

to be a large herd of baboons, whom he now thought, when clear of the thicket, he might take in his turn. Accordingly he began throwing stones at such as were within reach; when, instead of taking flight, (as he expected they would,) to his great consternation he beheld, from every tree near him, five or ten of the great misshapen creatures, swinging from branch to branch and making towards himself and the ground. Having no gun and no whip with him he now thought it full time to decamp; which he immediately did, running faster, probably, than he ever did before or since, and pursued at full cry, (if cry the dreadful noise could be termed) by fifty or sixty ugly, awkward wretches, that seemed to mock at the courage of their adversary, and certainly derided his ill judged plan of attack and defence. At the saw-pit, however, they sounded the halt, fearing that he would find a reinforcement there among the sawyers. But this, to his great dismay, was not forthcoming, as they had gone to the village for dinner. He therefore tried to increase his speed, and finally succeeded in getting well away from them, and back to Perrie, very glad to escape so easily; and his face and boots telling rather plainly there, whether he had been following after the beautiful or the baboons after him.

A VISIT TO THE VALLEY OF THE SWEET WATERS.—The Constantinople correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, writing from that city, says: 'The valley of the Sweet Waters of Europe is at the extremity of the Golden Horn where two small rivulets enter the sea. The Sultan has a kiosque on the border of these streams. The valley is not more than half a mile wide, with green hills rising at each side. It is almost entirely meadow interspersed with trees here and there, and a little wood on the left side. It is not cultivated, neither is much care taken of it. At any time but spring or autumn it is indeed barren, and towards the centre swampy, and during winter months frequently under water. At present it is, however, in its full beauty and verdure. On Friday it was peopled by many thousand persons. I never saw it so full before. The way was blocked up by carriages full of Turkish ladies, and the river was literally so full of caiques that you could not pass. The fair natives of fair Armenia and Georgia were there spread about on the grass, whilst black eunuchs on white Arabians whirled about with jealous eyes, watching over the property of their masters. The Turkish veil (the *Yashmak*) hides the greater part of the face from view, but these fair Orientals have of late years changed the texture of this covering, so that you can well distinguish the finely chiselled nose, and rosy lips beneath it. What beauty was not there assembled! I had never seen such an assemblage of Turkish ladies before or rather of ladies belonging to Turks, and had often thought the accounts and description of Oriental beauty exaggerated. They are not. If there was one, there were an hundred young women there of the highest class of beauty, with the straight Grecian nose, and that clear, soft dark, almond shaped, eye. What eyes and also what looks! They seemed very happy—seated in little groups, picknicking. They had all brought their dinners with them, and sweetmeats which they are now enjoying, listening to the most discordant humdrum Turkish music which was being performed by practice of four or five men with a species of guitar, not unfrequently accompanied by a guttural chant, the only excuse the Turks have for singing.

Picture to yourself these thousand damsels spread about the green, in blue pink, purple orange scarlet, green and yellow costumes; children in scarlet velvet with golden plaited through their hair, and intermixed with long locks falling over their shoulders; Turkish soldiers; great carts, gilt and decorated, drawn by bullocks and filled with women; negroes on white horses, galloping on every side; Turks sitting cross-legged smoking narghiles and chibouks without speaking a word, enjoying their kief; Americans, Persians, in their peaked fur caps; the Persian Ambassador in his carriage in full costume followed by the most extraordinary-looking men on horseback, dressed up in Cashmere shawls; Circassians, in yellow pointed caps (almost all the embassies were there,) mixed with these some hundred British officers of every uniform and his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with his staff, all mounted on superb Arabian horses, the property of the Sultan, with purple velvet saddles, bridled and in gold, and you may



Ladies' Department.

There is a quaint grace in this Lyric, perfect in its kind, characteristic of the song writing of the time.—It is from a work entitled "An Hour's Recreation in Music," by Richard Allison, published in 1806.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow that none may buy,
'Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

These cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow:
Yet these no peer or prince may buy,
'Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes, like angels, watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening, with piercing frown, to kill
All that approach with eye or hand,
Those sacred eyes to come nigh,
'Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE.

We are indebted to a correspondent at Paris for the following excellent story:—"No author rests satisfied unless he has seen (at least) second edition added to his title page. This appears a rather more difficult undertaking than to command Paris critics' applause—men part with their commendation much more readily than their coin. A lucky fellow of my acquaintance succeeded even in that: his productions flowed from the publisher's shop in a tidal regularity—the publishers' balance invariably fell on the right side of the Profit and Loss account. He found the walks of literature veritable primrose paths. He soon grew tired of gratified ambition; he wanted something else—he knew not what: he examined leaf after leaf of the roscs which formed his bed, and after a diligent search he persuaded himself that he had found a rumpled one. His wife was unfaithful to him, he said. Judge of the pleasure with which he abandoned himself to the tempest of suspicion and jealousy! After the long stagnation of happiness, it was delightful to be tossed from doubt to doubt! How rapidly the time passed away as he dogged his wife to church, and traced her to the dry goods shop, and followed her into the mantuamaker's! The imagination he had tasked in vain for his work was now busy night and day. After a long season passed amid these delights, he ingeniously contrived his plans so that he might unexpectedly bounce into his wife's dressing-room, after he had given out that he was going to Versailles for the day. His plans were successful. His unexpected entrance confounded his wife, she blushed and turned pale alternately; he was persuaded he was about demonstrating that his happiness was for ever blasted, for as he entered the room his wife hastily locked a closet door, and thrust the key into her pocket. After a long scene, he at last forced the key from her; unlocking the closet door he bade his rival come forth. No one budged. He repeated his command. No answer. He madly threw open the door, and saw—every copy of every edition of his works, uncut, unbound, untouched, piled up to the ceiling, filling every chink and corner of the closet! His wife (whom he had so wronged by his suspicions) had devoted her pin money to the gratification of his vanity; she had for years been the 'discerning public,' she had all along been the 'courteous reader' to whom he had never appealed in vain. This discovery had made him a happy

every person's mind, but those who are under heavy obligations to him."

