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ORIGINAL NOVELLETTE.

For the Chronicle.

HELEN BERNE.

BY R. W. THOMAS.

Author of "The Young Colonel," "The Refugees," "Lilly Dale," "The Convent Prisoner," "Jane Maston," "The Bride of an Hour," "Ada Holmes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

Early on the following morning, the two gentlemen arose and went forth to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the air before it is heated by the sun which, at that point, does not succeed in climbing over the summit of the mountain until the morning is far advanced. They met at the bath-house, and greeted each other as acquaintances; and that they were not, Mr. Berne was reminded by finding himself at a loss for a title by which to address the young man, and this difficulty he set about removing, in this way:

"Well, sir, we have met again, and as our intercourse is likely to continue for a month or two, it is a little awkward not to know each other's name; and being the older man, I will begin by introducing myself as Charles Berne, of Augusta county—an humble individual whose name you hear, perhaps, for the first time."

The young man was taken somewhat by surprise, and could not help smiling at the oddness of the introduction; though he replied without hesitation:

"My name is Henry Lee, of Norfolk; and if I am not mistaken, you knew my father, for I have often heard him speak of a gentleman of your name, who was his intimate friend at William and Mary."

"Is it possible," said Mr. Berne, shaking him heartily by the hand, "that you are the son of my class-mate, William Lee? Why I felt an interest in you, the moment I saw you, for which I could not account; but the likeness you bear to your father, and which I did not perceive, explains the mystery. It is long since we met, but I distinctly remember his handsome face. I loved him as a brother, and shall ever cherish his memory as one of the dearest recollections of the past."

"I thank you," said Mr. Lee, "for an expression of regard which satisfies me that you knew him well; and permit me to add that your feelings towards him, were his, towards you."

Thus they continued to converse with mutual pleasure and a constantly increasing interest in each other, until the bell summoned them to breakfast.

In the meantime, Helen, who knew how to adapt her manners and dress to the tastes of those whom she desired to please, was busily adorning herself with that elegant simplicity which speaks refined cultivation, and is often an index to character. Her toilet completed, she turned from the mirror with an air that said—resist me, who can! As she was leaving her room, in obedience to the call to breakfast, her father met her at the door, and gave her a playful rebuke for being so lazy.

"Why," he said, "you ought to have been out more than an hour ago, enjoying with Mr. Lee and myself, the freshness of this beautiful morning."

"Then why, dear father, did you not invite me to join you? A walk before breakfast, would have given me great pleasure. But who is Mr. Lee? I never heard you speak of him before!"

"Why, my child, he is the young man who met with yesterday afternoon; but I had forgotten that you had not learned his name. He is the son of my old school-mate, William Lee, and I verily believe the son has inherited all the virtues of the father."

"Then I'm sure you must have taken his word for it, father, or you have an uncommon share of sagacity to have fathomed his character in two or three hours!"

"I understand you, Helen; you have known me to be deceived once or twice, and would intimate that I may be in this instance. I think not—but breakfast is waiting and I have no time for explanation." And without waiting for a reply, he conducted her to the dining-room and seated her at the table. Her entrance had not escaped the notice of Mr. Lee, who sat nearly opposite. Their eyes soon met, when he bowed politely, and she returned

the salutation with a slight inclination of the head—both embarrassed by their position, as strangers, yet so circumstanced as to be bound, in courtesy, thus to acknowledge a previous meeting. Not having been introduced, Mr. Lee could not venture upon a conversation with Helen, and not caring to talk to any one else, he minced his toast and sipped his tea in a silence that deepened into a profound reverie, in which he soon became as completely lost and isolated, as if alone on the desert of Sahara.

Mr. Berne, who thought that conversation was promotive of digestion, made two attempts upon Mr. Lee, but signally failed to do more than direct the attention of the company to the unconscious object from whom his twice repeated question had elicited no answer. But, not yet discouraged, Mr. Berne resolved to try again; and when the third attempt had aroused him from his reverie, Mr. Lee was greatly confused, on finding that all eyes were upon him, and every face wore a smile.

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Berne, "if I were of a suspicious temper, I should be highly indignant at the contempt with which you have treated me. Three times have I addressed you without attracting the slightest notice. But I suppose I must excuse you, since it is natural with some men to prefer building castles in the air to mingling in the tame affairs of every day life."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Lee, "for an inattention which, I am sure, you will not construe into intentional neglect. These fits of abstraction will sometimes seize me, and it requires an effort to shake them off. But I am all attention now, sir, and shall be pleased to hear what you have to say."

