AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 3 NO. 10 | LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 12, 1855 | ESTABLISHED IN 1826

The Lancaster Gazette.

CITY OF LANCASTER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

GEO. W. MAC ELROY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

OFFICE—Old Public Building—Southeast corner of the Public Square.

TERMS—One year in advance, $2,00; at the expiration of the year, $2,50; Clubs of ten, $15,00; Clubs of twenty-five, $30,00.

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Thursday Morning, July 12, 1855

☞ What a quaint, beautiful poem here is, from HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. He never penned a prettier. ED.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

FROM PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and quaer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone,
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Frowned stands the old chateau;
Nothing but the donjon keep
Left for shelter or for show;
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valleys green and deep.

Over a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hill-side down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream,
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the waters dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin,
Songs that fill
That ancient mill,
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed,
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher,
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine—
Were not songs of that higher art,
Which, as the winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the ale-house and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud convivial din,
Singing an applause of feet,
The laughing lays,
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport,
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lowly cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells,
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot, stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here,
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows the song thro' many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the valley of the Vire.

THE YANKEE PEDLAR.

Old Squire——who some years ago lived in the town of W———, in N. Jersey, was "death on pedlars," and wouldn't allow one to come within gun shot of him if he could help it. It so happened that one Nat Tucker, a Yankee pedlar of the most incorrigible kind, in dry goods, clocks, and other 'notions,' chanced that way, and having heard of the aversion of the Squire to itinerants of his class, he looked upon him as fair game, and determined to 'sell' some of his wares and the old man at the same Accordingly the first house he drew up at on entering the town was the house of the Squire. It was at the close of a warm day in July, and the old man sat complacently smoking his pipe under the porch of his house. As Nat approached him with a clock under his arm and a dozen of silver spoons in his hand, the old man majestically waved him off, at the same time exclaiming:

'Clear out! Don't you come in here—I don't want any o' your tribe round me! I know you.'

'Wal, I mus 'low, Squire,' said Nat, good naturedly, 'that you've got the advantage of me, for I don't know you, and I guess your neighbors don't nuther, for they tell'd me you was a good Christian, and never turned a hungry man away from your door.'

The coolness and self-possession of Nat caused the Squire to pause, for he was a whole-souled, hospitable man, and he began to think he might be mistaken in Nat's true character. At length he inquired, looking the visitor steadily in the face, 'Answer me one question—ain't you a pedlar?'

'Pedlar be darned!—no,' said Nat.

'Then what are you bringin' them things in the house for?' queried the old man, pointing to the articles which Nat was carrying.'

'Wal, the fact is,' replied Nat, 'I don't much like to leave these silver spoons in my wagon, for somebody might make love to 'em, and as for this ere clock, I couldn't afford to lose it, no how, for its jist one o' the greatest clocks out. I want a bowl of bread and milk nation bad, and if you'll accommodate me I'll thank ye, and if you wont, I'll hev to go further, and if anybody axes my opinion of yew, in course I'll tell 'em how good you are to strangers.'

This settled the matter, and Nat was invited in. The Squire's wife was out, but the old man soon placed a bowl of pure milk and some white bread before Nat, who laying aside the old-fashioned spoon which the old man brought him, supplied its place with one of his own, and proceeded to 'go in' as though he had fasted for a month. When he had about half finished his meal, Nat remarked, as he paused to turn his spoon over and eye it admiringly —'how much better milk tastes out'n new silver spune, than it does out'n old one!' 'Yes, I spose it does,' replied the Squire, who had all along been eyeing the remainder of the set, and wishing he was the possessor of them, that he might astonish the old lady (who by the way was given to strong-mindedness, that is, wearing the breeches) on her return.

'I got them ere spoons very cheap,' remarked Nat again, as he swallowed a large mouthful of the 'lacteal,' 'and I've no doubt my Nance 'ill be delighted with 'em.'

'I spose you wouldn't care about partin' with 'em, would you?' asked the Squire, hesitatingly.