DOWN, JR., TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF HIS FLOCK.—The following is an extract from a sermon preached by the celebrated John Dowe, to the young ladies of his flock:

"The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of a girl for me and for any worthy man to marry. But you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed-up, waep-wasted putty-faced, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring, self-conceited daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony, than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens; the truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kit^h n and less parlor more leg-exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty more breakfast and less hustle; loosen yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as the God of Nature destined you to be.

MAKING LOVE TO THE WRONG PERSON.—A Cincinnati paper is responsible for the following: A young gentleman who had been paying his addresses in propria persona to a young lady in this city, left a few months ago and went down the river on business. A correspondence was immediately opened between the enamoured pair, and exchanging several letters the young lady was mortified to find that her letters were unanswered and consequently she ceased writing. But the real secret of her receiving no letters was the fact that another young lady of the same name, supposing they were intended for her, took them from the post office and opened a correspondence with her proxy lover.

Some two months passed away, when the young man wound up by a direct proposal, and insisted on an immediate answer averring, at the same time, that he thought the tone of the letters very different from those received when he first left Cincinnati, and upbraided his fair love with inconstancy. This last epistle was too much for our romantic cognito, and being conscience smitten for the part she had been acting, and fully persuaded that some other lady had been pining for the man she was wooing, sought her out, and delivered up the letters to their rightful owner. The matter was speedily arranged, and the real lovers have since become united in the bands of wedlock.

WASTE OF TIME IN BOARDING SCHOOLS

How much do young ladies learn at school, for which they never find any use in after life nor is it possible, from their circumstances, they ever should. Let the hours spent on music by those who have no ear, upon languages by those who never afterwards speak any but their mother tongue, be added together, year after year, and an aggregate of wasted time will present itself, sufficient to alarm those who are sensible of its value, and of the awful responsibility of using it aright. When we meet in society with that speechless, inanimate ignorant and useless being called "a young lady just come from school," it is thought a sufficient apology for all her deficiencies, that she has, poor thing, just come from school! This implies, that nothing in the way of domestic usefulness, social intercourse of adaption to circumstances, can be expected from her till she has had time to learn it "Poor thing! she has just come home from school—what can you expect?" is the best commentary I can offer.—Mrs. Ellis.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

A MICHIGAN BED BUG STORY.

The editor of the Grand River Eagle has a friend who has been stopping, as he alleges, at one of the hotels in Kalamazoo. His story is pretty fairly told, and that would do credit to one who has entertained his mess in the fore-castle of a whal-

into the small of my back to get a good hold. Winged and twisted doubled and puckered—all to no use—and kept going at it like all sin. Bimeby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about peck of bed bugs scattered around, and more dropping off my shirt and running down my legs every min't. Swept, a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered it for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me like a parcel of rats on a meal tub—dug a hole in the liver lid and crawled through and gave me fits for trying to hide. Got up again, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon, brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time anyhow. Left the light burnin' and watched em.

See them get together and have a long meeting about it; and they went off in a squab with an old gray headed one at the top, right up on the wall on the ceiling, till they got on the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face. Fast, by thunder. Well, I swept em up agin' and made a circle on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul that time; but I swan to man, if they didn't pull straws out of the bed and build a bridge over it; Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus: "It's so whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em walked across on stilts. Bed-bugs are curious critters and no mistake; specially Kalamazoo kind."

FORGOT HOW TO MIX IT.—An old fellow in Missouri who was in the habit of "not belonging to the temperance society," was in the act of taking a nip one day before a young Virginian. "What do you drink?" asked the latter. "Brandy and water," was the reply. "Why don't you drink mint juleps?" "Mint juleps?" queried the old man, "why what in the name of drinks is that?" "A most delicious drink," was the answer; and I will show you how to make it, and I see that you have some mint growing about your door.' The young fellow soon produced the julep and the old man was delighted with it.

About a month after, on his return home, the Virginian thought he would call at his old friend's and "indulge;" but judge of his surprise when his inquiries at the door for his friend were answered by an aged female darkey with—

"Oh! Massa's dead and gone dis two weeks"
"Dead!" exclaimed the young man, "why how strange! What did he die of?" "Oh I dun'no," returned the old woman, "only a fellow came along about a month ago and learnt him how to drink grass in he rum, and it killed him in two weeks."

While a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining in Wiscasset, a few years since, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

'Let him among us,' whispered a limb of the law, 'and we will have some fun with him.

The Irishman took a seat at the table.
'You were not born in this country, my friend?' said one.

'No, sir; I was born in Ireland.'
'Is your father living?'
'No, sir; he's dead.'
'What is your occupation?'
'A horse jockey, sir.'
'What was your father's occupation?'
'Training horses.'

'Did you father ever cheat any one while here?'

'I suppose he did cheat many, sir.'
'Where do you suppose he went?'
'To heaven, sir.'
'Has he cheated any one there?'
'He has cheated one, I believe, sir.'
'Why did they not prosecute him?'
'Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer.'