"What I said to you, sir, is a matter of no great consequence. I merely asked whether we should go on to the White Sulphur, or spend to-night at the Hot Springs?"

"It is not material to me, Mr. Berne, whether we reach the White Sulphur to-day, or a week hence, and I shall leave the decision of the question to those whose wishes should be consulted before mine." And he glanced at Helen.

"Then we will have a consultation after breakfast," said Mr. Berne, who was reminded that Helen should answer the question which had been submitted to Lee. The delicate manner in which the hint was conveyed, pleased the daughter, whilst it gave no offence to the father.

The consultation was held, and it was decided that they should proceed to the White Sulphur without unnecessary delay. This point settled, Mr. Berne, with evident diffidence, thus addressed Helen.

"You know, my child, that I am an old-fashioned man, ignorant of the etiquette and conventionalities of fashionable society at this day; you know, too, that when I travel, I like to have a companion that will converse with me, to make the time pass off agreeably, and that since we left home, yes and no are the only words I have been able to extract from you. Now, to remedy this inconvenience, I would like, if you have no objection, to offer Mr. Lee a seat in our carriage."

"Why, father," she exclaimed, "Mr. Lee is an entire stranger to me—I have not even been introduced to him; and you know the prudence of the world to extract evil from things in themselves harmless. We women, therefore, can not be too cautious in our intercourse with your sex."

"It is true, child, you have not been introduced to him, but that can be done in two minutes; and as to the opinions of the world, that is all fudge; we shall be miserable slaves if we undertake to square our conduct by a standard so un-fixed and, I may add, of so little value except to those who have no other criterion of right and wrong."

"That is all true, so far as your sex is concerned, father; but public opinion exerts a despotic sway over mine; and what would be only a proof of independence in you, would be treason in me. From this tribunal, too, there is no appeal—we must either be out-laws, or obedient slaves of a power we can not successfully resist."

"I am the last person, in the world, my child, who would counsel you to throw off any of the wholesome restraints of public sentiment; but when we know that our motives are upright, and believe that our actions will not be productive of evil to ourselves, or others, we are not bound to conform to the views of those who may happen not to appreciate our motives, or may be interested in misconstruing them."

"That may be true, too, father; but as society is now constituted, purity of motive is no security against wilful misconstruction, and punishment as necessarily follows a false judgment, as it does the most righteous decision. In shaping our conduct, therefore, we must not ask ourselves whether this, or that act is harmless in itself, but whether the world so considers it."

"Well, my dear, obey the dictates of

your own judgment, although, in this instance, it is based on error, as I will convince you at a leisure time. I will never urge you to do that which is wrong, in your opinion—so let us say no more about it."

"Nay, father, my wishes shall never run counter to yours, on a point so trifling, so I will leave you to settle the question of propriety in this case. But there is another objection to the proposed arrangement—the weather is oppressively warm, and we shall be too much crowded with four in the carriage."

"That objection is easily removed, Helen. Your maid can ride in Mr. Lee's barouche, and I am sure he will not occupy more space than she does."

"Then let it be so arranged, father, and now that the difficulty is settled to your satisfaction, let us set off while it is cool, for you know how much we suffered from heat yesterday."

"All shall be ready in a moment." He said, as he left the room, highly elated with the success of his negotiation. Nor was Helen less pleased than he, and the objections she had raised—we grieve to say it—were designed to conceal her own wishes, and to gain credit for a degree of prudence to which she was not entitled.

By the time Helen had donned her travelling dress, her father returned to escort her to the carriage beside which, Mr. Lee was standing when they reached it. Mr. Berne formally introduced his daughter to Mr. Lee, and both smiled, as if thinking that the form, which is well enough under ordinary circumstances, was now needless, if not a little ludicrous.

They acted their parts very well, however, and as he handed her into the carriage, Mr. Lee remarked to Helen that he hoped, as a delightful breeze had sprung up, she would find the ride much more pleasant than on the day previous—and bowing an adieu! was about to retreat to his own vehicle, when Mr. Berne laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Follow Helen into the carriage, sir, for I am resolved to have your company, to-day, or I shall loose the use of my tongue just for your exercise. Helen is possessed with a dumb spirit since we left home, and I have actually been reduced to the necessity of talking to the driver just to keep in practice."

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your tempting proposal," said Mr. Lee; "and nothing would give me more pleasure than to accept it; but will not be guilty of such an intrusion unless I have the express permission of Miss Berne."

