

they were orphans. The river of the West, was now the sepulchre of the gallant soldier. Lehiella wept for her father—but she wept on the bosom of her lover, and she felt she was not alone.

It was a mysterious destiny, that thus united the offspring of two hostile nations in the loveliness of nature, the sacredness of love, and the holiness of religion—for Adario had learned to worship the Christian's God. The memory of Sakamaw, the friend of the white man, is still hallowed in the traditions of the West; but many a traveller passes by the cottage of the wilderness, and gazes on its shaded images in the current that bears him along, unconscious that the son of the Eagle chief, and the daughter of his brave defender, dwell within its secluded walls.

MUSINGS BY LAWRIE TODD.

It was nine, p. m. a fine bed of hickory (not Lehigh coal) was glowing in the *Franklin*. Thinks I, how much better it is to pay twenty-five cents for such a comfortable fire, than to pay one dollar for a box-ticket.

This idea carried me back to 1794, when there was only one playhouse in the city, and that was a small shabby-looking article, held together by old nails and pine-boards. It stood back in a yard, near number eleven John-street, where Flora now holds her court. There Hodgkinson used to act the *Devil to Pay*, to the astonishment of a hundred and fifty men and silly women; for, in those days, the folks thought twice before they spent a dollar once. There was a shed covered with boards, from John-street, leading to the play-house door. There were no hacks in those days; and it was a rare sight, indeed, when a carriage of any sort approached its entrance. One play-night a fire broke out in the neighbourhood. The people rushed out without waiting for checks. The fire was quickly put out. The people returned *en masse*. I was curious to see what they were about, having never seen a play. I had heard that it was a school for morality. So I went in with the crowd. At the time I entered, there was a man on the stage, dressed like a Scotch Ploughman, going to and fro, and whistling *Maggie Lomther*. He gave a smart crack with a whip; then there was such clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and shouting *evree*, till at last the thing settled down with a long and loud horse laugh. I stared all round, to find out what they were laughing at, but could see nothing but the man and the whip. Thinks I to myself I must either lack brains, or these people wits; for I saw nothing worth laughing at, when the uproar ceased. There next appeared a fine field of corn, with woods and waters, and every thing as natural as life. Presently a whole lot of singing men, and dancing women, came running out of the woods: they danced, sang, and cut all sorts of capers for near half an hour. This, I thought, was well enough, only the lasses wore their frocks shorter than the fashion; and the ladies had no shawls on their necks although it was winter. When I came out, thinks I, this is no school for morality, and no place for young men to sit; so I never went back.

At this time, (1794,) I don't think there were six pianofortes in the city; now, I suppose, there may be ten thousand. The lasses were all better employed; then they were the true yokefellows, always drawing equal, helping and cheering their good men, as they trudged along with the cares and burthens of life. The mother and girls made all the clothes in the family. No merchant-tailors and their five-hundred dollar bills in those days; no notes lying over. In fact, for the first fifteen years I lived in New-York, I never heard of a protested note; hence I infer, that the pressure in the money-market is all owing to the increase of playhouses and pianofortes; because the solitary, little playhouses at that time I don't think, would hold over three hundred people; but now we have seven or eight playhouses, and those so large as probably to hold three thousand each. I have heard that thirty thousand dollars a-week went support the playhouses. Now, only to think how many butchers and bakers' bills might be paid with this money! I heard of a man living in a five-story house, who one day, while at dinner, had the baker's bill, amounting to *seven-fifty*, brought up to him: he took out his pocket-book; his wife looks across the table—"See, my dear, that you leave money enough to buy the tickets;" ten dollars were wanted for the tickets—there were but fifteen in the book; so the baker had to call again, and the play got the ten dollars. Next morning they had nothing for their money but waking dreams. Now, how many thousand supernumerary door-keepers, and stage-sweepers, men-singers, and women-singers, lamp-lighters, and fiddlers are killing time in those concerns! If all the men were felling trees and hoeing corn, and all the women making cloth and knitting stockings, there would be no high pressure in Wall street, and the baker would not need to call again for his bill.