'Wal, no, I don't keer much about it,' answered Nat, 'but seein' it's you, I mought, and I guess there's some more of the same sort left, which I kin git before I go hum. Tell you what I'll deu, Squire—if you'll give me them ere spunes of yourn and seventy-five cents to bute, jest to pay me for my trouble, they're yours.'

'Done!' said the Squire, and immediately he was put into possession of a dozen plated spoons, for which he exchanged a dozen solid, old-fashioned silver ones and 'the boot.' Nat seemed to regret his bargain, and showed no disposition to take the old spoons which the Squire laid in a bunch before him, when the latter fearing he might alter his mind and demand his property back, left the room for the purpose of stowing them snugly away.

A broad grin passed over Nat's face as the old man disappeared, and rising from his seat he approached one of those solid, old fashioned English clocks, specimens of which may yet occasionally be met with, which occupied a position in one corner of the room. Opening the door, Nat cut the cords which sustained the weights, so that the slightest jar would be sure to part them, and then thrusting his knife up underneath the face of the clock, he clipped all the cogs but one from one of the wheels, closed the case again, and had just taken his seat when the Squire entered.

'Tell you what, Squire,' said Nat, assuming a frightful expression of countenance, 'I begin to feel bad—'fraid I'm agoin' to have one of them dratted fits which takes me down sometimes. Yes, there it comes!' he yelled, and immediately after he jumped from his chair high enough almost to touch the ceiling and came down upon the floor with a force which shook the house to its foundation.

'Bang! bang!' went the weights of the old clock, and 'rick! rick! click! click! snap! snap!' went the wheels, till the Squire was fairly dumb-founded, and knew not which to attend to first, the old clock or Nat, who lay writhing upon the floor.

The scene did not last long, however, for Nat very speedily recovered; and then the Squire alluded to the noise which the clock had made. Nat examined it, and pronounced it worn out. He told the Squire he had better either make a rat-trap of it, or sell it to the first second-hand furniture man that came along. Then he incidentally and quite carelessly mentioned his own clock, and comparing it with the Squire's, pointed out the new improvements, especially the 'alarm' arrangement, at all of which the old man was consumedly tickled, and the upshot was that the clocks changed owners as the spoons had done previously, Nat receiving the old clock, worth about twenty dollars, for a ten shilling article. Nat now thought it about time to travel, and accordingly departed. He stowed the old clock, together with the Squire's spoons, carefully away in the bottom of his wagon, out of sight, and started, but had not gone far when he met the Squire's wife, of whom he had managed to get a full description, both with regard to her temper and appearance, returning homeward.

'Aint your name Mrs. B?' he inquired, as they met.

'Yes,' said the old lady, snappishly, 'but what's that your business?'

'Oh, nothing,' replied Nat, 'only I didn't know but what you'd like to buy a few notions—a pair of sdissors, for instance. I stepped into your house, yonder, and the Squire tell'd me he had broke yours since you bin gone—but he said he wouldn't buy any new ones for you, and you shouldn't buy for yourself.'

'Did he say that?' said the old lady, defiance flashing from her eyes.

'He did so,' replied Nat, 'and you shod'nt buy scissors or nothing else without his consent.'

'It's all very well for him to talk that way behind my back,' but he wouldn't do it if I was there.

