

## THE DECLARATION.

The lady sat within her bower,  
Where trellised vines hung o'er her,  
With flashing eye and burning cheek,  
Down knelt her fond adorer;  
He took her soft white hand, and in  
Her bright eye fondly gazing,  
Sought for a look, to show that he  
An equal flame was raising;  
Yet still her eyes were turned away,  
And as his heart waxed bolder,  
And he devoured her lily hand,  
The lady's look grew colder.  
And then he swore, at her command,  
To show his love, he would do  
What never mortals did before,  
And none but lovers could do;  
That he would climb up to the moon,  
Or swim the ocean over—  
Would dine one day at Sandy Hook,  
And sup next night at Dover;  
Then jump from thence to London, and  
Alight on St. Paul's steeple—  
Then pull the premier's nose and make  
O'Connell damn the people.

Or that he would put armour on,  
And like a knight of yore, he  
Would fight with giants, castles scale,  
And gain immortal glory.  
Then go and build a kingdom up,  
And be a mighty winner;  
Bowstring the Sultan Mahmud—and  
His Turkey eat for dinner.  
Then follow Lender's dismal track,  
And on the Niger's banks  
An empire of the darkies found,  
And merit Tappan's thanks!  
If harder tasks she did demand,  
He would reform the nation—  
Make talent, honesty and worth,  
Essentials to high station—  
Make politicians tell the truth,  
Give consciences to brokers,  
And put upon the temperance list  
An army of old soakers—  
Make lawyers "keep the people's peace,"  
Physicians kill them cheaper—  
A cloud was on the lady's brow,  
Which, as he spoke, grew deeper.  
He swore she had the brightest eyes,  
That ever look'd on mortal;  
And that their light was like the rays  
That stream from heaven's own portal;  
That by her check, the opening rose  
Would look but dim and faded;  
And darker than the raven's wing;  
The hair her fair brow shaded;  
That Venus by her side would look  
A common country dowdy;  
She blushed and smiled, and then  
Her brow again grew cloudy.

## THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forgot in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasant assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility,) stood, respectfully looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, & how dispensing with formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, de-sirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burthen to him and the task; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the bold baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this tedium," and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow, but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout

from the men, and he resumes once more: two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top: he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front toward the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him: see at last: he is on the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount: they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised thisfeat before, one purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man: "they can never be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

## IRISH CIRCUMLOCUTION.

If the Irish are to be distinguished as a convivial and a musical, they must also be noted as a circumlocutory people. Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derry, I inquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:

"The rason sir! Why, you see that the justice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's copies' in it."

"What's that?"

"Why, poor Murdock O'Donnell."

"Oh, there's a man to be hung!"

"Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?"

"What's his offence?"

"No offence, your honor; it was only a liberty he took."

"Well, what was the liberty?"

"Why, you see, sir, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback; and so, having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its shoulders, than the d—l put it into the cracker's head to go over to Kellgren's cattle-fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to sleep on the bench; and when he wouke up, he found the cracker gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money."

"In short," said I, "you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?"

"Why, sir," he replied, stammering and scratching his head, "they call it so in England!"

After hanging the appointed time, this unfortunate Murdock was cut down and conveyed away by his friends to an adjacent house, where it being discovered that his neck was not broken, a physician was called in, and the means of resuscitation were successfully employed. He then sank into a sound sleep, and was ordered to be given a cup of new milk whenever he woke and was thirsty. Two female relatives sat up with him; and the worthy doctor sent them a bottle of whiskey to cheer theendum of the night; but they in drinking healths to one and the other's families, and long life in especial to Murdock, very soon became too sociable to be discreet.

When Murdock awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and looking round him wildly, exclaimed—"Where am I, dear lady—in Purgatory!"

"No, no, honey Murdock: don't you know Judy Flin's cabin—your own sister Judy!"

"And is that you, Judy! and is this a bed?" he inquired, quite bewildered.