When Washington was president, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mothers and daughters in New-York made all the dough-nuts and cakes between Christmas and New-year's: now the married ladies are too proud to make dough-nuts; besides, they don't know how; so they e'en send to Madame Pompadour, or some other French cake-maker, and buy sponge-cake or lady-fingers for three dollars a-pound. In those days New-York was full of substantial comforts—now it is full of splendid misery: then there were no grey-headed spinsters, (unless they were very ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar and commence house-keeping for twenty; and in washing his clothes and cooking his victuals, the wife saved him more money than it took to sup-

port her. Now I have known a minister lately to get five-hundred dollars for buckling a couple; then wine, cake, and other et-ceteras, five hundred more; wedding-clothes and jewels, a thousand; six or seven hundred in driving to the Springs, or some desert mountain; then a house must be got for eight hundred per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand; and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got at ten dollars per month; a chambermaid, laundress, and seamstress, at seven dollars each; and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme; and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlour, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen: thus, lighting the candle at both ends, it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door, and drives Love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy bachelors from entering the state of Blessedness: hence you find more deaths than marriages in the papers.

Forty-five years ago, our real wants were few, and easily supplied; our imaginary wants, none; now our real wants are just as few; but the world and all its stores can't supply our imaginary ones. In those days, men got married at night, and went forth to work in the morning, with all the sober realities of life on their backs; now they get married in the morning, and start off spending money, as if the wedding-day would last through life.

Much has been said and sung about the improvements of the age, going to Albany in ten hours, and England in twelve days, etc. It may be so, but what then? I know the folks were happier when we took three days in going to Newburg, eight to Albany, and twelve weeks to Europe. Now, to be sure, you may go to bed in New York and wake up in Albany; run round, collect money, and be home in time to take up your note; but all the time you are worried; for, if detained an hour by accident, your note may be protested. Well, you get home, five hundred short; you go from house to house, and at three p. m. the note is taken up. It is too late for the family dinner; you take a cup of coffee and a cold cut, plod away to your office, turn over the leaves in search of means to return the five hundred to-morrow, and get ready for another note, which is payable on Saturday. You are home at seven p. m., sore, fatigued, and jaded, both in body and mind. For fifty long hours your young wife has not seen your face; she hears your foot; she meets you at the door with one of her sweetest smiles. Your mind is soured; you can scarcely find a kind word to give her in return, nor half an hour to sing a song to the baby; you drop on a chair, fling your hat to the winds; you are tired, and in thirty minutes your head is on the pillow, where you dream of bank bills and brokers till daylight in the morning. These men stay; they don't live. Before steam was got up, man's life was compared to a journey: now, it's most emphatically a race, and most unhappy is he who is fore most.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

THE CRISIS.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

From Adventures of Tittlebat Titmouse.—Blackwood's Magazine.

On Friday night, the 28th July, 182-, the state of Mr. Titmouse's affairs was this: he owed his landlady £1, 9s.; his washerwoman, 6s.; his tailor, £1, 8s.—in all, three guineas; besides 10s. to Huckaback, (for Tittlebat's notion was, that on repayment at any time of 10s. Huckaback would be bound to deliver up to him the document or voucher which he had given him,) and a weekly accruing rent of 7s. to his landlady, besides some very small sums for washing, tea, bread, and butter, &c. To meet these serious liabilities, he had—not one farthing.

On returning to his lodgings that night, he found a line from Thumberew, his landlady's broker, informing him that, unless by ten o'clock on the next morning, his arrears of rent were paid, he should distrain, and she would also give him notice to quit at the end of the week: that nothing could induce her to give him further time. He sat down in dismay on reading this threatening document; and, in sitting down, his eye fell on a bit of paper lying on the floor, which must have been thrust under the door. From the marks on it, it was evident that he must have trod upon it in entering. It proved to be a summons from the Court of Requests, for £1, 8s., due to Job Cox, his tailor. He deposited it mechanically on the table; and for a minute he dared hardly to breathe.

This seemed something really like a crisis.

After a silent agony of half an hour's duration, he rose trembling from his chair, blew out his candle, and, in a few minutes' time, might have been seen standing with a pale and troubled face before the window of old Balls, the pawnbroker, peering through the suspended articles—watches, sugar-tongs, rings, brooches, spoons, pins, bracelets, knives and forks, seals, chains, &c.—to see whether any one else than old Balls were within. Having at length watched out a very pale and wretched looking woman, Titmouse entered to take her place; and after exchanging a few words with the white-haired and hard-hearted old pawnbroker, produced his guard-chain, his breast-pin, and his ring, and obtained three pounds two shillings and sixpence, on the security of them. With this sum he slunk out of the shop, and calling on Cox, his tailor, paid his trembling old creditor the full amount of his claim (£1, 8s.) together with 4s., the expense of the summons—simply asking for

