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POETRY.

THE LITTLE FROCK AND SHOES.

BY BENJAMIN R. MITCHELL.

A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delain,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain,
Besides a little pair shoes,
With here and there a flaw;
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau drawer!

Summer had passed away from earth,
With all her sweetest ties,
The birds had left their summer haunts,
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breeze sweetly played
Among the dews of even—
An angel left its home on high,
To gathers flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came,
Where sister sick did lie;
Then gently fanned her faded cheek.
And painted to the sky!
The morning shone upon the bed,
The autumn wind blew free.
The angel moved its silvery wings,
And whispered "come with me!"

We gathered round her dying bed,
With hearts to weep and pray,
And many were the tears we shed,
When sister went away!
No bitter tears had she to weep,
No sin to be forgiven,
But closed her little eyes to sleep,
To open them in heaven.

We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently weeps the dewy grass,
And summer flowers are seen;
And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DEAD MAN'S SHOES.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

BY RAPHAEL FLEMING.

At a moment when the eyes of all Europe are turned upon the country which, ever since the days of Peter the Great, has exercised so baneful an influence on European politics, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, as offering a curious revelation of Russian manners, to lay before them the dramatic incidents of a remarkable cause brought before a Moscovite tribunal some twenty years ago, which awakened as much curiosity and breathless excitement throughout the vast empire of Russia, as the tragic details of Fuald's murder had heretofore created amongst the French nation.

In the month of November of the year 183–, a Jew, named Abramowitch, who tenanted the public house belonging to the village of Semenowe Loxy, presented himself before the Captain Ispravnitz (or chief of the police,) of the district of Rodomyset, in the government of Biow, and made a declaration to the effect that a nobleman, named Francis Salezy Krynszloft, the owner of the village of Semenowe-Lozy, a wealthy man, much respected in the neighborhood, was an impostor, who had assumed a name not belonging to him, and who owed his riches and the esteem in which he was held solely to the most complicated and successful piece of knavery.

The Captain Ispravnitz began by representing to the Jew, that so serious an accusation required to be supported by the most irrefragable proofs, and warned him of the dangers of the course on which he was recklessly embarking, in the attempt to attack the honor and the sources of the fortune of a powerful man, hitherto looked upon as a model of civic virtue and Christian chairity; but Abraham was not to be shaken from his purpose, and the following facts were elicited from his evidence:

In the year 1800 there lived in Mozyr, a poor gentleman, named John Chrysostome Krynsalbft a widower, who had two sons, Francis Salezy and Joachim. Not possessing any means of subsistence, these three unfortunate gentlemen entered the service of Major Fogel (it must be observed, that in Russia military titles are given to civil functionaries,) who filled the office of receiver of taxes in the above-named town. Old Krynscloft died on the 26th May, 1802, as may be seen in the registry of burials in Mozyr. Francis Salezy took military service in a regiment of dragoons, and was killed at the battle of Borrodino, in 1812, and the details of his glorious death were officially communicated to the authorities of Mozyr. As to Joachim, who was accused, in 1814, of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleska, and drowned her grand nephew, the young Count Sero-Komoleska, and was imprisoned in the fortress, and tried before a criminal court:—he died suddenly while the trial was still pending, on the 12th of November, 1819, at Mozyr.

Having given these circumstantial details, the Jew added: "Your honor must now perceive that the family of Krynszloft is extinguished, and that no one is entitled to bear the name. Therefore the present owner of Semenowe-Lozy is either a ghost or an impostor.

The Jew displayed such warmth and such conviction in his asseverations, that the Captain Ispravnitz thought the matter worth clearing up, and therefore instructed the assessor, Ivorylof, to open the preliminary proceedings.

The latter consequently repaired to Semenowe-Lozy, and having explained the object of his mission, called upon the lord of the manor to exhibit his credentials. Krynszloft showed him the certificate of his birth, in which he was styled Francis Salezy Krynszloft son of John Chrysostome Krynszloft and of Maria Anne Davidoff, born at Mozyr, on the 22d September, 1777. This exactly coincided with what the captain of draggoons' age could be, supposing he had lived; so that in spite of the conformity of date between the certificate and the apparent age of the lord of Semenowe-Lozy, the recorder thought it his duty to have Krynszloft conveyed to Radomyst, where he was confined in the town prison, and a judicial inquiry immediately commenced.