"If my father wishes it," she answered, with affected embarrassment. "I can not withhold my consent without being considered disobedient; and," she added, with a smile, "rather than suffer him to loose the use of his tongue, or throw away his eloquence, as he did yesterday, upon Tom, the driver, I would even solicit your company."

"Since, then, there is a prospect of my being useful, sir, I have no right to decline your offer, which I gladly accept, with the understanding that my presence is to be no restraint upon the free exercise of your faculty of speech, or a source of annoyance to Miss Berne."

"Have no fears on either score, sir," said Mr. Berne, "but just seat yourself comfortably, and let us be off; there are other parties going the same road, and to avoid the dust, we must keep ahead."

CHAPTER IV.

The road leading from the Warm, to the White Sulphur Springs, lies, the greater part of the way, in a valley, and is, therefore, comparatively level, giving to those who travel it, leisure to enjoy the scenery through which they are passing. Mr. Lee, to whom everything was new, in that mountain region, availed himself of that leisure to the fullest extent;—indeed, so entirely did he give himself up to the contemplation of the constantly varying landscape, that Helen was piqued at finding herself totally eclipsed by a combination of hills and valleys, and rocks and trees, and almost regretted that she did not refuse him a seat in the carriage. She even inclined to the opinion that he was the dullest man she ever met with, and that the favorable impression he had made, was to be ascribed rather to the peculiar circumstances under which they met, than to his own intrinsic worth.

But, deeply as her vanity was wounded, there was an indefinable feeling about her heart that restrained the slightest manifestation of resentment. The time had been when under similar circumstances, she would have rebuked such neglect, or indifference, by entering into conversation with her father, and, if practicable, turning her back upon the offending party.—Then, why did she not so deport herself towards Mr. Lee? The question did present itself; and whilst she admitted the inconsistency of her conduct, she was wholly unable to find a plausible reason for the change. But, if she could not

analyze her own feelings, it were needless for us to assay the task.

Mr. Berne had grown weary of the protracted silence; and whilst he indulged no reflections prejudicial to the young man, he was none the less determined to recall him from the profound reverie into which he had fallen. In accordance with this resolution, he said:

"I believe, Mr. Lee, that men differ as much in tastes as in features. Now, for my part, when travelling, a sociable companion is worth more to me than all the rocks and evergreens that can be found on the rugged sides of these mountains; but you think differently, and seem to prefer inanimate to animate nature, and your own reflections to conversation."

Aroused by this remark, and feeling that he merited the gentle rebuke it conveyed, Mr. Lee blushed, as he replied:

"You should remember, my dear sir, that this is a new world to me, and the beauties with which it abounds may well engross the attention of one even less sensible of those beauties than myself.—These scenes, too, are so familiar to you as to have lost much of their interest; I can not, therefore, agree that you are a competent judge of the effect they produce upon those who behold them for the first time, nor of the amount of censure I may merit for yielding to the silent reflections they invite. I owe Miss Berne, however, an apology for a silence which I fear she has construed into rudeness, and one to you, sir, for failing in the conditions upon which I was permitted to occupy this seat."

"Your apology is accepted, sir," Mr. Berne replied; "but repentance without reformation avails but little, and lest you may relapse, I would like you to tell us what portion of the mountain region you prefer; this will enable you to give audible expression to your thoughts, and entertain us without withdrawing you from the theme that engrosses you."

"You have asked a question," said Mr. Lee, "which I have mentally answered sundry times. Were I to choose a spot among the mountains, as a permanent residence, it would be Charlottesville, or its vicinity. The soil is susceptible of a high state of improvement, and the scenery is more beautiful than I have found it elsewhere. The Blue Ridge is just far enough off to present the appearance of an immense semi-circular wall of living green whilst the intermediate space is beautifully decorated with hills and dales and mountains. The South-West mountains, to the East, bound the view in that direction.—On the summit of this range, where it is cut in two by the Rivanna river, stands Monticello, the residence of the venerable Thomas Jefferson. The view from this spot is the finest I have ever seen. It embraces an immense scope of mountain scenery, and the whole Atlantic slope as far as the eye can reach. The sun, at its rising, seems to emerge from the very bed of the ocean, and when it dips behind the lofty range of mountains, in the west, leaves behind a golden twilight not less beautiful than that which follows sun-set in Italy. But I presume, Miss Berne, you have visited Monticello, and hope you agree with me in my estimate of the surrounding scenery."

