The Burling

Vol. XXIII.---Whole No. 1195. BURLINGT

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July 14, '48. o d&w1y

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April 20, 1849. w43y1

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Burlington Jan. 22 1850

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Burlington, Jan. 15, 1850, w29tf

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HINESBURGH, VT.
May 1, 1849. w44y1

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May 12, '49 d35&w45m61

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FROM
LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK & BOSTON,
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All kinds of work in the above line made to order on the shortest notice.

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March 1850. w37m3

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Published at Burlington, Vt.
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☞ The New York Evening Post, in copying these lines from the Louisville Examiner, expresses in admiration of their beauty, and its mortification in not being able to name their author:—

My Boy.

"There is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid."—[HOOD.

One more new claimant for human fraternity;
Swelling the flood that sweeps on to eternity;
I who have filled the cup tremble to think of it;
For be it what it may I must drink of it.

Room for him into the ranks of humanity;
Give him a place in your kingdom of vanity!
Welcome the stranger with kindly affection;
Hopefully, trustfully, but with dejection.

See, in his waywardness, how his fist doubles,*
Thus pugilistical, daring life's troubles
Strange that the neophyte enters existence
In such an attitude, feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse into futurity,
Well might he fight against farther maturity;
Yet does it seem to me as if his purity
Were against sinfulness ample security.

Incomprehensible budding immortal,
Thrust all amazingly under life's portal;
Born to a destiny clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot guess at its history

Something too much of this Timon like croaking;
See his face wrinkle now, laughter-provoking.
Now he cries lustily—bravo, my hearty one!
Lungs like an orator cheering his party on.

Look how his merry eyes turn to me pleadingly!
Can we help loving him—loving exceedingly!
Partly with hopefulness, partly with fears,
Mine as I look at him moisten with tears.

Now then, to find a name;—where shall we search for it,
Turn to his ancestry, or to the church for it!
Shall we endow him with title heroic,
After some warrior, poet or stoic!

One aunty says he will soon "lisp in numbers,"
Turning his thoughts to rhyme e'en in his slumbers;
Watts rhymed in boyhood, no blemish spots his fame,
Christen him even so; young Mr. Watt's his name.

*Here is a beautiful thought borrowed either by the Poet from DICKENS, or by DICKENS from the Poet. In the first chapter and page of "Dombey and Son," in speaking of the birth of a "Son," Dickens says:—

"Son with little fists curled up and clenched, seemed in his feeble way, to be squaring at existence for having come so unexpectedly upon him."

VITALITY OF EGGS.—Mr. E. A. Holcomb, in the Boston Cultivator, says that he carried one dozen fresh Java Bantam eggs less than a mile in a buggy, gave them to a good sitter, and got only three chicks from the whole. He also carried one dozen Dorking Eggs carefully packed, 23 miles, set them under his best hen, but not one of the eggs hatched,

Per contra, another writer in the same paper says:—"I put a dozen eggs into a small box 'with care,' and then put the box into my trunk; put the trunk into an express wagon to be conveyed to the Eastern Railroad Depot, Boston. I took the cars in the afternoon for Portland, then the steamer for Bangor, where my trunk was put aboard the stage for Orono, where it arrived as well as myself, in safety." The result was that twelve chickens were hatched from the twelve eggs.

Culture of Carrots.

EDS. CULTIVATOR—I should like to be permitted through the medium of your valuable paper, to say a few words to dairymen and others in relation to raising carrots and other roots for the purpose of feeding their stock.—Will you give your readers your opinion as to the best time of sowing the seed, and mode of cultivating the crop? I think you will agree with me in saying that it only wants a thorough knowledge of the manner of raising carrots, and their profitableness to feed all kinds of stock, to make them a common as well as a very valuable crop to the farmer. A few of my neighbors have been trying them a year or two, and have come to the conclusion that the root culture is almost indispensable with good farming. They say they can (with plenty of carrots) make as much butter and cheese from the first of March, or from the time cows come in, to the first of June, as they can in the same time in summer, on the best of feed. Dairymen think of this, and try it; you will find carrots as good for feeding horses and young stock, as they are for cows. The tops are preferable to hay, to feed in fall.—SUBSCRIBER. *Salisbury, April 16, 1850.*

Carrots should be sown on warm and friable soil. They may be sown at any time after the ground is sufficiently warm to insure the germination of the seed, till the tenth of June.—The ground should be in good condition as to richness, and well pulverised. The seed may be sown with a machine in drills, eighteen inches apart, the plants being thinned to three inches apart. The crop should be kept clean of weeds.[—*Eds. Albany Cultivator.*

The Terrors of Vesuvius.

