

ourt; the certificate was also procured, and every made ready for tying the noose in the tightest ner. The young man was confronted by the crowd, told, in emphatic terms, the part he had to play in proceedings. He begged hard for a little time—time enough to go home and make his arrangements—but it was in vain. Without going into further particulars, the couple were united—the bride scarcely to stand upon the floor; the bridegroom wishing himself away. He had, vilely and under solemn prof of marriage, seduced the young woman, but low lawfully his wedded wife. He started that night ew Orleans with his flat boats, saying that he would take charge of her on his return. He has left money at different times, and, we believe, has seen as respectably provided for.

THE END.

A candle in its socket lying,  
Flickering, fading, brightening, dying;  
The autumn leaf fast rustling by,  
A strain of music's latest sigh;  
The summer wind's last, fainting breath;  
A mournful tone, that tells of death;  
A fire, whose embers scarce are burning;  
A spirit to its God returning;  
A sun extinguished from its place;  
A system vanishing in space:  
Thus all things end, save God!

Thus all things end! ah! said we so!  
Can aught have end that lives below?  
Is nothingness the end of strife?  
And void the crowning point of life?  
Annihilation! is there aught,  
Save madness, in the monstrous thought?  
We boldly say a thing is ending—  
We mean some change is o'er it pending:  
For matter changes, and changed must be  
Forever; like some changing sea:  
Thus all things change, save God!

Where goes the candle, when it dies?  
The leaf, the music, summer's sighs?  
A finished thought, a word, a death—  
Where is the home of parted breath?  
Where goes a year, an age, nay, time?  
Where is the end—the great sublime?  
All—all but centre round their being,  
The Great, Omnipotent, All-seeing!  
Unending, and unchanged forever!  
In vain the end from Him we sever:  
All ends are hid in God!

COULDN'T CURE HIM.

ood story is told in an eastern paper, of the treat- of a drunken husband, by his amiable spouse. trying various expedients, all to cure drunkenness, last he thought himself of another plan of making mad drunkard of her lord. engaged a watchman, for a stipulated reward, to Philander to the watch-house, while yet in a state insibility, and to frighten him a little when recover- In consequence of this arrangement, Philander up about eleven o'clock at night, and found him- ing on a pine bench, in a strange and dim apart- Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked him until his eye rested on a man seated by a smoking a segar. here am I?" said Philander. a medical college," said the segar smoker. at a doing there?" ng to be cut up.' comes that?" y, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, bought your body to make a natomy.' a lie—I'm not dead.' matter—we bought your carcass from your her had a right to sell it, for its all the good she ver make of you. If you'r not dead, that's no the doctor's, and they will cut you up, dead or u will do it eh?" asked the old sot. e, to be sure we will, now, directly," was the answer. ell, can't you let us have something to drink be- begin!"

This last speech satisfied the watchman that Philander was on a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result; so with no gentle handling, he tumbled the irrefractable inmate out of the watch-house.

HOW OLD BEN HARDIN GOT HIS WIEE.

Romance is sometimes embodied in a fact six inches long. An instance of this may be found in the rich and and funny stratagem by which old Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, got his wife, of which we have the following:— In the days of his young manhood, he was a workman on the farm of a wealthy landholder in that State, and there sprang up between the young labourer and the old man's daughter, what is often called a "secret attachment." By-the-bye, though, attachments are generally secret Well, Ben and his Dulcinea made out matters in proper time, without the knowledge or consent of his intended father-in-law. Indeed the old man had never suspected that the aspirations of the youth were tending towards an alliance with his family, and if it had ever occurred to him, he would have spurned the thought. Ben was aware of his aristocratic notions, and of the existence of almost insurmountable objections to the match. So one day consulting the ingenuity of his nature, he devised ways and means to bring it about.

Going to the old man, he told him that unfortunately he had conceived a liking for the daughter of a wealthy farmer in the neighborhood—that it was impossible to gain the consent of the girl's father—that he loved her, and she loved him—and asked the old man what course he would advise him to pursue.

"Won't she run away with you?" asked the old man.

"She might," answered Ben, "if I should make the arrangements. Do you think it would be honorable for me to take the advantage of such a thing?"

"Certainly," replied the originator of the plot. "there would be nothing wrong."

Ben so enlisted the old man in his favor, that he made him a tender of his horse and buggy. The place of meeting was arranged, and reader, you know the rest. Ben ran off with the old man's daughter, a fact which the old man snuffed in with the next morning's breeze, and one which chagrined him not a little. Winding up as all old novels do—Ben and his wife were forgiven.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF KOSSUTH.