'I'll show him whether I'll buy anything or not,' she continued determinedly, as she immediately proceeded to purchase numerous articles to the amount of about three dollars, all the money she had with her, after which she proceeded homeward, boiling over with wrath, and Net proceeded on his way whistling. Words would fail to give a correct description of the scene of crimination and re-crimination which followed when the Squire's wife reached home, and we shall not attempt it, but shall pass on to an incident which occurred some time after. The old folks had been reconciled to each other, and went, by invitation, to a neighboring town. While there they found their way into a show-shop, and almost the first thing that attracted their attention, was their old clock. It looked as natural as ever, and was altered in nothing, save its history—they learned for the first time, from a label upon it, that it had once been the property of Gen. Washington, and that it had been bought at auction by a gentleman, together with the documents proving its identity, and sold to the proprietor of the show for *two hundred dollars!* Nat Tucker was the last pedlar that ever 'sold' the Squire.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Woman, permit me to say, is the mystery as well as the master-piece of God's creation! When she is a true woman she is charming under all circumstances. But her sphere is endurance rather than action; and accordingly nature has gifted her with fortitude far surpassing ours. She best answers the ordinary purposes of his creation, as well as best serves her own happiness by making herself as agreeable as possible to our rougher sex. This can only be effected by means of the softer graces and accomplishments; for I take it, there is no object more natural, and therefore, more revolting to a true man than a masculine woman. My idea certainly is to give her such an education as will best develop the peculiar charms and characteristics of her sex. I should treat a young girl with great tenderness. Give her such physical training as is necessary for her health. I like to see the delicate bloom of the rose upon their cheeks, but not too rude a glow. But be gentle with them, my dear madam, be gentle.—*Extract from Eastford.*

"SAM."—Whar did he come frum, and wher is he gwine, and what is he gwine to do?" We find in the local column of the Petersburg *Express* the following in answer to the above inquiries. We hope curiosty will be fully gratified after this:

"Sam libed 'mong de Ingin fellers, or Ingin rubber fellers, I don't know wich, for a long time and slep so long wid his shoes on dat it turned his toes in and his senes out!

So much for de indiwidual Sam. Now for de questions:

Whar did he kum frum?
Whar am he gwine 2?
What am he gwine to do when he git dar?

Whar did he kum from? Do I tink it's nobody's bizness—yet it may ease sum ob yure minds by tellin you dat he one ob ole Sam's nephews—was born on ole Sam's farm, and he moved to Texico, whar he fit, and presumended for many years. Dat's whar he kum frum.

Wharam he gwine 2? Wy strate to de White House—ef I nose eannything about polytike horriblescopes.

What he gwine to do when he git dar? Dat am a hard question my hearers. If I had enny relashuns 'mong de spirits dat I could b'lieve, I'de 'ply to dem for de informashun—but I aint; eber one ob my departed relashun ware sich extraornery liars dat I wouldn't take der words for a tree cent plate ob pickled clams. So dars nuffin to be gained by 'plyin to de Spirited shops.

I must depend upon de unaded forse ob intilect alone—and ef I kin not sa wl at ticklar tings he'll do I kin not menshun wot he wont do—consequently de usooal kelleckshun will be taken up, do I shoodn't objeck to de mount bein a little more dan usooal. Times aint no easier yet, and odder kongregashuns am raised de sheppard's celery for dem. Will Brudder Baker tote round de susser, and see dat awl de members am "tested."

INQUISITIVENESS.—We heard a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer, who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, answered all his questions straight forwardly, until the down easter was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired:

'Look here, Squire, where was you born?'

'I was born,' said the victim, 'in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, on the 1st day of August, 1825, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Yankee was answered completely. For an instant he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:'

'Yaas; wal, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, du ye?'

HOUSEHOLD NOBLENESS.

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

Woman, in general, are indignant that the satirist should have made this the climax to his praise of woman. And yet, we fear, he saw only too truly. What unexpected failures have we seen, literally, in this respect! How often did the Martha blur the Mary out of the face of a lovely woman at the sound of a crash amid glass and porcelain! What sad littleness in all the departments thus represented! Obtrusion of the mop and duster on the tranquil meditation of a husband and brother. Impatience, if the carpet be defaced by the feet even of cherished friends.

There is a beautiful side, and a good reason here; but why must the beauty degenerate, and give place to meanness?

To Woman the care of home is confided. It is the sanctuary, of which she should be the guardian angel. To all elements that are introduced, there she should be the "ordering mind." She represents the spirit of beauty, and her influence should be spring-like, clothing all objects within her sphere with lively, fresh and tender hues.

She represented purity, and all that appertains to her should be kept delicately pure. She is modesty, and draperies should soften all rude lineaments, and exclude glare and dust. She is harmony, and all objects should be in their places ready for, and matched to, their uses.