A graphic account of the late eruptions of Vesuvius has scarcely yet appeared in the journals of this country. We imagine the following comparatively vivid outline, extracted from a London paper, may not be uninteresting to our readers:

The insufferable dullness and gloom which have reigned in Naples for some weeks past, *malgre* the Carnival and the usual balls and gaities, have at last been dispelled by the excitement caused by one of the finest eruptions of Mount Vesuvius ever known. For some twelve or fourteen days, the mountain has been in labor, giving manifest indications, by groans and wailings, of bringing forth speedily something more than a mouse. On the 6th, volumes of smoke and vapor, with occasional sheets of flame, were succeeded, from time to time, by awful subterranean rumblings; and, on the 7th, the lava made its appearance, running down the mountain, on the side of Torre Annunziata, in seven or eight distinct streams. On the evening of the latter day, a party of us ascended to the hermitage, and thence, on foot, with guides and torches, to the cone, from whence a fine view was obtained of the lava at a white heat, as it was pumped out of the crater, and thence bent its way in the direction of Pompeii and the Bosco Reale. This ascent was very fatiguing and disagreeable, and one of the party had a narrow escape from fracturing a limb by a fall. During the night of the 8th, the roaring and bellowing of the crate, kept most people from enjoying their rest, and on the whole of the 9th, volumes of smoker lava and vapor, together with huge stones and serrie, were ejected without intermission. On the evening of this day, a special train was announced to leave Naples at six o'clock, for Torre Annunziata, returning at eleven. About 400 natives and foreigners availed themselves of this opportunity; and a strong party of *Inglesi,* with guides and torches, and mules and donkeys, proceeded from the Station at Torre Annunziata to the Bosco Reale, which is about five miles, through narrow lanes and country roads. There was no cause for apprehension, however, as the Government had taken care to send strong bodies of troops, both horse and foot, for the protection of life and property, and the preservation of order. The sight that met our view on our arrival at the Bosco was grand in the extreme. The lava presented a frontage of at least a mile and a half, and was advancing slowly but steadily and sure, and devouring everything in its way. On the road we had met parties of poor peasants carrying beds, chairs, pots, pans, and other moveable furniture, which they had been able to save from the devouring liquid; the women and children rending the air with their groans and cries, and supplications to the San Gennaro, the patron saint of these parts. These poor wretches were thrown on the world homeless and penniless.

By the time of our arrival, which was about nine o'clock, the lava had taken complete possession of the wood, having devoured about half of it. At times a row of three or four hundred saplings caught fire simultaneously, producing a vivid flame that lighted up the country for miles around. Some splendid full-grown ilex, oak, and ash trees, offered in their ponderous trunks a momentary resistance: but it was to no purpose, the larger ones generally exploding with a loud report, and a leap of twelve or fourteen feet in the air, to be consumed like tinder on their descent. It was curious to observe, when, from a sudden rush of lava, which always occurred after a temporary obstruction, how the larger trees gave out tens of thousands of little jets of steam from the knees and elbows of the smaller branches. It was owing to the roots and trunks coming in contact with the lava, and before the whole tree had had a pre-preparatory roasting previously to its final combustion. In these cases the tree generally exploded; those, on the contrary, that had had their initiatory drilling, generally bowed their heads slowly and majestically, dying, like Cæsar, in their dignity. As this novel and brilliant spectacle quite absorbed our attention, the majority of us lost the return train to Naples, and decided to pass the night on the spot.—There was no moon, but the stars shone clearly, and the sky was cloudless; a cold *tremontana,* however, on one side, and the insupportable heat of the advancing furnace on the other, made it necessary for us to keep revolving from time to time like bottle jacks before the lava, to obviate being frozen on one side and baked on the other. At about three o'clock in the morning the eruption was at its height. The amount of lava was quintupled, and the masses of stones which shot up into the air descending with a reverberating crash. It was a discharge of these stones which caused a noise that rendered our voices inaudible. I can only compare it to the concussion produced by the broadside of a three-decker. The ground at times trembled under our feet, and a wailing, sobbing, distressing sound, seemed to indicate that Nature was undergoing a horrible subterranean convulsion; and thus gave vent to the "throes and throbs" of her agony. At about 4 o'clock, the destroyer advanced to a farm-house and out-building, which seemed, from their solidity, being built of rubble stone, and joined with the well known Roman cement, likely to offer a stout resistance. And here the lava seemed to be endowed with consciousness and instinct.—No sooner did it feel the momentary check than it commenced rising like the water in the lock of a canal, and from being at its arrival about twelve feet deep, speedily rose to about thirty; and attacking the bomb-shaped solid stone roof of the main building, and at the same time running in at the windows and doors, caused a rarification and condensation of air, that made the whole concern *sauter* with a terrific report.

