L. A. Headlee

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MEN AND MEASURES.

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POETRY.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

I know men keep no promises—or none
At least with women—and yet knowing this,
With credulous folly still I trusted one,
Whose word seemed so likely the truth, I forgot
The lesson I had learnt full oft before,
And I believed, because he said he'd come,
That he would come—and then, night after night,
I watched the clouds and saw them pass away
From the bright moon, and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless, and serene, and beautiful,
As if no promises were broken e'er
Beneath it. Man forgets, in busy hours,
What in his idle moments he has said,
Nor thinks how often woman's happiness
Hangs on his highest words. It is not things
Of great importance which affect the heart
Most deeply. Kisses often weave the net
Of misery, or of bliss of human life;
There's many a deep and hidden grief that comes
From sources which admit of no complaint,
From things which we cannot, dare not, speak:
And yet they seem but triffes, till, to chain
Link, after link, is fastened on each thought
And wound around the heart. They do their work
In secrecy and silence—but their power
Is far more fatal than the open shafts
Of sorrow and misfortune, but they prey
Until the heart and spirits, till the bloom
Of hope is changed to fever's hectic flush,
They break the charm of youth's first, brightest dream,
And thus wear out the pleasures of the world,
And snap, at length, the very springs of life.
But this is *Woman's* fate. It is not thus
With proud aspiring Man. His mind is filled
With high and lofty thoughts—and love, & hope,
And all the warmest feelings of his heart
Are sacrificed at cold Ambition's shrine.
He feels that the whole world was made for him,
Nor broken promises, nor hopes destroyed,
Are e'er allowed a place on memory's page.
'Tis only woman, in her loneliness,
And in silent, melancholy hours,
Who treasures in her heart the idle words
That has no meaning, and who lives on hope
'Till it has stolen the colour from her cheeks,
The brightness from her eyes—who trusts her peace
On the vast ocean of uncertainty,
And, if 'tis wrecked, she learns her lot to bear,
Or she may learn to die, but not forget.
It is for her to hoard her secret thoughts,
To brood o'er broken promises, and sigh
O'er disappointed hopes, 'till she believe
There's less of wickedness in the wide world,
Than in her single heart.

Public Poetry.—About a mile from town, on the Fulham road, the following lines are written over the door of a public ahouse

Stop, brave boys,
And quench your thirst;
If you won't drink,
Your horses *must!*

At another "hinn," as it is called, some two miles further on the same road, the following poetical effusion is placed over the fire-place in the parlour.

All people that this Room doth use,
May set & drink whate'er they choose—
Sing or tell a merry tale,
Nine pence a pot the price of ale;
This room is repair'd at my Expence,
A Pint of Porter is Threepence;
My gin is Good, so is my Rum,
If you Ring the bell, Sir, in I'll come,
Of Wines I have the Very Best,
But that, to Prove you'd better Taste.

Connndrum.—Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? It is a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue.

THE PANTHER HUNTER.

On the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna lived; some years ago, an individual whose life seemed to have been devoted to the woods and the stream. He had grown old in the forest, but like the aged and knotty oak a vestige still remained of his antiquity and hardihood. When I saw him first, he reminded me of a dilapidated and deserted fortress, decaying, but still strong. I courted his acquaintance, and many is the time that I have warmed myself, during the dreary winter months, at the bright fire, the industry of age had kindled. I loved this old man, but that love could not have originated in pity for his misfortunes—no, he was happy as the spring birds, the only regret he ever expressed was that the "*clearings*" around had driven away the game. He was himself the pioneer of the forest, and civilization had deprived him of half of his charms, yet he would tell over the tales of his eventful life, and weep and laugh as he recounted them. Oh, said he once to me, I have seen the footprints of the Indian and the panther, where now the fields are white with harvest; they have both passed away with the wilderness, and my own grey head will soon be down in the dust—I must not murmur—yet I shall be the last who has witnessed Nature on this spot in her simple and solitary grandeur; but if I could once again exhibit a panther-skin as the trophy of my age, I could forget even that. There was something so pathetic in the manner this was uttered—something so melancholy in the idea, that it was in vain I attempted a reply; it was an all absorbing thought, and I gave the wings of fancy to the reflection—it might have been prophetic of the old man's end, for on the next day the villagers were aroused by a report that a panther had been seen in the neighbourhood. His eyes brightened at the intelligence—he seemed to have shaken of his years, and I shall never forget the firmness of his step as he shouldered his rifle with the hope of gaining the trophy he desired.—I'll find the creature, said he, I can go to the spot, and if an old man's eyes does not fail him, I shall have an easy task—but there's no knowing what may take place, they are dangerous animals. I wished him success, and he departed, accompanied only by his dog.