We all know that there is substantial reason for the offence we feel at defect in any of these ways. A woman who wants purity, modesty and harmony, in her dress and manners, is insufferable; one who wants them in the arrangements of her house, disagreeable to everybody.—She neglects the most obvious ways of expressing what we desire to see in her, and the inference is ready, that the inward sense is wanting. It is with no merely gross and selfish feeling that all men commend the good housekeeper, the good nurse. Neither is it slight praise to say of a woman that she does well the honors of her house in the way of hospitality The wisdom that can maintain serenity, cheerfulness and order, in a little world of ten or twelve persons, and keep ready the resources that are needed for the sustenance and recovery in sickness and sorrow, is the same that holds the stars in their places, and patiently prepares the precious metal in the most secret chambers of the earth. The art, and the music thus produced only differs from that of the orchestra in this, that in the former case the overture of sonata cannot be played twice in the same manner. It requires that the hostess shall combine true self-respect and repose,

"The simplicity that is not too much,"

with refined perception of individual traits and moods in character, with variety and vivacity, *an ease, grace and gentleness, that diffuse their sweetness insensibly through every nook of an assembly, and call out every reciprocal sweetness wherever there is any to be found.*

The only danger in all this is the same that besets us in every walk of life; to wit, that of prefering the outward sign to the inward spirit whenever there is a cause to hesitate between the two.

"I admire," says Goethe, "the Chinese novels; they express so happily ease, peace, and a finish unknown to other nations in the interior arrangements of their homes.

"In one of them I came upon the line, 'I heard the lovely maidens laughing, and found my way to the garden, where they were seated in their light cane-chairs.'—To me, this brings an immediate animation by the images it suggests of lightness, brightness and elegance."

This is most true, but it is also most true that the garden-house would not seem thus charming unless its light cane-chairs had lovely, laughing maidens seated in them. And the lady who values her porcelain, that most exquisite product of the peace and thorough-breeding of China, so highly, should take the hint, and remember that unless the fragrant herb of wit, sweetened by kindness, and softened by the cream of affability, also crown her board, the prettiest tea-cups in the world might as well lie in fragments in the gutter, as adorn her social show. *The show looses its beauty when it ceases to represent a substance.*

Here, as elsewhere, it is only vanity, narrowness and self-seeking, that spoil a good thing. Woman would never be too good housekeepers for their own peace and that of others, if they considered housekeeping only as a means to an end.—If their object were really the peace and joy of all concerned, they could bear to have their cups and saucers broken more easily than their tempers, and to have curtains and carpets soiled, rather than their hearts by men and small feelings. But they are brought up to think it is a disgrace to be a bad housekeeper, not because they must, by such a defect, be a cause of suffering and loss of time to do all within their sphere, but because all other women will laugh at them if they are so. Here is the vice,—for want of high motive, there can be no truly good action.

We have seen a woman otherwise noble and magnanimous in a high degree, so insane on this point as to weep bitterly because she found a little dust on her picture frames, and torment her guests all dinner-time with excuses for the way in which the dinner was cooked.

We have known others to join with their servants to backbite the best and noblest friends for trifling derelictions against the accustomed order of the house. The broom swept out the memory of much sweet counsel and loving-kindness, and spots on the table-cloth were more regarded than those they made on the own loyalty and honor in the most intimate relations.

"The worst of furies is a woman scorned," and the sex, so lively, mobile, impassioned, when passion is aroused at all, are in danger of frightful error, under great temptation. The angel can give place to a more subtle and treacherous demon, though one, generally, of less tantalizing influence, than in the breast of man.—In great crises, Woman needs the highest reason to restrain her; but her besetting sin is that of littleness. Just because nature and society unite to call on her for such fineness and finish, she can be so pretty, so fretful, so vain, envious and base! O, women, see your danger! See how much you need a great object in all your little actions. You can never be fair, nor can your homes be fair, unless you are holy and noble. Will you sweep and garnish the house, only that it may be ready for a legion of evil spirits to enter in—for imps and demons to gossip, frivolity, detraction, and a restless fever about small ills?—What is the house for, if good spirits cannot peacefully abide there? Lo! they are asking for the bill in more than one well-garnished mansion. They sought a home and found a workshop. Martha! it was thy fault!

