

TRAGICAL HISTORY

OF

JANE ARNOLD,

COMMONLY CALLED

CRAZY JANE;

AND

MR. HENRY PERCIVAL;

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF

THEIR BIRTH, PARENTAGE, COURTSHIP,
AND MELANCHOLY END.



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HISTORY
OF
CRAZY JANE.

THIS unfortunate beauty, whose wanderings of imagination, through an ill-fated attachment, had gained her the appellation of Crazy Jane, was the youngest daughter of Mr Arnold, a substantial farmer in Wiltshire. He had four children by Margaretta, his excellent wife, who was still living; Lubin, Lucy, Annetta, and the lovely Jane, who, from her earliest childhood, was remarkable for her superior beauty, and elegance of her person; and justly bore away the palm of admiration from her juvenile companions. Her long hair, which was naturally formed into the most beautiful waves, was of the lightest brown; her eyes were the deepest blue, and at each glance shot forth a radiant lustre beaming with expressions. She was tall, slender, and exquisitely formed. Her lips were coral, and her skin the unsullied mountain snow. Her voice was melodiously sweet; and an innocent, artless gaiety, displayed itself in all her actions. Such was Jane at the age of seven years. As yet her heart was free from the enervating power of love. Her beauty had, indeed, attracted many suitors, but none of them had succeeded in gaining the affections of the youthful maid. Lubin, her only brother, was in his twenty-fourth year, and was as much endowed with masculine, as his sister was with feminine beauty. Lucy and Annetta might both be entitled to the denomination of pretty agreeable girls, but no farther.

About two miles distant from farmer Arnold,

resided a Mr. Percival, who having been many years a woollen-draper in the city of London, had accumulated a decent fortune, and retired, with his daughter Rosetta, who, after her mother's death had been his house-keeper, to the pleasant village of Rosewood, where they inhabited a small though neat mansion, built in the cottage style, and surrounded by a beauteous garden, bounded on the western side by a luxuriant orchard, and on the eastern by a meandering rivulet, which flowed in gentle murmurs; while the distant clacking of the mill, and a deep sounding water-fall, added to the rural beauties of the scene.

Next to the fair Jane, Rosetta was esteemed the handsomest girl in that part of the country. She was in her nineteenth year, and her truly amiable manners soon gained her the esteem of the surrounding families, and, amongst the rest, farmer Arnold's. Rosetta admired all the sisters, but particularly attached herself to Jane. Their sentiments were congenial, and their chief happiness seemed to be in each other's society. Often, with the permission of her parents, Jane would repair to Mr. Percival's, and reside with her dear Rosetta for three or four days at a time. Together they would wander through the mazes of the adjacent wood, gathering wild flowers or fruit, or visit the cottages of the poor neighbours, and relieve their wants as far as their own ability would allow. Often as they roved, arm in arm, their discourse would turn on Henry, Rosetta's brother, whom she tenderly loved, and sincerely regretted his absence.

On their departure from London, Henry had refused to accompany his father and sister to Rosewood, but accepted an advantageous offer which was made to him by a merchant who was

stantly related to the family, to remain with him in the capacity of his head clerk, which was a very lucrative employment. . . Mr. Percival and his daughter had now been in Wiltshire two years, and as yet had received no visit from Henry, whom his sister represented as one of the finest youths of the age, both in mental and personal accomplishments.

One morning Jane was agreeably surprised by a very early and unexpected visit from Rosetta. Her young friend produced a letter which she had received late the preceding night. It was from Henry, and announced the pleasing intelligence, that he would be at Rosewood on the following Monday, where he meant to remain some time. His visit, he informed them, was owing to his relation's sudden determination of quitting England for the West Indies, in order to make a personal investigation of his property; and thither the youth felt no inclination to accompany him, but resolved to repair to Rosewood, and remain some time with his father previous to his forming a new settlement for himself.

