

This recital ended, the three returned to the squatter's hut, Frederic leading the horses, and Ellen leaning on her lover's arm.

On the following morning they returned to the Des Plaines, which was distant some half a dozen miles, and rejoiced the hearts of Mr. Austin and his wife, who had supposed them lost.

Four weeks from that time the population on the River Des Plaines, for several miles around, was gathered together at the village church, to witness an imposing ceremony. It was the marriage of Clinton and Ellen! The two antagonists of the White Rabbit became brothers; it is needless to state that their quarrel was never renewed.

'And now,' said Ellen, 'I beg to know your history, Clinton. I have never questioned you on that point before, but loved you for what you were, not what you might have been.'

'You shall be satisfied,' returned her husband: 'In a few words I will tell you my history.'

'I have no family. My mother died when I was quite young. I then had a father and a sister left. Five years ago my father died of grief! Would you know the cause? It was my sister's dishonour! She fell.—She too died in consequence of her error. But her betrayer did not escape! I sought him out—we met! We fought with pistols—a bullet pierced his breast!

I left my property, which is considerable, in the hands of a friend, and fled with a little ready money to the west. Here I have lived ever since—self exiled from a place which shame, not the law, forced me to leave. Some have regarded me as a mysterious being—some have shunned me—others, and you are among the number, I trust, have dared to love. Is it not so, dear Ellen?'

The young wife twined her arms around her husband's neck: her eyes, which swam in tenderness, told a tale of the holiest affection. She remembered that the blood upon his hands was caused by the sin that had provoked its shedding, and a woman's natural horror of the destruction of life was overcome.

'Then we can live contented and happy!' said the huntsman, clasping her to his bosom. And they have done so. Hard, however, was the early fate of him who, because the law would not punish the libertine, was induced by society to handle the weapon of the so-called 'man of honor.'

MISCELLANY.

THERE'S A DUTY.

Yes, still there's a duty on earth to perform,
Though hearts may have suffer'd till life appears lone,
There are feelings affection should ever keep warm,
Making other hearts happy should gladden our own!

To live for ourselves is to narrow the sphere
Of feeling to nothing—and what can atone
For the loss of that sweetest humanity here—
Making other hearts happy—to gladden our own!

'Tis an impulse the nearest to virtue allied,
Thus to solace misfortune wherever 'tis shown,
And though life may have left little pleasure beside—
Making other hearts happy will gladden our own!'

A SHAVE.

A Kentucky friend some years since related to us the following anecdote, as having actually occurred in that State.

There was a roystering sort of a fellow named Peter Russell, but usually called Pete Russell, who owned a good deal of property, and therefore had a pecuniary responsibility, though he was always in want of money, and frequently in the hands of shavers.

On one occasion he went to a certain accommodating friend, to borrow two thousand dollars—'yes,' said his friend, 'Pete, I will lend you the two thousand dollars, and without interest, too, if you will give me your bill for the amount on London.'

'Oh, no,' replied Pete, 'I can't stand that. If I give you a bill on London, the cursed thing will be back on me here under protest, in four months at furthest, and then I must pay you the amount and twenty per cent damages. That's too deep a dig.'

'Well,' said Shylock, 'that is cutting it rather fat. I acknowledge, but I will tell you, Pete, what I will do—I will take your bill on London for two thousand dollars, and pay you for it two thousand two hundred, and when it comes back protested, you will have to refund the two thousand dollars, and twenty per cent damages, making together two thousand four hundred, which will leave me only two hundred dollars.'

'Agreed,' said Pete, 'I am willing to stand that.' So down they sat to prepare the documents.

'But who the deuce shall I draw upon in London,' said Pete, 'I do not know a living soul there.'

'It is perfectly immaterial who you draw upon,' said his friend. 'So far as I am concerned, I am willing you should draw upon the town pump.'

'By Jove!' said Pete, 'I have it—I'll draw upon my cousin, the Duke of Bedford.'

It will be recollected that the family name of his Grace is Russell, and Pete was in the habit of boasting that he had descended from the same stock. So Pete

'let fly his kite' for two thousand dollars on his Grace of Bedford, and received the stipulated amount of two thousand two hundred dollars. The bill, of course, had to be sent out to London, to be presented to his Grace, and regularly protested, in order to establish a legal claim upon the drawer. One morning it was accordingly found, with other documents, on the table in the Duke's study, having been left for acceptance or payment.

'And who,' said his Grace of Bedford, taking up the bill, and addressing his man of business, 'is this Peter Russell, that is drawing on me for two thousand dollars? I never heard of him before, and do not know by what authority he does so.'

'I am equally ignorant, your Grace,' said the *homme d'affaires*. 'I know nothing of him.'

'Well,' said his Grace, after musing a moment, 'it is probable now that he is some poor and distant branch of my family, who has wandered away off there to the wilds of Kentucky, and is in distress; the amount is but a trifle; let the bill be paid;' and paid it was.

In due course of time Pete's friend got back two thousand dollars, less Bankers' commissions, and without interest, for two thousand two hundred he had paid Pete some months previously.

It was a regular shave, only the shaver became the shavee.

Our friend, from whom we had the story, said, he never heard whether Pete ever renewed the operation.