The day was fast waning away, and the shade of the surrounding trees enveloped the watchful hunter as he paced the margin of an almost inaccessible ravine eager to discover his prey; but the panther appeared not, and he began to fear he was doomed to watch in vain. At length, he leaned his rifle against a tree and commenced partaking a scanty repast he had provided; all was still around him, his dog lay quietly by his rifle, a few yards beyond him the clear and sparkling waters of the West Branch might be seen meandering in loveliness beneath a craggy precipice, that lifted itself towards the skies more than a hundred feet. Thitherward the hunter strayed, looking upon the stream and the valley below crimsoned with the rays of the setting sun, while thoughts of other days chased one another across his brain as summer clouds cast their flickering shadows over a harvest field. He was aroused from his lethargy by a rustling in the shrubbery near him, and turning, he beheld a panther cross his path. He shuddered, for his rifle was still leaning against the tree where he had left it, and the panther was between him and the tree. Oh God! he cried, be thou merciful to me. The animal seemed to have observed him, and springing into a tree, with a growl now surveyed the horror-stricken hunter, while its fierce and fiery gaze made him recoil to the brink of the precipice. He cast his eyes over the abyss—there was no retreat—death stared him in the face on either side, and he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair—Yet there might be hope; he held his knife open in one hand, while unconscious what he did, he firmly grasped a small sappling in the other; his dog however instead of relieving his fears, only excited them, irritating his foe by an angry bark, as it lay crouched upon the limb like a cat ready to spring upon her prey, but still that spring was delayed, as if it felt conscious that its prey was sure, & a pleasure in holding its victim in terrific suspense. At length, ripping up the bark, with a ferocious and quick growl, it drew its recumbent length together, then suddenly expanding itself, sprang through the air towards its victim. The hunter, who had eagerly watched its motions, with a shriek of horror sprang aside but fortunately held to the sappling with almost convulsive grasp.

The sharp claws of the animal fixed his clothing and seemed nigh to have carried him headlong with it over the dread abyss—for a moment it seemed that the panther would recover its footing, but with an intuitive presence of mind, the old man with his knife ripped asunder his clothing, and it fell from crag to crag, marking the sharp projection of the rocks with its blood, till the welcome sound of its fall to the earth struck on his ears as joyfully as the sounds of liberty to a captive. He rushed forward to his rifle, fearful perhaps that life was not yet extinct in his enemy. Soon, however, the contents of his piece were lodged in the head of his foe, while a prayer went up to heaven from his lips in gratitude for his preservation.

The hunter exhibited his trophy, but the terror and toil had been too great—his age could not endure it, and his remains now rest in the earth near the scene of his terrific achievement,

FIGHT BETWEEN TWO TIGERS AND A LION IN THE TOWER.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday morning, as the man whose duty it is to chain the wild beasts at the Tower was in the execution of that office, he inadvertently raised a door in the upper tier of cells, which separated the den of a huge lion from one in which there was a Bengal royal tiger and tigress. At sight of each other the eyes of the animals sparkled with rage. The lion instantly erected his mane, und, with a tremendous roar, sprang at the tiger. The tiger was equally eager for the combat, and, in a paroxysm of fury flew at his assailant, whilst the tigress fiercely seconded her mate. The roaring and yelling of the combatants resounded through the yards, and excited in all the various animals the most lively demonstrations of fear or rage. The timid tribes shivered with dread, and ran round their cages, shrieking with terror, whilst the other lions and tigers, with the bears, leopards, panthers, wolves, and hyenas, flew round their dens, shaking the bars with their utmost strength, and uttering the most terrific cries. The lion fought most bravely, but was evidently overmatched, having to contend with two adversaries not more than a year from the woods, whilst he had been upwards of seven years in confinement. Still the battle raged with doubtful success, until the tiger seized the lion by the throat, and flung him on his back, when, after rolling over each other several times, the exasperated tigress pinned her enemy against the veranda. In that situation the prostrate lord of the forest still struggled with an indomitable spirit roaring with agony and rage. By this time, however, some iron rods had been heated, the red hot ends of which were now applied to the mouths and nostrils of the infuriated tigers, who were by this means forced to relinquish their grasp; but no sooner was the separation effected than the lion and tiger seized in their mouths, the one the upper, and the other the lower jaw of his antagonist, biting and tugging at each other with deadly fury. So excited was their animosity that it was with great difficulty, by the insertion into their nostrils of the glowing iron, they could be disengaged, and the lion driven back to his cell, the door of which was instantly closed upon him The battle lasted full half an hour. The tiger in the last onset lost one of his tusks, but the poor lion was very severely punished.—*London paper.*