When no traces of the farm or officers were any longer visible, being covered by a smooth surface of liquid fire, the poor agriculturist, the proprietor, together with his *sposa,* their children, and some half-a-dozen louts, set up a yell and beat their breasts, and tore their hair in the true Neapolitan fashion. Instead of saving as much as they could from destruction, beyond their mere bedding, they did not attempt to remove a single thing; thus all the doors and fittings, mangers, troughs, also about an acre of cabbages, carrots, and celery, together with various gates and farming utensils, were allowed to be destroyed. There was ample time to move those things, but they preferred howling and calling on San Genaro, either to do it for them or stop the torrent of lava.

A still more interesting and affecting spectacle was presented about an hour after by the destruction of a small church, embosomed in this hapless wood. The lava here, as at the farm, had rather a tough job, from the extreme solidity of the edifice; and with a sort of instinct and conscious pride in its own irresistible power it dashed forward to the attack, despite the moans and chants of a parcel of Franciscan friars connected with the church, and of the mute sorrow of the poor cure. The ornaments of the altar, together with the pictures, statues, and finery of the Virgin and the patron saints, and the parish records had all been removed; but the incessant entreaties of the cure failed to induce his parishioners to put their shoulders to two fine doors, and lift them off their hinges to a place of security, which they could easily have done. The bells also might have been saved with little exertion. No; the Virgin or

gton Fre

ON, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1850.

the patron saint would either appear corporeally, that is visibly, and stop the sacrilegious destroyer, or the edifice would resist and go scatheless. From time to time the bells were tolled mournfully, and cure, monks, and parishioners, chanted the funeral dirge of the sacred edifice, where most of them had been baptized, and which was associated with all the proment parts of their little secluded lixes. The lava here insinuated itself into the crypt of the building, thereby undermining it so that it was literally a "temple rent in twain," the two nearly equal portions of which rocked and tottered to their base, and then fell—belfry, bells, and all into the burning gulf. Several passages of the "Inferno" of Dante were called to recollection this night, and the divine poet ably describes what here palpably, and tangibly represented hell, though upon earth. For half an hour an intense green flame played over where once stood the doomed edifice, caused perhaps by the fusion of the bell metal below. In other parts blue flames of various degrees of intensity and depth of color played and flickered about. All night parties arrived from Naples, who had missed the train; and the wood was glittering with torches approaching and receding in the distance. The arrival of a large body of priests, mounted on all the available jackasses and mules in the neighborhood for miles around, caused an immense sensation among the rustics, as there was little doubt these worthy men would soon settle the business of the ruthless enemy, and put things to rights; so to it they went, clergy and laity; and on our departure from this scene of desolation and woe, the welkin resounded with the exertions of some hundreds of pairs of lungs. Much of the beauty of the effect faded on the approach of daylight, and when we left, which was exactly half-past six in the morning, the lurid glare and vivid brilliancy of the lava was succeeded by a black carbonaceous dullness, with only here and there a deep red glow; the volume of lava had also diminished, and the crater was hushed.—Nature seemed to have a slight intermission of her pangs, to be returned the following evening.

