

"MY FISHING GROUND,"

Is the title of a quite Irving-like essay, in the August Kinckerbocker.—The following passages are natural and happy.

"A little way from my dwelling, is a deep valley, through which, tumbling from fall to fall, a clear stream pursues its way; murmuring fitfully, as the breezes swell and die along its borders. Its banks are green for a narrow space on each side, and the hills which rise around are thickly wooded to the top. There is one dark, deep pool, where the water whirls around the twisted roots of an old tree, which appears to be the rendezvous of all the piscatorial tribe that navigate that way, a kind of stopping-place—a haven of debate and consultation. Here sports the trout, 'bedropt with gold;' the 'shiner,' bright as a bar of silver; the indolent 'sucker,' rolling from side to side, with an easy motion; the 'flatfish,' bristling like an angry dog; each intent upon his own business; some putting out of port, and some darting in; keeping, continually, a busy excitement in the little community.

"Here I sit upon the fragrant grass, and pursue my sports; and I have become so familiar with the spot and its inhabitants, that I am grown to be quite a philosopher, as well as angler.

"Upon the hill above me, day after day, an easy, good-natured, cow, with a bell attached to her neck, goes tink-tink-long; tink-tink, long-long; passing the whole of her time in the labor of eating. She has worn a winding path down to the brook, down which she marches, with great gravity, for a little refreshment. Sometimes, when the heat is oppressive, she carries a while, and seems quite pleased at my sports. She is a very decent, well-behaved, well-disposed animal, of good character, and industrious habits.

"A large frog, with a green surtout and dark breeches, sits just opposite, looking exceedingly malicious, and apparently swelling with rage. He seems never to consider himself quite secure on land, and stands ready at any moment for a spring. 'Juggero—juggero! plump!'—and away he goes. This frog is the most distant and unsocial of all my animal acquaintance.

"But the whole wood is alive with birds. They assemble in the cool depth of the valley, where the air is tempered by the running water, and sing together their thousand melodies. I have watched them as they came dashing along into their shelter, and welcomed them, as a hermit a way traveller.

"There is the robbin, with his breast of gold, looking rather grave, and singing plaintively, with an air of concern about him. He is troubled about many things, but chiefly, where he shall build his nest; and he flits from tree to tree, followed by his mate curiously examining every crotch; and then, dashing to the earth, he trips along to see what timber there is at hand, to rear his mansion. He seems to have a forethought; and being thus chastened down is devoid of all giddiness and folly. There is something soft and touching in his music, as he sings in the twilight of the evening, when the forest is still, and all around, the landscape fades into indistinctness.

"But the 'fire-bird,' or golden robin, a gay relation of the red-breast, is a wild, dashing fellow. Away he goes, blazing through the trees; perfectly reckless; bobbing around with a jerk; then back, and off the next moment in a tangent. He appears to be the busiest mortal alive; but, like some men who are always in a hurry, he accomplishes but little. He cuts a great figure with his fire-red suit, and shows a good taste in building a hanging-nest, where he lies and swings, as the breezes may blow; taking his own comfort in his own way. I like the company of this little coquette exceedingly.

"Just opposite, a wood-pecker makes his daily appearance upon the trunk of an enormous tree, where he hammers away for hours together. He is as white as milk, with black stripes down his back, and a head as red as fire. He is a most industrious fellow. While all the birds around are intoxicated with joy, he keeps as busy at his mechanical work as a tinker at an old kettle. There is no poetry in the wood-pecker, I am sure. All seasons are alike to him. He is a practical body—a regular 'worky;' a bird of substantial parts, but after all, a very clever fellow.

"But the owl is a dozy chap! There he sits, on the left—a knob of feathers; winking at my fish line, and looking as wise as a magistrate with a wig. What a dreamy life he passes! all the day in a brown study. A venerable looking blockhead, but a great coward, is the owl. In the morning and evening twilight, he sallies out for his food, when other birds, of temperate habits, are at rest.

