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A CULLURD SARMON.

Belubbed fellow trabblers, in holding for' to day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say.
De sarmon will be bery short, and dis here am de tex',
Dat half-way doin's ain't no count for dis world or de nex'.

Dis world dat we's a Hbbin in is like a cotton row,
Whar ebbry cullurd gemman has got his line to hoe;
An' ebbry time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps a growin', to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews across de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin' jest as fas' as fas' could be.
Do you s'pose dat dey could ebber have succeeded in der wish,
An' reached de promised land at last, if dey had stopped to fish?

My friends, dar was a garden once whar Addem libed wid Eve,
Wid no one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbor for to thieve;
An' ebbry day was Christmas, an' dey got deir rations free,
An' ebbryt'ing belonged to dem excep' an apple tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake came swooping 'round,
A stump-tail, rusty moccasin, a-crawlin' on de groun'—
How Eve an' Addem eat deir fruit, an' went an' hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he came an' drove 'em off de place.

Now s'pose dat man an' woman hadn't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone 'bout deir gardenin' an' tended to deir work;
Dey wouldn't had been a-loafin' whar dey had no bizness to,
An' de Debbel'd nebber had a chance to tell 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's bruddern. It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, an' den's de time to play;
For even if de crap is good de rain 'll spoil de boils,
Unless you keep a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls

Keep a plowin', an' and a hoin', an' a scrapin' ob de rows,
An' when de ginnin ober you can pay up what you owes.
But if you quit a-workin' ebbery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby on ebbryt'ing you's got.

Whatebber tis you's a-dribin at, be sure an' drive it through,
An' don't let nuffin stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin', den, as sho's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.

I t'ank you for de 'tention you hab gib dis afternoon.
Sister Williams will 'blige us by de raisin' ob a tune;
I see dat Brudder Johnson 's 'bout to pass 'round de hat,
An' don't let us hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat.

HAROLD; OR, THE FALSE FRIEND.

A TALE OF BOSTON.

"Imprisoned! Accused of murder! Good God, what fearful calamity is this!"

The words were uttered in a tone of exquisite anguish, by a gray-haired man who stood in the centre of a richly-furnished apartment of a large mansion situated in the very heart of the city of Boston.

The old man's hands were clasped wildly before him; his lips tightly compressed, and his whole appearance denoting intense and painful agitation. Before him stood an officer of the law. He seemed but little affected at the personification of terrible grief at his side. Experience in his profession had hardened his heart, and what he now beheld was, to him, but an ordinary event of life.

The officer had just brought intelligence that the son of Benjamin Harris, the old man above mentioned, has been arrested upon a charge of murder, perpetrated under peculiar circumstances, and in a manner that left but little doubt of the guilt of the prisoner.

Mr. Harris walked the room for a moment with an uneven step; and at length, having somewhat calmed his agitation, he turned to the officer, and, in a broken voice, requested him to give the details of the terrible catastrophe. The officer did so, and the following is the substance of his narrative:

Edward Harris had, at an early hour the evening before, entered a certain gambling-hell of the city, and there he encountered a most notorious gamester, with whom Harris, not knowing his character, at once commenced to play. Their game continued for some hours, until at last Harris detected his opponent at cheating, and boldly accused him of the fact; this the latter stoutly denied, and, upon the former reiterating his assertion, the latter boldly declared him a liar. Harris sprang to his feet, and with one blow of his fist, he felled the false gamester to the ground.

With muttered curses the latter arose and darting upon Harris, sought to pull him down. He was evaded, however, and Harris again struck him. The latter then seemed suddenly to recover his self-possession, and with a triumphant laugh proclaimed that he *had* cheated, and ended by saying that his opponent might make the best of it. He then departed from the place. Edward Harris was heard to say in the gambling-house that he would "fix him yet." The clock struck two a few moments afterwards, and Harris departed.

