

var free institutions—without which the wealth of the Indies would be only the forerunner of our destruction.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

(The following account of a recent dreadful occurrence is from a late English paper; its extraordinary nature induces us to give it a place in our columns.)

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY BY LEAPING OFF THE MONUMENT.

A young female, aged 23, named Miss Martin Moyes, daughter of a master-baker, carrying on business at No. 3, Hemming's-row, Charing-cross, committed suicide by throwing herself off the top of the Monument in September. About 20 minutes before the time just mentioned she accosted Thos. Jenkins, the person who admits visitors, on the payment of 6d. each, to inspect and ascend the Monument.—She inquired if two ladies and a gentleman had not been there, describing their persons, and being answered in the negative she expressed her surprise at their absence, adding that she and the persons enquired after had just arrived from Gravesend by a steamer, with the view of seeing London from the Monument. She then asked permission to sit within side the railings that encircled the base of the Monument, adding that she was sure her party would arrive in a short time. The keeper Jenkins complied with her request, and she sat down on a stone slab inside the railing gates. She then entered freely into conversation with Jenkins, and among other remarks observed that the morning was rather cloudy, and she hoped that it would clear up, so as to enable her to have an advantageous prospect. Her manner was apparently perfectly calm and collected. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, she rose up, saying she would not wait any longer, but would ascend the monument without her party. After paying the accustomed fee, and ascending a few steps, she turned back and said to Jenkins, "If they come, tell them to come up to me; but if they decline ascending, detain them till I come down." After saying this she immediately ascended, and nothing more was seen or heard of her until she had committed the extraordinary and fatal act. On inspecting the terrace at the summit of the giant column, her bonnet, shawl, veil, waistband, and gloves, were found lying on it. A piece of spun rope, about half an inch in diameter, and ten feet in length, was found tied to the top rail of the iron palisades, round the terrace. There was a loop at the bottom of this rope, somewhat in the shape of a stirrup iron, which served her as a ladder to climb over the iron palisades, and get on to the projecting cornice that runs around outside it. It is conjectured that when she got upon the cornice, she allowed herself to drop backwards without making a spring. This conjecture is founded on the fact, that her body fell within the iron railings at the base of the pillar. The body was seen in its descent by several persons, who say that it did not strike against any of the upper part of the pillar, and that the first obstruction it met with was from a bird cage, hanging on the right side of the door of the stone steps by which she had ascended. She then fell on an iron bar which runs as a support from the side of the door to the iron railings, which was very much bent by the concussion. Her left arm, near the shoulder, came in contact with the bar, and was so violently severed that the part cut off flew over the iron railing several yards into the square. After striking against the iron bar, the body fell so heavily on a tub containing a lilac plant that it broke it in pieces, as well as several flower pots placed on the right hand side of the door. Of course not a sign of life, except some contractions of the muscles of the legs and arms, were discernible on the body when it was picked up.

A shell was procured by city constable Bradley, No. 6, and the body was conveyed by him and Jenkins to the dead house under London bridge. In a short time two surgeons arrived, who examined the body, and found, besides the injury to the left arm already mentioned, that the spine and both thighs were broken in several places. Neither the head nor face presented any exterior marks of injury. The unfortunate young person's dress was a black silk one, white silk stockings and japanned shoes. A wedding ring was on the middle finger of her left hand. In figure she was above the ordinary height, her features were regular, and altogether she must have been a fine and handsome woman. The police circulated a description of her person, but no clue to her identity was discovered until about seven o'clock in the evening, when the Lord Mayor, visiting the monument for the second time, was told that a gentleman had a communication to make to him. The communication was to the effect that the unhappy girl was the daughter of Mr. Moyes, of Hemming's row; that she had quitted her home at an early hour in the morning, and had left a letter behind, stating that her family should never see her again.

This is the fourth strange suicide of the kind that has occurred since the erection of this monument. The first was that of a weaver in 1750; the second, John Craddock, a baker, in 1788; and the third, John Levy, a diamond merchant, January 17, 1810.

Knowledge is silver among the poor, gold among the nobles, and a jewel among princes.

USELESS WEALTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The wretch of whom old Æsop told,
Who digged the earth and hid his gold,
Shall be a glass to sordid pelf,
Where it can look and see itself.
He had no wealth with all the store,
Of glittering dust he brooded o'er,
For gold beneath the crumbling clod,
Had him beneath its tyrant rod.
His treasured store in silence slept,
And there his sordid bosom kept,
Whose sole delight was there to dwell,
And see the hoarded treasure swell.

So oft the miser came and went,
To where his gold and heart were pent,
A rustic saw the path he trod,
And guess'd of gold beneath the sod;
And when the sun had gone to rest,
In splendors down the dappled west,
He crept to where the treasures lay,
He dug them up and went away.

The miser with to-morrow's sun,
Was up and dressed and down he run,
And sees a rogue had been before,
Took up the stone and stole the ore.
He groan'd, he wept, with frantic air,
He stamp'd, he rav'd, and tore his hair,
Until a traveller passing by,
Inquir'd the cause of such a cry.
"They've stole my gold—they've got the whole,
A curse upon the wretch that stole."
'Where slept the treasure, they have got!'
'Beside this stone, behold the spot.'
'O! is it then a time of war,
That you should bring your gold so far?
Are cities sack'd and dwellings burn'd,
And countries into ruin turn'd,
That you, your treasures dare not trust,
Except beneath the crumbling dust?
Methinks 'twere best to let it lie
Within you home, beneath your eye,
Where you could always have the power,
To use the treasure any hour.'
'What, any hour?—Oh! thrifless thought!
To spend so flushly what I'd got!
I never from my coffer bore
A farthing of my scanty store.'
'Then why so piteously lament?
You have not lost a single cent.
Just put a stone within the hole,
And down the valley daily stroll;
You'll then be really rich as ever,
And thieves will steal your treasures never.'