"Of all the birds that keep me company, in my excursions, commend me to the whip-poor-will. At the dusk of evening, he fills the whole wood with his melody; so plaintive and tender, soothing and solitary. His very voice speaks a lonely language, as it rings through the valley. It is a language familiar to all, and finds a responsive chord in every bosom; and as he prolongs his melodies late at night, he has the whole habitable landscape around for listeners. He is a romantic little fellow; a hermit, and revels in solitude; a poetical bird, if such there be; a poet of the heart, rather than of the imagination; and he is 'popular,' wherever he is known. Give me the soothing voice of the whip-poor-will!

NIAGARA ON THE SABBATH.

I cannot attempt any description. Profound and speechless is the admiration, no, not admiration—which swells and throbs in my full heart, as I stand and hear the everlasting roar of its mighty waters, and look upon its heavenward foamings as they seem to rise in pure and snowy incense to the throne of the Eternal. Upward they go in an unceasing and magnificent strain of glad adoration to 'Him who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand,' and the soft chorus of the angel-tongued solitudes around join in an anthem of praise in which no note of discord, no voice of discontent may be heard.

'We praise thee, O God, we bless thee and magnify thee,' seem to be forever the loud shoutings of their glad worship, as day and night they send up their unsullied hymns of joy. No cares and anxieties of life, no sorrows, no troubles, no fears, no earthly hopes or impure feelings may here intrude, for the soul is wrapt up and lost in the absorbing contemplation of that all-powerful Spirit who reveals himself in such fearful and terrible grandeur. I would that a temple greater than Jerusalem's pride might here arise, to which all the nations of the earth might come up, and the great Te Deum of the congregated Universe, be chanted by hearts purified and exalted by such an exhibition of a power which knows no limit. Humble thankfulness pervades my whole being, that I am permitted to behold it; and gratitude, deep, and fervent, arises to that beneficent Creator who had implanted a spark of his own eternal essence within this tabernacle of clay, and imbued it with faculties and feelings which may appreciate the beautiful, the grand and the sublime. I feel that it can be no selfish enjoyment, for, could I bring together the tribes of the earth, they should stand with me and gaze upon Niagara till the loud shout of glory to God should burst from every swelling heart, and rend the veil of the heavens. It is the tracery of the Almighty's fingers—it is the choir he had set upon the earth ever to praise him for his goodness and mercy in erecting so joyous and beautiful a world. Amid its foam has he set the everlasting bow of promise, bright with one stream of radiance such as surrounds his throne, and which we may look upon, and remember that his word fails not to man. No impress of sin is upon it—it is white and pure, ever rushing onward and onward, as when he poured it out from before his presence.

This is the Sabbath, the holy Sabbath of rest, and I have spent its peaceable hours in gazing upon this awfully sublime spectacle; and sure I am that no sermon from man, could more effectually have banished the world with its frivolities, and elevated me to the lofty contemplation of the supreme character, than this.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE PARIS HELLS.

We extract the following from the Address of the King's Advocate, delivered on the 12th inst. at the Paris Tribunal of Correction, in the prosecution of one of the keepers of one of the Palais Royal gambling houses.—*Albany Advertiser.*

"When the law against gambling houses was promulgated, all honest men eulogised the measure. There was not a family who did not secretly bless a decision, which closed these dangerous dens, where the fortunes and honour of so many unhappy beings were swallowed up. It was hoped that the passion of gambling, that flame which burns and devours, would expire of itself, from the moment it found no more food nor victims. This hope, unfortunately, was of short duration. New dens were opened by cupidity to those skillful swindlers, those thieves of dashing appearance, those dissolute women whom their dissipation has compelled to seek resources in play, of which their guilty dexterity knows how to correct the evil chance. Complaints, numerous and energetic, have reached the government. A number of the young men enticed into those infamous haunts, have been in a short time wholly ruined. With several, ruin brought on suicide; and here, gentlemen, our duty compels us to add another bloody page to the history of play.