As soon as Rosetta had imparted the contents of the letter, she intreated Mr. Arnold to permit his three daughters to visit her on the day appointed for Henry's arrival, as her father intended to make it a kind of a festival. The farmer readily acquiesced; and it was agreed that the fair ones should repair to Rosewood at an early hour of the forenoon, and that Lubin should join the gay party at the commencement of the evening; share in their pleasures, and escort his sisters home. Rosetta then departed; and the intervening time was spent by Farmer Arnold's daughters in preparing all their village finery for the occasion. Monday

arrived, and with it a serious disappointment. Annette was seized with a sudden indisposition, and the attendance of Lucy was necessary. But, in compliance with the desire of her parents, Jane kept her appointment, as they were unwilling to deprive Rosetta of the company of her friend. She was dressed in a white robe, and a straw hat, ornamented with a wreath of fancy flowers, was tied under her chin by a lilac ribbon. Passing through a grove in her way to Mr. Percival's, she was overtaken by a young gentleman of the most prepossessing appearance, who inquired of her the way to Rosewood. She immediately informed him, and a few moments' conversation made it known that he was Henry Percival who addressed her. Tempted by the fineness of the morning, he had discharged his chaise at the last town, and leaving his luggage at the inn, proceeded on foot.

Pleased with the society of each other, Henry and Jane proceeded on, arm in arm, to Rosewood, where they were affectionately welcomed by Mr. Percival and Rosetta, who had from the windows of the parlour beheld the approach of the youthful pair.

The return of Henry to his family was celebrated with the utmost festivity. The company assembled on the occasion were plentifully regaled; and the young people danced on the grass-plot that adorned the front of Mr. Percival's dwelling. Rosetta was Lubin's partner, and Jane was Henry's. Never did four persons appear so superlatively happy; joy beamed in their eyes, and the glow of delight flushed on their cheeks. When the hour of separation arrived, young Percival insisted on accompanying, alledging that, as the hour was very late, her brother's protection might not be sufficient to ensure the safety of the gentle maid.

From the sprightly gaiety of Henry, which seemed to flow spontaneously from a pure unsophisticated heart, no one around him had suspected the traits of vice that lay lurking in his breast. His person and behaviour were formed to captivate, and he rarely failed to excite either friendship, or the more ardent passion, love, in those objects at he laboured to inspire with them.

His being Jane's escort introduced him to Mr. Arnold and his wife, who, pleased with the manners of their new visitor, and in consideration of his being the brother of their dear Rosetta, gave him a general invitation to the farm, which he eagerly embraced; and availed himself of every opportunity that offered, to be in company with the innocent Jane, and whisper in her ears soft words of love, and declare an affection never to end with life. The heart of the youthful maid was not proof against the seductive powers of his tongue. Henry soon gained the entire possession of her affections; nor was he long ignorant of her sentiments in his favour. The pleasing confirmation, instead of inspiring him with the wish of calling her his own by indissoluble ties, and sharing with her the inestimable blessings of domestic felicity, only prompted him to proceed in a base design he had formed against her honour, even at their first interview. A base ambition fired Henry's soul. Not content with the handsome competency which he would eventually derive from his father, and a genteel subsistence that he could earn himself, he had pre-determined never to marry, unless he could meet with some woman with an independent fortune in her own hands. Indeed, for no other purpose than gaining such an end would he ever have bestowed a thought on

marriage, but always treated the mention of the sacred ceremony with unhallowed ridicule. A yet, no fair one, calculated to gratify his avaricious passions, had fallen in his way, but many a hapless fair one had become the victim of his seductive art. The beauty of the interesting Jane, and the dispositions of herself and family, who, virtuous and benevolent in themselves, suspected no guile in others, appeared to this monster of deceit as a favourable opportunity to accomplish his base design, by luring her from a peaceful home.

