

THE WOODS.

* There is a pleasure in the pathless Woods."—BYRON.
The joyous woods! 'tis sweet in morning hours,
To wander through them when the laughing
Spring.
Throws her bright bays upon the trees and flowers,
And wakes the lark in azure fields to sing;
When the sweet violet throws its fragrance round
From 'neath the trunk of the old hawthorn tree;
When on each spot of the all-blooming ground,
Blossoms the cowslip and anemone!—
The woods are then a type of childhood's hours,
Hope, springing like verdant leaves, to light,
And joys, as many as the sunny flowers,
That cheer the spirit with their bland delight!
The Summer woods! 'tis sweet in burning June
To stay amid their cool and leafy shades,
That seems as sanctuaries from the blaze of noon;
Silence through all their solitude pervades,
Save the brook gurgling on its devious way,
Or squirrel springing quick from tree to tree,
Or when at intervals the saucy jay
Breaks with his uncouth voice the harmony—
The woods are then a type of pensive youth,
Whose life is like an intellectual trance,
He madly blinds the sober eyes of truth,
To wanton with the syren of romance.

The Autumn woods! the solemn autumn woods,
'Tis sweet to wander through them when the day
Throws his last beams upon their solitudes,
Tinging the yellow foliage with his ray
A halo of delight. Oh! there is joy
Even in death, when calm life elopes away;
When a bright hope doth the whole heart employ,
Gilding the dying moments with a light
That may not fade; its home is in the skies.
Death is but joy, when round the mortal sight
Such beatific scenes of beauty rise!
The wintry woods! 'tis sweet on starry night,
When winds come sighing through the leafless
To conjure up fond visions of delight,
From out the store of childhood's memories;
To trace again life's chequered journey o'er.
Its joy, its grief, Love's brightness and decline;
To muse on faces we may see no more—
Faces that cheer'd us in the days lang-syne.
But turn to heaven thine eyes, the leafless trees
Check not thy view of the bright stars above;
So in old age, 'mid all its miseries,
Heaven is unclouded—bright its beams of love!

From the New York Mirror.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENCE OF MIND.

From the memoirs of the duchess of Abrantes.

While Murat was in Madrid, he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerillas, and with the troops composing Castanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassment to Baron Strogoff, the Russian ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally but the friend of France. M. de Strogoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral Siniavin," said he, "is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral—you give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well, even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterwards the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instruction," answered he, respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction."

The prince augured favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards who disarmed him before their commanding officer. Luckily for the gallant youth, it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost, if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood.

"Who are you?" said Castanos, in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign, and answered in German, "I do not understand you." Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded, as he was, by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is a Frenchman, to fall upon him and murder him.

But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aid-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant. The officer confronted him with the Pole, and said,

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred.

"Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands. And he stated, that having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him, I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my forage to."

This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted that he was a Russian, and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind, a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible.

"But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are so anxious asking for?"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man." Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner, he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him, he had fasted for eighteen hours; no wonder, then, that with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave, of course; but to die at eighteen—'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber.

He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visiter bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and the words of the female, rose up on his couch and with eyes only half-opened, said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master, of himself? the thing is impossible."

But, though Leckinski was supplied with food, he was detained prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpses of ten Frenchmen, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Trunillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy; for twelve hours he had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid forms, before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitements of the day, and soundly too; when, in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers, the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same soft voice whispered in his ear,

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "we wish to save your life, come—an-swered, still in German—"What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said that the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early, four men came to take him before a sort of court-martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk, they uttered the most horrible threats against him; but true to his determinations, he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was! He was sent for and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his despatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Ask him," said the presiding officer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter put the question.

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation; and I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti, that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected, the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable."

Leckinski's arms and despatches were returned, he received a free pass, and thus this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit can put to.

NEW YORK POLICE.

I cried upon my first wife's dying day;
And also when my second ran away;
My third—Your third! quoth Juan, turning round,
You scarcely can be thirty: have you three?
No—only two at present above ground:
Surely, 'tis nothing wonderful to see
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!

The wife of Five Husbands John Going, a negro blacksmith, working in Monroe-street, came into the office, puffing and blowing, and claiming the protection of the magistrate against the violence of Phebe Ann Seymour, a natty little colored woman, twenty years of age, living at 48 Ludlow street, who, as he alleged, came to his house, abused his wife, and played the very d—l.

Mag—Phebe, step up. Why do you disturb that man?

Phebe—'Kase I'm his wife, sure, and he married another woman.

Mag—It is so, Going?

John—Why, I did marry Phebe once, but I left her 'kase she had another husband living.

Phebe—He lies true, my last husband was dead.

Mag—The one before him! Why, how many husbands has she had?

John—Why, her first one was Henry Fitch; but she dev'l—Well he did that there.

John—Not as you know of.

Mag—Well, Phebe, who did you marry then?

Phebe—Well den I marry Jenmy Johnson; then I left him kase he had a wife living at Baltimore.

John—Then she married Jo Green, directly after.

Mag—That's the third—well what became of Jo Green?

Phebe—Well, I guess he's dead, for he went away one Sunday, and I never seed him agin.

Mag—Well, who did you marry next?

Phebe—Well den, I didn't marry nobody, but Jerry Barns married me.

Mag—What became of Jerry Barns?

Phebe—Why, I guess he died in the Cholery.

Mag—Oh, you only guess so; and then when you guessed he was dead, you married.

Phebe—This here loafer, and now he's married; he grabbed hold of me, and bought a cow skin, and beat me black and blue.

