

do not, like us, fade their cheeks lying awake at nights ruminating the awful question who shall do the washing next week, or who shall take the chambermaid's place, who is going to be married, or that of the cook, who has signified her intention of parting with the mistress. Their hospitality is never embarrassed by the consideration that their whole kitchen cabinet may desert at the moment that their guests arrive. They are not obliged to choose between washing their own dishes, or having their cut glass, silver, and china, left to the mercy of a foreigner, who has never done anything but field work. And last, not least, they are not possessed with that ambition to do the impossible in all branches, which, I believe, is the death of a third of the women in America. What is there ever read of in books, or described in foreign travel, as attained by people in possession of every means and appliance, which our women will not undertake, single-handed, in spite of every providential indication to the contrary? Who is not cognizant of dinner parties invited, in which the lady of the house has figured successively as a confectioner, cook, dining-room girl, and, lastly, rushing up stairs to bathe her glowing cheeks, smooth her hair, draw on satin dress and kid gloves, and appear in the drawing-room as if nothing were the matter? Certainly, the undaunted bravery of our American females can never enough be admired. Other women can play gracefully the head of the establishment; but who, like them, could be head, hand, and foot, all at once?

As I have spoken of stoves, I will here remark that I have not yet seen one in England; neither, so far as I can remember, have I seen a house warmed by a furnace. Bright coal fires, in grates of polished steel, are as yet the lares and penates of old England. If I am inclined to mourn over any defect in my own country, it is the closing up of the cheerful open fire, with its bright lights and dancing shadows, and the planting on our domestic hearth of that sullen, stifling gnomie, the air-tight stove. I agree with Hawthorne in thinking the movement fatal to patriotism; for who would fight for an air-tight!

The Massacre of the Crew of the Harriet

CONFESSION OF THE PIRATE CHIEF.

A letter dated Athens, July 22, supplies the following copy of the confession made by the chief of the gang of pirates who not long since murdered the crew of the Harriet, in the Levant. His examination took place on board of the French steam corvette Chaptal. The pirate deposed:—

In the course of the month of March last I left Constantinople for Syria, in the Galazid, Captain Epaminondas. Having arrived at Syria, the Sub-Commissary of Police, Anjerios, as well as another Samot, counselled me to go to Athens. The next day, Strati, the Commissary of Police, sent for me. I told him that I had no money, and that what I wanted was to serve as a seaman on board some merchant vessel.—He said there was just then no work for sailors, but that if I would return in a few days he would put me up to something good. He would send me, he said, to Chalcis, where I should see Colonel Cioygiades, who had written to me to come to an understanding with the police commissary Strati. This letter is at Chalcis with my other effects.—One day when I was at Strati's house he showed me a letter which he had received from Stamati. The first page of this letter

was addressed to Strati, but the over-leaf was addressed to me. Stamati directed me to conform to Strati's instructions in all points, and that some day I should be great and my children after me. Strati forbade me to reveal aught that he had said to me, and then advised me to join the war in Thessaly, and to go to Chalcis. He recommended me to go by the coast of Capo Douro, and to seize and sink all the French and English ships I could find, as those nations were opposed to the enterprises of the Greeks. Strati lured a goelette, with a crew of five men, in which I embarked with 28 others, of whom 25 were Samiots. The captain of this vessel came from Styli-dy, in the Gulf of Zeitonni. Strati gave me twenty drachmas, but none of the men who embarked with me received pay; they only had provision for two days.—I was appointed chief of the expedition, and I alone knew its object, which I did not reveal to my companions until we had fairly left Syria, which we left three hours after sunset in the evening. The next day we arrived at about four or five miles from Gabrios, on the coast of Andros. At that place we were becalmed until midnight. About three hours before daybreak, just as the breeze was rising, our men saw an English schooner. I was asleep at the time, but they called me. I ordered my eight and twenty men to follow me towards the schooner, and we boarded her. We had previously hailed the ship and found that it was English, and that the crew also were natives. When we got on board, we made all the men go down into the captain's cabin, and when we took all the money on board. The English produced three pounds sterling, two watches, a telescope, two compasses, and a barrel containing a small quantity of rum. We then ordered all the crew on deck and massacred them with our knives, and cast their bodies into the sea. I give no order to kill those men, nor did I kill one myself. We had meant to sink the schooner, but we abandoned this intention fearing to be perceived by other vessels. After the massacre we went to Chalcis, where I landed with my 28 companions, and we paid a visit to our compatriot Col. Stamati Giorgiades, but did not find him at home. The next day we went to Bourgi, where we found Stamati, his son, and another person. The same day we went back to Chalcis with Stamati in a barque which belonged to him. We stayed a month with Stamati, to whom we told our adventures, and he approved of our conduct. Of the 21 men who followed me 18 left to go to Stuida. Stamati advised me to become a pirate, and to go to the Anatolian coast, there to wait till a fitting opportunity presented itself for attacking Samos. We left Chalcis in a *perame*, touched at Tsoura, Tynos, and Myconi, and thence went to Samos. Repenting of my conduct I made my submission to the governor of the island, and reported to him all the circumstances attending the massacre of the crew of the English schooner.

