

all the time pressing his sleek little nose against the cruel bars, and staring at us wildly with his tinny eyes like black beads.

A mouse is by no means an extraordinary animal, nor is it at all remarkable that being once in a trap, he should make strong demonstrations of a desire to get out of it; but that a mouse—a veritable hole-gnawing, cheese-stealing, book-destroying mouse, (with nothing peculiar about his physiological structure to distinguish him from the "profunum vulgus" of mice,) should look right in a body's face, singing mournfully all the while, and with a cadence now rising, then falling, like the notes of a timid young canary bird, was an event that required almost more than seeing, and hearing to believe.

The sounds produced by this mouse are of a varied character, and denote most distinctly the presence of fear, distress, contentment, and pleasure. Certain of the family faces have become so agreeable to him that he at once recognises them amongst others, and testifies his satisfaction by sitting bolt upright with his nose protruded between the wires of his box, and uttering the while a peculiar comfortable chirrup not unlike that of a young chicken when the hen is about covering it.

The faculty which in our estimation entitles him to the appellation of a singing mouse, is indeed a most extraordinary character; and but few birds that I know of more deservedly enjoy the honor of musical merit, either for variety or sweetness of notes; his voice, to be sure, is neither loud nor powerful; still it possesses a very considerable compass, and the transitions from the note to another, with all the diversities of the gamut are at once startling and delightful to the ear; flats, sharps, semitones, barytones, quivers, demisemiquavers, staccatos, trills, are all performed with marvelous grace and accuracy, and the most untutored ear could not fail to detect expression and harmony in the notes which he pours forth at times in a wild or tender strain just as the inspiration is upon him.—*Phil. Enquirer.*

THE LAST MELODY.

The Emperor Alexander was dead. His next brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, was the natural successor to the throne of Russia, but, by a deed, till then kept secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced his claim to the throne in the favor of his younger brother, the present Emperor Nicholas. The accession of the latter to the throne, on the death of Alexander, not only excited general surprise, but an unsettled feeling soon manifested itself amongst the people and the army. The time appeared favorable to the breaking out of a conspiracy that had been fostering for some years; and an insurrection took place at St. Petersburg, on Christmas day, 1825; but the conspirators was too hasty, and, their attempt not being soon seconded by troops, failed.

One hundred and thirty-six leaders, of the rebellion were seized, tried, and condemned; and almost all of them were sentenced to perpetual labor, or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that punishment—the gibbet being substituted by an ukase of the Emperor.

Among these five chiefs, the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestel, Col. of the Infantry regiment of Wiatka.

The long and arduous task to which he had devoted himself had not wholly engrossed the mind of this brave and preserving conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success and, in particular, he was an excellent musician.

The young and beautiful Catharine W.——had conceded a devoted attach-

ment to Pestel.—Gifted with an exquisite voice she loved to sing his melodies. The passion, with which she inspired him was equally fervent as her own; and if ever the brave conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it was when he was seated by Catharine's side, and dreaming of her love and happiness.

On the eve of the day when insurrection was to break out, Pestel, more absorbed than usual, scarcely answered Catharine when she spoke to him, and at times seemed not to hear her.

"What ails you to-day, Paul?" she said, taking his hand; you do not look at me—you do not speak to me as usual. I never saw you so cold, so absent, when you were with me before."

Pestel looked at her sadly. "What would you do, Catharine, were you never to see me again?"

"I should die!" said Catharine, with enthusiasm, and then added, in a voice of terror,

"But good God, why this question? Paul you cannot think of forsaking me?"

Pestel was silent.

"It cannot be," said Catharine: "you have sworn to love me till death."

"Yes, Catharine! while this heart beats it is yours. But, (embracing her with ardent but melancholy tenderness) he added, 'promise me Catharine, if I die that you will for the sake of your old father, and that, even when I'm dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts.'

"I promise you to live as long as my grief will allow me. But, Paul, it is not I who shall have to undergo this cruel trial."