The inquiry entered into the minutest details of the case. Above three hundred witnesses were called; more than two hundred civil and military registers were examined; and officers and soldiers who had served at the same period, or under the command of the captain of dragoons, Francis Salezy Krynszloft, were summoned from the army in the Caucasus, to the garrison of Siberia, to give their evidence.

Every proof of the death of the brothers Krynszloft, sons of John Chrysostome and of Marie Anne Davidoff, was undeniably established, and no doubt remained about the imposture of Lord of Semenowe Lozy; when the latter, unable to to contend against such an overwhelming mass of evidence, at length owned that he was not Francis Salezy, but Joachim Krynszloft, and the following romantic history was gathered from his revelations:

"After my father's death I remained with Major Fogel, who took a liking to me, and appointed me his secretary and confidential agent, but never made a confident of me. I fulfilled all his orders punctually, but never knew anything of his plans or designs.

"At that time there lived in Mozyr a rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska, who had no children, and was supposed to have bequeathed her whole fortune to the Capuchin monks in this city. It was even added that a will had been drawn up to this effect, and the names of some of the highest people in the town were mentioned as having acted as witnesses on the occasion. Public rumor likewise stated that this will was deposited in a casket, which the countess always kept under her pillow.

"Major Fogel had become intimate with the countess, and frequented her house.—In time their friendship had grown so great that the countess placed the most unlimited confidence in the major, and, much to the jealous displeasure of the Capuchins, entrusted to him the entire management of her property and her affairs. The countess had for a companion a young orphan of exceeding beauty, named Julia Krynewieska, with whom I fell desperately in love, and whose affections I had the happiness to win. But the countess opposed our marriage, alleging that Mademoiselle Krynewieska was as yet too young to become a wife.

"One day the Major brought the Countess a few bottles of Tokay, which he pretended was above a hundred years old.—The countess tasted it, and thought it excellent.

"'Then don't let anybody taste it but yourself, and keep it entirely for your own use,' said Major Fogel. 'Each bottle is a treasure, and I would not have you share it even with Julia,' added he laughing.

"The countess followed his injunctions but too faithfully. Every day after dinner she sipped a glassful of this exquisite wine; but from that period she grew sickly, her health hitherto so excellent, visibly declined, and she took to her bed. The Major and some of the Capuchins set up with her by turns, night after night. Julia Kryenewieska, since become my wife, related to me that one night, when the sick lady was dosing, and the Capuchin who sat watching her had fallen fast asleep, Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, drew the casket from under it, and having opened it, took out a large paper, which he exchanged for another of the same size. He then replaced the casket as it was before. In less than half-an-hour the invalid awoke, when the Major hastened to offer the physic prescribed the day before by the surgeon Isailoff—But scarcely had the countess swallowed it, when she was seized with vomiting, and breathed her last amidst the most fearful convulsions.

"I know not whether Major Fogel suspected that Julia had seen from the cabinet in the countess's above, where she slept, the wicked action he had committed; but he endeavored to console the grief the young orphan displayed on witnessing the inanimate body of her benefactress, by saying, 'I will undertake to give you a marriage portion, so that you may marry Joachim.'

"No sooner had Madame Sero-Komoleska's decease been legally proved, than the casket was forthwith opened, when, to the surprise of every one, and more especially to the Capuchins, a will was found, signed by the countess, and by four witnesses—all of them Russian functionaries belonging to Mozyr—constituting Major Fogel the executor and sole legatee of the deceased's property, subject however, to the clause that no legal heir to the countess's fortune should prefer his claim during the space of three years. In the latter case, and should such heir or heirs present incontestible vouchers, setting forth their claims to the countess's estate, Major Fogel would then be entitled to the quarter only of her real and personal property. The countess's riches amounted to two millions of rubles.

Scarcely five months had elapsed since the Countess Sero-Komoleska's death, when the young Count Edmond Sero-Komoleska, son to a nephew of the countess arrived in Mozyr. The young man's claim to the countess's property was known to everybody, nor was Major Fogel more ignorant on this head than our ourselves. The major received Madame Sero-Komoleska's heir with every show of fair dealing, and with even paternal kindness; he invited him to take up his abode in the house, and lavished the most refined attentions upon him, taking every care that he should want for nothing that could prove agreeable to him.

"Unfortunately, on leaving Cracovia, where he usually resided, the young Count Edmond had neglected to bring the certificate of his parent's death, fancying that the deeds setting forth his claims, which he had brought with him, were more than sufficient to prove his identity. Major Fogel adverted to his deficiency, when the young count showed him the family documents; adding, 'Not but what I am fully pursuaded, my dear sir, that you are really the legal heir to the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but justice, you know, requires great formalities, to which one is obliged to submit.'