"No sir; I have not visited Monticello. Having no acquaintances in its vicinity, I have had no pretext for going there; but expect to visit it in the fall, on my way to Richmond."

"How long did you stay in Charlottesville, Mr. Lee?" Asked Mr. Berne.

"Only two days, sir—just long enough to visit Monticello and the University."

"Mr. Jefferson has won golden opinions, by the establishment of that institution," Mr. Berne remarked; "but were I a citizen of Charlottesville, or its vicinity, I should feel under no manner of obligation to him."

"Why?" Asked Helen and Mr. Lee, in the same breath.

"Because it is a nuisance to residents and travellers. So rude a set of young men were never, I am sure, congregated at any one place; and to prove to you that I speak advisedly, I will relate my adventures at that place about a year ago. I staid all night in Charlottesville, on my way to Richmond. It was dark when I reached the University, and just beyond it, I came suddenly to a halt, with a fence in front full ten rails high, and staked and ridged at that. I looked about me as well as the darkness would permit, supposing that the road had been changed; but could see no mode of advance except by pulling down the fence, which I accordingly did with much labor and still more reluctance, and—would you believe it, sir?—I had to pull down three such fences in a distance of about one hundred yards, and all the work of those mischievous boys who ought to have been minding their books."

Helen laughed heartily at his earnest and indignant manner while relating the trouble and annoyance this boyish freak occasioned him; and Mr. Lee could scarcely

repress the inclination to follow suit, and with a view to check the impulse, observed that such wanton mischief was inexcusable in young men.

"But this was not the end of my troubles, sir," Mr. Berne resumed in the same earnest tone. "When I retired to bed, it was with the expectation of a good night's rest after the labor I had undergone; but even this was denied me. Scarcely had the house become quiet, when there arose the most discordant noise I had ever heard. The students had armed themselves with tin-pans, blowing-horns, broken-winded clarionets, cracked cow bells, and I know not what besides, and each seemed to strive to make the loudest noise. At this elegant pastime, they spent the greater part of the night, and for no other purpose, under heaven, than to keep people awake."

I arose early the next morning, determined to quit the place as soon as I could get my boot mended, which was torn whilst pulling down the fences. For this purpose, I went in search of a shop, and had not gone more than twenty yards, when I saw the sign of a boot; and unhesitatingly walked into the room, where I saw a tall, genteel looking man, with spectacles, sitting by a book-case, poring over the contents of a volume. I was surprised at seeing, what I took to be, a literary shoemaker, but not suspecting any trick, I at once told him my business. He arose with dignity, and after eyeing me for a moment, said:

"I either did not hear you rightly, sir, or you are laboring under a strange mistake; for I can not suppose that a man of your appearance would wantonly insult me."

"Certainly not, sir," I replied. "But I am at a loss to know why a shoemaker should take offense at being asked to mend a pair of boots."

"This is an indignity to which I will not submit!" He exclaimed, in a towering passion, "and I will teach you what it is to insult a gentleman!" He then buttoned up his coat, tucked in his ruffles and made towards me. Not knowing what else to do, under the circumstances, I prepared to receive him; but, as luck would have it, a gentleman stepped in, and, placing himself between us, demanded the meaning of our belligerent attitude. I explained as briefly as I could, when he burst into a roar of laughter, and as soon as he could, told my antagonist that he had just seen the boot hung up over his door, by some of the students, and had hastened to apprise him of it, lest some such mistake should occur. The lawyer—for such he was—apologised for his share of the transaction, and I, for mine, and we parted in mutual good humor."

This time, Mr. Lee joined Helen in the laugh which they could not keep back.—Mr. Berne looked as if he thought their mirth was ill-timed at least; and Helen, in answer to his thoughts, which were as a written language to her, said, by way of soothing him:

"You, my dear father, are the last person to be offended at the thoughtless tricks of a set of wild students, since, by your own account, the citizens of Williamsburg had cause to rejoice when you left College."

"True, my child," he replied, in a gentle tone; "the recollection of my own follies ought to teach me charity for those of others, and I thank you for the hint.—But here is a long hill before us, and as I feel cramped, I will walk up it, to rest myself and favor the horses."

"I am surprised, Miss Berne," said Mr. Lee, when they were left alone, "to see your father so much disturbed by the recollection of an incident so trifling."

