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"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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Literature.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

In latter'd old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunny day,
Is grand through the chimney-tops over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks,
With worthless old nicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken back'd;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And this wonderful, surely, what music you get,
From the rickety, roushackle, whoozy spinet.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mamuluke there yonder dagger has drawn;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a handy-legg'd, high shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee, and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wail'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone,
I sit here alone, but I yet see a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my bloom;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling, so tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling, bracing
air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating
—leerily bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from
that of a bright summer's day. Broad expanding plains—
the city receding behind us, as the horses, leaping onward to
the music of their chiming bells, make for the broad, bound-
less country. The fir-forests are clapped in a shad-
dow, ghostly slumber. Far away on our right are those pathless
glacier groves where the wolves congregate in hundreds. To
the left lies a ridge of hills sloping down to the river, which
is locked up in the iron manacles of the Winter King.
Ahead, and right before us—whether we are bound—over
waste, and plain, and clearing—lies a snugly-sheltered village,
the head-quarters of the "lumberer and the voyager."
Our destination is not quite so far.

This said destination is a broadly-spread, low-lying, farm-
stead, with its almost numberless outbuildings, consisting of
cattle-sheds and dairies, corn-stores, roofings for winter fold-
er, wood-stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the
dwelling, all palisaded by zig-zag fences, so many out-
works to protect the comfortable citadel. Within it, warm
fires blaze and sparkle from the huge and odorous logs
crackling on the broad, bounteous hearth. In the great
common chamber, raftered and picturesque as an antique
gothic hall, are warm hearts and flashing eyes. Bearded
men and fair women are there—laughing maidens and strapping
young hunters, who have just shaken the snow off their
furs at the portals. Despite the stern yet musical burrtones
of the singing wind, as it goes by, stinging cheeks, biting
noises into purple, and making the blood tingle, shouts of
mirth and laughter rise above the boreal blast; and our
leaping sleigh, gliding—flying along rather—to the music
of the soft musical bells, is fast, fast approaching its terminus.
"In the mean time," asks the reader, "who occupy this
sleigh?" I hasten to answer.

First, there was your humble servant, the narrator, Dick
Harding by name, but a few months back from the banks of the
Isis, with the "bar" in prospect, my "governor" having
a snug interest in the India House. I add a few of my
personal items. Rather good looking; a fair shot; a stun-
ning "stroke out;" can hit with wonderful vigour straight
out from the shoulder; am five-feet-ten—and growing; can
play the fiddle, a game of pool, and have the temper of an
angel. I had been one of a party of venturesome sportsmen,
"going in" for something worthy of Alexander, and, with
fishing-tackle, spears, and shooting-irons, had done no in-
considerable execution among the denizens of the Canadian
woods and sounding "rapids," and hunted the bear in his
own bod and picturesque fastnesses.

Enough of myself. Now for my companions.
Plac aux Dames therefore—resting by my side,
wrapped up in rugs and warm furs, is Lota d'Aville—a
bright-eyed, rosy-lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a
girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested con-
templant upon. The Canadian mother and the French father
were expressed in her name. Her playful lambent eyes had
exercised their sovereignty upon me ere this, and the modulations
of a voice unequalled for its low, soft sweetness, com-
pleted to young Syren's triumph. This by the way, for we
had exchanged no confidence as yet on a subject very near
to my heart.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy-gap
Farm—intending to hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts
for my own rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for
the able deer-hound, the third "individual," who had
curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them
warm. I had known her brother—a young officer in the
Canadian Rifles—had killed "bar" at the "Salt-licks" with
him; but Lota and her family on board a St. Lawrence
steamer had now a guest at their house, enjoying their
frank and bounteous hospitality.

"Hush!" Through the keen, sonorous air, sleigh and
horses snarl along! "Cling—clang!" go the chiming
bells. Crick—crack!" goes the long-throated whip, with

a sharp cheery significance. My "Madrasaka Cariole," a
sleigh which is the perfection of locomotion, is not less per-
fection than the fiery steeds, with their sinews of elastic steel,
which I drive.

