

that my patient was none other than a young and artless girl! she had taken up arms in defence of her country being prompted by a deep feeling of patriotism, which she had inculcated & cherished from her earliest youth. Added to this, she had a lover in the armies of the enemy, and she thought to reprove a recreant spirit by her example, whether she lived or fell on the field of battle. She met that recreant lover upon the heights of Q. she says herself that she did not recognize her unnatural foe until just as he was sinking beneath the brow of the precipice!—that when just ready to drop into eternity he raised his eyes which caught her's, and he said in a subdued voice, "*Viola! save me!*" She saw him hover a moment over the awful gulf—and when he fell, a wild and haggard look sat upon him, which told how bitter was that death which was brought to him by the *hand of love!* That hand would have spared him, but could not.

"Come to my house," my friend said and I will show you the female soldier who has so much interested you. *She is now my wife!* C. S.

MISCELLANY.

"Various that the mind of desultory man,
Studios of change and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

THE SALTED PUDDING.

I had been journeying all day with my merry old friend, Uncle Jacob, as every one calls him, and both of us had become completely "jogg'd out." At length we came to a public house, having the sign of a golden ball. "Here," said my droll companion, "we shall find small potatoes, or I lose my guess, for I never had any great opinion of these pumpkin taverns." But, fatigued as we were, indifferent accommodations would be acceptable, rather than push on farther. So, after seeing to our beast, which was pretty well provided for, we called for refreshment for ourselves. We soon found that Uncle Jacob's guessing was not far out of the way, for all the house seemed to be in a state of dishabille. "Ah slattern and aliphod," said he, as he passed from bar room to kitchen, reconnoitering. They promised to pick us up some-

thing to stay our stomachs. It was Saturday evening, and the landlady had commenced the work of making hasty pudding, according to N. England custom. As my companion and I were seated by the bar-room fire, a stout, strapping wench, not the sweetest and most delicate in all the world, brought in a dish of hashed meat, and placing it upon the hearth, left it uncovered. There was a large bull dog in one corner and three cats in the other. Jowler scented the savory morsel and made for the dish. I was about to drive him off, but uncle Jacob, shaking his head significantly, pushed me back. So the dog commenced operations and soon finished the work, licking the platter clean. Uncle Jacob watched him attentively all the while, and when he had done his meal, he went to the kitchen door, and, all grave as a churchman, addressed the lady. "Madam, the dog has done, and, I suppose, it is our turn next?" There was a most terrible hurly-burly in the family; and father and mother and daughter were all by the ears! The canine gentleman had disposed of all their fresh meat, and, by way of aiding his digestion, Dolly had made him feel the force of one of her ponderous hoofs, and sent him howling out doors. To ease the matter and comfort our poor hostess we told her that we would sit down with the family, if she pleased, to a dish of hasty pudding, which was a favorite of both.

Fondly now I waited the enjoyment of this charming Yankee repast. Uncle Jacob however was not at all satisfied with their slovenly appearance about the house, and, though now in no fear of the dog, he chose to take a peep into the kitchen, lest all would not go in so cleanly a style, as our worthy grandmothers were wont to have it.—"John," said the landlady to the boy, "I'm going to run over to Mr. Darby's a minute. Tell Dolly to remember to salt the pudding." But John heard only the three last words, and so administered the salt himself. Next came Dolly, intent on seeing the cookery well attended to, and gave it another seasoning. By and by the mother returned, and the fam-

ily being all out, concluded nothing had been done as she directed, and so she dashed in another handful, and, giving it a hearty stir, went up stairs. Presently the old man came bolting in from the stable. He stood enjoying the smoking mush for a minute, and muttered over to himself "I'll bet a goose there's no salt in it;" and then going to the salt box he took a fist full and shook it into the pudding. "Our turn next," exclaimed uncle Jacob, as the landlord passed into the bar room, and in went the fifth handful!

Now, reader, behold us all around the old pine table with each a bowl of milk and a pan of homany foaming in the centre! All but the rogue, Jacob, anticipated a charming feast. The landlord took the lead. He made out to gobble down one spoonful, when, as soon as his throat was at liberty, he dashed his spoon upon the table with violence and vociferated aloud—"In the name of Lot's wife, Cape Cod and Turk's Island, what have ye got here? Who salted the pudding, Dorcas?" "Why? why? what's the matter Mr. Blaney? It was I that salted it." "Why mother," says Dolly, "it was I that salted the pudding!"—"Well, I know granny told me to salt it, and so I did, by jinks," says the boy. "Gallows take it!" cried the old man, "did you salt the pudding? What a pothe is here! I was determined the business should not be neglected, and so I chucked in a handful." "And I too," said uncle Jacob, "supposing it to be the custom of the family, followed suit." "O, flanders and flamation!" ejaculated our host. "What shall be done now?" I really felt a sympathy for the disappointed people, and determined to get rid of as much trouble as possible, so I called for bread and cheese, and with this we made out a tolerable supper, washing it down with small beer. I undertook to scold uncle Jacob, after we retired to our lodgings, for carrying his sin to such a pitch; but it was to no purpose. "I was determined to eat none of their flummery," said he, "and was glad to experience the truth of the old adage, that 'too many cooks will spoil the broth.'"