

the limbs should detach themselves from the swelling trunk: then heaped some stones over the spot, to protect it from the insults of the ounce and jackal, and—these short rites and simple monument completed—again proceeded onwards.”

THE FATAL WEDDING.

A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout in London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:—

March 18, 1672.

“Sir—After a very pleasant journey hither, we are prepared for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night; because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son,

T. D.

“The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in the garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw the pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover

took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; ‘Now, Madam repent of those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.’—‘Give fire!’ said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition! But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. ‘Will,’ said he, ‘did you charge these pistols?’

He answered, ‘Yes.’ Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

‘Sir—I who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor good old man! Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you though I dare not for myself. If it be possible do not curse me.’

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

It cannot be that earth is man's only biding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, the high and glorious, which leap like angels from the temple of our

hearts, and forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne,” are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory! And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

QUIZZICAL NOT QUIZZABLE.—As a party of young men were riding a few days since through Cambridge, being somewhat vinous, they amused themselves with “tricks upon travellers;”—speering at them odd questions and laughing at their queer answers. The sport went on merrily, until one of them asked a sober citizen if he would “have the goodness to inform him in what state they were?”—“State of intoxication, Sir,” was the ready reply of the interrogated. The young men's heads bent to the saddle bows. They rode on satisfied for the present, that there was no fun in quizzing.

A short time ago one of the members of a celebrated temperance society called in at a public house in the upper part of the city, where he was occasionally in the habit of expostulating with the persons visiting the house, on the dreadful effect of drinking ardent spirits &c. One of the sons of mirth, purely out of sport, seized uncle Ichabod, while another introduced a funnel into his mouth, and gave him a gentle dose of Cogniac, adulterated with a little water; this the old chap pretended not to relish; he had however, got the taste too strongly to resist the temptation, and he applied to one of the company, privately, to “funnel him again, and make it a little stronger.”

AN EXCELLENT SPEECH.—When Louis the fourteenth visited Rheims, the mayor brought with him some bottles of wine, and some fine preserved pears, and addressed him as follows: “Sir, we offer you our wine, our pears, and our hearts, which are the best things our city can boast of.” Louis tapped the Mayor, I thank you heartily for your language.”