Driving sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world,
when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem
Club," and reckoned a crack hand, of course. I exerted in
my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through
the air, and the whip went "crick—crack!" like a double-
barrel going off, and the sweet bells sang and chimed. "Oh!
sweet echoes of far distant wedding bells," I thought—and
the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust
under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the
"runners;" and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I
gave a vigorous "hurrah!" which conveyed itself to Lota,
wrapped up in moose and bear-skins, and warm as toast. A
sweet, girlish laugh echoed my exulting shout.

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Harding!" she said.
"If I don't—" "Crick—crack!" filled up the hiatus.
What a pair of beauties! Phoebus Apollo never drove their
like down the steep of heaven! The wily Ithacan never
"raised" such cattle when he cleared the stables of Rheus
of his horses! "Crick—crack!" and the horses neigh and
tear their arching necks, and the bells are chiming and tink-
ling, and the mad, exulting rush uplifts one like wine.

I remark to myself, that the sky has deepened into an
intense, still darkening blue—darkening with a strange, un-
earthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow-storm.
No matter—"Windy-gap" is right ahead, and the welcome
lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon
is wearing.

On we go—but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no
—'tis all right!
"Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half
turning to look at the rosy, exquisite face peeping forth
with so much furtive coquetry from its encasement of white
cosy furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nestling
movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously
upward.
But my attention was called away to the creeping, crepus-
cular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not day-light,
but blue light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid
darkening steel always the precursor to a fierce change in
the weather. This only made the long level plains of snow
gleam with a lustre the more dazzling and intense. I re-
marked this, but with a momentarily divided and wavering
sense.

I had never (familarly as we had grown, and I was
"honest as the skin between your brows;" as she was in fact)
—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were
yet in mine ears like a sweet old burthen. I loved her with
all my heart and soul, but I had never told it. I yearned
to tell her so now; but I thought it scarcely fair—not up to
the mark of my manhood—to take what seemed an unfair
advantage of the protection I was supposed to extend over
her. I magnanimously resolved to wait—choking down the
words—but not for long.

Meantime, "Crick—crack!" went the long whip, and still
"ding—clang!" went the chiming bells, and the horses held
on with unaltered pace and splendid vigour, but—where had
"Windy-gap" gone to all this time, for time was up, and
we should be there by this?

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange
the sky looks; I shall have more snow—a heavy fall too."
"I fear so," I replied, "but 'nimporte,' we'll soon be out
of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively;
"you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh,
Heaven!" she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation,
"can we have lost the track?"
"The blank question harped with a horrible jar on my most
vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be quite cool.
"No, I think not," I replied, with assumed carelessness;
"we shall come to our landmark presently."
"A clump of firs—an old mill, farther on; yes," she added,
"I recollect; but we should have passed them long ere this.
Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was
in the right. I could not account for my error, if such was
the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly
sign; it was only a circle gathering closer, and growing
darker the while.
Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head, and
uttered a low growl. The horses gave a startled swerve just
as suddenly. A strange, lugubrious, but appalling sound
came all at once from windward, waiting like a death-cry—
a prolonged, awful, groaning discordance—over the white
gleaming snow; and then it died away.

The horses halted tremblingly; only the shivering twinkle
of the bells broke the death-silence that fell like eclipse over
all.

"What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper,
as she clutched my arm.

I listened. "It is the wind fighting," and dying away in
the pine forest," I answered.

"And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark!
there it again. Oh, what—what can it be?"

Again the indescribably hideous and lugubrious sound
broke forth; clearer—nearer. It increased; it multiplied;
the horribly crescendo, howling, shrieking, and raving, was
not that of the wind this time.

"Merciful God!" gasped Lota; "The Wolves!"
I never understood, till that moment, what the concentrated
essence of literal, deadly horror might mean. I never ex-
perienced the shock before or since; and I have, in my hunt-
ing excursions, faced my danger and played out the game
manfully. To have lost the way was terrible enough; but
the wolves! and Lota! An instant I was numb and dumb.

It was true, however. The severity of the weather, the
migration or scarcity of the animals on whom these unclean
creatures preyed, had made their hunger a raging, devouring
madness. They were encroaching on civilized territory, and
losing their usual characteristic and craven cowardice—were
approaching the habitations of men, haunting village and
settlement. Woe to those in their path! As the infernal
howl rose lingeringly again the horses darted away with a
shrill neigh of fear, and I guided them—legioning to recover
myself—in an opposite direction, while " Terror," my noble
hound, stood up with every fang bared, and every hair erect,
waiting for the enemy he had already scented.