The next that was known of him, he was found bending over the body of his murdered opponent, and his clothes saturated with blood. The watchman who discovered him declared that he had heard a low shriek, and that, as soon as possible, he had reached the spot and found Harris as above described. There seemed a strong probability of the young man's guilt, from the fact that he had lost a large sum of money to the murdered man; that he had threatened him, and followed him out shortly after his departure.

When arrested, Harris coolly stated his entire innocence, and said, that the same shriek which had attracted the attention of the watchman, called him to the spot, and that, arriving but a few moments before, he was detected in an examination of the man's wound, and arrested in that position.

Such were the circumstances under which Edward Harris was arrested; and, to even the most unprejudiced and dispassionate observer, there seemed a strong probability of guilt.

When the officer left Mr. Harris, he carried the message to his son, that he would shortly visit him in his prison; not, however, before he had engaged the most eminent legal talent that money could command.

Mr. Harris then seizing the bell rope, summoned a servant.

"John, is my nephew in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Call him hither."

In a few moments the door opened, and a young man entered the apartment. He was a tall, finely built man, of about twenty-five or six years of age! His face was swarthy and of oval cast, with hair suiting his complexion, thrown back from a full and intellectual forehead. His features were nearly faultless in mould, his teeth, large, white and brilliant. But his dark eyes beamed with haughty and passionate fire, mingled with a sinister gleam, which, added to the disdainful curl of the lip, gave to his face an expression akin to treachery. In his motions he was nervously rapid, retaining one position scarcely an instant. He was dressed faultlessly in a suit of black clothes, and came into the room with a short, quick step.

"You sent for me, uncle—"

"Yes, yes, to communicate fearful tidings! Your cousin is in prison, charged with murder!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young man, with a sudden start, while the sinister glance came, with a transient flash, to his eyes. "Good heavens, has it come to this?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the old man, in a voice of anguish. "Reckless of character, of life, and spurning my advice, and defying my control, he has given himself up to wild licentiousness and mad dissipation, until at last the prison impedes his further progress!"

"I had feared that some disaster would overtake him, but, great God! I had never expected so terrible a finale as this. My poor, unfortunate cousin!" And the young man buried his face in his hands and seemed to give way to passionate grief.

Mr. Harris gazed on him for a few moments with a look of deep sympathy, seemingly forgetful of his own sorrow and misfortune; and then going up to him, he placed his hand kindly upon his shoulder, saying:

"Come, Harold, you take the blow too deeply to heart. Come, my kind boy, let us take measures for his safety!"

"You speak well, uncle, this is no time for grief; I am glad that you bear up so bravely. I cannot believe that my poor cousin is guilty! With all his faults he would never, never conceive, much less execute so terrible a crime as this!"

"Ay, with all his faults my poor boy is innocent of this. I believe it, and God knows it!"

When Harold lifted his face from his hands, no tears were visible; but his face was flushed, and his dark eyes strangely gleaming.

But buried in his own sad thoughts the old man noticed not the peculiar expression of his face, but hurrying on his outer garments, he and his nephew left the mansion.

Edward Harris, who now stood accused of the terrible crime of murder, was a young man about twenty-three years of age. In appearance he was the opposite of his cousin, Harold Stanly. He was of a tall and graceful figure; dark blue eyes, and brown, curling hair, with dignified and intellectual features. The expression of his face was manly and candid, and such as would win the confidence of every student of human nature. He was open and generous to a fault. The only child of his father, he had been spoiled by over-indulgence, and naturally of a quick, impulsive temperament, he could ill brook control. Early in life he was his own master, and over his actions his father seldom or ever attempted control.

His father, one of the most prominent of Boston merchants, with nearly a million of money, never stinted his allowance, but was always ready to gratify his whims, for he loved him with a deep and fervent affection.

The coming of Harold Stanly, whose mother died long before he had attained his majority, gave an impetus to the extravagant desires of Edward, and his cousin it was who first introduced him, as it were, to the realities of life; under a garb of friendship and generosity, Harold Stanly covered a corrupt and deceitful heart. He lured Edward on, step by step, until at last he was initiated into the darkest mysteries of city life. He it was who first introduced young Harris to a gambling hell; and who, when the latter, bound by his passion for play, turned about and hypocritically expostulated with him on the folly of his course; but not until he had convinced himself that, for the time, Edward was under the baneful control of his own passions.