"There are presentiments Catharine, which I cannot mistake," said Pestel, declining his head on his breast; "an inward monitor warns me that I must abandon my two visions of happiness—the bliss of living in the enjoyment of your love, Catharine, and the glory of securing the freedom and independence of my country."

"What do you mean?" said Catharine, whose fear and agitation increased every moment, "what mean these mysterious words, these gloomy predictions? Paul, you are concealing a secret from me."

"Yes, Catharine."

"A secret from me, Paul, who has never kept one from you?"

"You have had all mine—but this does not belong to me."

"Alas! if I imagined from your looks, your words, your thoughts of death and parting, it must be something very terrible!"

"It is terrible, indeed!"

After a moment's silence, Pestel continued:

"Hear me Catharine, when I give you my parting kiss this morning, it may perhaps be the last you will ever receive from me. But, whatever may be my lot, if you are told, 'Paul is dead, come, and you shall find a remembrance of me for you! for I swear to you, Catharine my last thought shall be of you.'"

Pestel's presentiment did not deceive him!—He saw her no more.

The day after the execution of sentence a young female, bathed in tears, obtained permission to visit his cell. It was Catharine. After a long search, she discovered some lines of music pencilled on the wall. Above them, there was only two words, "For Her!" Underneath was Paul's name.

Two years after, a poor maniac died in a lunatic asylum, whose madness consisted in singing, every day, at the same hour, the same little melody that was pencilled on the wall of the cell. The poor maniac was Catharine—and the air she sang—*The Last melody of Pestel.*

CURIOSITIES.—"Buzz" sends us, for our collection, "A tooth from the mouth of a backbiter."—This may might sink a steamboat!

HOW JEDEDIAH WAS SUCKED IN.

"Is the Squire tu hum?" inquired an elongated individual yesterday, who pushed his head into the Recorder's office. It being about the dinner hour none of the officials happened to be "tu hum," but a couple of cits, who were lounging inside, invited him in, and inquired his business.

"Well," said he in a beautiful nasal, "my business ain't much, but tell me which is the Squire?"

"He is at dinner sir," said one of the pair "but if you have anything very urgent, we will send for him."

"Well, I ain't got much in particular," answered the Eastern man, "but jest this mornin' a feller from the 'Jinin Siste of Illinois played me one of the all-firedest mean tricks I've heern on lately,"

"What was it like?" inquired the listener.

"Well, it wan't much like anything," said he, "but an all created suck in. Where is that Squire?" he burst out again: "I'll hev the mean critter jerked into a jail of his cost—*he a dollar.*"

"What did he do?" persisted the questioner.

"Well, 'twant much of anything except a sell," said he: and then breaking out again, he exclaimed: "Oh Jedediah Dexter! that anything cute as you're allowed to be shud be drawn into such a scrape by a yaller lookin', ager shaken, corn raisin', sarprint as that feller!"

"Was he a Sucker?" inquired the gent.

"Well he wan't much else," said the afflicted mourner, "and the fullist grown one I've seed lately—cuss his picture,"

"But you have not told us what his offence was," continued the other,

"No," said he, "I ain't; and what's wusser a darned sight, I'm ashamed tu; all ere-a-tion! that I shud a been so teetotally green. I swow," said he, starting, "I believe I won't tell it; I'll jest let the mean vermint slide. It won't bear tellin' on."

Why, ef they shud heer it down in Connecticut, I couldn't never show myself at any futur' Thanks-given' in them latitudes; they'd *holter* at me jest as quick as they'd clap eyes on me."

"Oh, come!" shouted both listeners, "you are not going to leave without enlightning us, now that you have raised our curiosity!"

"Well, I guess it won't hurt you much ef you don't heer it," and he was about to move when one of his auditors informed him that it was absolutely necessary that he should stop and lodge his complaint, for that evidently some wrong had been committed, and if he kept silent, and allowed it to pass unpunished he would be conniving at the evil, and thereby lay himself liable.

"Is that the law with you?" inquired the bitten complainant.

Both listeners signified the affirmative to the query.

