

(From the New York Illustrated News)

A LONDON GIN PALACE.

Strange that man, the highest and noblest of beings, should so far forget himself as to sink to a level with the vilest! Strange that, boasting the power of reason and judgment, when darkened hours come over him instead of determinedly resisting and rising far above all little troubles, he should blindly bow them for the moment by a fatal compromise which soon brings them back again in the form of terrible tormenting tyrants!

In no country in the world does intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks appear in a more revolting form than in England and America. The habitual light-heartedness of the continental European, and the nature of the beverages most readily attainable to him with him safeguards against excess. In the Anglo-Saxon blood we find, however, a gravity and decision of character which, when fully developed, produces the noblest results, but which, under the current of adverse circumstances, is apt to sink into morbid melancholy. And when social causes combine to produce poverty, as is fearfully the case in England, there is great danger of the patient (for we must so regard the sufferer) yielding despite his better reason, to the insinuating but treacherous solace of the glass. Consequently, we find among the suffering poor, and among the labouring classes of England, a degree of intemperance which is more than disgusting—it is terrible and monstrous. What avails it to point back to the last century, and show that such improvements have taken place in this particular, when so much still remains to be done—when, in fact, only a beginning of a reform has been witnessed, and when the great majority of the people are still "evil influenced" by the greatest curse of the present age?

We know of nothing which so fearfully indicates the criminal indifference of those who make and execute laws, to the moral state of the multitude, as the attractive and treacherous splendor with which dealers in intoxicating drinks are, the world over, allowed to invest their calling. Particularly is this the case in London. The stranger passing the lower end of Holborn, or the neighborhood of Whitechapel, or the New Cut, and, at a late hour, be attracted by the glaring gas-lights and flashy elegance which distinguishes the entrance to some houses of more than ordinary pretensions. Let him enter—following the throng of visitors, and his eye will at once be struck with a scene which would be hard to rival elsewhere. In every direction there is the glitter of glass and of gilding, and a theatrical splendor of carvings and curtains. But what a contrast does the house present to the motley misery of its visitors. Look at them! the poor and the base, the degraded and the hardened. This is a Gin Palace—*one of Satan's vilest pandemoniums on earth. It is full to repletion—the air is filled with the fumes of abominable liquors, and is a poison of itself. As we gaze about and distinguish the individual features of this multitude, the place seems the general rendezvous of all that is vulgar and hateful in human nature. Observe that man—an inebriate—in whose countenance no trace of humanity remains, led away by his poor pale wife and little daughter!—He is drunk! Is there a single word in any tongue which more fully expresses the extreme of degradation and misery? There is a ragged child, too young to reach the counter, save on tip-toe, holding up a bottle for the unnatural wants of parents who starve and neglect her, urged by the most terrible and unconquerable of passions. There is a mother pouring into her infants' mouth, to silence its cries in intoxication, the last drops from her own glass of gin. This is the most terrible sight of all, and it awakes still sadder thoughts when we reflect that it is not an accidental or occasional thing, but a matter of regular occurrence among the mothers—and they are many—who frequent this place. Beyond the partition there is a spot which in many gin-houses is appropriated to gentlemen—for there are degenerate and castes even in gin drinking, though it be a vice which of all others seems to sink its devotees to the most degrading equality. Yes—give the gentlemen gin-drinkers a place—for in a few years they will sink to the common room. Then the strong hand will be palsied, the right eye dim, and broadcloth and silk slant not in graceful folds, but in looped and windowed raggedness. And darker and drearer will be the downward and rapid course to—death. There is one—a black band around his crushed white hat—who once was among the gentlemen—God help him! Such are the patrons of a Gin Palace.*

The evil has never in our own country raged to the extent to which it prevails in England. Thanks to the strenuous exertions of philanthropists, it has been greatly subdued. Much, however, still remains to be done—very much. Our national character is that of men who, though impulsive and active, are still grave and earnest. While, on the one hand, we have all the temptation of the Englishmen, on the other, we are far more likely to experience nervous excitement and injury. This is simply a physical view of the case, but of what importance does it become when viewed in its fullest relations, and what a fair land would ours be, could we once banish from it the curse of intemperance!

AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.

We were the witness of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, (says the New Orleans Picayune) for relating which we crave indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk, and laboring assiduously, with pen, scissors, and paste, to take out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood, quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we, at last.  
"The matter?" he exclaimed, "oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg. Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go. I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked, "I felt it more just then! Oh, these pants without

straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again."

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning," and he clenched his fist still more tightly. If it had been the neck of an assassin, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys, hearing the outcry, stopped working, and the editors and all minds started around the sufferer, with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!—if I do, it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."  
"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured, the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand, the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing, whatever it might be; each ready to scamp out of harm's way, should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. Its alive, too, I feel it!—quick! quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made, in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came—his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got in there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was, and such a laugh as followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no yarn.

AMOROUS.

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

The following mournful, but exquisite ballad, we find in the Buffalo Republic. The poets are not all dead yet—

I'll tell you of a nice young man  
Whose name was Peter Gray,  
The State where Peter Gray was born,  
Was Pennsylvania.

This Peter he did fall in love  
All with a nice young girl;  
The name of her, I'm positive,  
Was Lizzyanny Quill.

When they were going to be wed,  
Her father he said "No!"  
And brutally did send her off  
Beyond the Ohio.

When Peter heard his love was lost,  
He knew not what to do,  
He'd had a mind to jump into  
The Susquehanna.

But he went trading to the West,  
In furs and other skins,  
And there was caught and killed and dressed  
By bloody In-ge-n's.

When Lizzyanny heard the news  
She straightaway went to bed,  
And never did get up again,  
Until she died.

Ye fathers all, a warning take,  
Each one has a girl,  
And think upon poor Peter Gray,  
And Lizzyanny Quill.