With his artful ways and seeming steadiness of disposition, Harold Stanly had entwined himself about the heart of his uncle, until at length, the latter thought him a model youth, and placed in him the utmost confidence.

When Mr. Harris mourned over the folly and extravagance of his son, the point would be taken up by Harold, who would cheer the old man with the hope that Edward would one day give up his evil ways, and become a staid and exemplary man.

Edward never suspected the dark, designing nature of his false cousin; busied in seeking the gratifications of his own passions, and naturally of an unsuspicious temperament, he never imagined that such a thing as falsehood and deceit could be nourished in a heart so nearly related to his own.

But a deep scheme lay beyond all this. It was no ordinary one. Harold was actuated in his course, not so much by ill-will or hatred to Edward, as by a determined intention of superseding him in the good graces of his father; to make himself his heir; and, failing in this, he would not scruple to proceed to the direst extremities. Time passed on. But all the folly and waywardness of Edward could not alienate the affection of his father. The latter expostulated with his son; he threatened, and implored; all in vain—yet the old man loved him still. Harold Stanly at last became convinced that he could never achieve his desire by waiting for such an event: then he determined on another course—dark and consummate villain that he was—what that course was will soon be plainly evident to the reader.

In the boudoir of a splendid mansion, standing in a fashionable quarter of the city, was seated a young and divinely beautiful woman. Her dark and lustrous tresses hung down upon shoulders pure as Parian marble. Her dark, lustrous eyes, beaming with pensive sweetness, were bent upon her embroidery, and her ripe, red lips were slightly parting, and her full round cheeks tinged with the rare beauty of the full blown rose. She was a being of more than ordinary beauty. Her heart shone out from the liquid depths of her large and handsome eyes; and her smile was brighter than a sunbeam of a June morning. Rarely beautiful, she sat, ever and anon slightly lifting her head, as if listening for an approaching footstep. This beautiful being was Marion Lee, the beloved of Edward Harris. They had met under peculiar circumstances, at one of the fashionable watering places. Marion with some friends was out upon the river, and more than a mile distant from the shore, when the yacht in which she was, by some mismanagement was suddenly overturned. Edward was passing them in a small sail boat which he occupied alone, and seeing the catastrophe, he tacked about, and lowering his sail rapidly, he cast out his anchor; and, seeing one of the lady passengers of the yacht—there were but two—floating down with the current, he sprang into the sea, and swam rapidly towards her, while the rest of the passengers, three in number, remained clinging to the boat. He reached her as she was sinking for the second time, and, grasping her securely with one arm, he made towards his boat, but ere he reached it, another yacht appeared upon the scene and he was lifted with his nearly senseless burden aboard.

From that moment a warm and fervent attachment sprang up between them, and ere three months had passed over their heads they were affianced. Marion loved Edward with a most devoted affection. But a period was approaching which was to test the strength of that love most cruelly.

Marion was recalling this sweet reminiscence, with a fluttering heart, when the door opened, and the name of Harold Stanly was announced.

He entered, and bowing gracefully, he said:

"Miss Marion, I would not intrude my presence upon you at such an early hour, did I not come on a sad and imperative mission!"

"You are welcome, sir; but what has occurred that is so important, that you speak so formally?"

"I came on behalf of my unfortunate cousin."

"Heavens! What has happened? Is Edward ill? Speak, speak, in heaven's name!"

And Marion darted from her seat, clasped her hands and looked upon the dark face of Harold, with a wild gaze of entreaty. The sinister gleam was in his eye, and he seemed gloating over the suspense in which he held her. At last he said:

"No, Edward is not ill, on the contrary he is in the best of health—"

"Thank God!" cried Marion, gratefully, as she sank into a seat,

"I repeat," continued Harold, "that he is in the best of health—but he is in prison."

"In prison!" muttered Marion, confounded.