"An Englishman named Jacobson, possessed of £12,000 a year, had lost all of it at play. He resolved to proceed to France, to destroy himself, as he said, in his declaration to the Judge d'Instruction. A sum of £30 was all that was left him, and with it he could live some days more. His ill luck took him to the Varieties Theatre. He was in the saloon when two women came up to him, and conducted him to the house of the individual who now stands at your bar. There he lost his £30. Next day he repaired to Courbevoie, entered a restaurant, took a copious dinner, drank various wines, then cut his veins with a razor. Fortunately for him, the fumes of the wine rendered his hand unsteady. He was found bathed in blood, but still breathing; the attention immediately paid to him, through the zeal and humanity of the mayor of Courbevoie, recalled him to life." The King's advocate then dwelt on the many suicides which had taken place at Paris, and been all of them caused by losses at playing, adding, "I can mention but some out of this fearful catalogue:

"The wife of a highly respectable merchant of Paris, after compromising the fortune of her husband through losses which have been rated at one hundred and fifty thousand francs, separated from him and with her son retired to London. There she became

a teacher, and made some savings, when, on her return to France, her fatal passion revived, and misery being superadded to despair, she destroyed herself with poison.

"Need I mention that a young man, twenty-eight years old, having squandered at play his little fortune of thirty thousand francs, and wrested nineteen thousand more from his mother's weakness, has blown his brains out.

"Alas! gentleman, it was but a few days ago, as you well know, that the paymaster of a regiment, quartered at Paris, destroyed himself after thirty years of honourable service. My hand trembled when I had to sign the permit for burying this other victim of play."

THE LAST CRUISE.

Early on the 14th of August, 1790, two gentlemen were walking over the Downs, above the little fishing village of Broadstairs, now promoted to the dignity of a watering place. It was beautiful harvest weather—a bright sun and a cloudless sky; the dew was still sparkling on the short turf and furze bushes, while a light breeze from the west gave freshness to the morning air, and life to the glittering sea below. "Capital day for our sail, M'Causland," remarked one of the pedestrians, as they made their way down to the shore.

"O elegant!" replied his comrade, "we might cross to Holland in Simpson's boat, and never wet a thread."

Simpson, however, was not of the same way of thinking; he spoke doubtfully of the weather, and proposed a trip towards Deal instead of round the Foreland. An old weather-beaten tar, on being appealed to, twisted his quid and slewed his eye round knowingly before giving it as his opinion that the wind had shifted a point to south'ard since morning, and it was like enough to blow a gale from sou'west afore sundown.

"Cowan, my good fellow, d'ye hear that?" said M'Causland. "Faith and honour! I don't know but we may as well go Deal way, at any rate."

"Nonsense, man," replied his friend, drawing him aside, "they think the wind is shifting to the south, and want to save themselves the trouble of beating up against it; no, no, we will round the Foreland."

The two friends stepped astern, the men followed, and in a few minutes the fishing boat shot away from the rocky coast, and danced gaily over a short cockling sea. The old sailor watched it for a while, then thrust his hand into his pea-jacket, and turned away with an ominous shake of the head.

Nothing is more singular than the rapidity with which a storm will sometimes gather, even in our temperate latitudes. The sunlight grows pale and sickly—clouds are suddenly formed, we know not how—the wind blows fitfully—by degrees a black soot settles on every thing—there are a few drops of rain, then a fierce squall, and then—down comes the torrent, with its flashes of lightning and peals of thunder.

"'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo Terror to delight us."

But the tempest brings no pleasure to the fisherman's wife or child. Many on this eventful day were the anxious hearts that watched for the return of those near and dear to them, and many did return safe to the sheltering harbour, but Simpson was not among them. Others, after suffering the torture of apprehension for days, were relieved by hearing of their friends' safety in some port along the coast; but no such tidings reached Simpson's family. Weeks passed away, in the same dreary suspense, and at length even the fisherman's widow was convinced of her husband's death. Whether the unfortunate men were sunk at once by the storm, or driven on the rocks and dashed to pieces, or blown out to sea and starved, is beyond even conjecture; not a fragment of the boat, not a shred of her sails, was ever discovered, and of her doomed crew not one was ever heard of more.

"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman of honor to another, "I will gazette you—so take your choice." "Go ahead," said the other, "I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin."

If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts; if they only realized how frightful were the moral deformities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Blackberry Syrup.—This syrup is said to be almost specific for the summer complaint. In 1832 it was successful in more than one case of cholera. The fruit is now ripe, and the present is the proper time to make it:

To 2 quarts of juice of blackberries, add
1 lb. of loaf sugar, Half oz. nutmegs, half oz. alspice.
Boil all together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of fourth proof brandy.

From a tea spoonful to a wine glass, according to the age of the patient, till relieved, is to be given