"My father is not easily disturbed," Helen replied; "and no man has more charity for the follies of youth. But there is a circumstance connected with that adventure, which has reference to times long passed, and to some of the most cherished feelings of his heart—the remembrance of which almost makes a woman of him.—The cloud is soon dissipated, however, and he is as gentle and cheerful as ever."

"And that circumstance, Miss Berne, is it a family secret? Believe me, I ask from no idle curiosity."

Helen scarcely knew what reply to make; but, after a little reflection, concluded that, having alluded to the circumstance, there was no occasion for a half-confidence, and she thus replied:

"The cause of my father's disturbance, you will, perhaps, consider a trivial one, and it certainly is not of sufficient importance to interest a stranger. But, as an act of justice to my father, whom you mentally accuse of weakness, I will relate it. My mother, of whom I have but a faint recollection, when on her death-bed, gave my father her miniature, with a request that he would wear it until I reached my eighteenth year, at which time, it was to be given to me as a copy of the features which, in after years, I might not be able to recall. That miniature, which my father

valued above all price, he lost whilst pulling down the fences across the road.—This is the circumstance, sir, which induces him to speak so harshly of a piece of mischief, at which he would otherwise, have been highly amused."

"And I am no longer surprised at his harshness, Miss Berne; but rather wonder at his ability to control his feelings so well while speaking of an occurrence that must be very painful to one of his affectionate and romantic disposition. His is a heart that can feel intensely to-day, the joys and sorrows of years ago. Of course, he has not recovered the miniature—why did he not advertise for it?"

"He did; but, so far, without success." "Would you know it, if you were to see it?"

"Certainly I would, sir! But why do you ask?" She exclaimed, with eagerness of voice and look.

Before he could answer, Mr. Berne resumed his seat in the carriage, and, as if by way of apology, thus addressed Mr. Lee:

"I am afraid, sir, that you have come to the conclusion that I possess more temper than discretion, which, I reckon, is pretty near the truth. But I must state, in self- vindication, that, by means of the adventure, I related, I sustained, what was to me, a very heavy loss; and it is the recollection of that loss, which makes me ill-natured, whenever I recur to the subject."

"Your daughter, sir," said Mr. Lee, at my solicitation, has kindly informed me of your loss, and lest she may suppose me guilty of impertinent curiosity, I will now assign the reasons that prompted the enquiry. I visited a friend, a few days since, at the University; and he having occasion to open his trunk, my eye fell upon a miniature, when I rallied him a little, supposing it might be a love token from some fair one who had won his heart. "You are mistaken," he replied, for I found it in the road, one night, about a year ago, as I was returning from Charlottesville. It was told," he continued, "a month or two since, that there had been a reward offered for a lost miniature, by a gentleman near Staunton, but have never learned his name. Now as you are going in that direction, I wish you would take it and try to restore it to its rightful owner."

"I, of course, complied with the request to take it, but failed to trace the owner.—As soon as I saw Miss Berne, I was struck with the likeness she bears to the portrait, and concluded—erroneously I find—that she sat to the painter. And now, sir, let us halt awhile and I will get it out of my barouche, and the question of identity can be settled in a moment."

He alighted, and in five minutes, stood at the carriage door, and placing the portrait in the hands of Mr. Berne, remarked that he would walk to the foot of the hill, where he saw a spring, and get a drink of water. The delicacy of the maneuver was most highly appreciated by his companions, who were left to the indulgence of their feelings unrestrained by the presence of a third party. And when Mr. Lee again resumed his seat, the thanks he received from the lips of the father, and from the eyes of the daughter, told how grateful they were to him, and how high an estimate they placed upon the article he had restored to their possession.

This incident, in itself not worth recording, had the effect to make our little party better acquainted, in a few hours, than they would otherwise have become in days of ordinary intercourse. All restraint was removed, and Mr. Lee, as if to atone for his previous silence, gave free scope to his superior colloquial powers, until Helen forgot her anticipated conquests, at the Springs, and even her designs upon the heart of the man who was now delighting her fancy, instructing her mind and elevating her heart. So well were they pleased with each other that, when near night, they reached the end of their journey, all concurred in regretting that their travel was not to be prolonged.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Lexington Observer and Reporter says of the style in which the last Kentucky Legislature discharged its duties:

"The speaker of the House was entirely incompetent to the discharge of his duties. The clerking, although it cost the double of any preceding Legislature, was so neglected and imperfectly executed, that laws that were passed were never enrolled, and one law was enrolled and signed that not only never passed the two Houses, but never passed either House."