"Yes, in prison!" repeated Harold, harshly.

"And for what?" asked Marion, recovering somewhat her composure.

"For murder!" answered Harold, with ill-disguised triumph.

"For murder!" shrieked Marion, springing wildly to her feet; "for murder—O, God, it cannot, cannot be!" And the poor maiden clasped her hands, while to her face came an expression of most unutterable woe.

"Yes, for murder, committed last night. And he is guilty, for he was found bending over the body of his victim!"

"'Tis false, 'tis false! My Edward would never, never be guilty of so foul a crime! 'Tis the work of some villain enemy! 'Tis false!"

And the eyes of Marion Lee flashed proudly, and her fine form was drawn to its full height, and her breast heaved with indignant emotion. The eyes of Harold quailed before her proud glance, and a tremor passed through him as she cried: "'Tis the work of some wicked enemy!"

"I pray Heaven that he may be innocent; but the proof is terribly conclusive. His career for the past two months has not been creditable to him—he is a notorious gambler, a libertine—"

"Peace, sir! Speak not of Edward Harris thus to me! It is enough for me to know that he is in prison! I know his faults, and I know his virtues. I know, for my heart tells me, that he is innocent!" And Marion moved proudly from the room.

"By Jove, she's a noble woman! I'd risk my life to win her, *and I will!* And Harold Stanly left the house.

In a narrow cell, containing nothing but an iron bed, on which was laid a hard mattress, a chair and a table, sat Edward Harris. His dark locks were dishevelled, his fine face pale, and marked with traces of suffering and anxious thought, and his head was resting languidly on his open palm. His past life rose before him like a drama. And he shuddered as his follies passed in review before his conscience-stricken gaze.

It was the first time for years that he had ever pondered upon the folly of his career; and now as he thought, he felt himself visited with just punishment. His aged and indulgent father had just left his prison; his presence had touched Edward to the heart, and he bitterly regretted that he had ever given the old man cause for sorrow; and, in his innermost soul, he determined that should he pass safely through the trying ordeal, his future life should atone for the follies of the past.

Buried in his mournful reflections, he scarcely noticed the opening of his prison door, and it was not until a soft white hand was laid upon his brow, that he noticed the presence of a visitor. He looked up.

"Marion!"

"Edward!"

A moment more and they were clasped wildly in each other's arms.

"Marion, dearest, do you love me still, do you believe me innocent? O, God, this is too much joy!"

"Yes, Edward, you are the same to me as ever—yes, my poor Edward, I believe you innocent, as firmly as I believe in God!"

"Heaven bless you, Marion! I fear not now to face the charge!"

"Fear not, Edward. God in his own good time will make your innocence apparent."

"Ay, Marion, that God whom I have so long forgotten, whose laws I have so often broken, is now my only dependence. I am involved in a strange and intricate web. A powerful chain of evidence is against me, and it is only with God's aid that I can substantiate my innocence."

"It is our best and highest trust," said Marion.

Thus conversing, an hour passed rapidly away and Marion at length departed. Her maid awaited her outside the cell door, and in company they left the prison.

The events related in the foregoing chapters were enacted many years ago. We must now leave the fashionable quarter of the city, and pass to that purlieu of crime and wretchedness, Ann Street, now North Street, *somewhat* more refined.

In one of the dismal and wretched caverns of the place, we now find ourselves. The stone walls were mildewed with moisture, and the sickening smell of bad tobacco and worse liquor greet the nostrils, and the dense, close atmosphere is nearly overpowering. A number of men and women are scattered throughout the cellar, engaged with cards, pipes and rum. Bacchanalian songs are being sang by men whose throats are hoarse from the constant friction of fire-water; and loud laughter and obscure jokes are being bandied about, and all is noise, riot and confusion.

At a rickety table in one corner of the dismal place are seated three men. One of them wrapped in a heavy cloak and fur cap, the broad visor of which nearly concealed his face, was earnestly engaged in conversation, and his whispered tones and the fashionable shape of his garments proclaimed that his position in society but ill accorded with his present place or company.