"The count readily admitted the wisdom and the soundness of the remarks, and a trusty servant was accordingly dispatched to Cracovia to fetch the document, without which nothing could be definitely settled.

"During the interval that must necessarily elapse before the express could return, the major sought every possible means of entertaining Count Edmond, and I was obliged to accompany him everywhere. One day, when we were going a-shooting, the major gave me his gun: 'Mind you load it properly,' said he to me, 'for Count Edmond is to make use of it.'

"I loaded it as usual on such occasions, yet the gun burst the first time he fired, and the count was wounded in the cheek and in the arm. Fortunately the wounds were but slight, and he soon recovered.

"Another day the major brought me a horse for Count Edmond's use. The animal seemed to be extremely docile, and Major Fogel had him saddled with his own saddle, and after showing me that every portion of the harness was in proper order, he desired me to accompany the count, who had expressed the wish to take a ride into the country. Scarcely, however had we passed the city gates, when the apparently docile horse began to rear and plunge, the saddle-girth gave way, and the count, though an accomplished rider, was thrown, and his arm put out of joint. It was a wonder he was not killed, for the road is strewed with rocks and sharp pebbles; he escaped, however, once more, and after being bled a few times, and keeping his bed for several days, he recovered his health.

"I fancied all these events to be the results of pure fatality. Some persons can not change places without being exposed to ailments, dangers and tribulations of all kinds.* Count Edmond, I thought, no doubt belonged to that class of individuals. But a circumstance, shortly after, opened my eyes to the real state of the case. The major, one day, took me aside and informed me very mysteriously that Edmond was courting Julia, and that he had evidently formed the design of seducing my affianced one. This pretended disclosure did not, however, disturb me ever so slightly. I felt as sure of Edmond's upright feelings and delicacy as I was of Julia's virtue; nevertheless, the major's meddlesome solicitude awakened sundry suspicions of another nature, which I resolved to clear up, and that happened still to be in the house. I began by examining the gun that had burst, and ascertained that the barrel had been designedly perforated in several places; and I likewise found out that the horse, which had nearly caused the young count's death, had been sold with this character, viz.,—That he was extremely docile in town, but the moment he reached the open country he became mettlesome, as to be completely unmanageable, even in the hands of an experienced groom.

"I would fain have spoken, but my dependent position forbade me mentioning anything in the first instance, and that which subsequently was more than mere suspicion—namely, the result of my investigations. I should not have inspired the least confidence—for those who do not hold an important social position never command belief. I therefore held my peace, both before the young count and the rest of my acquaintance.

"We now all three went to visit the rural estates of the late countess, situated near Pynski, on the confines of some vast marshes. The major would often remind us that, at our age, amusement ought to be our principal occupation; accordingly, Edmond and I frequently took a boat, and went duck shooting among the numerous winged tribes that inhabited the marshes. I generally rowed, and he shot. We succeeded so well, and brought down so much game, that I fancied the fatality that hovered over the young count's head ceased to pursue him, and by degrees the result of my inquires about the gun that had burst, and the vicious horse faded away from my memory, and I grew confiding once more.

"One day the major proposed to Count Edmond to visit a nobleman, whose castle was situated beyond the marshes. 'You will see,' said he, 'one of the most splendid relics of the middle ages. And besides, the beauty of the site on which it is built, the castle possesses one of the most extensive libraries in our country.'

"More was not wanting to induce the young count to undertake the pilgrimage; for, contrary to most young men of his age, the count liked study almost as well as pleasure, and his connoisseurship in literature, and the fine arts, had given him a taste for everything grand and ancient. We were to shoot ducks on our way through the marshes, while the major, feeling little inclination for such sport, said he would join us beyond the morasses.

"We therefore took the boat we usually made use of, but no sooner had we reached the middle of the lake, than our frail skiff began to fill with water, on perceiving which I fell to rowing vigorously towards land.—Count Edmond was alarmed; for he could not swim.

"Count,' said I, 'do not stir—we may be saved yet.'

"But, instead of attending to my advice, he kept moving about, which made the water rise so rapidly that it soon upset the boat, and we were plunged into the flood.

"'Count,' said I, 'hold fast to the boat, and I will come up with you.'