If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they
sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of
fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to our
panting pursuers. I was growing cool; Lota was pale but
calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain that if we
escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then,
horror of horrors! what a fate for her!

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a
wood hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to Lota.
"Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I
asked.

"Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a
"Manton" with true hunter's skill. I took one rifle—
looked back—the pack was increasing. I fired, and Lota
loaded; and one after another fell, to be devoured by their
ravenous comrades; and still the horses sped on.

The accursed things were, for all this, gaining ground.
Doubts, fears, hope, tremblingly were at my heart as I turned
to the sweet girl whose life or death were all in all to me,
and said:

"Lota! if we die together, remember that I love you—
none but you! I tell you now, if I may never again."
"Kill me first," she whispered; "I hear your words; I
echo them. You have my heart, Richard."
"Oh, Lota! best beloved! what a moment to confess;
and I know not if I feel pain or gladness now."
"There are now no secrets between us," said Lota smiling;
"take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—sob! thy
cock. Save me from them at any cost!"

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yell,
for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us; and
though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded, every instant,
that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possi-
ble to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us
both; young lovers with beating hearts, for ever, from that
hour, interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls,
they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon
us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest;
his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind.
I fired—and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk
came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his
fiery breath on my cheeks; and I expected, as I murmured
a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in
my flesh. A flash!—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the
creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat, to the
spine, by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split
skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving
up all hope, and turning round—Oh, Heaven!—to spare my
darling a more hideous fate, when shots and shouts rang
around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our
aid, and we were saved.

Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy-gap;" our
fring reached the hearing of our friends, and brought them
out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved; and as I bore
her fainting form into the hospitable hall, and elapsed her
tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the
gratitude I breathed to Heaven.

It was the prelude to a wedding, which occurred soon
afterwards; and you may be sure I never forgot my fight
with the wolves, how pluckily my noble Lota backed me, or
the somewhat original but apropos note in which "I told
my Love."

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered
about the warm fire of a tavern bar-room in a new England
village. Shortly after we arrived a pedlar drove up and
ordered that his horse should be stable for the night. After
we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-room, and as
soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely.
Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was
asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were gen-
erally full of adventures and anecdotes. He was a short,
thick set man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave
evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as
Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes
from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell
you about the last thing of any consequence that happened
to me? You see I am now right from the far West, and on
my way home for winter quarters. It was about two
months ago, one pleasant evening that I pulled up at the
door of a small village tavern in Hancock County, Indiana.
I said it was pleasant—I meant it was very warm, but it
was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called
for supper, and had my horse taken care of and after I had
eaten I sat down in the bar-room. It began to rain about
eight o'clock, and it was awful dark out of doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning,
for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I intended
to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about
midnight, and I knew if it did not rain, I could go along
very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the
landlord if he could not see that my horse was fed about
midnight as I wished to be off before two. He expressed
some surprise at this, and asked me why I did not stop for
breakfast. I told him I had sold my last load about all out,
and that a new lot of goods waited for me at Jackson, and
I wanted to be there before the express again left in the
morning. There was a number of people sitting round while
I told this, but I took but little notice of them; one only
arrested my attention. I had in my possession a small
package of placards which I was to deliver to the Sheriff at
Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a nota-
rious robber named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a de-
scription of his person, and the man before me answered very
well to it. In fact it was perfect. He was a tall, well
formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance
of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard cruel marks
which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the
index to a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber I asked the landlord who
that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said
he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and
intended to leave the next day. The host asked why I
wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's coun-
tenance was familiar, and I merely wished to know if I was
ever acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord
into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson, and there give
information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the
inn before the villain left, for I had no doubts with regard to
his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the
alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the
proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself.
When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away
and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily
aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud
was deep, and my horse could not travel very fast—yet it
struck me that the beast made more work than there was any
need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However on we went, and in the course of half an hour
I was clear of the village. At a short distance ahead lay a
large tract of forest, mostly of great pines. The road led
directly through this wood, and as near as I could remember,
the distance was twelve miles. Yet the moon was in the
east, and as the road ran nearly west, I should have light
enough. I had entered the woods, and had gone about half
a mile, when my wagon wheels settled with a bump and jerk
into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment,
but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from
another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around, but could
see nothing. Yet I knew that the sound that I heard was
very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt some-
thing besides the jerk of the hole. I heard something tumble
from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also
feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a
man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. Of course
I felt puzzled. At first I imagined some poor fellow had
taken this method to obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up,
for I knew any decent man would have asked me for a ride.
My next idea was somebody had got in to sleep; but this
passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have
broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought,
gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had
broken in.

