after the world [illegible] ding to the computation of M[illegible] come to an end. Miller re[illegible] fer, and assigned as a reas[illegible] end of days was so ne[illegible] could not think of takin[illegible] brother.

'Charity seeketh [illegible] chap said when he [illegible]