

homo of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of the burning lakes!" he screamed, as he gave a bound towards the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength by a partial possession of even a madman's power, I caught him by the throat, and even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abyss, I sprang back, I bore him back, I brought him heavily to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and legs around mine. I felt his hot breath from his open mouth, as my cheek lay pressed against his face; heard his teeth grate harshly, and drew my head violently away as he sought to seize me with his sharp fangs.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was half insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine, choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang, a moment after a fearful force was straining here, holding my head down with irresistible force.

Another moment and I arose; while wild and high arose the shriek of the lunatic, as he fell down—down—into the abyss.

### RELIGION MADE A MOOK, THE MEIGGS FRAUDS.

We have heretofore published a brief notice of the financial operations of Henry Meiggs, of California. The following from the Sacramento Journal gives full particulars:

The further developments of the immense frauds perpetrated on the people of San Francisco by these pharisaical men—for Henry it is said has been a professor of religion—and accomplished swindlers are astounding. The frauds they have committed are supposed to amount to two and a half millions. Warrants on the Treasury of San Francisco have been forged to the amount of \$1,000,000. Stock of California Lumber Co., of which he was President to the amount of \$250,000 has also been forged—the signatures of different business houses to notes for over \$50,000, have been forged—Henry failed in the amount of \$800,000 and owes many bills here and which will probably make up the aggregate to two and a half millions.

In his operations he was shrewd. Protected from suspicion by a name which he had acquired for honesty and upright dealing—a man of great business capacity, as the sequel proves, and engaged in many large enterprises, connected with the advancement and improvement of San Francisco, he managed to lull suspicion, and covered his tracks with so much subtlety, that a sleuth hound financier could not have discovered his retreat. He took all classes and conditions within his voracious maw.—From the highest to the lowest, the rich and the poor, the washerwoman, the banker, and the millionaire, he paid his respects to all—none were too small for his accommodating genius, none too high for his practice. From the bankers he borrowed money by giving forged Comptroller's Warrants on the City as collateral security to double the amount, and even offered to pledge them at twenty-five cents on the dollar. From others he raised money on forged notes on business firms, and from clerks and mechanics he borrowed on his word or own note.

And his exodus was as remarkable, quiet and talented as were his "operations."—Like the children of Israel he left, after having borrowed shekels of gold and silver without suspicion. When the Pharos pursued the wheels of their chariots ceased to revolve; and although the sea did not overwhelm them they were forced, by adverse circumstances, to give up the chase, and return in despair. He purchased his vessel; got her cleared by his faithful Captain for "ports in the Pacific;" ballasted her with the spoils of a city, equal in their extent to those of many nations in former days; gathered his family and friends around him; and down to the sea he went unmolested, laughing at the tales he left his family mansion as it was, with its carpets, and paintings, and pencillings, and curtains; with its ottomans, and its tete a tete, and golden fishes and birds of brightest plumage; with its servants unpaid perhaps, and its wines and its oils, and its spices, on a family excursion to San Mateo, as he said, but to the creditors say. He

quer or purchase a dukedom. And all this at the expense of the business men of San Francisco. He levied his tribute like a Prince, lavished it like a Sultan—has departed like a victor, as he is; and is now on his winged courser dancing over the bright waters of the Pacific, in search of new pleasures; or it may be on a friendly visit to those who wield a Midas sceptre among the Aborigines of Hindoostan. Truly he is a great man, and there are those who would freely forfeit all they have lost to have possession of his Highness' person. But,

"Nets are for thrushes,  
Eagles are not caught so."

It is not the loss they so much regret, but how they lost it. To be deceived, humbugged, cheated out of gold to their very face, is too much for human nature to bear philosophically. It would enrage a Socrates.

But still he is a poor wanderer on the face of the great deep; an outcast on the earth, with the brand of Cain upon his brow. He can have no peace. His evil deeds will haunt him wherever he may go. He will be shunned by society wherever he is known until he will try to shun himself.—With all his ill-gotten wealth he will find that the way of the transgressor is hard.