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He
had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of
course he supposed I had some money with me. In this he
was right, for I had over two thousand dollars. I also
thought he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had
reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot
me, or knock me down. All this passed through my mind
by the time I had got a rod from the hole.

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but I
have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool
and clear headed under difficulty. In a very few moments
my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee deep
in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without noise. So I
drew my revolver, I never travel in that country without one
—I drew this, and having twined the reins about the whip
stock, I carefully slipped down the mud, and as the cart
passed on I went behind it and examined the trap.

"The door of the cart lets down, and is fastened by a
harp, which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a pad-
lock. The padlock was gone, and the trap was secured in

its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight force from within
could break it. My wheel wrench hung in a leath or bucket
on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped
it into the staple, the iron handle just sliding down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, made in a
stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard
usage. I did not believe any ordinary man could break out.
I got on to my cart noiselessly as I got off, and then urged
my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew that at
the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good
hard road, and so I allowed my horse to pick his own way
through the mud. About ten minutes after this I heard a
motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though
some heavy force were being applied to the door. I said
nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might judge
me fast and shoot up through the top of the cart at me,
so I sat down on the foot board.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger
was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I
started, and nothing in the world but absolute villainy would
have caused him to remain quiet so long, and then start up
in this particular place. The thumping and pushing grew
louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice.

"Let me out of this," he cried, and he yelled pretty
loud.

"I lifted up my head so as to make him think I was sit-
ting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was
doing there.

"Let me out, and I will tell you," he replied.
"Tell me what you are in there for?" I said.
"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered.
"How did you get in?" I asked.

"Let me out, or I'll shoot you through the head," he
yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard
road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would
be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped
back on the foot boards and took the whip. I had the same
horse that I've got now—a tall, stout, powerful bay mare—
and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate
she struck a gait that even astonished me. She had received
a good mess of oats, the air was cool, and she felt like going.
In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went
at a keen jump. The trap inside kept yelling to be let out.
"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes came the
report of a pistol—two—three—four, one right after the
other, and I heard the balls whizz over my head. If I had
been on my seat, one of those balls if not two of them would
have gone through me. I popped up my head again and
gave a yell, and then I said—'O, God save me, I'm a dead
man!' Then I made a snuffing noise as though I were fall-
ing off, and finally settled down on the foot board again. I
now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke
with the butt of my whip stock, and she peeled it faster than
ever.

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after
this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeav-
ours to break the door open, and as this failed him, he made
several attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of his
doing anything there, for the top of the cart is framed in
with dovetails, and each sleeper bolted to the posts with iron
bolts. I had made it so I could carry heavy loads there.
By-and-by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced
to scream when to the horse, and kept it up until he became
quite hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding
the reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with the stock.

"We were not an hour in going that dozen miles—not a
bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I didn't tell the truth
and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more
than that, my passenger was safe; yet I was glad when I
came to the flour barrel factory that stood at the edge of
Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in
front of the tavern, and found a couple of men in the barn
cleaning down some stage horses.

"Well, old fellow," said I, as I got down and went around
to the back of the wagon, "you have had a good ride haven't
you?"

"Who are you?" he cried, and he kind of swore a little,
too, as he asked the question.

"I am the man you tried to shoot," was my reply.
"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping place, and
mind you, my revolver is ready for you, the moment you show
yourself. Now lay quiet!"

"By this time the two hostlers had come up to see what
was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this
I got one of them to run and rout out the sheriff and tell
what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of day
light were just coming up, and in half an hour it would be
day light. In less than that time the sheriff came,
and two men with him. I told him the whole in a few
words—exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he
made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was,
and if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then
I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let the door down
the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and
he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officers
had him. It was now day light, and the moment I saw the
chap I recognized him. He was wrenched off to the lock-up,
and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and
told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would
remain until the next morning, I should have the reward of
two hundred dollars which had been offered.