Most Holy Order of Jesus.

It is a singular fact that while politician and partizan editors are hurling their anathemas at the order of "Know-Nothings," denouncing all purely local American organizations "as secret bands of conspirators against the rights and liberties of the American People," they are silent as the grave with regard to another secret order which prevails in this country to an extent that appals all who know how far it runs, and which is suggestive of revolvers and bowie knives. We allude to the Most Holy Order of Jesus, commonly known in this country as Jesuits, a secret organization of Roman Catholics, the members of which are sworn to wage a war of extermination against the Protestant religion and to spread the supremacy and promote the interest, assumptions and pretensions of the Pope of Rome in this country, by all means good or bad, at their command. This foreign secret organization prevails in this country to an extent that few men dream of, but its members. The whole town of Harrisburg has recently been excited about an imaginary order of "Know-Nothings," said to be composed of Americans and Protestants, whose object is the preservation of the Bible, the prepetuation of their religion, and protection against the encroachments of the Papal power. And this American organization has been denounced by leading Democratic editors as a "secret band of conspirators against the right and liberties of the American people," while their lips are hermetically sealed with regard to a secret organization of which the Pope is the great head and the members of which acknowledge allegiance to no power on earth save the Pope of Rome.

The Jesuit is here, there and every where with his breath of poison and touch of death. Crafty, base, mean, treacherous and devilish, there is no deed that is too atrocious for him to undertake, for the advancement of Papal power, and the overthrow of the civil and religious institutions of this country. He conspires everywhere for the downfall of the liberty of the people—he is ever the same infamous character—the same at Rome, in Harrisburg, in the regions of heat in those of cold. All good men abhor him, all decent men fear and shun him. His very garments are rank with the odor of crime. The Jesuit! What is he not? And yet these secret bands of foreign conspirators against the rights and liberties and religion of the American people, are permitted to meet in secret conclave, plot and counterplot, and not one word of denunciation do we hear from the political press—while secret American associations, organized for the protection of the Bible, and the defence of the religion of home, are anathemized as antirepublican, dangerous to the liberties of the country. Political demagouges will soon begin to discover that there is a power in this country greater than that of the Jesuits, and hereafter no man can hope to attain official position at the hands of the American people who is not wholly free from the entangling alliances which seek the overthrow of Protestantism and Republicanism. —*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

BALANCE OF POWER BETWEEN THE SEXES.—The number of males born is always greater than females, by about four per cent. At twenty years of age this preponderance is entirely lost, and there are more females than males. At forty the balance is again the other way, and there are more males than females. At seventy the ages are about even. Beyond the age of forty years the probabilites of longevity are much greater for American women than that of men. There are now four hundred and thirty American women in the United States above 100 years of age.

☞ A case was tried in New York on Thursday, in which the United States claimed that a quantity of Jewelry, valued at $6,477 belonging to the late Madame Sontag, has been forfeited for the non payment of duty, a few years ago, but the jury gave a verdict against the Government.

The English Merchant & the Saracen Lady

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In the reign of Henry the First of England called Beauclerc, or Fine Scholar, for he was actually so learned that he could write his own name—a great attainment for a king in those days—there lived in London a rich young merchant named Gilbert Becket.

He was thought a brave and adventurous man when he left his comfortable English home and sailed for the Holy Land, to trade with the rich Syrians for satins, velvet and gems, which he meant to bring to England and sell at a great profit. He probably calculated by this speculation to double his fortune, and perhaps be able to buy a title and so become one of the nobles of the land, and live in a castle, where he would receive the king and court and entertain them in princly style. But alas! titles and royal guests were not for him, and all the castle he was ever to lay claim to was such a "castle in the air," as any one of us may build. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, robbed of his ship, sold as a slave, fettered and set at work in the palace gardens of Mahmoud I, a terrible, fierce-eyed, black-bearded, big turbaned Saracen chief.