The best pen and ink sketch of the Governor of Hungary we have yet seen, is given by our friend Col Fuller, of the New-York Mirror. He says, his personal appearance is more pleasing and less unpressive than his portraits represent. He is rather small in stature, slight in figure, with a remarkably fine head, and a still finer eye.

His forehead is very full, round, and high, and particularly well developed in the regions of ideality and benevolence. His moustache quite conceals the expression of the mouth—an object more desirable in diplomacy than in oratory. It is the large, mild eye and benignant smile that beams upon his brow, like sunshine on the mountain, combined with the sympathetic tones of voice chobbing with emotion, which captivates and magnetizes his hearers, exalting them by a sort of musical, moral and spiritual inspiration—the delightful and almost delicious effect of true eloquence. Kossuth speaks at the same time to the eye, to the ear, to the intellect, and to the heart. As an orator he stands in the foremost rank of all the Ciceros. As a Revolutionist and a Reformer, he has no equal in the power he exerts upon the masses, since the days of the ancient prophets. He seems to combine in himself a portion of the elements of Martin Luther, of Peter the Hermit, of William Tell, and of our Washington. As a scholar, a lawyer, a politician, and a diplomatist he may be greater than either. As a patriot, a soldier, and a statesman, we cannot rank him with the incomparable Washington.

Nathaniel Spence, the poor fellow who was found frozen in the snow while travelling on the Port Stanley Road on Saturday, has, after suffering the most intense pain, submitted to have both his hands amputated, to save his life.—[Galt Reporter.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM,

I have now been more than a week in Jerusalem, and have become familiar with all its features: The city is about two miles square, and is surrounded by a thick wall of grey limestone, about twenty-five feet in height, built in the Sarcenic style.—The population amounts to about 15,000, of whom one-third are Christians, one-third Mahometans, and one-third Jews.—The people, except the numerous monks, and few resident Europeans, dress in the Oriental costume, and all the native women, of every religion, go very closely veiled. The houses are of stone, and present externally the same toom-like appearance of all eastern cities. The streets are narrow and uneven, and are extremely slippery, since the stones, with which they were long ago paved, have been worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims to a marble-like smoothness. The pavements instead of rattling with wheels, or ringing with hoofs, or echoing with the tramp of a busy multitude, hardly dip with the pedestrian's sandalled step, and the camel's muffled tread. The hum of business and the voice of merriment is no where heard. A strange melancholy stillness reigns over the once tumultuous and joyous city.—[Scenes in the East.

CURIOUS DREAM—THE HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL.

Being on a tour through the West of England some years ago, I found myself one morning rapidly advancing up the river Tamar in the gig of the "Captain of the ordinary," at Plymouth. We were bound for the noble ruins of Trematon Castle, in the area of which a good modern house has been erected, and in one of the towers is arranged a very pleasing collection of antiquities. As we proceeded up the river, the gallant captain related the following anecdote in reference to the then proprietor of Trematon — It is well known that, in the afternoon of the 12th May, 1812, the Hon. Spencer Perceval, the then Prime Minister, fell by the hands of Bellingham, in the lobby of the House Commons; the cause assigned by the murderer being the neglect of, or refusal to discharge a supposed claim he had upon the government. On the same night the gentleman above alluded to, and residing at Trematon, had the tragic scene so minutely and painfully depicted in his sleep that he could not resist the desire of sending the particulars to a friend in town, which he did by the up mail, which departed a few hours after he had risen on the following morning. He informed his friend that his topographical knowledge of London was very meagre; and as to the House of Commons, (the old one,) he had only seen the exterior. He went on to state, that, dreaming he was in town, he had a desire to hear the debates in parliament, and for this purpose, inquired his way to the lobby of the house, the architectural peculiarities of which he minutely described, he gave an exact description of the few officials and others in the room, and especially of a tall, thin man who seemed to watch the opening of the door as any one entered, with wild and restless grief. At length Mr Perceval arrived, whose person, although unknown to him; and dress he described, as also the manner in which the horrid deed was done. He further communicated the words uttered by the victim, to the effect, "The villain has murdered—," how the wounded man was treated, and the person of the medical man who was on the instant called in.— These, with other particulars, which have escaped my memory, were thus recorded, and the first newspaper he received confirmed the accuracy of this extraordinary dream.—Notes and Queries.

A COUNTESS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

A letter from Saint Augustine, Fla, to the Savannah Republican, says — "The Ancient City is favoured with the presence of an English Countess, who takes up her abode in Florida, the more easily to secure a divorce from a somewhat antiquated husband, the lady herself being in the bloom and beauty of early womanhood. Her object requiring a sojourn here for a certain period, we understand that, in the course of the present winter, a bevy of distinguished friends are expected from Canada in a yacht.

The Duke of Northumberland has given orders for the construction of no less than a thousand new and comfortable dwellings for laborers.