"Did you have much trouble in securing the lady, or did she fall quietly into the trap?"

"Not much, the night was dark, and we muffled her head before she could cry Pills! The team was handy, and we slipped her in, and in a few minutes we had the gal tight and sound in old Wilson's crib," replied one of the men in answer to the cloaked stranger.

"She's a tough un, Bob, ain't she? An' cool as a cucumber," cried the last speaker's companion, pulling fiercely at his long, black, bristling beard.

"She is that, cuss her! She called the pair on us villains and scoundrels, and said as how she'd fix us—didn't cry one bit, though!"

"Well so much for that point, my plans are working right—"

"Yes, we's done your work well; so, now, come down with the dimes, this ere city's gettin' hot, and we must *travel!*"

"That's the talk! We wants double money," cried the man with the beard.

"I won't dispute but the job was done well; but the sum which you demand is much more than we agreed upon," replied the stranger.

"Well wot if it is?" cried one of the desperadoes. "You'll make your fortin by the operation. Men won't risk their necks now-a-days for nothin'. So down with the dust, or we'll blow!"

"That's so, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the other.

"And wot's more," continued the first speaker, "we ran awful risk; for when we laid the chap out, a watchman, and that ere Harris you wants to be rid off, came down on our heels and we on'y 'scaped by the skin o' our teeth!"

"Just so *exactly*," cried his companion, who was content to endorse the assertions of his pal.

"Well, well," replied the cloaked stranger, carelessly, "we will not dispute the matter further—here's the money." And pulling a well-stuffed wallet from his pocket, he took out a large roll of bills, and handed them to the villains, who carefully counted and divided them.

"Has yer got that ere Harris all right, d'ye think, sure?" said one of the villains, as he crammed his money into a belt which he pulled from his breast.

"Yes," cried the stranger, in a tone of exultation, "no earthly power can save him now!"

The stranger now arose, and whispering to one of the men, he was about to move away followed by the latter, but his cloak, catching about his chair, was dragged down from his face and *he stood revealed, Harold Stanly!* With a muttered curse, he wrapped his cloak again about him, and followed by the man passed down to the distant end of the cavern.

They then passed up a narrow flight of steps, and in a moment more found themselves in a long, narrow entry, lighted by a large oil lamp; they moved down this passage for a few yards, and at last paused before a door. Here the man took a key from his pocket, which he handed to Stanly, and then, with a sinister grin, he wished him luck, and departed for the place where he had left his brother ruffian. Harold Stanly, placing the key in the lock, turned back the bolt, opened the door, and found himself face to face with *Marion Lee!*

Let us return for a few moments to the cavern. Louder and more boisterous grew the noise, as the potent fire-water reached the brains of the revelers. Some of them, overcome with drink, dropped helplessly to the floor, others, maddened by its terrible influence, danced wildly around, shouting and shrieking, until they, too, fell senseless to the ground. But the two villains who had received the money from Stanly, paid no heed to the noise; but sat at a table with their bottle before them, deeply absorbed in play.

At times they would dispute, and then their blasphemies were terrible to listen to. But they played on, each seeking to relieve the other of his share of the spoils. At last, the one called Bob, who took a second place in the conversation with Harold, won nearly all his companion's money, and was now gloating over the pile as it lay before him on the table. The eyes of the other were flashing with drunken rage. An instant he looked upon his companion with a deadly glare, and then sprang upon him with a demon's fury, and plunged a knife deep into his breast!

With a cry of pain and fear, the latter staggered to the door and then rushed out into the street. He cried wildly for help, and in a few moments a crowd had collected about him, and a couple of watchmen, attracted by the noise, came hurriedly to the spot, and in a short time he was taken to the hospital. His treacherous comrade effected his escape.

We left Harold Stanly, standing in the presence of Marion Lee. She looked upon Stanly for a moment with much indignation. That he was the author of her present misfortune she was well aware, having gleamed the knowledge from the conversation of the ruffians who had forcibly carried her away. The eyes of the accomplished villain fell before her flashing gaze; but recovering himself, he forced a sneer to his lips and said:

"I have caged you at last, my lady bird! *You* who have scorned my love, for the love of a boy! I had sworn long ago to possess you—and I have kept my word!"