"Well, I don't want to go agin law much," said Jed, "so you kin hev the hull upshot of this in a minit, and you'll allow it is mighty mean. A Illinois feller this mornin' walked into my shop where I'm merchandizin' along side on the market, and got tu dickerin' some utter with me for groceries and other notions. His pots of cow's grease were dreadful nice on top, and tasted like new milk arter spring grass. It just tuck me all of a heap and I bargined for all the critter had and got tu sellin' him the fixins in exchange. He looked so etarnal soft, and swayed round so all-fired green, that I didn't once hev a dream in' of the critter's being tricky; so the trade was did up mighty short, and he travelled. Well, just a minit sence, I turned out a pot to sell a customer, I swan tu man of two-thirds on wasn't an *Injin meal dumplin'!*" A burst of laughter here broke from his auditors, and, as they appeared to keep on at it, instead of sympathising with Jed, he

raised himself proudly up under his load of surprise, and moved to the door.

"Ah! ha, ha, ha! *Injin dumplings!* ha! ha!" shouted one of the convulsed listeners as Jed. was retreating.

"You needn't take on so," says Jed., "for ef he don't think of his sins when he swallers that tea I sold him, then I'm mistaken in the yarb. It's perfectly awful on a man's bowels; specially when he ain't used to it!" and amidst a shout of laughter, Jed disappeared, congratulating himself at least on being even.—*Reville.*

THE TAYLORS AND THE SCOTTS.—

There was quite a scene in the Recorder's office yesterday morning, between two ladies, each of whom had a child in her arms. Mrs. Taylor was a short dumpy woman, with a pair of shoulders broad enough to bear most of the burden of life. She was rather negligent in her dress, but there was an honesty and determination in her face that aroused the dormant sympathies of even the policemen. Mrs. Scott, on the contrary, was a tall woman, with rather a lady like figure. She wore a red shawl, and her gimp bonnet was decked with a profusion of gaudy artificial flowers, thus affording a strong contrast to the plain cap and homely dress of Mrs. Taylor. The infant Scott seemed very delicate and languid, while the infant Taylor was as sturdy a little brat as ever played in a mud puddle, or got scalded by the upsetting of a tea-kettle.

"Ladies," said the Recorder, with his accustomed blandness, "please state your cases." Here a slight squabble took place, which finally ended in Mrs. Scott's being allowed to speak first. Gracefully adjusting the folds of her shawl, with a slight "hem" and an indistinct "hwy," she commenced:

"You see, sir, I live next door to that woman; her husband is a common man, who works on a farm up the coasts while my husband is head waiter in a restaurant down town. She is continually insultin' me, and throwin out hints that my baby (not quite three months old, sir) is dyin' of the measles, and the whooping cough kimbined. Yesterday she told Mrs. Jinkins that I bought the poorest meat in all Poydras market, and that my eggs never was fresh. 'The day before that she throwed a basin of cold water on my head, as I was walking past with little Winfield in my arms, and the poor child has been sick ever since. I talked to her about it, sir and said I should tell you of it, when she got into a passion, throwed down her own dirty little brat, and struck me in the face."

"That'll do Mrs. Scott; and now for your part of the tale, Mrs. Taylor."

"That woman, yer honor, is intirely above herself.—This here blessed child that's in my arms was born the day that the battle of Pully Altar was fought, and my old man said as how his name should be Zack Taylor, and Zack Taylor I had him christened. Elizer Scott hadnt no baby then, and she's been jealous of me ever since.—She treats me as if I was a nigger, and now she's got young Winfield, she's prouder than ever. She says that my frocks ain't as good as her'n, and that my little Zack when he grows up, will go to the penitentiary. She called me a bad name the other day when I throwd the basin of water on her—I got into a passion, and hit her, and if she bothers me or my little Zack any more, I'll hit her again."

The Recorder gave Mrs. Taylor a sound lecture, and bound her over to keep the peace; whereupon, Mr. Scott walked out of the police office, as happy as a peacock with a full tail strutting in the sun.—*New Orleans Delta.*

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide, if you won't have me." "Well John, as soon as you give me that proof of your affection, I will believe that you love me."