John—But you broke my head with the andirons.

Phebe—So I did, kase you called me a black nigg—

John—Well, please Judge, she has always been breaking and disturbing me; she's dev'l'd me so that I can't live with her any how.

Mag—And as you thought you'd try another.

John—This here woman made me three, and then

I was forced to get another after her. My first wife, Ann Connway, died: my second ran away from me. Then after I married Phebe and found she had so many husbands living, I married Ellen Fields, about six weeks ago.

Mag—Well you had better go and live peacefully apart from each other, for if you don't I shall come to you to Bridewell.

Phebe—Then I'll go and marry somebody else out of spite, if I can't have him.

A Tale of Old Times. During the revolutionary war, when the British were cruising on the coast, using every favorable opportunity of landing to destroy property, the militia kept themselves in constant readiness to meet any emergency. A large company was organized at Manomet Ponds, a village seven miles from Plymouth. They had frequent trainings, and were often heard to express a wish for an opportunity of measuring bayonets with John Bull. About this time a crew of Marblehead fishermen landed at Manomet one fine morning to wash out a cargo of cod. A boy residing in the vicinity, spied them standing in the water in their red shirts, and almost dead with fright, ran to the house of the redoubtable Capt. B., informing him that a regiment of red-coats were paraded on the beach. The Captain immediately sent his drummer and messengers through the neighborhood, and in fifteen minutes the whole squad was under arms. The gallant Captain harangued his fellow-soldiers: he told them that they were now to fight not only for their lives, but for all which makes life desirable: for their sweethearts, their homes, their wives and children. "Now," said he, "is a golden opportunity. Let us show to the world the courage and bravery of the people of Manomet Ponds, and posterity shall rise up and call us blessed. Now let us onward, and may the man who first turns his back upon the contest be forever branded as a coward." This speech was met with a loud murmur of applause; the pieces were charged, the bayonets fixed, and with shouldered arms they marched to the precipitous cliffs which overhang the shore. What were their thoughts and feelings on the march we must leave the reader to conjecture. They doubtless felt the fear which always attends the soldier when first going into actual service; they thought of the pain of gun-shot wounds, and that some among their number would be cold in the embrace of death ere the sun should reach his meridian. Such thoughts at least revolved in the mind of Capt. B.; but whether this outweighed his lofty ideas of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," or whether he doubted the prowess of his troops, we cannot ascertain. Certain it is, however, that on arriving at the cliff, below which the fishermen were quietly pursuing their occupation, he instantly turned upon his heel, exclaiming, "There are the red-coats! let every man take care of himself!" This speech was evidently more welcome than the first: the whole party immediately took to flight, not one venturing to look behind him, until they were singly entrenched in the mud and bogs of Beaver-Dam Swamp.

Old Colonial Democrat.

Anomalous. The Germantown Telegraph has lost a good subscriber by not sending in his bill so often as he desired. On reading this singular case, we feel strongly tempted to relate the conversation of two Africans, on the much disputed subject, whether a man ever dies before his time comes. Cuffee said no, Pompey said yes.

"Now," argued the latter, "pose a man eat a hearty supper of pork and beans, and he wake up in the mornin' and find himself 'tome dead—what you say to dat Cuff? Don't you think he die before he time come? ha!"

"Wy, yes, Pompey," replied Cuff, unable to resist the force of his argument—"I grant you in dis 'ticular case; but, by gosh! it won't happen one time in ten thousand."

With this sage reply of Cuffee, we would console our brother of the Telegraph. He will not lose one subscriber in ten thousand, by being too remiss in asking for his pay.

A farmer in a neighboring town sent out his son John to feed the hogs. On reaching the pen John found an old sow in the act of killing the last one of a litter of fine pigs. He seized a stake, and in a rage struck the old sow over the head and killed her. Supposing he had made a bad master worse, he returned to the house expecting chastisement, and informed his father that all the pigs had been destroyed by their mother.

"Why didn't you kill the d—d critter?" said he, in a rage.

"I did, father."

"You good-for-nothing fellow! I've a good mind to flog you within an inch of your life!"

A little of the Yankee. A friend of ours who resides in this city and who is a master mason by trade, having an occasion to call a physician to his wife in a case of obstetrics, the lady was blessed with two fine children. In a few days he called upon the Doctor for his bill, the Doctor informed him that in all cases he had \$20 a pair. No sooner said than done, the cash was placed in his hand. A few days after the Doctor called upon our friend to do a little repairing to two of his chimney places which were out of order, and which took him but a few hours. When the job was finished the Doctor inquired the amount of his bill, when he was informed that it was \$20. The Doctor exclaimed, "extravagance!" To which our friend replies with great sang froid, always \$20 a pair, Doctor. The joke was too good, the Doctor handed him over the ready at once. Would it not be well in all similar cases for the farmer, mechanic or laborer to compare and charge the physician for services in the same proportion as the services rendered by the Doctor. Our friend B. is entitled to our thanks for the example he has set, and the doctor for doing him justice.

Botanic Watchman.

An ASSEMBLY OF Saddlery, Hard & Queensware, CROSCUT, HAND & CIRCULAR SAWS, CRADLE, GRASS & BRIER SCYTHES, WILLIAM'S CAST STEEL AXES, Tire, Band, Square, Round, & Hoop Iron, AMERICAN BLISTER & CAST STEEL;

Also, a quantity of Coffee, Sugar & Molasses;

A FEW BBLS. OF WHISKEY;

All of which they are offering for sale at the store room lately occupied by Maj. John P. Dunn.</p