a receipt, without uttering another word, for he felt almost choked. In the same way he dealt with Mrs. Squallop, his landlady—not uttering one word in reply to her profuse and voluble apologies, but pressing his lips between his teeth till the blood came from them, while his heart seemed bursting within him. Then he walked up stairs with a desperate air—with eighteenpence in his pocket—all his ornaments gone—his washerwoman yet unpaid—his rent going on—several other matters yet unsettled; and the 10th of August approaching, when he expected to be dismissed penniless from Mr. Tag-rag's, and thrown on his own resources for subsistence. When he had regained his room, and having shut the door, had re-seated himself at the table, he felt for a moment as if he could have yelled. Starvation and Despair, two fiends, seemed sitting beside him in shadowy ghastliness, chilling and palsying him—petrifying his heart within him, WHAT WAS HE TO DO? Why had he been born? Why was he so much more persecuted and miserable than any one else? Visions of his ring, his breast-pin, his studs, stuck in a bit of card, with their price written above them, and hanging exposed to view in old Balls' window, almost frenzied him. Thoughts such as these at length began to suggest others of a dreadful nature.....The means were, at that instant within his reach.....A sharp knock at the door startled him out of the stupor into which he was sinking. He listened for a moment, as if he were not certain that the sound was a real one. There seemed a ton weight upon his heart, which a mighty sigh could lift for an instant, but not remove; and he was in the act of heaving a second such sigh, as he languidly opened the door—expecting to encounter Mr. Thumberew, or some of his myrmidons, who might not know of his recent settlement with his landlady.

"Is this Mr.---Tit---Titmouse's?" enquired a genteel-looking young man.

"Yes," replied Titmouse, sadly.

"Are you Mr. Titmouse?"

"Yes," he replied, more faintly than before.

"Oh---I have brought you, sir, a letter from Mr. Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Saffron Hill," said the stranger, unconscious that his words shot a flash of light into a little abyss of sorrow before him. "He begged me to give this letter into your own hands, and said he hoped you'd send him an answer by the first morning's post."

"Yes---oh---I see---certainly---to be sure---with pleasure---how is Mr. Gammon?---uncommon kind of him---very humble respects to him---take care to answer it"—stammered Titmouse, in a breath, hardly knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and not quite certain where he was.

"Good evening, sir," replied the stranger, evidently a little surprised at Titmouse's manner, and withdrew. Titmouse shut his door. With prodigious trepidation of hand and flutter of spirits, he opened the letter—an enclosure meeting his eyes in the shape of a bank-note.

"Oh Lord!" he murmured, turning white as the sheet of paper he held. Then the letter dropped from his hand, and he stood as if stupified for some minutes; but presently rapture darted through him; a five-pound bank-note was in his hand, and it had been enclosed in the following letter:

"35, Tharles' Inn,
28th July, 182--"

"My dear Mr. Titmouse,

"Your last note, addressed to our firm, has given me the greatest pain, and I hasten, on my return from the country, to forward you the enclosed trifle, which I sincerely hope will be of temporary service to you. May I beg the favour of your company on Sunday evening next, at seven o'clock, to take a glass of wine with me? I shall be quite alone and disengaged; and may have it in my power to make you some important communications, concerning matters in which, I assure you, I feel a very deep interest on your account. Begging the favor of an early answer to-morrow morning, I trust you will believe me, ever, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

OILY GAMMON.

"Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq."

The first balmy drop of the long expected golden shower had at length fallen upon the panting Titmouse. How polite, nay, how affectionate and respectful—was the note of Mr. Gammon! and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself addressed

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE."

If his room had been large enough to admit of it, Titmouse would have skipped round it again and again in his frantic ecstasy. Having at length read over and over again the blessed letter of Mr. Gammon, he hastily folded it up, crumpled up the bank-note in his hand, clapped his hat on his head, blew out his candle, rushed down stairs as if a mad dog were at his heels, and in three or four minutes' time was standing breathless before old Balls, whom he almost electrified by asking, with an eager and joyous air, for a return of the articles which he had only an hour before pawned with him; at the same time laying down the duplicates and bank-note. The latter, old Balls scrutinized with the most anxious exactness, and even suspicion—but it seemed perfectly unexceptionable; so he gave him back his precious ornaments, and the change out of his note, *minus* a trifling sum for interest. Titmouse then started off at top speed to Huckaback; but it suddenly occurred to him as possible that gentleman, on hearing of his good fortune, might look for an immediate repayment of the ten shillings he had