"I told my goods all safe, paid the express agent for
bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to
stow them away in my cart. The bullet holes were found in
the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a
line about five inches apart, and had I been where I usually
sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the
small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent
with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy
one.

"On the next morning the sheriff had called upon me and
paid me two hundred dollars in gold, for he had made him-
self sure that he had got the villain. I afterwards found a
letter in the post office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff
of Hancock county, and he informed me that Mr. Dick Hard-
head is in prison for life."

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morning I had the
curiosity to look at his cart, and found four bullet holes
just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with
vial corks.

Gleanings from late Papers.

MURDERERS.

The highest aspirations of the early, if not the primitive,
Christians were directed to the crown of martyrdom. Death in
testimony to the faith was an immediate passport to heaven.
The cry of "Christians ad locum!" may have been welcome
to the ears of saints who had been smothered, and who might
prefer the claws of a beast of prey to those of a fiend. The
regular crown of martyrdom may be regarded as an object in-
compatible with the ideas of modern civilization and refined
temperament. A species of that diadem is, however, still, even
in these Protestant British dominions, the prize of certain can-
didates for celestial glory. These are not saints in the old eccle-
siastical sense of the term. They die, indeed, bearing witness
to the truth after a fashion; but their death is not the conse-
quence of any act of faith which has incurred the condemnation
of a heathen tribunal. It is, on the contrary, the penalty of
volition of the sixth commandment, awarded by a Christian
Judge, who concludes his sentence with a prayer for the pri-
soner's soul. It follows very hard upon their consecration,
usually in about a fortnight. Its antecedents are, therefore,
altogether different from those of the self-sacrifice of a Poly-
crates or a Cyrenian. Crossing a man's throat, or beating his brains
out, is quite another thing than refusing to burn a piece of
frankincense. However, the martyrs who are launched into
eternity by the hands of Calcraft appear to enter upon that
unknown state with all the confidence of those who were dispatch-

AUSTRIA.

DISTURBED CONDITION OF HUNGARY.

The situation of the country is becoming graver every
day. At Pesth the disaffection of the people has long been
general and profound; and it has been increased by the
brutal manner in which the Austrian soldiery and police
acted on the 15th towards an inoffensive part of the popu-
lation. From all parts of the country accounts pour in
to the effect that the tyranny of the Austrian functionaries is
becoming perfectly intolerable, and that the populations are
reduced to great distress by the burden of Austrian taxation,
and by the depression in commerce and agriculture caused
by Austrian regulations. To such an extent are Austrians
carrying oppression that the Hungarians who held office
under them—they were few in number—are resigning one
after another; and the Austrians have to replace them by
Germans, Bohemians, and other fore-gone. And so menac-
ing does the immediate future seem that many wealthy men,
in anticipation of being shortly called on to take arms for
the defence of their rights, have made settlements of their
estates and drawn up their wills! The Hungarians are
signing addresses, protesting in the most explicit manner
against the scheme of the Austrian Government for selling
the Crown lands and the confiscated estates of the nobles and
gentlemen who took a leading part in the events of 1848
and 1849; and declaring in solemn terms that they will not
only not buy such lands, but will consider any Hungarian
who may do so as a traitor, and will not even recognize the
purchase as valid by foreigners as legal. Many thousand signatures
have already been attached to these addresses, and countless
many thousand more will yet be added.

A Vienna letter in the *Cologne Gazette* says:—The
Governor of Venice went a few days ago to Vienna to warn
the Cabinet that Venice would be ungovernable if conces-
sions were not made; and he conjured the Emperor himself
to make those concessions rather than have them imposed
on him by the Congress. The observations of the Governor
were, however, but coolly received.

Young Szasz, son of the chief of the Opposition party in
Transylvania (reports a letter from Pesth) has just been
placed under the surveillance of police for six months, for
having given a toast "Our brethren in exile," on the occa-
sion of the opening of the Transylvanian Museum.

A BACHELOR TAX.—The *Salut Public* says, "A petition
addressed to the Senate is now being signed by the icmle
operatives in this city, in which the petitioners pray that all
men who attain the age of 4