This depraved youth felt no difficulty in persuading Jane that his father would be averse to her marriage with one who had so small a portion. Alas! this he knew to be a false assertion, for Mr Percival would have very readily consented, so great was his opinion of farmer Arnold's daughter to have received any one of them into his family; but more especially Jane, who had ever been a great favourite with the old gentleman.—Every one beheld a strong partiality between Henry and Jane, and concluded that it would lead to a lasting attachment; but none, not even Rosetta, or the brother and sisters of the maiden, even suppose that their intercourse had proceeded to such a length. Every night, when the rest of farmer Arnold's family had retired to repose, Jane stole from her chamber to meet her lover in the grove and wander whole hours, guided by Cynthia's reflected light; Henry breathed all the vows of an impassioned lover, and Jane listened with delight. For some months did the dear delusion last; and the breast of Jane was the abode of love, innocence and hope, till one fatal hour, when the guardian angel of virtue slept, and the demon of vice reigned triumphant, the ill-fated Jane surrendered her

virtue to importunities of the deceitful Henry, and bid adieu to peace for ever—till she sank within the narrow confines of the grave. Ah! ye fair daughters of the earth! nature's choicest work! did you rightly consider the pre-eminence of virtue, and your own conscious dignity, how few, if any, could depart from the path pointed out by rectitude, religion, and honour!

At the next interview that took place between Henry and our unfortunate maiden, after the fatal triumph of the former, her swollen eyes and altered countenance declared the poignancy of her feelings, and that remorse had already taken possession of her soul. Henry exerted all his eloquence to soothe her griefs; even his callous heart received pang at her altered appearance. His arguments renewed her smiles; and he promised to repair to London in a few weeks, and seek for a situation in some commercial house, that should enable him to maintain his beloved Jane, in case his father should be offended at their marriage, the solemnization of which was to take place at Henry's return to Rosewood. With such fallacious promises as these did he ensnare the youthful victim of credulity to further guilt, and lull the keenness of that sorrow he could not wholly dissipate.

Just at this period Lubin Arnold made rather sudden overtures to Mr. Percival for the hand of Rosetta; the declaration of his love being hastened by the knowledge that Squire Swinford had made proposals highly advantageous to her. Mr. Percival resolved to decide the question by his daughter's choice; the prospects of accumulating riches could not dazzle for a moment his understanding. Rosetta did not hesitate to declare her affection for Lubin, and an early day was appointed for their

nuptials. The wedding was kept at Mr. Arnold's, who gave the entertainment in the true style of English hospitality, and his daughters exerted themselves in welcoming their new sister to her future abode. It was agreed that Lubin, being in partnership with his father, with his bride, should reside at the farm; and that Lucy should take upon herself the charge of Mr. Percival's domestic affairs, and reside at Rosewood.

The happiness of Rosetta, and the modest cheerfulness that displayed itself in her very look during the nuptial feast, gave many a bitter pang to the heart of lovely Jane.—Not that she wished to see her friend less happy, or indulged the baneful passion of envy; no, but it made her feel the horrors of her own situation. Instead of a joyous bride, surrounded by approving friends, she was a miserable dependent on the honour of a man, of whose veracity she had of late strong and painful doubts. In the course of the evening Jane found an opportunity of conversing unobserved with Henry, and repose her griefs in his bosom. How powerful is the language of persuasion from the lips of those we love! The youth called heaven to witness, that she was more dear to him than his own life; and that he would sooner suffer the most agonizing tortures that invention could devise, or cruelty inflict, than allow the idol of his heart to become the theme of babbling tongues. In short, Jane felt a conviction that she had wronged her lover by her suspicions of his faith, and was eager to obtain his pardon for an offence that she blamed herself in committing against their mutual love. Ere they returned to the company, Jane reminded Henry that she thought the alliance that had taken place in their two families

would remove the bar to their own union, as she could not suppose Mr. Percival would raise any objections to it, after he had so readily consented to join the hands of Lubin and Rosetta. Master as Henry was of dissimulation, yet this reasonable suggestion of the fair victim of his deceit, staggered him; he was, what rarely occurred to him, at a loss for an answer. At length he stammered forth a few sentences, almost incoherent, from his agitation—that he would inform his father of their attachment, if his dear Jane insisted on such a sacrifice, which he knew would be attended with fatal consequences to his future prospects. “Consider that Lubin’s situation and property are far superior to my sister’s; he did not object to the alliance of the Arnold’s with his daughter, but old age, my best love, will be avaricious, and he has far higher views for his son.” “Which he will doubtless,” replied Jane, the tears starting from her expressive eyes, “comply with, and sacrifice his love to filial duty.” Henry appeared hurt at this suggestion, but in a few moments, recovering himself to his usual placidity, he strove to give confidence and composure to the breast of Jane, and at this time succeeded. At a late hour the company separated, to the extreme relief of Jane, who was anxious to retire to the solitude of the chamber, and commune with her own thoughts. Of Henry’s conduct she knew not what to think. She loved him, sincerely loved him, and she feared to lose him by ill-timed expressions of dissatisfaction or doubt; yet she knew herself to be in a situation that, ere long, must proclaim to the gaze of every beholder, her loss of honour. This precluded delay added poignancy to her woes. At this moment she was miserable. Then she re-