"To be sure it is Judy," said she, "and this a bed, though it is not as good a one as I could wish; and here's Molly Dorgan, your own cousin-jarman; and we have been both drinking your health, Murdock, and long life to you, wid the whiskey the doctor sent to kape the cold blue devil from tazing us."

"But sure I was hangt, Judy," said he.

"Sure enough, darling, for not returning Farmer Doyle's pony that you borrowed: but Doctor Mulready, blissing on him! who brought you into the world five-and-twenty years ago, has brought you alive again, after you had been made the picture of the 'slapping beauty' on the government sign-post."

"Why, then," replied Murdock, with a deep sigh,

"I don't thank Doctor Mulready; I was very aisy

where I was. Father O'Connel had forgiven me my sins; my misery was all over, and a swate shape had begun; and here have you brought me back to

that dirty world to be, stel, and starve, as I have

done before. I don't thank you, Judy: you never ax'd my consent. And by the powers! since Doctor Mulready has had me born over agin, he shall be

at the expuse of bringing me up!"

To mollify Murdock's discontent at his restoration, the women handed him the whiskey-bottle, (though strictly enjoined by the doctor to give him nothing but milk,) which he, seizing with desperation, drained at a draught, and the liquor meeting the wind in his throat, he struggled, gurgled, and fell back upon the bed, beyond the skill of Doctor Mulready, to revive again.

*New Work, by a Journeyman Printer.* The Eastern prints notice a work, which has just issued from the press of the Harpers, entitled, "Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer; edited by Henry Junius Nott. This work by one of the craft, is said to be highly graphic and humorous—resembling very much the novels of Smollett.

*Cincinnati Intel.*

*Cure for Low Spirits.* On Wednesday last,

John Lovett was committed to the Waterfield

House of Correction for six months, as a punishment for cruelly treating his wife, who is only sev-

enteen years of age, and not twelve months mar-

ried.—Lovett said that the young woman was sub-

ject to lowness of spirit, and that he used to give

her a slight beating now and then merely to revive

her.

*Halifax Guardian.*

The notorious Loubier, recently when about to be guillotined at Toulon, smoked his cigar as he walked to the scaffold, and on his way jokingly said, "A substitute in the army may be obtained for 1,500 francs; I would give 3,000 francs to the man who would take my place."

"Can you keep a Secret?" "Dorothy," said Ichabod, pale and trembling, to his wife, "Dorothy, I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it inviolable, I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but oh Dorothy, woman!"

"Why Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband, you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you any occasion to doubt my fidelity?"

"Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. Oh! dear! I shudder when I think on it!"

"Why, husband do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll? What is the matter? Ichabod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come unbosom yourself."

"May I rely on your fidelity?"

"Ichabod, you know you may."

"Well, then, — we are both ruined!—undone!

"I have committed murder!"

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder!—and have buried him at the foot

of a tree in the orchard!"

"Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder!—Then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us!"

Ichabod left the room, and Dorothy hurried off to a neighbor's. Mrs. Prattle observed a great change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance, so great as to induce her to inquire into the cause of it.

"Oh! Mrs. Prattle, said Dorothy, I am the most miserable of women!—I am ruined forever!"

"Merry! Dorothy, how gloomy and distressed you look!—what has turned up to make you appear so dejected? Why, how you sigh! woman.—Tell me the cause."

"I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge."

"Oh! you may tell me Dorothy—I shall never speak of it again."

"Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?"

"You know Dorothy, I never tell secrets."

"Well Mrs. Prattle I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard: he told me of it himself. For Heaven's sake don't name it to any one."

"Murder!—Your husband committed murder! Indeed! indeed! Dorothy, you have reason to think yourself ruined! Poor thing! I pity you from my heart."

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands; and Mrs. Prattle, leaving her dough half-kneaded and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Tellall. Soon after this late confab was ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife, Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, before whom, and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation, and plead guilty to the charge of murder: "My object," said Ichabod, "in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capability to keep a secret; I have committed murder inasmuch as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife, like her sex, is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved; and with respect to the murderer, those who feel an interest in it, are at liberty to inspect the body."

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