### Ladies' Department.

#### THE LYRE TO ITS MISTRESS.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Breathe but a sigh—a single sigh,  
And let it sweep my trembling strings;  
It is enough, if thou art nigh,  
A theme to me thy presence brings.

Breathe but a sigh, and let it pour  
Its gentle strength along my chords;  
Beam on me—thy bright eye—no more  
I ask—thy look is full of words!

Breathe but a sigh, O loved one breathe  
Thy lowest, softest, gentlest sigh,  
And music round my chords shall breathe,  
Pure as might angel wants supply.

Breathe but a sigh, though once it be,  
It is enough, my master spell  
Is vested only but in thee;  
None others wake my song so well!

Beverly, C. W.

November, 19th, 1851.

### STRANGE MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE. THE TRICK OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.

The event of which I am to speak occurred a few weeks since in the city of Dubuque. A young man connected with one of the Evangelical congregations there but not a member of the church, had engaged to marry a young lady belonging to a respectable Catholic family in the place. She, as was natural, when the appointed time for their union was near, intimated her wish that the ceremony might be performed by his right reverence the Bishop of Dubuque. Her lover expressed his willingness that it should be so; provided there should be nothing required of him in connection with the marriage service to which he could not conscientiously assent. He subsequently visited the Bishop and asked to be made acquainted with the form of marriage used in the Catholic Church, giving at the same time his reason for request. The Bishop read to him the service appointed for the "sacrament" of matrimony; the young man finding nothing in it to which he could make serious objection, consented that the ceremony should be performed by the Bishop, and in the Catholic Church.—The day for marriage having arrived, the bridesgroom and bride with the groomsmen and bridesmaid and their numerous friends repaired to the church. The ceremony commenced, but had not proceeded far, when a manuscript was handed to the groom with the request that he would sign it? The expectation doubtless was that he would sign without reading it. He read the paper, and found it to be a solemn obligation to train up his children, in case any should be given him, in the faith and order of the Catholic Church, whereupon he refused to set his name to it. The Bishop informed him that unless he should do so the marriage could not take place. He then turned to his bride and asked her if they "should henceforth be two." She said "no." He asked her if she would go to Galena—some fifteen miles below—and be married? She said "yes." He then turned to the

services and found that the Bishop had headed them off by a telegraphic dispatch, directing the priest at Galena not to marry them. The young man then, her if she would be married by a justice of the peace. She answered in the affirmative, and straightway to a justice's office they went and the knot was tied, just as her brother rode up in haste to prevent, if he could, such a consummation. The Bishop was openly and loudly cursed in the streets, even by persons belonging to the Romish communion, for his course.—[Iowa Correspondence of the Congregationalist.

### A WOMAN ON MOUNT BLANC.

An Englishwoman has recently ascended to the summit of Mt. Blanc, a feat in which only two of her sex had previously succeeded. The following is a description of this performance;

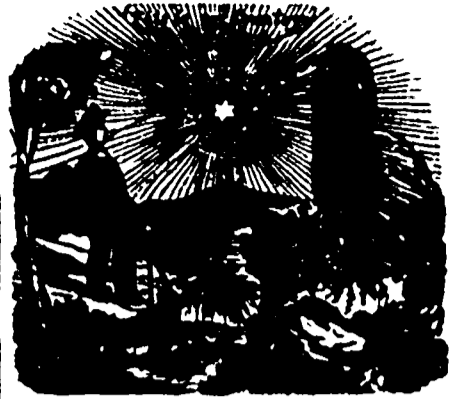
"On arriving here from Genoa, I found the whole village in a state of commotion in consequence of this event. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, a gentleman and lady who reside near London, accompanied by nine guides and a boy of the village only 16 years of age, started from Chamouni to make the ascent on Monday morning last, about 8 o'clock. They arrived at the Grand Mulets at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and passed the night in the hut the guides have recently erected there; at 3½ o'clock the next morning they continued their journey, and after meeting with difficulties of no ordinary character, succeeded in reaching the summit about 12½ o'clock P.M. They rested there about ten minutes, when the anxiety of the guides respecting the weather induced them to commence the descent and they got back to the Grand Mulets at 6 o'clock, and passed another night in the hut. On Wednesday morning they returned thence to the Chamouni, and found this to be the most difficult part of their journey, in consequence of the descent of avalanches. They succeeded, however, in surmounting every obstacle and were welcomed on their arrival at the village, by the firing of a cannon, the forming of a triumphal procession, and every demonstration of enthusiastic applause.