flected on the oaths and protestations of Henry ; his kind assurances at their last interview on which he called on every holy power to witness his faith to her his chosen wife ; and defied the malice of the whole world to part them. Thus in fluctuating hope and fear, the hapless girl passed away her melancholy hour till the first dawn of the grey-eyed morn was announced by the shrill clarion of Chanticleer. Recollection flashed on her mind ; she chided herself for giving way to such sorrowful retrospections ; and, fearful of being discovered by any of the family not yet undressed, she hastily divested herself of her apparel, and retired to bed. Worn out by the fatigue of the preceding day, and the sorrows of her heart, she soon fell into a heavy slumber.—But sleep did not calm the passions of her mind ; her dreams were horrific. One time she was hurled from a precipice, then dashed into the foaming and tempestuous ocean, and sinking amidst the billows, calling in vain to Henry for aid. She awoke, overwhelmed with terror. It was not yet time to rise—again she slept ; again the ocean presented itself to her view ; a swift sailing vessel appeared almost to fly before the wind ; Henry was on the deck, his bosom streaming with gore, from a self-inflicted wound, as appeared by a poignard that he grasped in his right hand. Borne by an invincible guide, she flew towards him. A sudden storm arose ; the ship was furiously combated by the elements. Henry gave a deep groan, and expired in her arms. The vessel now appeared to sink rapidly, and the horrors of death were around her. Just at the moment of this painful visionary trouble, her sister Annette entered the chamber, and awoke the sleeping sufferer. But she was too much indis-

posed to rise, and readily acquiesced in her sister's desire of remaining in her bed.

Jane did not rise till the evening. Nor would she then have left her chamber, only to keep her appointment with Henry, whom she had promised to meet at the usual spot in the well known grove. In vain Annette persuaded her not to leave the house: Jane persisted that a walk would be of service to her, and obtained her sister's promise not to mention her absence to her parents; and then hastened to the place where her perfidious lover was waiting. Henry, with seeming affection, embraced her; and then imparted his intention of leaving Rosewood, and repairing to the metropolis the next day. Jane, in tremulous accents, inquired the motive which led to such a sudden departure. He informed her, that he had that day received a letter from the metropolis, in which his friend had stated, that there was a post under government which produced a considerable annuity, that he had no doubt, if he was present, of procuring for him. "Then," continued Henry, "if I succeed, I shall no longer be dependent on my father; and our marriage will take place immediately on my return, which I promise, my dear Jane, shall be within the next three weeks." Jane was affected at the thoughts of parting; yet the solemn promises of her lover eased her mind of an oppressive burthen, and her tears were mingled with emotions of joy and grief. It was long ere either of them had fortitude to pronounce the small, but much important word, Adieu. Henry accompanied Jane to the end of the grove, and then left her—for ever!

He pursued his journey to London, where, he informed his father and sister, he was going to

receive some money, which a gentleman, to whom he had lent it about a twelvemonth before, had remitted to his banker. The time for Henry's return passed, yet the youth came not. Jane's anguish was insupportable; her family was alarmed at her squallid looks. She was ill; she pleaded indisposition; and to her own family she expressed her fears that Henry was false to his vows. Yet they knew not the extent of her misery; she would sooner have died than related her loss of innocence. How could she overwhelm her aged parents with anguish, and bring a stain on a family whose virtue had been their boast? A letter came by the post to Mr. Percival; its contents were like a thunder-clap to the old gentleman. Henry had embarked for the West Indies. The youth entreated his pardon, but assured him, that circumstances of an unpleasant nature, which he could not then explain, had obliged him to leave England, and retire to his relation abroad.