The exact Coachman.—The late leader of the Northern Circuit was employed, some time before he left it, in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham coach.—On the part of the defendant the coachman was called.—His examination in chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross-examination. Having held up the fore finger of his right hand at the witness, and warned him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus:—"You drive the Rockingham coach?"—"No Sir, I do not."—"Why man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"—'No, Sir, I did not.'—'Now, Sir, I put it to you once more, upon your oath, do you not drive the Rockingham coach?'—'No, Sir, *I drive the horses.*'

THE SKINNED HORSE.

A friend of ours informs us, that an acquaintance of his assures him, that he has often heard his grand father tell, how an officer in the Revolutionary war used to relate the following story. It therefore comes to us from good authority, and we hope nobody will take the liberty of doubting its truth.

Colonel———, an officer in the times that tried men's souls and horses bodies, owned a faithful steed which had served him through the wars, and had arrived at the mature age of twenty five years. Being on a visit a few miles from home, while his master was enjoying a glass of cherry bounce with his host, the horse got to a pile of cherries which had just been emptied from the cask, and as they were well saturated with spirits, they soon made him as drunk as David's sow. If our readers know how drunk that means, they will be able to judge of the condition of the poor old horse. If not, we must inform them he was so badly off as to be taken for dead; and in this state deprived of his shoes and stripped of his hide.

The Colonel hired another horse, and returned home, sadly lamenting the fate of his venerable and faithful steed. The misfortune of the animal was talked over between the Colonel and his wife, and though they severally blamed him for getting so beastly drunk, it was concluded on the whole, that as this was the only instance of intemperance during a [illegible] and useful life, they should not visit the memory too severely.—With these reflections they retired to rest, But what was their astonishment about midnight at being awakened by the neighing of a horse, which sounded precisely like that of the one whose death they had been so deeply lamenting.

Husband! husband! said the old lady, giving the Colonel a nudge, isn,t that our old hoss? It whinners jest like him.

Our old horse, indeed! replied the Colonel. How do you think, wife that the poor old horse could come here, after being dead and skinned?

I don,t know I'm sure, returned the old lady, but it sounds jest like our old hoss, and if it is'nt he, it must be his *ammunition*, that's all.

The good woman meant apparition. But while the worthy couple were yet talking, the same noise was heard again, and in the most piteous tones of a suffering horse. The Colonel was no believer in ghosts, but the neighing was too much like that of his old favourite to be any longer disregarded. He got up and went to the door, and there, what a sight for sore eyes?—he saw indeed the very identical old horse shivering in the night air, and looking most reproachfully in his master's face. The heart of the old revolutioner smote him—for it was now apparent that the poor beast had never been dead—but only dead—drunk—and that he had acted with to great precipitancy in divesting him of his skin.

What was to be done? The horse begged most piteously, in such language as he could use, and asked plainly as a dumb beast could, to have his skin put on again, The old lady was consulted, and being very handy with her needle. she readily sewed the hide on again, which being still moist, soon grew as fast as ever to the flesh of the animal, which lived seven years afterwards—and never again was guilty of eating rum-cherries—*N Y Con.*

(From the Philadelphia Inquirer.)

