

poedily to subdue.—Thus circumstanced, he was at length reduced to such a state of destitution, that in order to prevent the accession of irremediable poverty, he became an itinerant dealer in tea, and in this humble capacity contrived to realise an uncertain subsistence, which he rendered still more precarious by adding to his domestic responsibilities that expensive blessing—a wife. He married the daughter of a laboring carpenter, with whom he casually became acquainted, without any portion but her beauty and household dexterity. She was a comely woman, and, fortunately for him, turned out an excellent manager; his expenses were therefore not materially increased.

Having been represented to the servants of a gentleman residing in the country as an honest fellow who sold excellent tea for a small profit, he found among them a ready sale for the commodity in which he dealt; and though they were keen chaffers, and generally pushed a hard bargain with him, still he was constant in his attendance upon them, as the establishment was large, the sale therefore considerable, and his money returns quick. His civility moreover was appreciated, so that he always found a ready welcome among those merry domestics.

He was one day upon the point of quitting the house where the servants were employed, when he chanced to meet the master as the latter was ascending the steps of the portico. The gentleman seemed suddenly struck with his appearance, eyeing him with an eager and somewhat impatient curiosity. The poor huckster, for he occasionally sold other things besides tea when he found he could turn such traffic, to a profitable account, felt abashed at the rigid and unexpected scrutiny, touched his hat with a tremulous obsequiousness as he passed the lord of the mansion, and made the best of his way home, fearing that the gentleman had entertained some unfavorable suspicion of him. As soon as he had retired, the master asked his servants what they knew respecting him, and though this was very little, it was still sufficient to induce him to desire again to see the itinerant tea-dealer; he therefore gave orders that he should be apprised the next time the latter called. This was accordingly done; and when the poor fellow was introduced to the great man, he began to entertain fears that he was laboring under the odium of a base suspicion. The old gentleman commenced by questioning him about his birth and parentage. His replies at length convinced the inquirer that the humble vender of tea was the object for whom he had been in search.

It happened that this very gentleman was living at Lucknow at the time of the captain's marriage with the Persian lady, and was in fact the only European, besides her husband, with whom she had been acquainted. He was moreover present at the marriage, and

the sole attesting witness. The widow had latterly written him several earnest letters from Lucknow; imploring him to use his best endeavors to recover her boy, of whom she had heard nothing for nearly twenty years. Upon receiving an appeal so urgent and affecting, the kind hearted friend did his best to discover the lost son; but having no clue, and finding his efforts end in disappointment, he had abandoned all hopes of success, when the resemblance of the huckster to the Indian lady, as the former quitted his house on the preceeding day, struck him so forcibly, that he felt instantly convinced of their identity, which his subsequent inquiries confirmed.

The old gentleman now made the long neglected half-caste, as he was considered to be, acquainted with every particular of his birth, informing him that the person who brought him to England was his father, and that he had a mother in India who was longing to clasp him to her bosom. She had deposited several thousand pounds in the Calcutta bank for his use, should he be discovered, and was inconsolable at his mysterious absence. Her affliction never for a moment subsided; she had mourned for him as for one dead, though not without a hope of still meeting him, in spite of her long disappointment.

This intelligence came like a light from heaven upon the friendless outcast. He could for the moment—scarcely believe so flattering a reality; but it was indeed true that he who had for years been reduced to the hard necessity of trudging about the country with a hawker's licence, abandoned by those relatives who should have protected him from such degradation, was destined to come into the possession of great wealth, which his former privations have taught him how to enjoy. His newly discovered friend furnished him with immediate letters to his agent in Calcutta. He secured a passage without delay, and after a prosperous voyage, reached the City of Palaces, whither his mother quickly repaired, with a large retinue, to receive and convey him to her own magnificent abode at Lucknow. Shortly after his arrival he set to England for his wife who followed in the first ship that sailed after the receipt of his letter. These latter transactions took place within the last three years. The parties are now at Lucknow, living in splendour and happiness. These few simple facts might furnish the groundwork of a romance of no ordinary interest. Their authenticity may be relied on.

#### EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE,

On Monday of last week, the hands employed in the quarry of Mr. Herman Lydacker, situated under the high range of mountains, below Slaughter's Landing, in this county, were alarmed by the cry of murder! proceeding from a female voice, but

were totally unable to discover the source from whence it came. At the same moment the crew of the sloop Henry Edward, which was passing down the river, saw something suspended at the side of the mountain resembling a female form. With commendable promptitude they immediately put about, dropped anchor, and jumping into a small boat, rowed to the shore. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, they found it was a young girl, (aged about 16,) hanging by one foot in a cedar bush, about one hundred feet from the base, and sixty feet from the top of the perpendicular rock. To reach her from the bottom was impossible, and providing themselves with a rope, they hastened around to the top, from which they lowered it. The unfortunate girl was yet able to fix it around her waist, and by this means was drawn from her perilous situation and rescued from impending and almost certain death.

She proved to be Miss Phebe Wells, a niece of Mr. Benedict Wells, who had left her residence without the knowledge of her family, with a view of going to New York to see her friends. Unacquainted with the passage of the mountains, it is supposed she was unaware of the danger until she found herself descending the precipice, and the rock being nearly perpendicular, the fall could only have been broken by the slight shrubbery which projects from the side of the cliff, until, luckily for her, she struck the cedar bush, in which her foot fortunately caught.—Her situation here may be imagined—it cannot be described: hanging by one foot to a slender bush, and a yawning gulf of rocks and stones one hundred feet below—unable to extricate herself, and for aught she knew, far beyond the reach of human call. It is not at all probable that in five hundred thousand cases, one could have passed the cliff she did, and not have been dashed to pieces long before reaching the bottom. She was not materially injured, and was conveyed to her friends in New York by the sloop Henry Edward, the captain and crew of which are entitled to the highest commendations for their promptitude and humanity.—*North River Times.*

#### VIRTUE.—A SKETCH.

The only amarantine flower on earth is virtue;  
The only lasting treasure, truth."

When the amiable and accomplished lady Jane Gray was confined in the tower previous to her execution, she wrote her friend Dr. Ascham a letter, containing the following passage:—"There is an eternity for all that belongs to virtue; and what we have done for her will advance even to the sea, however small the rivulet may have been during our life."

How inexpressively true! the pure and unsullied stream of virtue will ever meander through life's chequered course to the boundless ocean of eternity and happiness. Cy-