What Henry could not explain, was soon explained for him. Lucy too abruptly communicated the intelligence at the farm, and in the presence of the unfortunate Jane.—Violent hysterics seized on her fragile form; an abortion succeeded. In frantic accents she confessed her guilt. What were the feelings of Arnold and his aged Margaretta!—They tore their hair, and wept with bitterness of soul. But they did not upbraid their hapless daughter, they would not add to her misery. Great were their sufferings. They tried to calm her mind, and spoke the language of peace and comfort to the mourner; their efforts succeeded, and she fell into a calm slumber. At a late hour the family retired to their slumbers, all but Rosetta, who watched by the bed-side of her

beloved Jane, who still slept in apparent composure. About four in the morning Rosetta reclined her head on the back of her chair, and fell asleep. In less than an hour she was awoke by hearing some footsteps hastily descending the stairs. She rose and approached the bed to look if her Jane's afflictions were still banished by the influence of Morpheus. She was gone! Rosetta looked around; it was evident that she had risen and dressed herself. Terrified beyond description, Rosetta hastened to the chamber where her husband slept, and entreated him to join with her in the pursuit of Jane. Lubin instantly thought of the grove where he had oft seen her walking with the faithless Henry.—Thither they ran as fast as their fears would allow, and found the object of their search stretched on the cold ground, and making a piteous moan. Lubin raised and supported her in his arms, while he joined with Rosetta in calling her by the most endearing appellations. As they led her home they endeavoured to inspire her with fortitude and resignation. She answered only with heavy sighs, and some vague sentences. Alas! their gentle cares were vain, Reason had fled her brain; a melancholy despondence reigned there; and an oblivion of every transaction but the source of her own irremediable woes. In vain were the physicians, and all their medical attendants, summoned; human skill was vain. Jane was doomed to linger out her existence a hapless maniac. She was perfectly harmless and tractable; and for whole days would wander in those places where she had been used to walk with Henry. She would sing the most plaintive airs, and converse with those who addressed her about him. From the villagers she gained the appellation of Crazy Jane;

and this title soon became familiar to her own ears. Regularly at the close of the day she returned to her father's house; seldom she noticed any one in it, but retired to a small chamber that was entirely appropriated to her own use. Jane continued in this state above two years without any alteration in her mind, but a very alarming one in her person. She was now reduced to a mere shadow of her former self; her eyes no longer sparkled with brilliancy; her lips were robbed of the coral hue, and her cheeks assumed an ashy paleness.

One morning, instead of lying till a late hour, which for some months back had been her custom, and then repairing with her solitary meal to the grove, she joined the family at their breakfast table, and conversed on several subjects more rationally than she had done since the first day of her derangement. As soon as their repast was ended, Jane arose, and affectionately embraced every individual of the family, particularly her mother and Rosetta. They were extremely affected, and prayed with fervour that heaven would be pleased to restore the sense of the fair maniac. They then separated to perform their several domestic duties, and Jane hastened to her usual haunts, taking with her a little basket of provisions, which her tender mother always prepared ready to put in her hand; or poor Jane would never have thought of food till assailed by the calls of hunger. When evening arrived, and above an hour was spent in momentary expectation of her return, the family became greatly alarmed, and Lubin and his mother went forth to seek her. They were not many paces from the house, when they perceived a group of villagers approaching towards them bearing a corpse. Alas! it was

ine's! They had found her as they were passing through the grove on their return from their work, lying on the turf inanimate. She was cold, and she had left her fair form for ever. Her right hand reclined on her breast, and in her left was clasped a locket which contained a fragment of Henry's hair, which he had given her on the day of Rosetta's nuptials.