On our return to Naples, we learned that a tragedy of another and more sanguinary kind had been enacted elsewhere during the night. Hundreds visited the crater itself, and the mountain was literally dotted with little bright star-like points, ascending and flitting like will-o'-th'-wisps. The effect was picturesque in the extreme. A party of American officers of the squadron here, with characteristic and national rashness of curiosity, approached too near, and one of the officers, a fine, handsome young fellow, received a mass of hot calcareous matter on the right shoulder, which stripped the flesh to the bone as far as the elbow. There was no actual fracture, but the hermorrhage was so violent, and so long a time elapsed before he received proper medical aid, that he lies with little hope of recovery. All the Galenic skill of the place is tending him. He is only 22, remarkably amiable and handsome, and quite the pet of the squadron and the ladies. He holds the position of Commodore's naval *aid-de-camp*, and is a Lieutenant in rank. Only a few nights since we had seen him at a ball, the gayest of the gay, his fine manly form and features making him almost "the observed of all observers." But another accident, within ten yards of the same spot, and almost at the same time, terminated fatally. The victim of his rashness was a Polish officer, who received a mass of stone of some tons weight on the left thigh, which caused a compound fracture, and there he lay and bled to death, his blood running down into the crater itself, where it boiled and hissed and steamed. A Neapolitan gentleman, who related the particulars to us, nearly lost his life, in his exertions to bring the body down the sides of the mountain, for at the time the lava and stones fell in all directions thick and fast. Another individual, a native, had the dexter side of his lower jaw completely removed by a stone, which was shot obliquely out of the crater, while he was stretching over peering into its fiery depth. The catalogue of contusions, abrasions, and lesions, on that eventful night would nearly fill one of your columns.—The ladies were everywhere in the van of danger and fatigue, and some have not come off scott free. The fair sex have a great deal more courage than we men are willing to give them credit for. This is proved here daily by the intrepidity small and delicate women show in their ascents. True, it is to gratify curiosity, a strong instinct, *on dit*, in their nature.

A Touching Story.

How Robert Cotterel Turned out Better than was Expected.

BY MARY HOWITT.

After a long illness, old Cottarel, the carrier died. His widow had been an excellent helpmate to him all his days, and for the last several years the business had entirely devolved upon her. She was a strong built woman, not at all troubled with feminine weakness; she had the gait and bearing of a man, and if her heart was tender she took care not to show it.

She lived in a small country town in Staffordshire, in the centre of a rich pastoral district, and was known far and near, not so much as "the carrier" as "the butter buyer," from the circumstance of purchasing large quantities of butter, which she took every week to Birmingham.

Nobody thought for a moment that Molly Cotterel would be any the worse off for the death of her husband; but they did think, as they had thought for a long time, that it was a shame and a scandal that Robert, the son, a fine stout young fellow of two and twenty, had not sown all his wild oats yet, and was not trustworthy enough to be sent with the cart even during the last week of his fathers life. No; his mother would not trust him, and many a bitter word passed between them in consequence.

The very week in which her husband was buried, old Molly Cotterel mounted just as usual into her loaded cart before daybreak, on her long winter-day's journey to Birmingham.—She wore her many-taped coat, her beaver hat, and her black cloth gaiters, the only signs of mourning being a new widow's cap and a crape hat band, sufficient, however to announce to all her acquaintances in the towns and villages through which she passed, that the old man was no more. Everybody had a word of condolence for her, but no one ventured to say to her face what they immediately said behind her back, namely, that it was a sin and shame that her tall stout son did not turn over a new leaf. Not a word of this kind did they let fall, because from old experience, they knew that Molly Cotterel permitted nobody but herself to censure her son, and to-day it was plain enough to be seen that she was in no humor to be provoked. "Poor old body!" said they as she drove on, "who would have thought that she'd have taken the old man's death so to heart?"

But it was not that which troubled her most now. She sat in her cart among her butter-baskets and interior lading, on that dreary winter's day, with a sore and heavy heart, and that entirely on account of her son.

She had heard for some time that her son was "keeping company" with Hannah Motteram, the straw bonnet maker. Hannah was no favorite of hers; she was a pretty girl, to be sure, but then she was penniless, and was not the mother thought, good enough for Robert's wife. She knew that he was a fine young fellow, and as yet had given nothing but trouble to his parents, but then at their death he would inherit some little property, and according to her notions, he must look out for a girl with money. Robert, in this respect, seemed reasonable enough; he told his mother that what she said was true, and that he might pick and choose just where he liked, and that therefore he should pick an apple from the topmost bough, but as to marrying Hannah Motteram he should never think of it.

