

wounds. The rules of war would not admit of delay sufficient to discover whether or not they would prove mortal. As he lay writhing beneath them, the officer on duty approached me, and bade me finish what the ill-spiced bullets had failed to do. I know not how I acted for a few moments. I have only the recollection of an endeavour to withdraw, and an intention of taking to my heels, and then of being driven onward by curses and a sword's point to the side of the dying man. I remember the look he gave me with his upturned and seemingly conscious eyes, and the groan from his bleeding breast that accompanied it. I knew not how I did it—but it was done. Yes, I put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, turned away my face, and covered myself with his brains. To complete the climax of horror, I was obliged to roll him into the pit, where a few shovelful of earth completed his burial.

Do you think, said he, that I needed any thing additional to render me satisfied with a soldier's life? A week after saw me down with a raging fever, and disconnected forever from the army.

To this day, continued he, I often see in my dreams the dying look of that poor victim of infernal war, whom I aided to launch into eternity.

E. W. B. C.

Wheeling, Va, Nov. 3rd, 1837.

#### AUTUMN.

THE first severe frost had come and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar-maple, with a leaf more delicate and brighter than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest, like the Sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness; the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of departed summer, turned out among the edges of the woods, like a lining of the palest gold; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun spotted with gold, like the wings of a lady-bird; the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drape of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him, to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched, like a coward, in the dying forest, burdening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash, flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves, than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper-dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman, in her death, is heavenlier than the being on whom, in life, she leaned; and alone and unsympathizing in this universal decay, outlaws from nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colors of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost.

Oh! to have seen the sun set on the hills bright in the still green and lingering summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple and crimson—had been fused in the alembick of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and color over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upwards, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies, had let forth their imprisoned colors, to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that, in olden time, entered the bodies of the dying, re-animate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery.

—N. P. Willis.

#### CHINESE CUSTOMS.

THE Chinese bearing no part in public transactions, and living in uninterrupted peace, the uniform insipidity of their existence is not relieved by any, even the most frivolous and puny amusements. This feature, as well as the very striking contrariety of Chinese customs, in comparison with our own, are given with sufficient correctness in the following passages from a little work printed at Macao.

On enquiring of the boatmen in which direction Macao lay, I was answered, in the west-north, the wind, as I was informed, being east-south. We do not say so in Europe, thought I; but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, the boatman added, that the needle pointed to the south! Desirous of changing the subject, I remarked that I supposed he was about to proceed to some merry-making, as his dress was completely white. He told me, with a look of much dejection, that his only brother had died the week before, and that he was in the deepest mourning for him. On my landing, the first object that attracted my attention was a military mandarin, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads round his neck, and a fan in his hand; and it was with amazement that I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. I was surrounded by natives all of whom had their hair shaven from the fore part of the head, while a portion of them permitted it to grow on their faces. On my way to the house prepared for my reception, I saw two Chinese boys discussing with much earnestness who should be the possessor of an orange. They debated the point with a vast variety of gesture, and at length, without fighting, sat down and divided the orange equally between them. At that moment my attention was attracted by several old Chinese, some of whom had grey beards, and nearly all of them huge spectacles. A few were chirping and chuckling to singing-birds, which they carried in bamboo cages, or perched on a stick; others were catching flies to feed the birds; the remainder of the party seemed to be delightfully employed in flying paper kites, while a group of boys were gravely looking on, and regarding these occupations of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

Being resolved on learning the language, I procured a Chinese master, who happily understood English. I was fully prepared to be told that I was about to study a language without an alphabet, but was somewhat astonished, on his opening the Chinese volume, to find him begin at what I had all my life previously considered the end of the book. He read the date of the publication—'The fifth year, tenth month, twenty-third day.'—We arrange our dates differently, I observed; and begged him to let me know something of their ceremonials. He commenced by saying, 'When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.'—Davis.

From Schiller's "Votive Tablets."

#### THE KEY.

To know *thyself*—in others self discern;  
Wouldst thou know others? read *thyself*—and learn!

The best governed State.

How the best state to know? it is found out:  
Like the best woman—that least talk'd about.

Friend and Foe.

Dear is my friend; yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;  
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe shows what I should.

Correctness.

The calm correctness, where no fault we see,  
Attests art's loftiest or its least degree;  
Alike the smoothness of the surface shows,  
The pool's dull stagner—the great sea's repose.

Science.

To some she is the goddess great, to some the milch-cow of the field;  
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.