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for my present confinement! I had suspected you were a villain, Harold Stanly—but never the deep villain that you have proved! *Perhaps your villainy is greater than even I dare imagine!*" said Marion, significantly.

"What, woman!" cried Harold, whose face had suddenly grown deadly pale. "Do you dare to insinuate—"

"I insinuate nothing, sir—but I suspect much!"

"Suspect what you please, then, I care not! I have you safe—you are mine, mine! More than mine a few hours hence, when your boy lover will be swinging on the gallows!" cried Harold fiercely.

A shiver ran through the frame of Marion, and her face became a shade paler, but she faltered not when she said:

"My trust is in God, Harold Stanly; the innocence of Edward Harris will be made manifest, to the confusion of his enemies—and that he has enemies, *my* present position amply proves!"

"Yes, yes! I am his enemy! the deadliest he has ever had! I hate him as fiercely as I love you, *you*, madam, who have scorned and trampled on my heart!" cried Harold Stanly, as he strode rapidly up and down the apartment.

"Ha! I thought as much! It is through your villainous machinations that he is now in prison—my own heart and your base actions tell me so."

"You are right!" cried Harold, boldly, as he paused before the dauntless Marion. "What more do you know, or wish to know?"

"No more! Keep your dark secrets within the recesses of your own bad heart. You will repent these confessions by-and-by."

"Fear not, madam, you will never breathe them. I shall make it a sacred duty with you to keep them. I battle for a purpose."

"Ay, and a dark, foul one!" said Marion, contemptuously.

The eyes of the villain were flashing with rage, but he was somewhat awed by the dignified and determined position of Marion Lee, whom, when he first entered the apartment, he had expected to see, spiritless and in tears.

"I shall leave you for a time Marion Lee! But when next I see you, I shall make you repent your language. Remember."

And without waiting for an answer, he turned about and left the room, locking the door carefully after him. He then left the house by a secret passage.

Upon his departure Marion cast herself upon a lounge, and gave way to tears. The courage which upheld her in the presence of the villain Stanly, now entirely deserted her. At length, recovering her composure, she threw herself upon her knees and prayed long and fervently.

The merchant, Benjamin Harris, sat alone in his study. His face was pale and wan. Greatly had he changed the last few days. The lines about his mouth were deeper, his brow more furrowed, and an expression of helpless sorrow rested like a cloud on his countenance. At times he would heave a deep sigh and gaze mournfully about him, as though searching for the form of his imprisoned son.

He had done all he could for his boy, but he felt he had little to hope for. The evidence against him was powerful, and, so far as circumstantial evidence could be, conclusive. But he hoped against hope. He had another cause for sorrow. The mysterious disappearance of Marion Lee! Her family was thrown into the profoundest misery. Search had been made for her everywhere, but no tidings of her could be had. Her disappearance was kept a secret from Edward, and Mr. Harris, who loved her as his own child, was nearly broken-hearted at this accumulation of misfortunes.

While he sat thus, buried in his great grief, the door of his study was opened, and a servant announced "Dr. Barton!"

A fine, portly gentleman entered the room, his fat, handsome face shining with satisfaction; and walking quickly over to Mr. Harris, he grasped his hand, exclaiming:

"My poor friend, I've great good news! Don't move, now, pray don't! Keep cool!

And the good doctor, brimming full of excitement himself, sat down and wiped the dew from his brow, and endeavored to calm himself with a pinch of snuff.

"There is no good news for me, doctor, I fear, said the old merchant, sadly, "my poor boy—"

"That's it, sir, that's it—it's all right—now don't get excited, pray don't—Edward's innocent—full confession—villain dying—told all—now keep cool—pray do—here 'tis!"