The very night, however, before we have seen old Molly on her way to Birmingham, she had discovered that her son had taken a villain's advantage of the bonnet maker's love, and now, to his utter astonishment, she insisted upon it that he should marry her. Robert laughed at the idea of such a thing; laughed at his mother for thinking of it; but that, if possible, only made her more resolute. It was no use his vowing that he did not love her well enough to make her his wife, for in his mother's eyes, that only increased the enormity of the injustice he had done her. She had always, she said, stood up for women against the tyranny and cruelty of men, and she would do it now in the case of her own son, and unless he would marry the girl he had deceived, she never would forgive him.

This led to the most violent quarrel that had ever taken place between them, and the mother making no attempt at sleep that night, set off without again seeing her son, on her journey to Birmingham.

It was the subject that occupied her mind so deeply that day. She sat with an introverted, troubled, and determined look, just within the awning of her cart, something like an angry mastiff within his kennel, and when, on her return, she arrived at her own door, she was in no better humor. Her offended dignity did not permit her to make inquiry after Robert, altho' he was no where to be seen, and it was with no little surprise that, on going up to the old looking-glass, in which were stuck all such letters and papers as came in her absence, to find a letter addressed to her in her son's hand writing.

The letter contained merely these words:—

"Dear mother,

I will not marry Hannah Motteram. I shall go to sea, and so these are the last words you shall hear from me,

Your loving son,
ROBERT COTTEREL."

She read the letter twice, but she could make no more of it. He was gone; and gone, too, in a spirit of defiance, and knowing how wilful and resolute he was, she had no expectation of any change in his determination. This was a turn in the tide of affairs which she did not expect, and at first was a severe blow. What she endured, however, she kept all to herself; she told her neighbors that her son was gone, and some of them said she was an unfeeling, hard-hearted woman who had driven her son, perhaps, to destruction. Poor woman, they did her wrong, however, who accused her of want of affection to her son.

The very next day, she went up to Hannah Motteram's; she had never condescended to enter the poor girl's room before, and Hannah was terrified at an occurrence which, as she thought, foreboded no good.

'Hannah,' said the stern butter buyer, 'you have been the sole cause of Robert's going to sea.'

The poor girl was ready to drop at these words, but the mother, regardless of her distressed countenance, proceeded:

'He is gone to sea, and we, likely enough, shall never see him again. You have both of you done very wrong; but I know what is right, and that shall be done. You must come and live with me.'

Hannah dropped the bonnet she held in her hand, for this was spoken in a pitiless voice, and she foreboded sorrow and suffering.

'I never liked you,' continued the mother, 'never! I tell you this plainly; I did all in my power to turn Robert's fancy from you; but he has deceived and wronged you, and from this time you shall live with me. I know that I am severe and stern, but there is good in me for all that. I will try to be a mother to you; you must be a dutiful daughter to me, and try to win my love.'

Hannah cried as if her heart would break; but the old woman, who did not indulge in tears herself, took no notice of them in others. She had said her say, and departed.

Hannah went to live with her, and was everything that a dutiful daughter could be, and the old woman really came to love her like a mother. But Hannah had loved too truly to bear Robert's desertion with indifference; a blight and sadness dimmed her youth, and she faded and drooped with a sickness of the heart for which there was no medicine. In two year's time she died, and the old woman seemed then really bereaved. The strongest affection existed between them, and their deep love for Robert, who had used them both so unkindly, was an additional bond of union, whilst the child a strong, handsome boy, the very image of his father, was the pride of both their hearts. The only time for twenty years, through winter and summer, that Molly Cotterel sent a substitute with her butter cart was when Hannah lay in her last and rather tedious sickness. She tended her day by day; she sat up with her at night and would allow no one else the privilege of waiting upon her. The neighbors were all astonished to see so much gentleness and patient affection in her nature; they had not thought her capable of it; but Hannah's meekness and unvarying faithful devotion had touched the inmost strings of the old woman's heart, and had found there a response.

