

weeping. He then endeavoured to discover the state of her mind; but she put a stop to it by saying firmly, "Father, I am betrothed. Schmitz," she continued, with a sigh, "has my pity, but duty and honor—." She left the professor to conclude the sentence himself.

Love is not so harsh to his votaries, as he is sometimes said to be. Henrietta's betrothed returned to his parents, and in his letters written afterwards to his mistress, he let some hints escape him that his parents now started some objections to the match.—Henrietta was eagle-eyed. In an answer returned by next post, she gave her lover perfect liberty to follow his own inclinations, renouncing every claim resulting from his promise. The result was, that the gentleman accepted of the permission she gave to him. No woman likes even the semblance of desertion; but we will not say whether Henrietta felt glad or otherwise on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that one day on which her late lover's letter came, she entered her father's study just when twilight was setting in. "Well, my girl," said the professor, kissing her fondly when she came in. "I have been idling for a half hour musing upon poor Schmitz. But I must have candles, and to my writing." So saying, he stretched his hand to the bell; but Henrietta caught it, exclaiming. "Oh no, dear papa, it is too early for candles! You study too much; and I wish to speak with you." "Well my love, won't we be still the better for lights?" "No, no," said she, sitting down by his side. After a pause, she began, "Papa, I know you love Schmitz—" "I do," said the professor, "and would to heaven you could, and did love him too, Henrietta!" The young lady let her head fall on her father's shoulder, as she replied, "I can—and do, papa! Every obstacle is removed, and Henrietta will be his, if she can promote his felicity!"

The professor read the letter which his daughter gave to him, and kissed her again and again with delight. It was not long ere the joyful father was by the side of the slowly recovering Schmitz, and informed him of the change which had occurred. The good news was like to have proved as fatal as his despair. But he recovered from his emotion, and ere long was led by his benefactor to the presence of Henrietta, one evening of whose company cheered and restored the artist to something like a new state of being.

But on the morning following this meeting, what was the surprise of Henrietta and her father to learn Schmitz had left the town by daylight in a carriage with four horses, taking with him all his plates and drawings!—Poor Henrietta was thunderstruck—was miserable!—She had now surrendered her whole heart to the artist—but he was a maniac? What else could be the meaning of his conduct? The professor himself was in terror for the reason of his friend. Meantime, day after day passed, and no letter or intelligence of any kind arrived to quiet the dreadful anxiety under which they labored. On the ninth day, however, while Henrietta sat gazing from the window in the direction in which he had departed, a carriage drove straight up to the professor's door, and Schmitz sprang out. In a few moments Henrietta was in his arms, and he had not only quieted her fears, but replaced them with the deepest joy. He had gone to Munich, and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine—had told his history, shown his work and certificates—and had moved the Elector so much by his tale, that the prince had his services in requisition as an engraver, and had assigned to him a fixed salary of six hundred florins. "Now," said Schmitz, when he had told his tale to his mistress and her father, "now am I more worthy—or at least more the equal—of my Henrietta."

Few who know anything of the history of continental engraving are ignorant of the great merits, in his art, of the hero of this little story. The circumstances related here are in strict accordance with the truth.

### THE HONEST LAWYER'S FEE.

It is now five years since the Widow Stiles called on me one morning before breakfast, and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer, as she thought her friend Stubbs was less correct than he might be. I asked her to step into the parlour, and went myself to my breakfast and my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Stiles many years, her husband was a great land owner in a goodly town of the western country, and with a disinterested love, that deserved some better aim, ever pressed on his helpmate, the first rule of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more and more religious and almsgiving, but more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the facts to my wife, and waited her opinion. Well, William, said she, after drinking a cup of coffee upon my story, "I fear the old lady has some money-getting claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to getting more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not to the most thorough one. She relies on your judgment; use it not for her seeming but her real good."

I counted my legal acquaintance over—twice over, before I hit the one answering to the terms 'honest and conscientious,' in the sense in which I knew

Ellen used them; at length I found him, and taking my hat, walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk; he arose and gave us chairs, and awaited Mrs. Stiles's statement. But before I go on in this point, let me say a few words of this phenomenon, this man with his head under his left arm close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began the practice because he had to get a living; and now he continued in the profession, in spite of bad opponents and bad courts—because he thought he had done, and might yet do much good labor; not alone by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a stop to half knavish practices, and dissuading men and women from unjust and passion-rousing quarrels. Mr. Sawyer thought it not only proper for him to refuse acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and a privilege, nay a mere Christian character to strive to persuade them to forgo such claims. He sought fame and extensive practice as a means whereby to exert a moral influence, over the community; he thought a lawyer bound to serve not only his client only, but his God and his country, and looked on him, who for gain would prosecute a suit which he tho't unfair, as a traitor to his country and his religion, in act, whatever he might be in intention. In short, as Bill Blunt said, "Sawyer is such a hanged fool as to think it an Attorney's business to help the parson to make good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles state her business. It seems that her husband had sold and conveyed several lots, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had merely released her right of dower—these lots she understood she could get back.