We can only add, that we have often wished we had such a cousin in London.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

HIGHLAND DONALD AND THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

Highland Donald had been for a considerable time in the country service, and had realised a little money, and he says to himself, oh, this will never do, I'll take my money and go and buy a horse and cart of my own, and be master myself. Donald, before commencing business for himself, thought it proper to visit his friends in the Highlands. On the way he was attacked by a highway robber, who addressed him in the following manner (*presenting a pistol*):—Now, sir, deliver your money or die. Oh, I'll not be very sure of that, says Donald. Deliver up your money, sir, or I'll blow your brains out in one moment. Cot, I wouldna like that that very weel either, says Donald. Poor Donald saw there was no resisting it, and gave him all that he had, with the exception of a few shillings that he had in reserve to carry him on his journey—away went the robber. Donald says to himself, Cot, that will be a very good trade—that will be better than the horse and cart yet. Donald took the few shillings that he had left, went away and purchased an old pistol. Off he goes to the highway, meets with a gentleman, and presents a pistol. Now, sir, deliver your money or die.—What did you say, sir. Oh, what I'll say, deliver your money, sir, or by cot, I'll plow your brains out in one moment. The gentleman gave him a purse containing fifty sovereigns; there's a purse of gold to you sir, take it, you're welcome to it, and see that you make good use of it. Oh, yes, says Donald, putting the purse in his pocket, this be a fine trade—this be better than the horse and cart yet. The gentleman calls him back—hey sir, will you sell your pistol. Oh, yes, I'll sell the pistol. What will you take for it? What you'll give. I'll give two sovereigns for it. Oh, very well—give me the money, an' he'll soon give you the pistol. Donald put the money in his pocket, Cot, this be a fine trade, far better than the horse and cart yet. The gentleman presents the pistol to Donald. Now, you confounded scoundrel that you are, deliver all the money you have taken from me, and every farthing in your possession, or I'll blow your brains out in one moment. Oh! says Donald, shoot away! d—n the powther's in her.

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

There are at present in England, Ireland, and Scotland, eight hundred and fifty temperance societies, with one million six hundred and forty thousand members.—In the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, there are nine hundred and fifty temperance societies, with three hundred and seventy thousand members.—In South America there are seventeen thousand persons who have signed the temperance pledge. In Germany there are fifteen hundred temperance societies, with one million three hundred thousand members. In Sweden and Norway there are five hundred and ten temperance societies, with one hundred and twenty thousand members. In the Sandwich Islands there are five thousand persons who have signed the pledge of total abstinence. At the Cape of Good Hope there are nine hundred pledged members. It is ascertained that upwards of seven thousand persons annually perish in Great Britain through accidents when drunk; and the loss to the working-classes alone, through drinking, appears to be annually five hundred and fifty millions of dollars.—The enormous sum of four hundred and ninety millions of dollars was expended in Great Britain last year for intoxicating beverages, and five hundred and twenty millions of gallons of malt liquors were brewed last year in Great Britain. In the United States there are three thousand seven hundred and ten temperance societies, with two million six hundred and fifteen thousand members, which includes the Sons of Temperance. In Russia all temperance societies are strictly forbidden by the emperor. In Prussia, Austria, and Italy, there

are no temperance societies. In France the temperance cause, although yet in its infancy, is greatly on the increase. The first temperance society in the world, so far as discovery is known, was formed in Germany on Christmas day in the year 1600.—*C. K. Delavan of New York.*

IMPORTANCE OF FLANNEL NEXT THE SKIN.

It would be easy to adduce strong evidence in behalf of the value and importance of wearing flannel next the skin. 'Sir John Pringle,' says Dr. Hodgkin, 'who accompanied our army to the north at the time of the Rebellion, relates that the health of the soldiers was greatly promoted by their wearing flannel waistcoats, with which they had been supplied on their march by some Society of Friends;' and Sir George Ballingall, in his lectures on military surgery, adduces the testimony of Sir James Macgrigor to the statement that, in the Peninsula, the best-clothed regiments were generally the most healthy; adding that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the usefulness of flannel in checking the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray told Dr Combe that 'he was so strongly impressed, from former experience, with a sense of the efficacy of the protection afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, in December 1823, after two years' service amid the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, he ordered the purser to draw two extra flannel shirts and pairs of drawers for each man, and instituted a regular daily inspection to see that they were worn. These precautions were followed by the happiest results.—He proceeded to his station with a crew of 150 men; visited almost every island in the West Indies, and many of the ports of the Gulf of Mexico; and notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates, returned to England without the loss of a single man, or having any sick on board on his arrival. It would be going too far to ascribe this excellent state of health solely to the use of flannel; but there can be little doubt that the latter was an important element in Captain Murray's success.'—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.

How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop-plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated; and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labour as hardly to be reckoned in our coinage. A pint of this sells, retail, for fourpence; and if of good flavour, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost one penny-farthing, and the duty thereon one penny, with no deductions for damaged, crooked, overprinted copies made ready for sale, and charged too with carriage from mills and stamp-office at a distance; and it is covered with half a million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade, and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents, and subjects for conversation; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?—*Liverpool Mercury.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.

I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favourable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontiers of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humour to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then 'laid to' my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through