We notice in a contemporary's columns the advertisement of a lady for a husband:—None under six feet need apply. Whew! but the lady goes in ferociously for hy-men.

A convict in the Auburn State Prison, it is stated, recently forged papers (which he managed to get to the Governor through an unsuspecting channel) certifying that he was a fit subject for Executive clemency, and recommending his release. The papers were signed by the Physician, Agent, Warden, Keepers and Chaplain of the prison, and on that opposed recommendation, a pardon was granted and the man released. The forgery was not discovered until a number of days after the doors had been opened to him, and he was not discovered until last week, after a thorough search. Whether he can be again imprisoned for the old offence, is a question which has been raised; and it is doubtful also whether the forgery can be proved upon him.

A HIGHWAYMAN OBTWITTED—"Stand and deliver," were the words addressed to a tailor travelling on foot, by a highwayman, whose brace of pistols looked rather dangerous than otherwise. "I'll do that with pleasure," was the reply, at the same time handing over to the outstretched hands of the robber, a parcel pretty well stocked, "but," continued he, "suppose you do me a favor in return. My friends would laugh at me were I to home and tell them I was robbed, with as much patience as a lamb; I propose you fire your two bullets right through the crown of my hat—it will look something like a show of resistance." His request was accorded to; but hardly had the smoke from the discharge of the weapons passed away, when the tailor pulled out a rusty old horse pistol, and in his turn, politely requested the thunderstruck highwayman to shell out everything of value, his pistols not excepted. The highwayman got the worst of it that adventure, didn't he?



Ladies' Department.

There's a pathos in the following that will reach the gushing of the deepest heart-well. No one who has ever lost a jewel from the casket of household affections, will read it but with the glancing eye that tells of buried hopes—

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I saw him in his play as in dreams I see him now;  
The rose was on his cheek and the lily on his brow;  
His lips were full of love and his laugh was full of joy,  
And the sparks of life told the merry hearted boy.

I stood beside his couch, where in suffering he lay,  
And sorrowed with disease till he breathed his last away.  
No rose was on his cheek, and no sparkle in his eye,  
Oh, how it broke my heart that the darling boy should die!

I saw him robed in white, as they decked him for the tomb,  
And had upon his breast a sweet blossom in its bloom.  
A smile of beauty lingered upon his face so fair;  
I seemed as if an angel were sweetly suffering there.

I saw him once again, in the visions of the night,  
He seemed a little cherub in his robes of snowy white.  
A harp was in his hand and a garland on his brow;  
Forever more an angel—Oh! such I see him now.

THE LATE SULTANA OF TURKEY.

The deceased princess was of Christian origin, and in 1811 was kidnaped by Circassian freebooters, from a village near Ananour, in Georgia. Her father was a wealthy peasant, and was killed fighting valiantly for the protection of his daughter. The girl, Mariani by name, was embarked at Satcha for Trebizond, and from thence was conducted to Constantinople, and sold for £150 to the celebrated Keresef Pacha, who gave her the romantic name of Bezur-Aalen (Assembly-of-the-World) on account of her beauty gave her an education to fit her for the imperial seraglio. She learned to read and write, to play the tambourine, to sing and to dance, and she acquired these accomplishments with astonishing facility. At the age of fourteen she was presented by the Pacha to Heibetullah Sultana, Sultana Mahmood's eldest sister, with whom she remained until she attained the age of seventeen, when, on account of her capacity and beauty, she was given to Sultan Mahmood, who at once acknowledged her as one of his wives. She had but one son, the present sovereign, Abdul Medjid, but she always maintained superiority over the other women, and was the preferred favorite. The monotonous life of the harem is easily imagined. It is a focus of intrigue and jealousy, and the princess had no occasion to display the talent and benevolence that has since rendered her so popular. When, in June 1839, Sultan Mahmood died, and his eldest son, Abdul-Medjid, at the age of sixteen, brekked a sword of Osman, the Princess Bezur-Aalem became valid Sultana, and took the reins of the state in hand. Things went thus for many years. The son consulted his mother on the affair, and the mother's injunctions were religiously obeyed. Up to the last week she was engaged in the public business. She was naturally parsimonious, but her acts of benevolence are innumerable. She never forgot her Christian origin, and protected the followers of her former faith on all possible occasions. She was often to be seen, incognito, at the *loakaf* (tribunal) inquiring if justice was done to cases she had derided, and more than once judge has been dismissed for acts of intolerance. She often visited the poorer quarters of the city, and gave aid to the sick and needy, without making known her quality. The treasury afforded her a monthly stipend of £7,727, but she expended but that sum chiefly in acts of charity. She built and endowed the only Turkish civil hospital in Constantinople, and gave her own to it. She has built and endowed the free school on the Lazarettoian principle, under the direction of Kemal Effendi. She also contributed to the building and repairing of many public fountains. The Turkish Steam Company was established by her influence and interest in the concern. The coal mines of Iznik are worked for her account. In fine, most of the enterprises and commercial transactions have seen her among the chief holders with a view to encouragement. It is strange that she has not endowed a single mosque or Mussulman institution, if it is universally believed here that she still adheres to her Christian faith. She had repeated inquiries and researches made for members of her family, but they were ineffectual. It is said that the civil commotions and wars in the Caucasus have since annihilated and dispersed her relatives.

A SCOTCH ACT-EO-N.

A pretty village on the coast of Scotland, frequented by summer visitors, was lately the scene of rather an amusing incident. Taking advantage of a lovely summer day, two young gentlemen took themselves to a sheltered spot a little way up the coast, where they hoped to indulge in an unobscured bath. After the usual preliminary proceedings, they had just accomplished their first few dips, when, to their consternation and disgust, they observed a young gentleman, of an inquiring turn of mind, and