

NIGHT AND THE DESERTER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"I might forget her melting prayer
When wild ring pleasures madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air
Her gentle tones come stealing by."

The stars again, the scornful stars! Oh, Heaven,
Why let thy cold lights mock a mourner so?
See how they smile—and I am not forgiven—
They smile, they smile—and she is sleeping low!

In gloom, in dust—the dark, dark eye's glad splendor,
Dim, dim—the lip's warm crimson chill and pale,
The young, pure heart—so tried, so true and tender,
In gloom? in dust? it is a fearful tale!

I, the world's idol, I whose praise is ringing
In princely halls above the banquet-wine,
I, on whose shrine young hearts their loves are flinging—
Hearts? Here is dust—and what is earth to mine?

What chills me thus? Ah, this magnolia blossom,
Given by a fair hand in your bowers' dim light—
Like one she pressed to her impassioned bosom,
Pledge of the faith—I broke; that fatal night.

I, the world's idol—wherefore do I shiver?
Is not the flush of passion burning yet?
Why gaze I wildly on this lovely rivet?
They won her from my waves—why not forget?

Sweet air of night, why is your calmness fearful?
For skies, why should your silence madden me?
Most splendid stars, how can your spell be fearful?
Winds, do ye truly whisper—Where is she?

Loved one and lost forever, ay, forever—
Years, years you will not bring her love again—
In time—oh, in—serenity I never
Gaze on her once—I know my tears are vain.

Is there no peace? Father, heart-broken, lonely,
Bowed with remorse I ask Thee to forgive—
Yes, there is peace—and thou, my God, thou only
Canst bid the dying to look up and live.

THE MORMON CHILDREN.

BY THE LAST ONE.

Our mother seemed weary one day. I remember she scarcely smiled or spoke from morning till night. It made the day seem dreary and preternaturally long to have that usually so cheerful and smiling mother go about the house in such a slow and silent way. I was hardly three years old then; but my memory always was remarkable. Sometimes, it seems to me, that I can recollect before I was born—and there is no doubt, no vagueness, about my reminiscence of that day. Many times during its progress did I endeavor with infantile wiles to draw upon myself my mother's attention. Once, while she was gone from the room for a few moments, I climbed upon the bed which stood in the corner, and, stretching myself upon my back, folded my hands upon my breast and shut my eyes as tightly as I could, trying to look as a little playmate of mine had looked when I had seen her a short time before in her coffin.

But my mother did not regard me; and when I became sure, by peeping through my eyelashes, that her attention was too deeply devoted to other things to heed me, I crept softly down to the floor. I know that my little heart was heavy all day; and when it began to grow dark I went and leaned my head against my mother's lap and wept bitterly. She placed her hand upon my head and stroked my hair softly, saying gently but in an absent sort of tone:

"Don't cry, baby, don't cry. There is nothing in the world worth crying for."

She did not take me up; and when I sought to sleep that night it was not, as usual, in my mother's arms. The next morning I was aroused by a loud and lamentable cry.

"Oh! mother, mother, mother, why did you die?" shrieked my sister; and my brother sobbed bitterly beside her.

"Ma! ma! mother! where is she?" I cried, hastily jumping from my low bed.

Marianna, my sister, took me by the hand and dragged, rather than led me into the adjoining chamber, where was our mother lying cold in death.

While we all stood weeping and lamenting over her, our father called out from below—"Clare! Clare! Clare!" Then he did not know that she was dead. "Marianna!" next he called; and my sister ran hastily down, Ernest and myself following. "Hasn't your mother got over her tantrums yet?" said my father, as Marianna appeared before him.

"Mother is dead!" cried Marianna, with a renewed burst of anguish. "Oh, father, what has killed her?"

"Dead! Surely the child is crazed?"

My father looked white with horror, and made but few steps up stairs.

We heard him groan and then he uttered, "Clare, poor Clare!" in a gentle and sorrowful voice.

When he came down his eyes were red, his manner full of uncertainty and trouble.

"What made her die, father?" again questioned my sister.