A fete was given the next morning in the courtyard of the Hotel de Londres, which probably surpassed anything of the kind ever seen in Chamouni, not excepting that which took place after Mr. Albert Smith's ascent. Mrs. Hamilton had so far recovered from her fatigue as to be able to join the dance, which she did with much spirit. She spoke in the warmest terms of the guides, Jean and Victor Tairy, who paid her the utmost attention during the whole route. An avalanche of immense size fell as they were passing the Grand Plateau, and in its course went over a part of the track they had crossed but a few minutes before, and completely filled a crevice beneath.

THE NEW-BORN AND THE DEAD—LAVATER, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following curious remarks:—"I have had occasion to observe some infants, immediately on their birth, and have found astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after, this resemblance almost entirely disappeared: the influence of the air and food, and probably the change of posture, has altered the design of the face that you could have believed it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die the one at six weeks and the other at four years of age, and about twelve hours after their death, they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked and more terse than that of the living. On the third day their resemblance began to disappear. I know a man of fifty years and another of seventy, both of whom, when alive, appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may express myself, to a class totally different. Two days after their death, the profile of one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other father might be traced in the third of his sons. This likeness was quite as distinctly marked as that of the children, who, immediately after their death, brought to my recollection the physiognomies which they had at their birth."

### MARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is from a late number of the New York Mirror:  
On Wednesday, the 13th inst., by the Rev. Mr. T. A. Eaton, Mr. William Insee of New Orleans, and Miss Thorne of this city.



### Youth's Department.

#### SEEK AMBITION.

Onward Youth! and seek ambition,  
With a clear undaunted eye;  
Though thy birth place was a hovel,  
Palace walls may see thee die.  
Falter not, though would be sages,  
Roughly chide and crowd thee back;  
Cling more closely to thy projects,  
Firmly tread Truth's upward track!

Rouse to life nor lend to sorrow,  
One unmeasured tick of time;  
Use the present, lest to-morrow  
Should be in another clime.  
Make the most of every moment,  
Which the unseen one has lent;  
Short it is, and long the future,  
Whose dark' veil must soon be rent!

Ho thou mourner neath the willow,  
Turn and leave that new made mound;  
Soon, too soon perhaps, will welcome  
Thee, to where death's sleeps profound.  
Cast its stupor o'er thy senses,  
Freezing up the purple flow,  
Crushing back life's light pulsations,  
With its short and sudden blow!

Ho, thou loiterer! Old and hoary,  
Lounging on life's extreme brink;  
Ghosts of moments madly murdered,  
Haunt thee now and make thee shrink.  
Tremble! trust offended heaven,  
Yet may hear thy feeble prayer,  
Pour it now and pour it purely,  
To the God of every care!

Henry Kemptville.

#### WINTER SPORT.

Down, down the hill,  
How swift I go!  
Over the ice,  
And over the snow:

A horse or cart,  
I do not fear:  
For past them both,  
My sled I steer.

Hurra! my boy:  
I'm going down  
While you toil up;  
But never frown—

The far hill top,  
You soon will gain,  
And then with all  
Your might and maine.

You'll dash by me:  
While full of glee,  
I'll up again,  
To dash by thee:

So on we glide—  
Oh, life of joy:  
What pleasure, has  
The glad school-boy: {J. W. B.

### THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

"Mr. Wiggins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed.

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two: is it not well for you to name your beaver?"  
"To be sure, my son," said the dying man—"it is well thought of, and I will do it now."  
He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon the pillow.  
A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.  
"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr.