

always." The minister had to leave her in the hands of the Lord, and Catharine once more found herself cast alone upon the wide world but not helpless. She was a brave girl and was nothing daunted though Livonia was at that time utterly desolated by the war that was raging between the Swedes and Russians with frightful fury. Lawless highway marauders and brutal soldiers crowded every highway, and spread terror and confusion through every dwelling. Food was every day becoming scarcer, and Catharine made up her mind to go to Marienburg, a large town, where she hoped to find plenty, and employment. Marienburg, be it remembered, was some days' journey distant, the way lay through a dreary desolate country, and the hostile forces were ravaging it in every direction. Fancy what a heart she must have had then, when she set out on her journey on foot, her wardrobe tied up in a bundle, a sum of money in her pocket, and without knowing a soul in the town to which she was going.

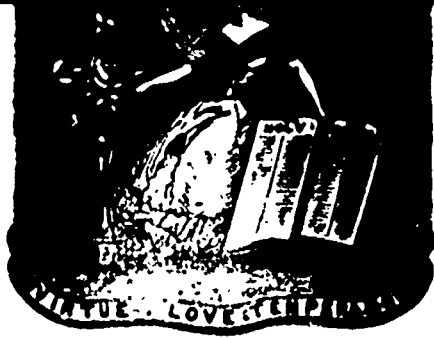
And this she did. One evening, towards sunset just as she was about to seek lodging for the night in a neighbouring farm-house, she found herself face to face with two soldiers, who seized her, and not withstanding her cries and entreaties, used her very brutally. She was becoming exhausted, when a young officer appeared upon the scene, and immediately upon seeing him the soldiers took to their heels and made their escape. What was Catharine's surprise and delight to find in her deliverer the son of her old friend, the Lutheran minister. Never was meeting more opportune. Not to mention the predicament in which he found her placed her money was almost expended in paying the expenses of her journey, and she was looking forward to entering the town penniless. The officer, however replenished her purse, procured her a horse, and gave her letters of introduction to some of his friends among others to a Mr. Gluck, who held official post in Marienburg. She accordingly presented herself at his house, received a cordial welcome and on the following day was installed in his family as governess of his two daughters, who had lost their mother. Although she was but seventeen, she discharged the duties of her new office to perfection and was so graceful, intelligent and captivating that she robbed poor Gluck of his heart, and he begged her to take his hand as well. What was the surprise of the dignitary when she refused him! He refused him with the dignity of a queen—he refused him as she had refused the peasants of Dorpal, two years previously—she, the orphan and outcast, who had so lately come to his door, wayworn and desolate!

Probably our readers now may think that Catharine already heard the whisperings of ambition, and that she had a secret resentment of the great elevation that awaited her. Nothing of the kind let us do her justice; she refused to marry M. Gluck for a reason that all young ladies will approve—because she loved another, and that other neither king or emperor, but a poor subaltern officer without fortune or influence, with one arm, and hacked and shattered from head to foot with bayonet and ball, the son of her old benefactor the same who had succored and delivered her when desolate and sore afraid. Ah! Catharine was still a woman, brave, single, and true.

She immediately left M. Gluck's house, and when the officer returned to Marienburg, somehow or other they came to know who had married her. The Livonian peasant girl was now on the throne of a great empire.

It seems difficult for observers to understand the real position and intentions of Austria in occupying Wallachia and Moldavia. It would almost seem that she was there in case of necessity, to act against the Turks. It is said she has 300,000 men on the frontiers of Turkey. What force is under the Turks and allies capable of withstanding this immense army if suddenly assisted by as many Russians in an advance on Constantinople! It may be said that the difficulty would lie in feeding and paying them. This indeed would be their great obstacle. Yet the Turks and allies cannot injure the Russians in that quarter so long as the Austrians occupy ground between them. Nor can the Russians advance on Turkey in that direction if Austria is acting in good faith.

The point of attraction in this war now is Sebastopol which the allies are about to attack by sea and land.—E. S.



Ladies' Department.

AN UNLUCKY WEDDING

One of the best jokes we have heard for a long time is related by a correspondent of the Port Huron Commercial which we copy below for the benefit of all our tour-going, and pleasure tripping newly-married folks, so as to prevent them being placed in such an awkward "fix."

At the time and place of meeting the trains of cars often times amusing incidents occur. I must record one of the most ludicrous, and at the same time awkward affair. In passing up to the Ingersoll station, there was a crowd of people who had escorted a couple who had just been joined in wedlock. All was smiling as the morning sun. The baggage had been checked for Detroit, where they were destined, as bridal trip. The couple were seated in the cars, which only tarry a few moments when the bridegroom, at her suggestion, stepped out to get some cakes, and while making change, the whistle blew, and both trains started. He jumped on, and passed out, and after very leisurely stowing away his cakes into his pocket, he started forward to hunt his bride. He looked all through the train without finding her, when he accosted the conductor as follows, in great excitement. "I say, Captain, some of the passengers are left." "Can't help it, sir," replied the conductor.—"But," says the bridegroom, "I was married this morning and my wife was aboard and I don't see how she got out." The conductor observed the fix he was in, and where the mistake was, asked him where he was going, to which he replied that he was to Detroit. "Well, then," says the conductor, "you are the one who got out. You are now going towards Niagara Falls." "Great God! is that so?"—"Well, stop the cars immediately," says the bridegroom. "Can't do it," says the conductor. "We never stop for anything."

"But," says the man, "I am just married this morning, and here I am going one way, and my wife the other! Was ever a man in such a fix and the captain won't stop the cars?" "I know it is a bad fix to be in," says the conductor, "but I can't help it. I know how you feel, I have been married myself, but I must obey orders." By this time a crowd in the cars had collected around the unfortunate man, all of whom knew the whole affair. A lantern-jawed specimen of a Yankee near, hearing it all, put in a word or two. "Look a here, old feller, you've got to grin and bear it. I wish I could help you as you've raised my feelings. "But I say continued he, "I guess she won't take any body else for you when she gets to Detroit, for they don't have any of that kind there."—"That kind," says the married man, "what do you mean?" "Why," says the Yankee, "they don't have any so pesky ugly." This led to a row, and the excitement being over, I left for my seat, and laughed for ten miles at least.—[Western Planet.]

ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—A romantic instance of love at first sight occurred in this city on Saturday, which, but for certain untoward circumstances that often hinder the course of true love, would have been followed by an elopement and marriage. A young sailor, who arrived a few days since from New York, was making some purchases in a clothing store in the Northern Liberties, when the daughter of the proprietor and the hero of this true history became mutually smitten. While bargaining for the articles, he invited her to accompany him on an excursion to the Schuylkill, and she nothing loth, joined him subsequently. During their trip up that romantic river, they formed their plans for a runaway match, which was to be put in effect the next night. In the evening they again met, and wandered off with the design of going to New York by the 1 o'clock night line. Unfortunately for the design, the boat does not start on Sunday.

formation to all the catchmen they met, and asking the arrest of the girl and her companion. A watchman told the story to officer J. Donnell of the North-western division, and he accidentally encountering the pair in Second street, near Chestnut, took them to her parents home. A scene occurred there that may well be imagined. The officer was prepared to take the young sailor into custody, but the father declined to prosecute the suit for attempted abduction, in order to save his daughter from exposure, and finally the manly behaviour of the sailor, made such an impression upon the parents, that they gave him shelter for the night, and when the officer left, there was a strong probability of the "old heads" consenting to the union resolved upon by the "young hearts." The girl is not more than sixteen years of age.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE AMAZONS OF AFRICA.

In Dahomey, a considerable portion of the national troops consist of armed and disciplined females. They are known as being royal women, strictly and watchfully kept from any communication with men, and seem to have been trained through discipline and force of co-operation, to the accomplishment of enterprises from which the tumultuous warriors of a native army would shrink. A late English author (Duncan) says, "I have seen them, all well armed, and generally fine, strong healthy women, and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue. They seem to use the long Danish musket with as much ease as one of our grenadiers does his firelock, but not, of course, with the same quickness, as they are not trained to any particular exercise; but on receiving the word, make an attack like a pack of hounds with great swiftness. Of course, they would be useless against disciplined troops, if at all approaching to the same numbers. Still their appearance is more military than the generality of the men, and if undertaking a campaign, I should prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country."

The same author thus describes a field review of these Amazons, which he witnessed: "I was conducted to a large space of broken ground where fourteen days had been occupied in erecting three immense prickly piles of green bush. These three clumps of piles, of a sort of strong brier on them, armed with the most dangerous prickles, were placed in line, occupying about four hundred yards, leaving only a narrow passage between them, sufficient merely to distinguish each clump, appointed to each regiment. These piles were about seventy feet wide and eight feet high. Upon examining them, I could not persuade myself that any human being, without boots or shoes, would under any circumstances, attempt to pass over so dangerous a collection of the most efficiently armed plants I had ever seen.