"I'm sure, my child, I cannot tell. I don't understand women. Your mother got mad at me yesterday morning, because I told her that I had taken another wife. She talked in a very disrespectful way; and I finally ordered her to stop. I told her plainly that if she wished to retain my affection she must not say such things to me, for I would not allow it. I said I should go and stay altogether with Abigail until she became good-natured again, when I should think just as much of her as ever I did. What she has died for I'm sure I don't know."

"I shouldn't think you'd be able to understand it," said Marianna, bitterly. Although but fourteen years old, she had an instinct in her young heart that now taught her much of the cruel truth.

"Father, you are a murderer. You have killed my mother. Oh! my poor, poor mother—my poor, dear, murdered mother."

Thus wailed Marianna, and Ernest and I added our voices to hers. Father made no answer, but soon left the house. In about an hour he returned, bringing with him Abigail, whom he had married.

"Help Marianna about what needs to be done," he said to his new wife, and then departed.

"You touch a thing about my mother, or her room, if you dare!" said my sister, furiously, when Abigail attempted to do as she had been ordered.

The girl, a pale and slender orphan-girl that we had known ever since we entered Utah Territory, more than a year previous, and one whom my mother had pitied and loved, drew back in affright.

"I did not mean to offend you," she said, gently and humbly.

"Oh! no—of course not. You didn't mean to marry father, either, did you? you mean, hateful thing! But perhaps you wanted mother, who was always your friend, to die. Who knows but what you killed her?" went on Marianna, growing more and more exasperated at her who had been the cause of so much trouble.

Poor Abigail could not endure this, and she broke out into heartfelt lamentations.

"Your father said that your mother would rather he should have me than any one else," she said at last. "He said that he had made up his mind to take another wife, and that he loved me better than anybody but your mother, and he knew that she and I loved each other and should get along very happily. Oh! he made me believe that it was all right and would be all for the best; and somehow I never could help loving him, he is so handsome, and was always so good and kind to me; but I wish now that I'd never seen him. I've a great mind to go and drown myself before he comes home."

My sister's tender feelings began to move in behalf of the unhappy girl, in whom she now saw but a new victim to her father's wicked belief.

"No, don't hurt yourself. You have a right to father now. Love him if you can. I never shall. I'll try and treat you well, but you must not touch my mother; and I wish you would go out of my sight while I am here with her."

Abigail withdrew weeping. I remember how my poor sister arrayed our mother for the grave. She had no help save such as Ernest could render, but never was there a lovelier corpse than that of our mother. There were roses in her hair and on her breast. The look of pain had all passed from her fair young features, (our mother was hardly thirty years old when she died), and she seemed more like a sleeping bride than like one who had died heart-broken. Father would not look upon her after he had seen her on the morning of her death. He never mentioned her name from that day forward. He treated us children with considerable kindness for several years; but as for poor Abigail, it was not long before he found that his heart was quite large enough to take into its affections another wife, and then another, and another. He did not stop until his wives numbered ten. When the first rival entered Abigail's home, she came crying piteously to Marianna, to make her complaint.

Now it was that my sister, with a touch of the old resentment, said,

"Well, miss, now you see how good it is to have your husband taken from you."

"It is all true; but, oh! Marianna, there is trouble near at hand for you. Your father has had an offer for you, and if he accepts it you will have to become the second wife of Herman Gray."

The face of my sister blanched to a deadly white, and then it grew burning red, and the little figure, not yet fifteen years of age, drew up to its utmost height, and the tiny fist was shaken in the air, while through her teeth Marianna said—

"Never! I will die first."

But the trial did not come then. Herman was not able to purchase so beautiful a girl as my sweet sister was growing.

Abigail told her soon afterwards that my father had expressed his intention of keeping Marianna unmarried until the holy Brigham himself should behold her.

"Then I'll take care to be as big a fright as possible when he looks at me," was my sister's reply to this interesting information.