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—We know of no medical periodical either in Europe or in this country, that can be compared, in practical utility, with this. Its directions for the preservation of health, are founded on principles not only conformable to sound theory, but sanctioned and confirmed by authentic experience, and are enforced in a style at once pleasing and convincing. Its conductors are evidently masters of the subjects which they have undertaken to handle. They display a great extent of knowledge and erudition, digested and regulated by the less erratic and more popular qualities of sound sense and acute discernment. The task they have undertaken is one which could not be well accomplished by either of these qualities alone—their union is requisite. A knowledge of the human frame and of the management necessary for the maintainance of its healthy condition, can be acquired only by a long course of deep study in the different branches of medical education. To impart that knowledge, however, to the public in such a manner as to render it popular and useful, something more than professional learning is necessary. A vigorous understanding that can break from the shackles of technicalities, and the thraldom of systems—or rather a disposition and capacity to the touchstone of common sense, is indispensable for this purpose. But even this is not all. Dexterity and good taste in literary composition, are also wanted. The bare communication of ideas, be they ever so mportant and valuable, will not answer the purpose of the writer who wishes to become popular and extensively useful—they must be communicated in a manner clear, intelligible & attractive. It is this last quality—this literary charm of perspicuity and freedom from mysticism, which renders the pages of this Journal at once so instructive and delightful, and accounts for the immense popularity which, although but little more than a year in existence, it has already attained. Its circulation, we are informed, approaches to many thousand copies, which carry the invaluable information it contains, to the remotest parts of our union.

We must not forget to state that the publisher has collected the first twenty-four numbers into a handsome volume, containing nearly four hundred pages. In this volume, some improvements have been made upon the numbers as they were originally issued, the advertisement, lists of agents, &c. have been displaced to make room for matter of more permanent importance. An appropriate frontispiece is also prefixed to the volume. We have perused the work, as it is thus published, and we consider it one of the most useful, and agreeably written family books, with which we are aquainted.

From the Diary of a Phisician.

DEATH AT THE TOILET.

'Tis no use talking to me, mother, I *will go* to Mrs. P——'s party to night, if I die for it—that's flat? You know as well as I do, that lieutenant N——is to be there, and he's going to leave town to morrow—so up I go to dress.

Charlotte, why will you be so obstinate? You know how poorly you have been all the week, and Dr.——says, late hours are the worst thing in the world for you.

Pshaw, mother nonsense, nonsense. Be persuaded for once, now, I beg Oh, dear, dear, what a night too—it pours with rain, & blows a perfect hurricane? You'll be wet and catch cold, rely on it. Come now, won't you stop and keep *me* company to night? That's a good girl!

Some other night will do as well for that, you know; for now I'll go to Mrs. P——'s if it rains cats and dogs. So up—up—up I go! Signing jauntily.

Oh she shall dance all dressed in white,
so lady like.

Such were, very nearly, the words, and such the manner in which Miss J——expressed her determination to act in defiance of her mother's wishes and entreaties. She, was the only child of her widowed mother, and bad, but a few weeks before, completed her twenty sixth year, with yet no other prospect before her than bleak single blessedness. A weaker, more frivolous and conceited creature never breathed—the torment of her amiable parent, the nuisance of her acquaintance. Though her mother's circumstances were very straitened, sufficing barely to enable them to maintain a footing in what is called the middling genteel class of society, this young woman contrived by some means or othert, gratify her penchant for dress, gadded about here, there, and every where, the most showily dressed person in the neighborhood. Though far from being even pretty faced, or having any pretensions to a good figure, for she both stooped and was skinny, she yet believed herself handsome; and by a vulgar, flippant forwardness of demeanor, especially when in mixed company, extorted such attentions as persuaded her that others thought so.

For one or two years she had been an occasional patient of mine. The settled pallor, the sallowness of her complexion, conjointly with other symptoms, evinced the existence of a liver complaint: and the last visits I had paid her were in consequence of frequent sensations of oppression and pain in the chest, which clearly indicated some, organic disease of the heart. I saw enough to warrant me in warning her mother of the posibility of her daughter's sudden death from this cause, and the imminent peril to which she exposed herself by dancing, late hours, &c. but Mrs.——'s remonstrances, gentle and affectionrte as they always were, were thrown away upon her headstrong daughter.

It was striking eight by the church clock, when Miss J——, humming the song above mentioned, lit her chamber-candle by her mother's withdrew to her room to dress, soundly rating the servant girl by the way, for not having starched some article or other which she intended to have that evening. As her toilet was usually a long and laborious business, it did not occasion much surprise to her mother, who was sitting by the fire in her little parlor, reading some book of devotion, that the church chimes announced the first quarter past