"'Twas twilight. The sun had sunk behind the western hills, and the bright rays which streaked the eastern horizon had disappeared. A lovely female, who had been led to the Hymeneal altar with lively anticipations of future felicity, sat in a secluded apartment with her husband.—She slowly moved her sylph-like form towards the partner of her bosom—raised her delicate hand—and—slapped his face with the tick clock!"

"MEET ME THERE."

The last rays of the setting sun
Were flung in the west,
I stood by one whose face was fair,
And soon she sank to rest,
But, ere the spirit took its flight,
From this dark world of care,
To realms of everlasting light,
She whispered, "Meet me there!"

I'd loved her long, and loved her true,
And sad at heart was I,
For all were weeping when they knew
That she, yes she, must die!
All listened for her parting words—
She was so good and fair—
But all the accents that they heard
Were, "Meet, oh, meet me there!"

She died as gently as the dew
Falls on the opening flower,
And died, as she had lived, as true
As ever greeted earth's bower;
I wiped the death-damp off her brow,
And parted back her hair,
And when I kissed her cold, cold cheek,
She murmured, "Meet me there!"

We laid her in the silent grave,
And sadly left her there
To sleep the long, long sleep of death,
Although so good and fair;
And still I travel on and seek
A place where, free from care,
I'll meet my lost one yet again—
I'll meet, yes, meet her there!

[From the Crescent of the 11th Inst.]

The Vigilants left the State Arsenal in a body, about two hundred strong, under Captain Duncan; he representing to them that the time had come for their departure, and that he would take them to a place of safety. They marched down the levee to the Barracks, below the city. Arrived there, the order was given to stack arms. This being done, Captain Duncan informed the men that it was necessary that he and the other leaders should remain there for safety, but that they, being privates, were not in so much danger, and had better disperse and each man look out for himself. The men, understanding that they would not be permitted to remain there, asked for their guns, that they might defend themselves after leaving. The Captain refused, telling them that they were better without weapons than with them, and politely showed them out at the gates.

Many of them, instead of coming back to the city, went further down. Some crossed the river in skiffs, to make their escape as best they could, while others went back into the swamp and there secreted themselves.

There they staid all that day, all night, and the greater part of yesterday. On Thursday afternoon, about fifty of them, mostly foreigners, came forth from their concealment, surrendered themselves to a police officer who was down that way, and asked to be made prisoners, that they might get something to eat, and be protected from the violence which they apprehended. Whilst the officer was bringing them up, he received an order from Lieutenant Leggett to dismiss them, he having no orders or authority to take them prisoners. They were accordingly dismissed, and advised to keep on up home, under an assurance that no harm would happen to them. This however, only served to frighten them worse than ever; they fancied it was only a ruse to entrap them in some murderous ambuscade, and so turned back and retreated to their hiding place in the swamp.

Yesterday morning, different persons who came up from the vicinity of the Barracks reported that during the night the miserable men had broken into the gardens and into some of the houses, and carried off all the food they could find. Green and over-ripe cucumbers, green melons, and all kinds of vegetables had been carried off and probably devoured. It was also stated that besides their starvation, and the horrors of a night passed among the mosquitoes in the swamp, many of them had taken sick and were altogether in a most distressing situation.

Word was sent down to the men that they were killing themselves for nothing, and they had better come back to the city and disperse to their homes. It was guaranteed them that they should not be interfered with or molested by anybody. In the afternoon they seemed to get over their fright, or at least to get over it to a certain extent; for they were seen, one man here and another there, quietly stealing home. They look as if they expected to see a cannon pop out from behind every corner, or the earth explode at every step. Whether all of them came back or not, we could not ascertain; but those who did, got home safely, and the pleasure they felt after their terrible and wretched seven days' experience as Vigilants must have been one of those pleasures that is not often enjoyed in a life time.

DEACON DAY.—There was a deacon in the town of New Hampshire, by the name of Day—by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and he went out to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them:

"Boys, do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, sir," immediately replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper!"

"Good morning, Patrick; slippery, this morning? Slippery? an' he jabs, it is nothin' else, yer honor. Upon me word, I slipped down three times without gettin' up once, yer honor."

The following is one of the toasts offered at a supper of the priors of Lowell:

"Our Revolutionary Fathers—like good priors, they 'locked up' the 'forms' of the Tories and 'double leaded' the British 'colonnades.'"

Involving in dangerous pleasures is like linking honey from a knife and getting out with the edge.