"Did you ever receive money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course—do you think Jared would have driven me to it?"

"Do you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we did't, they tell me the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money, to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, lawyer, that would have been thieving, right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed, shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Sawyer, that is the deed you have got in your hands."

"Of course not."

"But you mean to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title any more than a sheet of blank paper: you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim for you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and looked at the window, looked very much puzzled, and somewhat abashed. At last she said, "But don't the law say the land is mine, Squire?"

"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First let us get things straight, and have the bargain complete, and then, if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in the corner. At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he would charge for a quit claim deed; this charge, the Attorney told her, the other party would willingly pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a blank to fill it. Before we left the bargain was complete, the deed was signed, witnessed and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, as she walked home, "what sort of a lawyer do you call this man? I verily believe that he has cheated me out of all them lots; I have a great mind to go back and tear the deed all to flinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late, but that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advised her in future to employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and that gentleman was henceforth her counselor and solicitor.

Last week the Widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral, we opened the will, and found it, to our astonishment, in her own hand-writing.

"Know all men," it began, "that whereas I'm going to give something to my Attorney, I write this myself:—that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body—know all men, that, whereas, said Attorney, to wit, vide licet: James Sawyer, of this said town that I'm of, namely, the town of Jackson, whereas, I say, first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a course that was, as I have since seen, wholly wrong, for which he be blessed in this life and forever. Therefore, know ye, that as a small token of respect and love for said Attorney, to wit, namely James Sawyer, who has of late, been unfortunate and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will leave, transfer,

make over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I've got in the world; goods, chattles, lands, monies, books, dress, jewels, for his and his heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my several friends such articles as are marked with their names. Witness my hand and seal, November 20th, 1846.

JANE STILES.

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

"It is a fee, my friend," said he "that I must thank you for."

"She must leave \$50,000," I replied.

"I was thinking," answered he, "not of the money, but the change of life and heart; that is the fee I prize."

**IN A TIGHT PLACE.**—The New Orleans Spirit says, that a well known Greek, "Major Dupley," being asked as to the tightest place he had ever got into, looked reflective, took a drink, and replied as follows:—

"Well, the first time I went down South, going from Natchez to Orleans on the old Mosselle, the same that's bursted her biler since, I came across a rough up-country sort of fellow—a varmint-looking chap, from somewhere back of Memphis. I hadn't been a board long, before he and me got yoked at a game of Twenty Deck, and by the time we tied up at the Levee in Orleans, I'd got pretty much all he had (about \$400) and had 'gin him a wrinkle, in a general way, into the bargain." We both stopped at the same house in Camp street, and the first night we got there, just after supper, my up-country friend beckoned me out of the bar room, and taking me some ways up a dark alley that was next the hotel, he put up his hand to the back of his neck, and drew an eighteen inch bowie—a perfect cleave. Mermin! I thought he was going to divide me, and I sung out, "Stranger, put up your scythe—how much do you want?" May be I didn't feel better when he broke his mind to me, and I found out that he wanted to 'spout' his knife to me for a 'Ten,' to go to the masquerade."

**STRANGE MODE OF ARRIVING AT A VERDICT.**—I was in a case a little time ago in which one of the parties, from an humble anxiety to save his client the costs of a Special Jury, acquiesced in a Common Jury who, to his consternation, gave a verdict for four hundred pounds to the plaintiff, whom the late Chief Justice Tindal had told them, was not entitled to one farthing! One of the jury afterwards declared that he had been resolved to give a verdict for the plaintiff, and after several hours' altercation they put four slips of paper into a hat, bearing respectively the four sums, one farthing, fifty pounds, four hundred pounds, and one thousand! It was agreed that the foreman should draw one of them, and the verdict be accordingly; and he drew the slip which bore the sum of £400!—*Warran's Practice of the Law.*

**DEATH.**—Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are no epitaph of that oak to tell me how high, or how large, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again to pronounce—This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeoman, this the plebeian bran.—*Donne.*

**CAUSE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.**—Babylon, a remnant of the Assyrian empire, presents another instance of the baneful effects of intemperance. It, like Nineveh, had grown rich, great and powerful, while its inhabitants were temperate; and when intemperance became rife, it shared the fate Nineveh. The very night of its overthrow was one of general debauchery; the king, with his satraps and nobility, were drinking in the vessels brought from the temple of Jerusalem. The soldiery, and even the men on guard were wallowing in drunkenness; and in this condition were surprised and hewn down by the Medes and Persians, who had for some time been besieging the city, and having turned the course of the river, availed themselves of its bed as a path, and marched into the city beneath its mighty gates. The king and his drunken companions were slain in the midst of their revelry; thus furnishing another memorable example to posterity.—*Barns' Teetotalers' Companion.*

**MANKIND IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.**—They had neither looked into heaven, nor earth, neither into the sea nor the land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without scale, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without powder, shot, cannon or mortars; nay, the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing press, writing no paper, and paper no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a love letter, a billet doux might be of the size of any ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufactures, and their richest robes were the skins of the most formidable monsters.