THETA.

BODILY AND MENTAL EVILS.

It is a terrible thing when youth—the time of sport and enjoyment, the period which nature has set apart for acquiring knowledge, and power, and expansion, and for tasting all the multitude of sweet and magnificent things which crowd the creation, in their first freshness and with the zest of novelty—is clouded with storms or drenched with tears. It is not so terrible by any means when the mere ills of fortune afflict us; for they are light things to the buoyancy of youth, and are soon thrown off by the heart which has not learned the foresight of fresh sorrows. The body habituates itself more easily to any thing than the mind, and privations twice or thrice endured, are privations no longer. But it is a terrible thing indeed when—in those warm days of youth when the heart is all affection, the mind longing for thrilling sympathies, the soul eager to love and be beloved—the faults, the vices, or the circumstances of others, cut us off from those sweet natural ties with which nature, as with a wreath of flowers, has garlanded our early days; when we have either lost and regret, or known but to contemn, the kindred whose veins flow with the same blood as our own, or the parents who gave us being.

There are few situations more solitary, more painful, more moving, than that of an orphan. I remember a schoolfellow who had many friends who were kind to him and fond of him; but he said to me one day, in speaking of his holy day sports, "I, you know, have no father or mother." And there was a look of thoughtful melancholy in his face, and a tone of desolation in his voice which struck me strangely, even young as I then was. But that situation, lonely as it is, deprived of all the tender and consoling associations of kindred feeling, is bright and cheerful, gay and happy, compared with that in which some commence their career on earth.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ECKMUHL.

As they arrived on the top of the hill's of Lintach, which separate the valley of the Iser from that of the Laber, the French, who came up from Landshut, beheld the field of battle stretched out like a map before them. From the marshy meadows which bordered the shores of the Laber, rose a succession of hills, one above another, in the form of an amphitheatre, with their slopes cultivated and diversified by hamlets, and beautiful forests clothing the higher ground. The village of Eckmuhl and Laichling, separated by a large copsewood, appeared in view, with the great road to Ratisbon winding up the acclivities behind them. The meadows were green with the first colours of spring; the osiers, and willows, which fringed the streams that intersected them, were just bursting into leaf; and the trees which bordered the roadside already cast an agreeable shade upon the dusty and beaten highway which lay beneath their boughs. The French soldiers involuntarily paused as they arrived at their summit, to gaze on this varied and interesting scene: but soon other emotions than those of admiration of nature swelled the breasts of the warlike multitude who thronged to the spot. In the intervals of these woods, artillery was to be seen; amidst those villages standards were visible; and long white lines, with the glancing of helmets and bayonets on the higher ground, showed columns of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern in battle array, in very advantageous positions, on the opposite side of the valley. Joyfully the French troops descended into the low ground; while the Emperor galloped to the front, and, hastily surveying the splendid but intricate scene, immediately formed his plan of attack.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

The scenery amidst which we are born and brought up, if we remain long enough therein to have passed that early period of existence on which memory seems to have no hold, sinks, as it were, into the spirit of man, twines itself intimately with every thought, and becomes a part of his being. He can never cast it off, any more than he can cast off the body in which his spirit acts. Almost every chain of his after thoughts is linked at some point to the magical circle which bounds his youth's ideas; and even when latent, and in no degree known, it is still present, affecting every feeling and every fancy, and giving a bent of its own to all our words and our deeds. * * * The passing of our days may be painful, the early years may be chequered with grief and care, unkindness and frowns may wither the smiles of boyhood, and tears bedew the path of youth; yet, nevertheless, when we stand and look back in latter life, letting Memory hover over the past, prepared to light where she will, there is no period in all the space laid out before her over which her wings flutter so joyfully, or on which she would so much wish to pause, as the times of our youth. The evils of other days are forgotten, the scenes in which those days passed are remembered, detached from the sorrows that chequered them, and the bright misty light of life's first sunrise still gilds the whole with glory not its own.

ALLEGORIES.—There are many revolutions of infinite moment and magnitude have originated in trifles. Every man may learn the elements of geography from an attention to the temperature of his own mind—Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South, Cholera the Torrid Zone, Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Arctic and Antarctic circles, Patience and Fortitude the Tropics; Justice should be a man's governor, Prudence his counsellor, Temperance his friend, Fortitude his champion, Hope his food, Charity his house, Sincerity his neighbor, Wit his companion, Patience his wife, Reason his guide, and Judgment his director in all things.

MARENGO, NAPOLEON'S WAR HORSE.—The Skeleton of Marengo, the horse which Napoleon rode at Waterloo, and almost of his great battles, was recently presented to the museum of the United Service Institution in England. Marengo was a beautifully formed Arab steed of purest blood, about thirteen hands and a half high. He was frequently wounded, and at Waterloo was struck by a musket ball in the hip. The skeleton will undoubtedly be preserved as a rare curiosity, and be gazed and commented upon by every visiter to the museum. What awful scenes have those bones passed through, and what momentous events will they recall to the mind of the spectator! Their careful preservation is another evidence of the great value attached to every thing that belonged to the Great Captain whom they once bore in triumph over the tented field, and whose own bones now moulder amid the rocks of St. Helena. The bones of the horse are honored, and preserved with religious care, by a people who have denied to the dust of the illustrious rider a resting place in European soil!

HOW TO PAY A DOCTOR.—In days of yore, a South Carolina planter, in reply to a letter from his physician, containing the items, 'to visits and mixtures,' replied, 'that he would return his visits; and if the physician would honor him with his company at dinner, the next day, that he would give him more palatable mixtures than those which he received.'