What a sight for a parent! Margaretta felt it to its full force, and fainted by the side of her departed daughter. It was some minutes ere they could recover her from her swoon; and Lubin with difficulty led her back to the house, while the villagers continued to bear their hapless burden after the afflicted parent. The grief of the Arnold family could only be equalled by that of the aged Mercival. He had wrote several letters to India, but received no answer, either from Henry or his relation. The sorrows of Jane deeply afflicted him; he despised the cruelty and injustice of Henry, and had frequently declared to the good farmer, that, had his son requested his consent to marry the beautiful Jane, he would have given it with a feigned transport.

On the fourth day after her decease, her funeral took place in the village churchyard. The coffin was borne by young maidens in white robes, and on their heads they wore chaplets of cypress. Mr. Mercival and the weeping relations of Jane closed the mournful procession. There was not a dry eye among the villagers. The deep-tolling knell was accompanied by sighs and heart-felt groans; while the aged parents, as the funeral passed their doors, would their sons beware of the fatal crime of seducing the giddy and unsuspecting innocence; and their daughters avoid the fate of the broken-hearted Jane, by scorning

the villain who would dare to make them a dishonourable proposal.—The remains of Crazy Jane were deposited under the shade of an aged yew; and on a rough hewn stone was placed the following artless epitaph:—

Traveller, stop! whoe'er thou art,
Shed a tear ere thou depart;
For here releas'd from care and pain,
Lies love's sad victim, CRAZY JANE.

A few short weeks from the death of the unfortunate Jane, saw the remains of Mr. Percival and the woe-worn Margarettâ committed to their native dust. The former, by his will, had disinherited his son. He bequothed considerable legacies to farmer Arnold and his two surviving daughters, Lucy and Annetta. The rest of his property, which was very considerable, he awarded to Rosetta and her affectionate husband.

Mr. Percival had not long departed from this transitory world, when, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, Henry arrived at Rosewood; pale and emaciated, a living skeleton. The first intimation he received of the death of Jane and his father, was from the mistress of the Inn; and the intelligence seemed greatly to affect him. With a palpitating heart he repaired to the farm; and prostrating himself at Mr. Arnold's feet, besought him to pardon the seducer and murderer of his daughter, who was impatient to join her in the silent grave. The anger and indignation that the old gentleman felt at the first appearance of Percival, soon gave way to pity. After their first emotion had subsided, and they were tranquil enough to converse, Mr. Arnold learnt from Henry, that for a length of time after he had arrived in

India, he had formed the resolution of becoming an alien to his family; his affairs were so prosperous as to render it next to an impossibility that he should ever want any pecuniary assistance from them; and for the purpose of estranging himself, he never answered any of the letters he received from England—indeed, the reproaches with which those from his father and Rosetta were filled, and which he did not know how to defend, made him adhere more and more strictly to the plan he had marked out for himself. But at length remorse seized on his soul. The image of Jane haunted his nightly dreams and his waking thoughts; his behaviour to her and his aged father, now appeared to him in the most culpable light; he became a sincere penitent, and resolved to return to England and make what reparation was in his power to those he had so deeply wronged. About a fortnight after he had embarked on his homeward passage, as he was standing one evening on the deck, absorbed in his own reflections, a female figure glided by him, and pronounced his name in an awe-inspiring voice; he started and looked around; the figure stood at some distance from him. It was Jane! Again she repeated his name, and, with a heavy sigh, vanished from his view! The hour that this event occurred was explained; and Mr. Arnold had every reason to suppose that it was the one in which the hapless fair one died, as it was on the same day in which she was found a lifeless corpse in her much loved grove.

The loss of his father's fortune did not in the least affect the youth; nor would he accept that part of it which Mr. Arnold, and the husband of Rosetta, generously offered him. No, money he valued not. The death of Jane, through his

cruelty, lay heavy at his heart; also his father's dying in displeasure with him. He frequently declared that he had brought with him more money than would last the remaining term of his life. He hired a small cottage in the vicinity of Rosewood, where he resided in a manner not far removed from the life of a hermit. Every night at the drear hour of twelve, he wandered round a moss-grown tower where the ghost of Crazy Jane was said to appear, and tell to the moon a tale of woe. After pursuing this course of life for several months, Henry imbibed a dangerous melancholy, that prompted him to commit the dreadful act of suicide. On the grave of his Jane, the youth shed his heart's blood, and rushed unbidden into the presence of his Maker. The Coroner and his Jury declared him a maniac; and he was buried beneath the same yew that hung over the remains of the fair but ill-fated heroine of our tale!