"So saying, I tried to seize him by his hair, but he was too frightened to hear me, and endeavored to reach the bank, and in another moment I saw him struggling against the waters some twenty yards off, now coming to the surface, then disappearing, till at length he sank to rise no more. By dint of strenuous efforts I finished by reaching the shore, and called aloud for help, when some fishermen came and dragged the lake, and at the end of an hour, brought back the inanimate corpse of the unfortunate young count.

"I was so petrified that I could scarcely believe in the reality of the misfortune that I had witnessed. The fishermen, being less agitated than myself, examined the boat, and found out that its hold had been perforated in several places by a gimblet, and that the holes had been cunningly filled up with bread crumb from a buckwheat loaf. A gardener, living in the vicinity of the marshes, added that he had seen the major, at break of day, examining the fatal craft.

"The major had been hastily sent for, and on his making his appearance, I declared to him, though in measured terms, the suspicions I had long harbored, and that were now confirmed by the catastrophe that had just taken place. But instead of giving me credit for my moderation and temperate language, Major Fogel affected the most violent despair, and heaping a thousand curses on my head, ordered me to be bound like a criminal, and sent me to Pendiz, from whence I was taken to Mozyr, thrown into prison, and treated as the murderer of Count Edmond Sero-Komoleska. An inquest was forthwith commenced.

"Though appalled by the audacity of such wickedness, I persevered in asserting my innocence, and sought every means of defending myself from so foul an accusation. But everybody remained deaf to my remonstrances. I heard I was to be condemned to die under the *knout*. The thought that I—born of gentle blood—was to perish in so ignominious a manner, made me shudder with rage. By dint of entreaties, I obtained from the goaler pen, ink, and paper, and drew up a petition to the Marshal of the nobility of Mozyr, in which I set forth the whole affair in its hideous reality. The goaler, who took pity on me, and began to think me innocent, promised to have my petition laid before the Marshal, and succeeded in so doing; for, three days afterwards, I learned that a fresh inquest was to take place.

"One night as I lay sleepless, with my brain on fire, and trying to hope that my character would be cleared in time, my prison door was opened, and Major Fogel entered.

"The affection I formerly felt for you,' said he, in a low voice, 'has induced me to come to save you.'

"'To save me,' echoed I, 'it is somewhat late I fear.'

"'It is still time,' resumed the major, 'but the moments are too precious to be trifled away in useless conversation. Once more, I wish to save you from an ignominious death, and from the tortures of the knout—do you not wish it?'

"Wish it?' cried I, forgetting, so invincible is our attachment to life, that the author of all my misfortunes stood before me, and that I was about to owe honor, life, and liberty to so great a miscreant. 'Oh! speak, speak—Monsieur Fogel!'

"The major then told me I must pretend to be ill, and then to die. 'And after your resurrection, added he, 'you must take the name of your elder brother, who fell at the battle of Borrodino.'

"'That would be forgery,' said I.

"'Nay,' said the major, 'you will still bear the name of your father and your family. If you play your part well—and you can easily do so—I will provide for you, as soon as you shall have assumed your elder brother's name, and trust me, your lot shall not be an unenviable one!'

There is an old proverb that says, 'a drowning man will catch at the blade of a razor.' I was that man, and I consented to everything.

"I now complained of my health, and pretended to be ill, and a doctor was called, who prescribed several medicines with a sly smile. I next asked for a priest, who came and heard me confess, and declared, like the doctor, that I was in great danger. Doctor, priest, and jailer, had all been bribed. In short, I had not to play the part of being dead for a long time before they brought a coffin, in which they laid me, and transported me to the chapel, from whence the major effected my escape during the night. The next day it was with a secret satisfaction that I witnessed my own funeral from Major Fogel's window.

"'You are now saved,' said the major, embracing me, 'but it remains for me to acquit myself of the promise I made you.'

"How strange a mystery is the human heart! This same man, who had committed two murders for the sake of wealth, actually wept as he pressed me to his heart.

"The next day the major gave me fifty thousand roubles, and married me to Julia, the late countess's ward. A week after, my wife and I set off for Bessarabia, where we resided for several years. Having heard of Major Fogel's death, I could not resist the wish to behold my native place once more; and I came back to Radomyst, where I purchased some domains with the full intention of ending my days in that district."

Such were the revelations made by the prisoner, which he signed, and then confirmed by the oath required by the law, to the effect that he had said nothing but the truth.

Julia Krynewieska, now Madame Krynszloft, confirmed her husband's confessions.