While the kind-hearted doctor was giving vent to his thoughts in fits and starts, he had been fumbling in his pocket, and he now laid before Mr. Harris a folded manuscript, which the latter eagerly snatched and read. As he ran on, the face of the poor merchant gradually brightened, and soon a look of joy illuminated his whole countenance, and, when he had concluded, he cast it down, clasped his hands gratefully, and sank tearfully on his knees and thanked God.

The good doctor laughed, rubbed his hands, snuffed eagerly, wiped his eyes and kept murmuring "good, good!"

He had brought a confession, which he had taken down at the request of a dying man in the hospital; the man who had been so treacherously attacked and stabbed by his comrade in the cavern. The substance of the confession said, that Harold Stanly had hired himself—the dying man—and another, to watch Edward Harris, and to involve him in some difficulty which would eventually get him out of the way. That they had followed Edward into the gambling house on the night of the murder, and were witnesses to his trouble with the gambler—heard the threat of Harris to "fix him," and knowing that Edward must take the same road home, they followed the gambler from the place, attacked and robbed him, and left him dead on the ground. That they had seen Harris from a distant hiding place, leave the gambling house, and stoop over the body of the dead man; and it said, furthermore, that if the watchman had not suddenly appeared, they would have seized Harris for the murder.

The confession also told of the abduction of Marion Lee, and her place of imprisonment. The confession was taken down in the presence of a number of witnesses, and shortly afterwards the man died.

It was placed before the proper authorities and shortly afterward Edward Harris was liberated. The police in company with Edward, old Mr. Harris, and Mr. Lee, went down to Ann Street, broke into the place where Marion was confined, and found the brave-hearted girl upon her knees, and in tears.

In a moment Edward was at her side. She looked up, and with a joyful cry was clasped in his arms. He kissed the poor maiden's cheek, but her face was cold. She had swooned upon his breast. When she returned to consciousness she found herself at home, and by her side him to whom she had, through all his trials, proved so faithful, Edward Harris.

Marion and Edward were united a few weeks afterwards—a joyful ending to all their sorrows.

Nothing was heard of Harold Stanly, but it was rumored that, on the discovery of his villainy, he had entered the army and fell, bravely fighting, at the memorable storming of Vera Cruz.

REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.

A curious account was given in "Notes and Queries," many years ago, by Mr. Fitzsimmons, an Irish gentleman, of the remains of James II. He said, "I was a prisoner in Paris in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794, the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one covered with black velvet. While I was a prisoner, the *sans-culottes* broke open the coffin to get at the lead to cast bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy bound tight with garters. The *sans-culottes* took out the body which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect. The hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow-prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger."

EDISON'S PENMANSHIP.

Prof. Edison, while in Virginia City, Nev., stepped into a telegraph office, and a local paper describes him as "the worst-dressed man in the room by all odds. An old black hat, a cheap shirt with the stud-holes in the bosom unoccupied, a two-bit necktie several months old, coarse pants and vest, and a mouse-colored linen duster completed his attire. One of the office-boys asked him to put his name in an autograph album. He wrote a line that looked like print and fixed his name at the bottom. Everybody admired the marvelous penmanship, which was emphatically a new style. The letters were akwardly made, taken singly, but when grouped in a line all looked exactly alike, as if engraved on copper plate. 'You couldn't take thirty words a minute and print like that,' said one. 'I can take forty,' was the reply. The fastest operator present took one end of the wire, and Edison, sitting at the receiver, picked up a sheet of paper and said: 'Let the message come,' He sat there three minutes and took 130 words with apparent ease, doing better than he had promised. The dispatch was written in the faultless hand that graced the autograph album."

—"She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a backwoods passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer that was racing with another boat.

"So-so," responding the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety-valve cord to stop the steam from escaping.

"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the stranger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cords another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to "shove her up"

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers.

"That's about where she's rusticating," put in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously, and walked about the decks for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed:

"Hadn't you better leave that boat go?"

"Can't do it. Must pass her."

"But s'posen' we should blow up?"

"Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was going, "if it is the will of Providence for the boat to blow up, we'll have to stand by it." Then he hallooed to the fireman to roll up another cask of bacon and to mix plenty of rosin with the coal, and give her a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered the man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and hallooed out:

"Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk!"—*Hawkeye.*

—Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, if the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

—The heretofore unknown burial place of Frederick von Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, and ancestor of the Prusso-German dynasty, has been discovered. The tomb was found in the crypt of the castle at Nuremberg.

Varieties.

—Knives were first made in 1563.

—Interest blinds some and makes some see.

—Tobacco was introduced into England 1583.

—He is really wise who is nettled at nothing.

—The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

—Lace sleeves are still worn in silk evening dresses.

—The Chinese claim to have invented the telephone in the year 968.

—The money in Scotland was altered from that of England in 1354.

—Hats made entirely of feathers are seen at the millinery establishments.

—The first lime made in New England was burned in Newbury, Mass., by James Noyes.

—Many so-called "camel's hair brushes" are made from the hair of the tails of squirrels.

—Plaids are so popular that even handsome silks are of plaids formed of several distinct colors.

—The only way to escape the control of low desires is to rise above them in the love of better things.

—The evening song of the nightingale is nice, but the morning lay of the barn-door fowl is nicer.

—It is estimated that the annual wine produce of Spain averages upwards of 140,000,000 gallons.

—The first cast-iron edifice erected in America was upon the corner of Centre and Duane streets, New York.

—The polished brass ornaments, for which there has been a mania, are now rivalled by those of mixed silver and brass.

—In Hungary the national costumes have nearly died out entirely, every lady in everyday life dressing as they do in Paris.

—Handsome garnitures for fall hats are made of the bands of cashmere feathers on which are two heads of the merle bird.

—The new imported silk ties for ladies are in very bright and showy colors; some have two colors strongly contrasting.

—Impiety takes a woman out of her sex as well as out of her place; there is a dash of the bearded lady in every she free-thinker.

—Fancy brocade ribbons, with feather edge in solid colors, are shown; also, reversible ribbons in satin and water colors.

—Edison denies that he is working at a flying-machine or perpetual motion, and will consequently continue to be known as a level-headed man.

—Among new imported millinery goods is a velvet called the Medicis velvet, which comes in several shades or colors combined in one piece.

—The first successful experiment of burning anthracite coal in an open grate was by Judge Jesse Fell, of Pennsylvania, February 11th, 1808.

—The Declaration of Independence was the first national state paper in which the words "United States of America" were used as the style and title of the nation.

—It is stated that nine cases of Daltonism—color-blindness—out of ten may be easily cured in young subjects. The best means of treatment consists in methodical exercise upon colored objects.

—The court mantle made for the wedding dress of the Princess Marie, of Prussia, is of cloth of silver, and has a train six yards long—almost long enough to reach from the altar to the church door.

—The first cotton factory in the United States was established at Beverly, Mass., in 1787. It continued in operation until 1802, and then stopped, 90 per cent. of the capital having been sunk in the enterprise.

—English steel pens are almost entirely made by women. In 1820-21 the first gross of "three-slit" steel pens was sold wholesale at £7 4s. the gross. In 1830 they had fallen to 8s., and in 1832 to 6s. a gross. A better article is now sold at 6d. per gross.

—Inflammable gas was first evolved from coal in 1736 to 1739. A use of the gas was first attempted at Cornwall in 1792. The first display of gaslights was made at Boulton & Watt's foundry, at Birmingham, on the occasion of rejoicings for peace in England in 1802.

—The coin examiner of the Treasury at Washington can detect a counterfeit coin in a heap of money while blindfolded. He runs his fingers through the mass, and in a few minutes each coin is tested. This remarkable power of touch has been perfected only by the practice of years.

—It is not generally known that the Chinese make very fine razors, and that for a long period no European shaving knife could compare with theirs in keenness and durability. A fine edge is a necessity with them, since they regularly shave their heads—carefully omitting the pigtail—without using soap or any other emolient. They only moisten the scalp with a little warm water.

—How many take a wrong view of life and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny disposition which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

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