Behold the melancholy end of this once innocent happy pair! Who could have anticipated a sorrowful conclusion to the joyous and affectionate attachment formed at Rosewood? None. But this may be principally ascribed to the ambitious views and depraved character of Henry; and partly to the fond credulity of the fair but unfortunate Jane. It is sincerely hoped, that all into whose hands this very interesting and affecting pamphlet may come, especially the youthful generation of both sexes, may take warning from the untimely and miserable fate of this unhappy couple, and avoid the dangerous rocks on which they split; for assuredly the same causes will naturally lead to the same bad, or even worse ends.

ANECDOTES.

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

“Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zekiel had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?” asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of, a bran new milk pan.

“No, I never did—do tell it,” was the reply.

“Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a-gunning arter ducks in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a tew of 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscles. I caught up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand, and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could sec it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke—‘You're a pretty clever fellow—jest let me take your peauder horn to prime,’ and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘you're a pretty good diver, an' if you dive an' get it, I'll give you a primin.’ I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid.”

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some moments ensued, and Jonathan added—

"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the powder out of my horn into hizen."

HOLDING ONE'S OWN.

Dr. Crusty and his friend Blinko were journeying towards lake Ontario in a cab. Now Blinko, albeit he may think quite contrary, is any thing but a handsome man, and upon this swings the point of our story. "It is very seldom, doctor," said Blinko, musing, "it is very seldom, doctor, that the promises of your youth are realized." "Do you think so, Blinko?" inquired the doctor.—"Most distinctly, I do," was the response. "Now, for instance, doctor," continued Blinko, "I was esteemed very ugly indeed—extremely plain—when a child." "You was, eh?" "I was." "Well, I think you've held your own remarkably well!" retorted the doctor, with more than his usual asperity.—Blinko told the coachman to drive faster, and opened not his mouth again until they reached the lake.

AN AMERICAN JURY.

At an inquest on a drowned person, held at New York, there was some evidence that the deceased had been in a state of destitution, and thereupon one of the jurymen wished to return as his verdict—"Found drowned for want of necessary food!"

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.

A convict escaped from prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hogshead, which broke and let him in up to the middle. "Faith," said he, as he scrambled out, "I have often heard of the *swates of liberty*, but I never knew what it meant before."

AN IRISH COACHMAN GAINING HIS FIRST PLACE.

The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pleasant gintleman, and he loved a joko. Well, there was plenty after the place; and the first that went up to him, "Now, my man," says he, "tell me how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?" So the boy considers, and he says, says he, "Within a foot, plaze your honor, and no harm." "Very well," says he, "go down, and I'll givo ye yer answer by-and-bye." So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandified chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within three inches and a half, he'd go bail. Well, at last my turn came; and when his honor axed mo how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I says, says I, "Plaze yer honor, *I'd keep as far off as I could*." "Very well, Misther Byrne," says he, "you're my coachman," says he. Och! the roar there was in the kitchen when I went down and told the joko.

NO WISH TO INTRUDE.

A few days since, a grand jury in the far west, ignored a bill against a huge negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows:—"You may go now, John; but (shaking his finger at him,) let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming from his big white eyes, and a broad grin, displaying a new row of beautiful ivory replied,— "I wouldn't bin dis time, judge, only de constable fotch me!"

SCENE IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

"What studies do you intend to pursue?" said an erudito pedagogue one day, as a Johnny-raw entered his school-room.—"Why, I shall *study read*, I suppose, wouldn't ye?"—"Yes; but you will not want to read all the time; are you well acquainted with figures?"—"It's a pity if I ain't, when I cyphered clean through *adoption*."—"Adoption! what rule is that?"—"Why, it's the double rulo of two; you know that twice two is four; and, according to adoption, *twice four is two!*"—"You may take your seat, sir," said the schoolmaster.—"You may tako your'n too," said the pupil; "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

FINIS.