"The Amazons wear a blue striped cotton surtout, manufactured by the natives, and a pair of trousers falling just below the knee. The cartridge box is girded around the loins.

"The drums and trumpets soon announced the approach of three or four thousand Amazons. The Apadomey soldiers (female) made their appearance at or about two hundred yards from or in front of, the first pile, where they halted with shouldered arms. In a few seconds the word for attack was given, and a rush was made toward the pile, and the supposed town taken. Each of the other piles were passed with the same rapidity, at intervals of twenty minutes. When a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head, and kept as a trophy of valor. I counted seven hundred scalps pass in this manner. The captain of each corps (female) in passing, again presented themselves before his Majesty, and received the king's approval of their conduct.—A. A. Foote U. N. S.

Humourous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.

Pat had just been sent by his master to purchase a half-bushel of oysters, at the quay; but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however puffing under his load in the most musical style. "Where have you been?" exclaimed his master.

"Considering what things?"
"Considering what things? Why considering the gutting of the fish, to be sure?"
"Gutting what fish?"
"What fish? why, blue-mussels, the oysters."
"What do you mean?"
"What do I mean? Why, I mean that as I was resting down forment the Pickled Herring, having a drop to comfort me, a gentleman axed me what I'd got in my sack."
"Oysters," said I.
"Let's look at 'em," says he, and he opens the bag. "Och! thunder and praties," says he, "who could you these?"
"It was Mick Carney the thief of the world! What a blackguard he must be, to give them to you without gutting."
"Ain't they gutted?" says I.
"Mischief a one," says he.
"Musha then," says I, "what'll I do?"
"Do!" says he, "I'd sooner do it myself than see you so abused. And so he takes em in doors, and guts them nate and clean, as you'll see." opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells, that were empty as the head that bore them to the house.

TRIAL OF A LICENSE CASE—INDIAN WITNESS

A few years since, an effort was made by the public of this country to break up the traffic of ardent spirits between the Indians residing on the Allegheny Reservation and their white neighbors, who were engaged in the business of supplying them the "fire water." In all the trials that were had, the Indians were necessarily called as witnesses, and as a disclosure of the names of those who were in the habit of furnishing them with drink usually operated to stop the supplies of those who informed, various expedients were resorted to by the witnesses to evade giving the necessary evidence. On one occasion where an indictment was pending against an innkeeper for selling liquor to the Indians, "John Titus" was called to prove the offence. "John" loved a drink amazingly, and came up to the witness stand with the air of a man whose mind was made up to baffle the district attorney in all his inquiries at all hazards. After the usual oath was administered, the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, John," asked the District Attorney, "were you at Carrier's on the day of the circus?"
"Yes," was the prompt and laconic reply.
"Who else was there, John?"
"Oh Dan Killbuck, and two, three, other Indians."

"Had you been drinking there, John?"
"Yes." "All of you?" "Yes." "Were you all drunk?" "Yes." "Pretty drunk?" "Yes, very drunk!"

"Well, John, where did you get your whiskey?"

John drew himself up to his fullest height, and assuming all the dignity of his race, replied with marked deliberation and emphasis, and with almost a pause between each word:

"Ah—dat—too—much—question!"
No effort would induce John to give any other answer, and he was allowed to retire.

KENTUCK AND THE FIDDLER.—On board the Steamer Indiana, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good natured passengers. They were seeking to wile away hours according to their several notions of pleasure and would have got on very well but for one annoyance. There happened to be on board a hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans and he had provided himself with an old violin, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man and planting himself where he would attract notice scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers excessively. A Frenchman of very delicate nerves and a very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered fidgeted, and swore at the fiddle. The passengers tried various expedients to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, it was no go—he would music just as long as he pleased.—At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat saying, "I reckon I'll fix him," placed himself near the amateur fiddler and commenced braying with all his might. The effects of this move was beyond description—Old Kentuck brayed so loud that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers the discomfited Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory of the unequal contest with the Kentuckian and his singular improprietous imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds, and quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat. The next morning after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormentor. Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Loud and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman,—just as he was about to read his paper, on the first sound rose and looked anxiously around, shrugged his shoulders and then shouted:—"Vare is he?—Vare is he? Queeck! Queeck!! Mon Dieu! Vare is Monsieur Kentuck, do man vat play on do jacks?"