When she was dead, things fell into their usual course, and Mrs. Cotterel seemed to attend as assiduously as ever to her business, but she was essentially an altered woman. The love that had flowed into her heart towards Hannah had softened every hard feeling towards her son. She had long since forgiven him, and she prayed for him every night—prayed that his heart, like hers, might be melted; that he might return to her like the prodigal of the Gospel, for she was ready, with open arms to receive him.

Robert, as he had said, had gone to sea. He was full of resentment and obstinacy, and vowed never to return to his home, where he regarded both his mother and poor Hannah as his enemies. His life was a hard one; he went to the east and to the west, and came back to England again, again and again; but though each time sick of a sea life, he was in no humor to go home. He had visions in his own mind of getting great riches—how, he knew not, but of returning to his native place a rich man, and of avenging himself, he had not quite made up his mind in what way, by his wealth and greatness. Again he went to sea—the voyage was disastrous; the ship was wrecked; and then he fell sick, and as he lay in a foreign hospital among strangers, whose language he could not speak, his very heart seemed to be dead within him. Things assumed a very different aspect then, to what they had done before; he thought of Hannah; he thought of his mother, and he would have given what little share of life was said to remain for him, might he have but kissed the very hem of their garments. He cursed

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himself, and his pride and obduracy; and made a vow to God, that if his life was spared he would return to those against whom he had sinned, and atone for the past.

Robert remembered the former wishes of his obdurate heart, that he might return home rich, to mortify those whom he had wronged by the sight of his greatness, and what madness of folly and wickedness did it seem to him now, when ragged and poor as the prodigal son of old, he neared his native town. He waited till near nightfall, that he might enter the town without fear of recognition. It was Wednesday evening, the one evening in the week when he was sure of finding his mother at home.—He turned up a little entry by the house, where was a small window, the shutter of which was not regularly closed at dusk. He found it open, as he expected; the kitchen was all alight with its cheerful fire and candle; butter baskets waiting to be re-filled, and boxes and parcels stood about just as it used to be; all was familiar to him; nothing seemed changed. His mother sat at tea, at the little round table as of old, and with her the servant girl; there was a child, too, sitting upon a tall chair beside the old woman, and she was laughing and the child was laughing; she gave it tea from her own cup, and pulled its curly locks when its head was turned, and seemed as merry as could be.

'Ah,' sighed Robert, 'she has forgotten me—I am not wanted, and that is some neighbor's child she has taken a fancy to. She cares nothing about me!'

The thought seemed more than he could bear, and he turned away and wept. It seemed to him that he could not live without his mother's love and forgiveness. But he had seen enough for that night; and not venturing to accost any one in the town, he walked on to a village a few miles on the road by which he knew his mother would go the next morning, on her way to Birmingham.

At about five o'clock next morning, the butter woman's cart was on its way, and Robert was on his way too. He saw it coming slowly up the steep hill, with the lantern hung in front, and he heard his mother's voice encouraging the horse as she walked up the hill as usual.—He walked on slowly; and now she had almost overtaken him: his heart beat wildly: she had now come up with him, and they walked together step for step.

'It bids to be a fine day, my friend,' said she, in the cheerful voice in which she addressed fellow-travellers.

'Mother!' exclaimed Robert, 'you don't know me! How should you? I am Robert, your son, your hard-hearted son, who has deserted you!—I am he—can you forgive me?'

'Robert!' exclaimed she, at once recognizing his voice, and forgetting the horse and cart, 'how came you here? Oh, Lord! my son! my own dear son!'

It was well that the cart which was proceeding onward, recalled the good woman to herself. She shouted to the horse to stop, and the horse, glad enough to rest with its heavy load up the steep, long hill, stopped readily: she ran forward and scotched the wheel, and then snatched down the lantern, held it to her son's face.

Yes, it was he: but so changed!

They mounted into the cart, sat side by side, and had enough to talk about.

When, on Saturday night, the butter buyer's cart drove into the little town again it was noticed that a young man sat by her side. It must be somebody that she had picked up on the road; but that was odd, for it was old Molly's way never to take a living passenger; it had been her way for years; however, there was now a young man with her, and a good looking, well dressed young man too. Nobody imagined it to be her son.