Abigail and we children were become fast friends and mutual comforters now. She was a kind, truthful, affectionate soul, very winning and interesting in all her ways, and when once we had gained our own consent to loving her at all we loved her very dearly. I do not remember that my father was ever harsh to her. He always seemed fond of her, and to confide in her. When he was sick, too, or in any kind of trouble, it was Abigail only that he wanted with him. And yet he would cut her to the heart by taking to wife any woman that he fancied either for her beauty or for her stout and strong frame—for my father secured farm-workers by marrying not by hiring them. Abigail he never allowed to go into the fields to labor any more than he did Marianna and myself. We constituted the gentility of his family; and to our number were added, transiently, such of his new wives as he particularly fancied, or desired to use for pets and playthings for a while. Of course we did not particularly relish these acquisitions to our circle, but what can't be cured must be endured, and we learned to bear it with composure. Usually it was not long before the new bride would be dismissed to out of door privileges; once in a while one would die; but in one instance my father caught a Tartar, who was not so easily disposed of.

She was a tall, full-breasted, and superb creature—beautiful beyond all description, and just as ugly and hateful as she was beautiful.

Marianna even never dared to give her one word of impudence. She came sweeping into our parlor the first time we saw her, with father following meekly behind.

The first thing she did was to turn my sister out of her chair, and the next to order Abigail to give her's to father. Then the two sat down close together, talking no further notice of any of us; and Zaide—for so was the stranger named—leaned towards my father, and laying her head on his breast, looked smilingly up in his eyes, saying, as she slowly raised her jeweled hand to his head—"I am very tired, my dearest, and am glad we are at home. Do you love me, my handsome husband?"

"Do I. How can you ask me such a question?" replied my father in the low and labored tones of intense emotion.

"Then send all these people from the room."

We were all sent out, and we saw neither bride nor bridegroom again that day. Abigail cried all the afternoon, and all the evening; and, for all that I know, all night. The next day she was sick abed all day. Well, this Jezebel reigned triumphant for a whole year. She hated Abigail with the most bitter hatred, because instinctively she felt that there was in my father's heart much respect and tenderness for her. Every way that she could think of she worked to cause her victim to be sent into the fields to labor, and when she found that it was useless to hope for that she tormented her all the more in the house.

"Zaide is the most hateful wretch that ever lived," said Ernest energetically. For this exercise of the right of speech father flogged him severely.

Zaide taunted the boy with this, which only made him hate her more deeply than ever. The shameless woman took from us all of our own mother's valuables—her clothes, her jewels, her books, and her silver plate; and when we tried to regain at least a part of it she accused us to our father of being thieves. She declared to him that there was not one of us who would not lie and steal whenever we chose. This was not very agreeable to father, who desired that we might grow up with some few good principles. We three were all the children he had living. To be sure in the three and a half years since our mother's death there had been many children born unto him, but they lived but a short time.

Of Ernest father was especially proud; and truly the boy was one fitted to cause the breast of a parent to swell with emotions of grateful pride.

"Oh!" said Marianna. "Oh! to think that, perhaps, he may become such a man as father."

"But I never will," quoth my noble brother.

"Just as soon as I was large enough I shall take you and Ada, and we will run away from this horrible place, back to our dear New England home where our mother's relatives are. We will tell them all about this wicked way of living, and I know that they will take care of us and never let us come back here any more."

The next day a fresh quarrel broke out between Zaide and Ernest, and neither Abigail nor Marianna were able to quell the boy's passion. Father was gone away, and there was no one who could enforce peace. Zaide had teased and abused the boy beyond all endurance, and now he declared that if she didn't clear right out of his father's house he'd kill her as dead as a dead dog; and he'd make the dogs eat her too, as they did Jazebel.

Zaide had an iron bar in her great strong hand, and when Ernest made a rush at her to try and push her from the house she gave him a blow on the head which laid him quivering and insensible at her feet. Then she marched off to her room.

When father returned that afternoon it was to find Abigail, my sister, and myself, weeping over our dying Ernest.

"Who has done this?" said our horror-stricken father, gazing upon the ghastly face and open, rolling eyes which was no more sight.