By a most providential chance, the gardener, who had seen the major examining the boat on the morning of the day when Count Edmond was drowned, was still to be found in Pendiz, while the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, was still living in Mozyr.

As to the four functionaries who had signed the countess's mock will, they had all been banished to Siberia for being guilty of peculation, and of robbing the imperial treasury. It was not clearly ascertained whether or no they still lived in Tobolski, but any way, being degraded characters, their testimony would not have been of the slightest value.

Major Fogel's immense fortune had been spent by his heirs, who were in a state of complete penury, the sad and inevitable fate of those who are enriched by the spoils of crime.

The tribunal acquitted M. Krynszloft, but ordered him to resume the name of Joachim. The sentence re-instated him entirely in his property, and in all the honors and dignities that he enjoyed.

The tribunal of Kiow confirmed this judgment, but old Joachim Krynszloft received so great a shock from the whole affair, that he died three weeks after this full acquittal, leaving his aged widow inconsolable for his loss, and his three daughters married to three wealthy and honorable inhabitants of Bessarabia.

*This is a prevalent superstition in Russia, which the authorities would be sorry to discountenance, as it renders the wretched serfs attached to their inhospitable soil.

A TOAST BY A PRINTER.—At the Franklin Festival, recently held at Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company:

The Printer—the master of all Trades. He beats the farmer with his fast "Hoe," the carpenter with his *rule*, and the mason in *setting up tall columns;* he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending his *case*, and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

A MISTAKE.—Sir John Irwin was a favorite with George III., who once observed to him, "They tell me Sir, John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said a bottle."

SECESSIONIST.—At a late term of the county Court in Perry county, Ind., there were twenty-two applications for divorce, seventeen of which were granted. One lady set forth in her petition that her lord always slept with his back towards her. She obtained a bill.

CHINESE OPINION OF WOMENS' SOULS. Master Ting, in speaking with us concerning the Leangchan demonstration, mentioned it as such an enormity, that it is evident what is the value of women in the estimation of the Chinese. "As we were leaving Leang-chan," said he, "when we passed through the street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians. Isn't that nonsense?" "No, certainly; it was the truth! They were Christians!" Master Ting looked stupified with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side. "I don't understand that!" said he. "I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls! Is that it?" "Yes—that is the object we propose to ourselves!" "Then what can the women become Christians for?" "What for? To save their souls, like the men!" "But they have no souls!" said Master Ting, stepping back a pace, and folding his arms; "women have no souls! You can't make Christians of them!" We endeavored to remove the scruples of the worthy man upon this point, and to give him some few sounder ideas on the subject of women's souls; but we are by no means sure we succeeded. The very notion tickled his fancy so much that he laughed with all his might. "Nevertheless, he said, after having listened to our dissertation, "I will be sure to recollect what you have been telling me, and when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul! She will be a little astonished, I think!"

WHAT IS THE USE OF WIT.—A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of the subject, is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind in all its branches.—Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views its annual rotation. Ridicule chastises folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere. Subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth. Analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries. Feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards them by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. It is all good. We must despise no sort of talent; they have all their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.

A FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN.—Tim Mullowney, a jolly looking tar, with the richest of brogues, applied at the Custom House, the other day, for a "purtection" as an American citizen. He was asked for his naturalization papers.

"My nateral papers is it your honor wants," said Tim, with an insinuating grin, "an' me a full blooded American?"

"You don't mean to say you were not born in Ireland?"

"Born in Ireland," replied Tim. "Sure I was. But thin your honor, I kem from Cork to New Orleans last summer, an' there the bloody minded muskeeters run their bills into every inch of me, and sucked out every dhrop of me Irish blood, good luck to 'em, an' now I'm a full blooded American."

There was some philosophy, as well as fun, in this reasoning, but it had no effect, and the last that was seen of Tim he was on his way to the City Hall to look for the man who sells nateral papers."

LIVING IN AN OVEN.—A gentleman having occasion to call on a certain writer, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it was "as hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied the author, "for 'tis here that I make my bread."

If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls. Let young men think of this.

A genius who deserves to be ranked as a public benefactor, has discovered a process for converting *old topers* into cartridge-boxes. Their superiority for this purpose consists in their being always *dry*.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"

"Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance."

Scene closes with a broom handle.

A WITCH.—A gipsy woman promised to show to two ladies their husband's faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed, "Why, we only see our faces," "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husband's when you are married."

A SPENDTHRIFT'S MOTTO.—Buy and buy.