The Vender in Trouble.

We take the following chapter from the *Cleveland Herald*. How many there are, who, like this poor man, wish the Maine law would remove the temptation which they cannot withstand.

A young man in a state of intoxication, stepped into a confectionary establishment in Water St., a few evenings since, and called for a glass of beer. Noticing his condition, the proprietor refused to sell him

any, remarking that he had already more than was proper for him.

"Oh," answered the young man, "I've been trying to keep sober all day, and I can't."

"Well, I can't sell you any beer, and you needn't ask for it again."

"Only one glass; come here's the money."

"Not one."

"I'm so thirsty—so dry."

"Well, there's a glass of water: drink."

Stumbling up to the counter, the poor wretched drank a couple of glasses of water, and then turning round said, "You are the only man who has refused me to-day—I wish to Heaven they all had."

He put his hand into his breast pocket, and tremulously drew out a small miniature.—He opened it and gazed upon it some minutes. It was the daguerrotype of an elderly lady, upon whose face were strongly marked lines of care and sorrow; the pale countenance and the eyes almost seemed to enter his soul, and to speak reproof to the erring son.

"Oh, my mother," he said, "how much trouble, sorrow and unhappiness I have caused thee!" His emotion was very great. At last, tears came to his relief, and he wept like a child; while on the countenances of those around were depicted sympathy and commiseration. At length he said, "I am childish, foolish, weak!" He compressed his quivering lips, closed the miniature, put it in his pocket, and turning, staggered out saying, "You won't give me a glass of beer—a glass to drown all?"—he paused.

"No!" was the answer. He was gone. "Had I many such customers," observed the proprietor to those around him, "I'd take my beer pump and pitch it into the middle of the street. I wish to Heaven the Maine Law would be submitted to us. I—yes I—who derive a large profit from the sale of beer, I would vote for it, and that too, freely, willingly, happily."

"I came," remarked a by-stander, "for a glass of beer, but this fellow has so sickened my taste that the stimulant would be more bitter than gall, should I drink it.—Henceforth, since habit grows upon us unawares, and since habit is second nature, I will desist from taking my occasional glass."

ROOMS AT SARATOGA.—A lady correspondent at Saratoga has the following. It is to the point.—For comfort, Saratoga is the last place for a lady to seek:—"In some of the rooms it would be quite impossible for a lady to turn round in full dress, especially as full sleeves are again in fashion, and they look upon you with the greatest complacency and tell you that you can have such a room for twelve, fifteen, or twenty dollars a week!—There are six pegs on one side, on which to hang twenty dresses; there is a wash stand but not a sign of a bureau or drawer, in which to deposit a bushel basket of flummery, all of which must be kept in the nicest order; there are your two trunks, hat box and satchel, which are considered very well off under the bed, and when you are in the room, there is no other way but to make the same bed, your sofa, chair and writing desk. A lady who has been accustomed to a "square chamber," a dressing room, three closets with shelves, two bureaus and a wardrobe, does falter a little, even at Saratoga, on the threshold of such an apartment. There is a looking glass, but it is one of the Lilliputian scale, and must be moved three times in order to give a view of the whole head,