"Zaide—she has killed him," cried Marianna. "She struck him, and split his head open with that iron bar"—pointing to the weapon which the murderer had left lying upon a chair.

"Where is she?" My father's voice was low. Those ominous low tones that precede the tempest.

"In her chamber," was replied; and with the iron in his hand the vengeful man strode out of our sight.

"Is he going to kill her?" I whispered, fearfully—pulling my pale sister's gown.

"I don't care," said Marianna; "it will be good enough for her if he does."

The gasping of our brother grew momentarily more feeble. A doctor—two of them, had been with him, but they had forbidden us to hope.

Father had been gone from the death chamber about two minutes, when we were startled by sounds which drew us to the door.

He had procured a whip, and having in some way managed to tie up the mouth of Zaide he had led her to the front door of the house, and there, holding both her hands in one of his, he was administering reproof and correction. Whipping her unmercifully over her bare arms and shoulders—"Now go to the field, and remain there. Your lodging is henceforth to be in the field-camp. Let me ever catch you near the house again and this is nothing to what you shall receive. Go!"—and he gave her a violent push, which sent her stumbling to the fields.

This treatment effectually broke the spirit of Zaide—we were annoyed by her no more.

When he had thus summarily dealt with her, my father came and sat down by the side of his dying boy. He said nothing, but we saw tears falling swiftly to the floor. I think now that he was consciously tasting the bitterness of the foul system to which he had become a convert. But if repentance touched his heart a moment it did not long endure, for our father did not change his course. Ernest died, and was buried by his mother's side. Oh! they had gained a secure shelter from the world of life, but Marianna and I remained.

When my sister was about eighteen years of age, and in the full flush of girlish beauty, Brigham Young saw her. He at once demanded her of my father, who pretended to consent, but who really did not intend to allow himself the honor of becoming father-in-law to the great ruler. Brigham did not think it necessary always to even pretend to pay for his wives; and when he did agree to do so he seldom, if ever, fulfilled his agreement.

My father had other views for Marianna.

"Oh, Marianna!" cried Abigail to my sister, as she met her one day, "your fate is sealed now. Your father has sold you for a very large sum to Dumas Pelico, the man who has been so insolent about staring at you so many times. Do you remember him?"

"Yes," gasped my poor sister.

"Sold, did you say? Is it already done?"

"Yes, dear. Your father told me so to-day, and said that I must tell you, and make you put on your best looks, for the man is coming to see you to-night."

"The monster! He is a demon and not a man! Will he take me when he has already five wives? I heard some one say that Pelico had five wives, and that he whips them all. And has my father sold me to this wretch? Oh, Abigail, can it be possible?"

"You forget, Marianna, that your father does the same thing. He buys other men's daughters, and of course he will sell his own. He thinks it is a very good match for you. He says the man is a thousand times more agreeable than Brigham; and he is rich besides. He has promised to keep you easily, and do all that he can to make you happy."

"I will see how much he will do to make me happy," said Marianna.

When she met the man she tried to suppress all outward signs of the loathing which she felt. She wept before him, and in gentle, maidenly words besought him that he would not force her away from her father's home. But the fair girl's distress only increased his desire to get her into his own power. He had not intended to take her with him at once, but after having seen her, and spoken with her, he decided that she must return with him that very night. He did not, however, say so at once, but laughing a little at her earnest plea, and lifting her hand to his lips, he said:

"My dear, little innocent, do you imagine that your father would refund the price which I paid for you if I were to yield to your whim?"

Marianna turned very pale at this question. She knew that her father would not refund it. She saw that her doom was sealed.

She kept silence so long that Dumas wondered what she was thinking of. He attempted to embrace her; but she sprang from him shuddering, and rushed to the door. Her father at that moment opened it to enter. The poor girl darted past him, and up stairs to Abigail.

"Oh, kill me! kill me! Abigail!" she cried.

"Never let them tear me from you alive!"

"You must try to feel more resigned, my dear. You must try to love the man. It must be horrible to have to marry a man one don't love!" and Abigail shuddered as violently almost as did my poor sister.