How his rags had been changed into a good broadcloth suit never was known: nobody, indeed, but he and his mother knew that he had come in rags; people now saw nothing but a dress that bespoke comfortable means. Next morning, which was Sunday, Robert and his mother, and the little child, sat together—the little child on Robert's knee. The servant girl was sent to church, and old Molly herself undertook to look after the oven, in which was cooking a dinner meant to honor the occasion. Right glad was the servant girl to go to church, and to spread abroad the news of Robert Cotterel's return. Before evening all the town was talking of how his mother had met him in Birmingham: how he had brought a deal of money back with him; and he was come, intending to have married poor Hannah Motteram; and that when he heard she was dead, he tore his hair, and fell into such a passion of grief as never was witnessed before. This was what rumor made of it; but the servant girl had only said that Robert was come back looking very grave and sober; that his mother and he were the best friends in the world; and that the little child was told to call him father, which it very soon did, as was very natural, because he seemed so fond of it.

If any one inquires how, after this, Robert went on, we can only say, that some five years later he, instead of his mother, might be seen driving the butter cart. There was a smart, modernized air about the green cart, and the horse and harness were much handsomer than they had been formerly. Robert also was greatly improved; he spoke so good humored and happy, and he was the steadiest carrier that came into the old town of Birmingham. In fine weather too, now and then might be seen a fine stout lad of about eight, with a rosy, merry face, and a pair of remarkably sturdy legs, perched in front of the cart by Robert's side, flourishing the whip, and making lusty outcries to the horse. This was Hannah's child; Robert was very proud of him, and the only thing that troubled him was that it was then too late, except through the child, to make her any amends.

☞ The American and Foreign Bible Society, at a meeting held last week in New York, refused to receive the new version of the Bible. As one remarked, "The Society has resolved to continue to publish *the Bible.*" Messrs. Cone and Wyckoff, the President and Secretary of the Society, and the originators and almost sole advocates of the new version, are no longer in office, their places being filled by the Rev. Dr. Welch and Rev. Mr. Cutting. The office of President was tendered to Dr. Cone, out of respect to his years and former services, but he very properly declined the compliment.—*Atlas.*

No You Don't, Judge!—*Scene in a Court of Justice—Boy, witness in case of assault on Mr. Brown.*

Judge (with dignity)—Young man, do you know this Brown?

Boy (looking roguishly at His Honor and shaking his head)—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge (indignantly)—What do you mean by that, sir? Answer my question—Do you know this Brown?

Boy (with a peculiar wink)—No yer don't, Judge.

Judge (in a rage)—Answer me, you young villain, or I will commit you for contempt of court—Do you know this Brown?

Boy (applying his thumb to the tip of his nose and wiggling mysteriously his elongated fingers)—Yer can't come it Judge; I know what yer want—yer want me to ask *what Brown*, and then yer goin' to say, *Brown Stout!* No yer don't Judge.

By Last Night's Mails.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Asia at Halifax.

England.—Matters here, in relation to our foreign policy, are every day assuming a more serious aspect. The Greek affair is settled, but not in a way that is likely to lead to peace. The French and Russian governments appear to be greatly dissatisfied at the turn which affairs have taken, and the ministers from both courts have left England precipitately. This has given rise to a variety of speculations, but, as far as the facts can be made out, they appear to be these:

Pending Baron Gros's negotiations, a treaty was agreed to in London, signed by the Russian, French and English ministers, and was sent over to Athens for adoption by the Greek government, in case the negotiations were not over; but before the treaty did get to Athens, Baron Gros had backed out, and Mr. Wyse had got from the Greek Minister all he wanted, and in consequence, he pocketed the treaty to a finesse in his own way. No persons in England were aware of this state of affairs, until the absence of the French and Russian ministers at the grand plenipotentiary banquet, given as usual on the Queen's birthday, gave rise to some inquiry relative thereto.

In the House of Lords on Thursday, Lord Brougham called the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the sudden departure to the French Ambassador on the anniversary of her Majesty's birth-day, and hoped that no diminution of the friendly feeling existing between England and France was to be inferred from that occurrence. The Marquis of Lansdowne said, that the departure of the French Ambassador on the Queen's birth-day was purely accidental, as was to be referred entirely to the desire of the French Government to have the benefit of his presence in Paris.