It was a very hard fortune, that of poor Gilbert. He was obliged to toil from morning to night, digging and spading, planting and weeding, and all the while with the disadvantage of not knowing much about the gardening business and of having a heavy chain dragging and clanking at his ankles. You may depend that he felt that if he could get safe back to England he would never more aspire to castles and titles, nor trouble himself if the king and court never should eat a good dinner or shake their heels at a ball again.

But often out of our greatest misfortune comes our best good and happiness, and hope and joy often follows times of fear and sorrow, as beautiful rainbows are made out of storms that have just darkened the sky and beaten down the flowers. One evening, just as the muezzin was calling all pious Mussulmen to prayers, Gilbert Becket stood leaning against a palm tree, resting a little from his daily toil and thinking longingly of his country and home.—Just then, a young Saracen lady of marvelous beauty, called Zarina, chanced that way on her evening walk, and was very much struck by the appearance of the stranger. In truth, as Gilbert stood there leaning so gracefully against the palm, with his pale face cast down, and his soft auburn hair half veiled his sad eyes—to say nothing of his long golden eye lashes, and his curling silken moustache, he was a very handsome and interesting young man, and in spite of that gardener's dress and slavish chain, looked as proud and noble as a prince.

Zarina thought so, and though she was very modest and timid, drew near to speak a few kind words to him. He looked up at the sound of her light step and for the first time in many months, he smiled, gladdened by the sight of her beautiful innocent face.

The ballad does not just tell how these two became acquainted, but it is certain that they soon grew to be excellent friends; and managed to meet often, and have long walks and talks in the shaded bowers of Mahmoud's gardens. They first talked of the flowers, then of the stars and the moonlight, then of love and then of God. Gilbert told Zarina of the Christian's blessed faith and related all the beautiful and marvelous stories of our Lord Jesus, and Zarina wondered and wept and believed.

Gilbert had learned the Saracen language and spoke it very well, but Zarina did not understand English at all. The first word that she ever spoke was "yes," which Gilbert taught her to say when he asked her if she would be his wife, whenever he could gain his freedom. But month after month, a whole year went by, and Gilbert was still a captive.

One day, when Zarina met her lover in a shady garden walk, she said in a low, gentle voice, and with her tender eyes cast down, "I am a Christian now, dear Gilbert; I pray to God morning and night.—Thou knowest I am an orphan. I love no one in all the world but thee; then why should I stay here? why wouldst thou linger longer in bondage? Let us fly to England! God will guide us safely over the wide dark waters, for we are Christians, and need not fear anything. I will meet thee to night on the sea-shore, and bring gold and jewels enough to purchase a vessel and a skillful crew, and when O, my Gilbert, we are afloat on the broad blue sea, sailing towards thy home, thou wilt bless me and love me—wilt thou not?"

The merchant kissed the maiden's hand and promised to meet her on the stand at the appointed hour and he did not fail—but long he walked the lonely shore and no light footed Zarina came flitting through the deep night shadows and stealing to his side. North, south, east and west he looked—but all in vain. The night was clear, the winds whispered low, the little waves slid on the shining shore, and seemed to invite him to sail away over them to the great seas beyond—but the stars overhead twinkled so merrily and winked so knowingly that he had almost fancied they had betrayed the story of his and Zarina's love and intended flight. At length he heard a quick light step, and sprang forward with a joyful cry. Alas! it was not Zarina, but her faithful nurse, Safie, who came to tell him that Zarina's love had been discovered, and that her kinsman had confined her in a strong, guarded tower, and that he must escape alone. She sent him a casket of gold and gems, with a promise that as soon as possible she would make her escape and come to him in London.

There really was nothing for Gilbert Becket to do but to accept Zarina's casket of jewels and follow her advice; so, after sending her many loving fare well messages by Safie he went.