Meantime Dumas was making known his desire to take Marianna with him that night. My father, fearing that Brigham might send for her, consented, on condition that Dumas should allow himself to be charged with abduction, in order to break the force of Brigham's anger against himself. All was arranged in a few minutes; and then father came up for Marianna. She clung frantically to Abigail, and it was only by force that she could be removed.

"I hate you, I hate you," she cried to Dumas, and was fairly convulsed when he touched her. Her shrieks and ravings were agonizing to hear.

The sound of them will never leave my ears. Dumas gained her indeed, but it was a sorry triumph that he had, for it was but a raving maniac that he carried to his home. My poor sister was not one who could be ruled by force. He could do nothing with her. She resisted his slightest approach; she would not speak a pleasant word to him. If he tried to subdue her by severity she only raved the more; if he tried to coax her she was no more to be won. My father called to see them the next day, but he did not feel like staying long. Marianna had been violently insane all night; and when she saw father she cried out to him that he was her mother's murderer, and that the life of her brother, and also her own life, would be required at his hands.

"Do the best with her that you can," said my father to Dumas, as he departed. "She always was a self-willed and high-strung piece; but I must confess, I had no idea of this."

Dumas was gloomy enough over his bargain, but for some reason he forbore to reproach my father with the high price he had paid for a troublesome article.

Poor Marianna was deeply drugged at last; and when she was allowed to escape from this influence, and to go in and out as she chose, she walked one evening about dusk, and was not seen again until her body was discovered in a pond at some distance from any house. My wretched sister had chosen to end her sorrows by suicide.

I was now the last remaining child of my mother. Hitherto no personal trouble had befallen me. I had been kindly treated by everybody. But I was now verging towards womanhood, and Abigail warned me that the wolf was on my track—that my father was about to sell me to a villainous old wretch who already had eight wives. But before his scheme was carried out, my father suddenly died—poisoned, as we all thought, by Zaide, who had never forgiven the disgrace inflicted upon her.

Abigail and I then resolved to escape, which we finally did, after many trials, and reached our dear New England home. My mother's relatives received me with love and blessings; and with them I hope to spend my days in Christian happiness and civilized comfort.

KISSING.

Humid seal of soft affection,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexion,
Love's first snow-drop—'Urgin Kiss!

When Wesley was once reproached for the application of some popular tune to a sacred hymn, he replied, that surely they would not have him leave all the good music to the devil! In the spirit of this great man it might be recommended that, if there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, it should be attempted to recall him to the circle of his ancient friends. We know not but that, by the force of example and timely admonitions, the conversion of that gay prodigal—the Kiss—may be compassed; and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to a useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Phillip Sidney, mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented, that—

"None was nigh, his eye-lids up to close,
And kiss his lips."

A little after, he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

"She with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable amongst the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears), as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other, chiefly by the number of their kisses.

It was allowed sometimes, in the case of an inferior to one above him, to kiss the right hand—a custom which is remarkably recognized to this day amongst the Spaniards in their letters. Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required, as an essential condition, before any one was admitted to the sacraments. The Roman civilians, at length, took the kiss under their protection. Their ode has defined, with exquisite accuracy, the nature, limits, incidents, &c., of the *Rights of Kissing*: although we do not find that this sort of property holds a place amongst the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and if the husband elect broke the engagement, repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss!

In much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shewn in a thousand instances. The gentle Julia, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss.

"Julia.—And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the efficacy of a kiss; for in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of Proteus, she hits upon the following expedient:

"Julia.—I'll kiss each several paper for amends."

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the "sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise," she thus apostrophizes her absent lover:

"My bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed,
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss."

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony

of kissing, when we remember the important functions which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats of armor, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration; but they form that privileged feature which represents, in their turn, the three most ennobling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words "his lips were touched with fire," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

It would be an useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand elaborate and ingenious things which poets old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favor of some particular class of kisses, to which the following one I suppose belongs:

"'Tis every aromatic breeze
Wafled from Afric's spicy trees,
'Tis honey from the starry hive,
Which chemist bees with care do give,
From all the newly opened flowers."

