

flower, irresistibly caught the traveller's eye. The whole plant, he says, was not larger than the top of one of his fingers. He gazed with admiration upon the beautiful formation of the leaves. "Can that Being," thought Park "who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image?" The thought kindled his dying energies, and revived his fainting spirit. He started up, pursued his journey, and in a short time arrived at a small village. What slight circumstance could be more beautiful than this?

Let us now take an illustration of the shade. It has been remarked by philosophical writers that the slightest annoyances in life are often the most painful. Ridicule stings more than injury. The narrative of Humboldt may supply an illustration. "How comfortable people must be in the moon!" said a Saliva Indian to Father Gumilla, "she looks so beautiful that she must be free from mosquitoes." We frequently hear exclamations of the same character in the walks of life. "Man never is, but always to be blest." Some slight change of situation or of employment would make us happy; and from the want of it we are miserable, and burn in perpetual

Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool.

Slight circumstances are our mosquitoes. Christianity remedies this fretfulness of the mind; it cools that tingling irritability of feeling, which urges us into scenes of frivolity for the mere purpose of change; it teaches us not only to endure the difficulties and annoyances that surround us, but to endure them with placid resignation. In whatsoever situation we may be placed, we are to be content. That one word carries a sermon in it.—*Asiatic Journal*.

#### AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

There resides in Bordeaux, a young, rich and handsome widow, who has for six months incessantly lamented the loss of a husband, tenderly beloved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he had embarked, and every soul on board it was supposed had perished. The young widow though surrounded with admirers, observed very scrupulously the rules of decorum; at length however, the persuasion of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company.

Madame St. Amere had one foible—she loved play to excess—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much trouble. On the evening of her first *fete*, a tall, graceful figure, masked—followed her, paying her innumerable silent attentions. To rid herself of his importunities—she sat down at the card table, and was successful for about an hour.

The mask who had fixed himself behind her chair, then solicited the honor of playing with her, which she granted, and renewed the game with fresh spirits, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount. Still the stranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold tauntingly dared to risk the like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her countenance. For some time the game was doubtful; at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed in one night's folly. Her anguish could not be concealed, she rose abruptly from the card table, when the mask in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconvenience to make up this debt of honor, as he could wait her leisure, or compromise it, in some other way, with more pleasure to himself, and less embarrassment to her.

She darted at him a look of rage and contempt. "Who art thou! wretch," she exclaimed, "who dares thus to insult me in my own house?"

"Softly, madame," replied the mask, "I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accommodation."

Madame burst into tears. "Good Heavens must I endure this insolence? quit my house sir; and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow."

"No madame, I will not quit your house to-night; my claim is on your fortune, on yourself, and I will make it good, let who will dispute it." With these words, he removed his mask, when madame uttered a shriek of surprise, and fainted in his arms.

The company crowded around her, they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The rapture of madame may be easily imagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him in his own ship, which was bound to Peru—and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in hopes of curing her of a destructive habit, the consequences of which he had long dreaded.

Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him that she would never again yield to temptations, or continue in a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colors.

Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed, and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bordeaux.

[ ORIGINAL ]

JEANIE L.—

BY THE FOREST BARD

Have ye seen the blushing rose bud,  
Have ye seen the lily fair,  
Have ye seen the graceful willow,  
Bending to the summer air;  
Have ye seen the dewpearl'd flowrets,  
That deck the forest dell,  
Then ye have got my secret,  
For ye've seen my Jeanie L.—

Her lips are like the rose bud,  
Her neck, the lily's white;  
Her hair is like the sunlight's gold,  
Her eyes are liquid light,  
Her cheeks are like the downy peach,  
Where hues of vermillion dwell,  
The wild flowers might their tints renew,  
When pressed by Jeanie L.—

She's a laughing little Hebe,  
Round her brow sweet graces throng,  
And my heart has oft been lightened  
By the carol of her song.  
On her cheek (the throne of childhood)  
Mirth with innocence doth dwell,  
And modesty a lovely wreath,  
Enfolds my Jeanie L.—