He had a prosperous voyage and reached London in safety, where he gave his friends a joyful surprise, for they had given him up for dead.

Year after year went by, and he saw nothing, heard nothing, of his noble Saracen love, Zarina, and at last he grew to think of her very sorrowfully and tenderly as one dead. But Zarina lived and lived for him whom she loved and who had taught her to love God. For years she was kept imprisoned in that lonely guarded tower near the sea—where she could only put her sorrow into mournful songs and sigh her love out on the wind that blew toward England and gaze up at the bright kindly stars, and pray for Gilbert. But one night, while the guard slept, the brave Zarina stole out on the parapet, and leaped down many feet to the ground below. She soon sprang up unharmed and made her way to the strand, when she took passage on a foreign vessel for Stamboul. Now, all the English that this poor girl remembered were the words "Gilbert" and "London." These she said in sad, pleading, inquiring tones to every one she met!—but no one knew what she meant by them.

From Stamboul she went on her weary, wandering way, from port to port and from city to city, till she had journeyed through many strange countries, repeating everywhere these two word in English—but in vain; every body heard of London, none knew Gilbert. Yet the people were very kind and gave her food in return for the sweet songs which she sung.

At length after many months of lonely and toilsome wandering she reached England, and found herself amidst the busy, hurrying throng of London. She gazed about her, bewildered, and almost despairing on finding it so large a place—it would be so much harder to find him. Yet still patiently and wearily up and down the long streets she went—through market place and square—past churches and palaces, singing her mournful songs, speaking softly and more sadly the one beloved word—"Gilbert."

One evening as Gilbert Becket, the rich merchant, sat at the banquet table in his splendid London house, entertaining a company of rich and noble guests, a servant brought him word that a beautiful Saracen maiden, pale and sorrowful looking, stood in the square without, singing songs, and repeating his name over and over. In a moment Gilbert thought of his beloved Zarina, and springing up from the table he rushed out of his brilliant hall into the street where poor Zarina stood, with her long, dark hair glistening with the chill night dew, and her sweet face looking very white and tearful in the moonlight.

He knew her at a glance, though she was sadly changed from the fair young girl he had left in the gardens of Mahomoud, as gay hearted as the birds, and as blooming as the flowers. He called her name—he caught her in his arms—and the next time she spoke the dear word—"Gilbert," she murmured it against his heart, while his lips pressed her cheeks and his eyes dropped happy tears upon her brow.

He took her into his princely house, and it became her home from that hour. She was baptised and took the christian name of Matilda—but Gilbert always called her Zarina, for he said he loved that best.

The faithful lovers were married, and lived together for many years, happy, honored, and beloved. Their oldest son, Thomas Becket, was a powerful and renowned archbishop in the reign of Henry the Second.

And so ends the true story of the English Merchant and the Saracen Lady.

BARNUM OUTDONE.—The following we clip from the Louisville Courier:

"There is however, an exhibition at this time in Louisville even more outrageous to feelings of propriety than Barnum's house full of babies. It is a monstrosity in the shape of a child having two heads, three arms, and other unnatural deformities. The child is dead and preserved in spirits, and is shown to hundreds of visitors, who throng the place eager to see the horrid spectacle. Before yesterday we had no idea there was so much morbid curiosity in Louisville.

☞ The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier has the following about Mr. Fillmore:

"Mr. Fillmore, you will have already noted, has gone to Europe. A large number of the professed friends of Mr. Seward came down to see him off. I may as well state what has been at the point of my pen several times. Leading and influential members of the Know-Nothing order inform me that there is no question but that Mr. Fillmore will receive their indorsement in the next Presidential election, for he is one of them."

☞ A young printer, named Spencer Davis, shot himself in the head with a pistol, at Logansport, Indiana, on the 18th of June, because a young lady in that place would not return his love for her. Alas! the *impression* of the fair one upon his heart caused him to make full *proof* of his affection by the improper employment of the *shooting-stick.*—*San. Mirr.*