

own exertions for the means of living. He opened an office as an attorney, and soon became acquainted with the surrounding families, and amongst others with that of Mr. B. then moving in the first circle of society—Mr. B. had several daughters all of whom were intelligent and agreeable girls—and one of whom seemed particularly to interest the feelings and command the esteem of the young stranger. He became a constant visitor in the house, and would doubtless in due time have offered himself to the acceptance of the lady—but for an expression made by her in a moment of banter or playful conversation with some other ladies, when she declared that “she would never marry a poor man and have to work for a living.”

From that hour the stranger felt as if his fate was sealed—and although the intimacy and friendly feelings of the parties suffered no interruption, yet matters went no further.—Time rolled on and after a few years residence in the village the young stranger suddenly removed to the distant west—and was remembered by a few only as a man that had been amongst them.

In the mean time sad and melancholy changes past over the neighborhood which the stranger had left—death had been there—and adversity with his withering blasts, had fallen upon those who had been nursed and reared in the very bosom of prosperity. The venerable Mr. B. and his companion had passed to the tomb—the sons had wandered far off to other climes, and the daughters deprived of those who should have been their protectors through life, were thrown destitute upon the world.

Twenty years had gone by, when a letter was received from the stranger dated in the west, by the hand of one with whom he had been intimate whilst in the village—making inquiries about the family of Mr. A., and particularly about the lady of his early love, wishing to know whether she were living and if so, whether she were married or single? An answer was returned, telling the death of the parents, and the destitute condition of the lady, who was still single and unhappy. Upon the reception of this answer the gentleman promptly addressed a note to the lady, stating that he had a home and wealth and all that could make life desirable—but her; and ardently and generously offering himself and his wealth and home to her acceptance—reminding her of their former intimacy and rejoicing that it was in his power to place her in ease and affluence, above the frowns of the world—saying further, that he should come to Maryland for her, and could and would take no denial, but must have her to accompany him to his residence in the west. The lady who had always cherished his remembrance amidst the vicissitudes which had marked her life for twenty years—but had supposed herself long since forgotten, was agreeably surprised by the receipt of this unexpected offer—and in answer reminded her old lover that twenty years had made considerable alteration in her appearance—and that perhaps, if he should now see her, his feelings might be changed. A brief reply followed, in which the gentleman renewed his offer—and said that twenty years, had made no change in his feelings towards her, and if there was nothing else in the way, he should confidently rely upon her being in readiness to accept his hand and accompany him home in one month from the date of this his last letter,—as by that time he should be in Maryland, and his engagements were such, as to forbid his staying long from home. To close this romantic story, the gentleman reached Maryland about the first of this month—married the lady two days after arrival, and left Baltimore on his return to the west within the last day or two. B. H. A.

AGE OF THE WORLD.—At a late meeting of the British Association, the only fact elicited through the evening was the declaration of Dr. Buckland, that millions of years must henceforward be assigned to the age of the world, and the best Hebrew scholars had lately given a new interpretation to the two first verses of Genesis. This announcement of the reverend doctor was received with applause that lasted some minutes.

THE HUMILIATION, SUFFERINGS, AND TRIUMPH OF THE MESSIAH.

A PARAPHRASE—ORIGINAL.

ISAIAH LIII. 13. Behold my Servant! Far transcending all:
Rising exalted! conquering every foe!

14 Though long depressed: the scorn of sinful men!
Astonishment hath ventured forth to gaze
On him my souls delight—Behold the Man!
The Man of Sorrows! Furrow'd o'er with grief,
Betrayed—insulted—more than earth's vile race!

15 Yet nations shall behold him from afar;
With wonder and delight his easter hail;
Nor none resist; but mute before him stand!
For he shall be revealed the Prince of Peace:
His banner be unfurled! and Hosts adore!

CHAP. LIII. 1 By whom is this report believed? To whom
Is manifest JEHOVAH's mighty arm?

Who yet acknowledges MESSIAH's name?

2 But he shall grow, and flourish in my sight;
Grow as a springing root though dry erewhile.
His earthly fashion wears no comeliness,
When we behold him nothing shall appear
To gratify the fond desire of beauty:—no,

3 Forlorn, despised of men, and cast away,
Depressed with sorrows, conversant with grief,
As one ashamed,—our shame he yet endures;

4 Our grief; our sorrows; yet we own him not.
The visitation dire, and chastisement,
Due to our sins; we counted as his due.