Her voice in joyous carols  
Sweet as night bird's from the thorn,  
Has sung to me "My Mothers Grave"  
Or "Cot where I was born."  
And oft her gentle music,  
O'er my saddened spirit fell,  
And sooth'd me as I listened  
To my gentle Jeanie L.—

I oft have listened to her,  
As with flowing strains she sung,  
Or round my neck in merry mood,  
Her little arms she flung.  
I've kissed her graceful iv'ry brow,  
But left no stain to dwell,  
For 'twas a brother's lips that press'd  
The brow of Jeanie L.—

May Heaven bless the fair one,  
May thy way thro' life be peace,  
And may no cloud upon thy path  
Thy wealth of joy decrease.  
And may thou be at last transferred  
In heaven's courts to dwell,  
For heaven's home is meet for such  
As thou my Jeanie L.—

DWARFS.—In Dauphin Co., Va., are to be seen the smallest specimens of humanity probably in existence, viz: two brothers, perfect in every respect, the elder three years old, seventeen inches in height, and weighing only seven pounds; the younger six months old, weighing only three pounds. The parents are very large persons, the father weighing two hundred and six pounds, and the mother four hundred and ninety-six pounds.

#### NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON

In many striking points, the careers of Napoleon and Wellington exhibited a remarkable similitude. Both in the same year—following the same profession—passed that dangerous ordeal unharmed, in which so many of their contemporaries perished—and both surviving to gain the loftiest objects, at which "ambition's self" could strain. Beset with dangers, their preservation seemed miraculous—as both exposed themselves recklessly—and from their most perilous situations both had singular escapes, and by the most opposite agencies. When at Acre a shell dropped at Napoleon's feet, a soldier seizing him in his arms, flung him on the ground, and the shivered metal passed harmlessly over the prostrate general, and but slightly wounded his preserver in Paris, the furious driving of his coachman cleared the street before the infernal machine could be exploded. These were probably his greatest perils; and from one he was delivered by the devotion of a grenadier—from the other by the accidental drunkenness of a sentry. Nor were Wellington's escapes less remarkable, for there was rarely an action in which some of his personal attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria he passed unharmed through the fire of the French camp, bristling with cannon, for there were eighty pieces of battery. At Sauron, he wrote a memorandum each night, while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for some time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and the evening his danger was still more imminent. "I had carried with him," says Colonel Napier, "two Echallars half a company of the 43rd as an escort, and placed a sergeant named Blood with a party to wait in front while he examined his maps. The French who were close at hand, sent a detachment to cut the party off; and such was the nature of the ground that their troops, rushing on at speed, would infallibly have fallen unawares upon Lord Wellington, if Blood, a very intelligent man, seeing the danger, had not, with surprising accuracy, leaping, rather than running down, the precipitous rocks he was posted on, given the General notice, and as it was, the French arrived in time to send a volley of shot after him as he galloped away. It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life—and certainly a special providence watched over that Wellington—God covered his head in battle, and a hair of it was scattered."

#### THE CUNNING THRUSH.

The following anecdote is published in a communication to the *London Despatch*. We give it for what it worth.

There is much more intellect in birds than we suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom we take the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the explosive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to fix her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very crevices which they were constantly blasting the rock. At this she was very much discomposd by the fragments falling in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at notice, the workmen retired to safe positions.

In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quit her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to the feet. There she would remain until the explosion was taken place, and then return to her nest. The workmen observed this, narrated it to their employer, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness a specimen of intellect; but as the rock would not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead and for a few minutes answered their purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived she was trifled with, and interfered with the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen retreated, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen, I'm not to be coused off my eggs merely for amusement."

Camillo Urso, the young violinist, and her social party, arrived in the Humboldt, and have their rooms at the Irving House.—She gave a concert on board the ship.—*N. Y. Paper*.