It is no unfavorable step towards the acquisition of better habits in future, that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world; but, as it will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne indeed deeply deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of that custom takes away from the grace and favor of a kiss, and complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed, in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, taking the sex in general, for three pretty girls we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine, a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one." The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from, or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion."

PET WOLVES, FAWNS, &c.

The Missouri boatmen must always have a pet or two on board, and I got into the way of keeping them when I commanded steamboats there. But I need not say that the practice began with me there; for, while I was a boy in Connecticut, I often used to go to school with a flying-squirrel in my bosom and a tame bird on my shoulder. In a Missouri boat a bear, a wolf or a fawn will often be met with; and the sailors will deny themselves privileges, to procure for them what they think they like, and are ready to fight in their defense, or to expose themselves to drowning to save their lives. But such pets are always, first or last, the causes or occasions of some inconvenience or vexation, which counterbalances the amusement they afford. A deer is capable of doing things of which they would never be suspected by one unacquainted with their whole nature; and a wolf, after being domesticated to the utmost degree, will sooner or later show that his nature is unchanged, and that he is a wolf still.

I shot an old wolf one day, in the western part of Missouri, which had five cubs. I took home one of them, and he lived about the house for months, without offending any of the rules of good manners. After a time I took him to the Eastern States, where he was joyfully received in the family of a friend, and for some weeks made himself an agreeable inmate. But one morning I was called from my room by loud cries from all the family. Hurrying below, I found the master of the house on one table, his wife on another, and the children on shelves and in cupboards, all in the greatest terror and confusion, while my wolf had free range about the floor, and was running about, snarling and snapping at them in succession. At the first sound of my voice he stopped and sunk down, crouching like a whipped dog, and then crawled up towards me, looking at me with the most pitiable expression imaginable, and then licking my feet. I did all I could to persuade my friend that this was a very rare case; that it was the first with that animal, and that he had had no worse end in view than to give them a little fright. I indeed persuaded him to keep the animal longer for the amusement of his children, and to verify my declarations; but it was not very long after my departure that I heard the wolf had repeated the same trick, and been shot by his master.

A fawn, although so graceful and beautiful an animal, and apparently so kind and innocent, is even more full of disagreeable tricks, when domesticated, than a wolf or a bear. If a fawn is kept as a pet on board a steamboat, not a boat can leave it, but he will jump into it if he can. If he falls into the water in the attempt, he will be very likely to swim after it, and dexterously throw himself into the boat, and then leap and jump about in such a manner, as to produce confusion. A man can hardly manage an oar, or keep his seat on the thwart. Sometimes most ludicrous scenes occur from the strange tricks of this graceful and sprightly animal, on land as well as on the water. Fawns have a remarkable fondness for beds; and, on every occasion, when allowed, will spring upon them, and trample, and lie down, as if delighted with their softness. I was one morning lying asleep in my room, when a servant accidentally left the door open, and my pet fawn came in and jumped upon me. His sharp hoofs hurt me, so that the pain instantly woke me, and I made an effort to rise before I stopped to see what was the matter. But the little animal had thrown his body across my own, in such a manner that I could not easily raise him, being impeded by the bed clothes. His sharp hoofs continued to stick into my flesh, and I suffered an amount of pain and trouble from the pestilent little fellow, both then and for some time after, which I once should have thought impossible to be inflicted by so gentle and innocent looking a creature.

A DESPICABLE TRAIT.

There is, we fear, a certain malignity in human nature, which derives gratification from depreciating whatever is great and exalted above the common standard. Hence it is that living excellence has always to encounter such a host of detractors, who deny its existence, as long as denial is possible, equivocate when they can no longer deny, and, if shamed at last into a tardy acknowledgment, take care to season their recognition with some qualifying clause, that shall furnish a future opportunity of again reducing the object of their jealousy to the same level with themselves.