5 Wounded to death, not for his fault he dies;
Nor sin knew he; but a sin offering made.
Our bruises and infirmities he bore:
For us he poured out his soul to death.

He made our peace,—we by his wounds are healed.
6 We who like sheep, had strayed away from God;
Forsook his fold,—chosen our devious way
Now,—now his wondrous love prevails,—restored!

7 On him JEHOVAH causes to alight
Our penalty, and doom;—our all of woe
From him exacted, he our ransom pays:
The full redemption price. Yet he his lips
Unopened kept—imprisoning sweet words;
While, as a Lamb unto the slaughter led,
Or the meek Sheep, consigned for man to death
Silent awaits its fate;—so mute stood he.
8 He rested not in prison; but was hailed
To summary vindiction:—justice, grace,
A righteous sentence;—all to him denied,
He seemed to perish as of God forsook!
None will his conversation justify;
Nor urge disproof of crimes against him laid.
Those men, that sentence who shall e'er portray.
Though Prince of Life, he falls by vengeful stroke
Smitten to death, he for transgressors dies!

9 Dies with the wicked! occupies the grave,
If of the rich,—What honour, had he there?
Although no fault, nor guile, in him was found
Nor violence,—by violence he dies,

10 So pleased the LORD to vanquish death through death
Our grief and bruise, to remedy by his.
Our lives to save, his spirit he resigned:
Life to restore, Creation's Father died.
The LORD hath sworn,—that as his zeal's reward
His deed shall prosper! wondrous! infinite!
Who shall count up the myriads of his race?
Number his heirs;—describe his growing reign
Its blessings;—and th' extension of its fruits?
The day it will declare:—His righteous cause
Shall flourish; and his rule victorious spread!

11 The travail that his righteous soul endured
Prolific ends:—that sorrows all forgot,
The ecstasy of joy;—transcends its woe:
'Tis satisfaction all;—his soul's at rest,
And rest of soul, descends on all around.
Faith in his name, so fully justifies
From past iniquities, that PEACE begins
Her happy, lasting, universal reign.

12 Majestic in his sufferings; he shall bear
The glory of my House. Strong to endure
In strength he shall possess. Him my Firstborn
I name! Exalted o'er the sons of men
Numbers, shall fail his honours to recount
Though numbered with transgressors when he bore
The woes of multitudes. The prayer is heard!
I do forgive! And he o'er all shall reign!

TEVLON.

A TOPER'S ADDRESS TO HIS COMPANIONS.—Toppers, drunkards and swiggers! Hear me for your own sake, and lay aside your glass that you may hear? believe me for your welfare, that you may believe; censure me in your sober moments, and be sober, that you may judge. If there be around this table any dear lover of ardent spirits, to him I say that Slingo's love of ardent spirits was no less than his. If then that love demand why Slingo rose against ardent spirits, the answer is, not that I loved ardent spirits less, but that I loved health and sound constitution more. Had you rather that ardent spirits were ruling, to die a rum knave, than that ardent spirits were contemned, to live a stout, hardy honest yeoman? As ardent spirits were pleasant, I tasted them; as they were exhilarating, I sipped them; as they recruited my spirits, I drank them; but as they were ruinous, I spurned them. There are tastes for their pleasantness, sips for their exhilarations, drams for their recruiting powers, but banishment and detestation for their ruinous tendency. Who is here so brutal as would be a drunkard? If any, gulp, hiccup, reel, for him have I offended. Who is here so foolish as would be a swigger? If any, brawl, for him have I offended. Who is here so mad as will not mind his health? If any, let fever speak his burning rage for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. [None answer.] Then none have I offended. I have done no more to ardent spirits than you should do to Slingo.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO.—Among the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from the town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shown under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, all the Capuchins who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchine habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault. The head, the arms and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discolored, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, in many places torn, is glued to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive may form an idea of this singular repository of dead friars.

TURKISH JUSTICE.—I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation they say does not hurt much, though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. This is nothing, said my dragoman, observing my attention; a few days ago a master baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off. He bore it like a brave one. He said he did not care much about his ears—his turban would hide the marks; but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again. Poor fellow! I thought, that would have puzzled Carpe! —“It served him right,” added my dragoman; “at that time loaves were scarcer than baker's noses.—*Slade's Travels in Turkey.*”