The Marquis of Londonderry wished to know whether the Russian Ambassador was a party to the Convention made in this country between M. Drowyn de L'Huys, and Viscount Palmerston. He also wanted to know whether on the departure of Baron Gros from Athens, there was any communication as to his departure made to the Russian Minister at Athens, before the commencement of hostilities against Greece, of which Russia, be it recollected, was one of the protectors. The Marquis of Lansdowne declined giving any answer.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston gave an explanation by no means satisfactory. He stated that the discussions between the British and Greek Governments had been so far settled, that no apprehension need be entertained that commerce would be molested. The only matter remaining was, the investigation of M. Pacifico's claims, relative to Portugal. With respect to the question, whether the good understanding between the British and French Governments had been interrupted by the mode in which the settlement had been effected, his Lordship said, of course the French Government would have preferred, as well as our own government, that the settlement should have been effected through their own intervention. Circumstances had, however, interposed to prevent this mode of adjustment taking place, but he trusted that nothing would arise from this cause likely to disturb the friendly relations between the two Governments.

The French Assembly, however, talked the matter up very warmly, Gen. Laffitte, Minister of Foreign Affairs, having been highly complimented for his decision in recalling the French Ambassador. The affair has a serious aspect, and the funds, which are always the test of public feeling on these occasions, experienced a decided shock. On Thursday, Consols, which stood the previous evening at 96½, immediately declined ¾ per cent.—but they subsequently rallied, and closed at 95 to 95¼. Trade is improving. We have no news from Ireland.

France.—The excitement with respect to the new electoral law is spreading in France, and petitions against the measure are pouring in from all parts of the country. Several alterations have been made in the bill. The authors of the Constitution are decidedly of opinion that any attempt to limit the franchise, except by a constituent assembly properly convened, is illegal. M. Dupin, the President of the National Assembly, participates in this opinion, and he had therefore absented himself from his duties—a fact which is regarded as a stronger protest against the measure, than would have been the most eloquent speech.

It is said that Gen. Cavaignac quails before the firm yet calm attitude assumed by the people, and is obliged to temper the violence and reactionary measures which the ministers would fain adopt. If this be true, the tempered measures must be allowed to be intemperate enough. Not only are the most extraordinary steps taken to prevent the sale of the opposition papers, but three of the leading Democratic journals have been suppressed, and several officers of the National Guard have been punished for signing a petition against the new electoral law.

Although 15,000 troops have been congregated at ---- in its environs, apprehensions of an insurrection have revived within the last few days.

The chiefs of the ultra republican party are described as being in a most unenviable position by the more violent of their followers; they are urged at once to resort to hostilities, and threatened with death if they did not comply, whilst they themselves declare that the preparations of the government are so vast, that inevitable destruction must be their fate if they do comply.

Early in the week an outbreak seemed to be imminent, and the proposed plan of insurrection was published. On the other hand, the plan of action chalked out by government for the suppression of the threatened revolt has been made known; and it is looked upon as so efficient, as to render prompt success absolutely certain.

Ministers have prevailed on Louis Napoleon to retire to Fontainbleau for a fortnight.

Several riots have taken place in different parts of the country;—that amongst the miners at Creusot began to assume a serious aspect; but Gen. Castillane had surrounded the disturbed district with a cordon of troops, gradually narrowing, and at the date of the last advices, the disturbance was looked upon as quelled.

The trade of Paris is on a more satisfactory standing than it has been since the revolution of February. The accounts from the agricultural districts are not cheering. The farmers have sown little, and it is feared the next harvest will not be sufficient for consumption.—The returns from indirect taxes have increased 3,176,000 francs over those of last year. Incendiary fires are very frequent.

The *Nationale* of Tuesday contains an extraordinary statement in respect to the present position of the President of the Republic. The statement is as follows:—Col. Laborde, Representative of the People, a particular friend of the President, when he had been condemned for the Boulogne affair, assured us only the day before yesterday, the 11th of May, that M. Berryer, Legitimist, addressed him about a month ago, at the Chamber, in presence of Gen. Montholon, for the sake of recommending that they should advise the President that it was