

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months...

Miscellaneous.

From the London Court Journal.

The Fortune Teller and the King.

I.—THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

Theodore Primi was a young man of some talent and of great assiduity, which two qualities would have sufficed to have insured his success in life had he been in any other place than his native town...

Theodore vowed he would carry the whole world before him, make a rapid and noble fortune, return and marry his mistress in triumph...

II.—THE DILIGENCE.

The lover was a prudent man, he had forty-six francs in his pocket, he spent forty-one in paying his coach hire, and carefully laid the rest out in Adjoining himself...

Theodore's first thought was to examine his companions in the rotunda, and his eye instantly caught that of one whom he knew.

Wonderful similitude of expression! Extraordinary sympathy of kindred spirits! Primi and Duval were instantly the best friends in the world, confiding to each other their plans and hopes...

"Out! out!" said the cap-maker. "Qui! qui!" replied Duval. "Can't say" quoth his friend in a whisper, scanning the proportions of their comrades...

III.—THE EXPERIMENT.

After some further preliminary colloquy,

Duval signed his name with a pencil on a piece of paper, and Primi gave a most elaborate and apparently correct answer...

"With pleasure, sir," replied Primi, taking the paper, and without casting his eyes on it, addressing the stranger, "anything to oblige, and moreover, there is something in your countenance so very amiable I could not refuse you..."

IV.—THE ADVENTURER IN PARIS.

Travelling night and day, one must overcome the slowness of a diligence and the obstinacy of French post-horses, which look quite out of place in a gallop...

The Duke de Vendome, being a man whose time was wholly devoted to pleasure and amusement, was delighted with Primi, whom he took about with him everywhere...

"Primi," exclaimed he, "you are a treasure, by heavens!" "My lord is very flattering." "No, parli, I am not, but this must not be lost—it is too good to be thrown away..."

V.—THE KING.

Primi secluded himself during the two months and having a most retentive memory, did not fail to acquire the knowledge requisite for so novel an undertaking...

Among other persons who visited Primi, were the Countess of Soissons and the Duchess of Orleans; and the fortune teller astonished the latter by declaring accurately all the circumstances attending her correspondence with the Comte de Guiche...

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, I am unable to find room for it."

surveying for an instant Primi, without noticing the Duchess, led with the deepest respect to a seat, and then, addressing Madame of Orleans; inquired her orders.

"Tell me," said she, unrolling a sheet of paper and displaying a letter sealed with the royal arms, and signed, Louis—"tell me the character and disposition of him who signed this letter."

"Permettez, votre Altesse," replied Primi, taking the letter from the hand of the Duchess, and approaching the light, and then adding, without a moment's hesitation, "It is written by a miserly old carnegoon, who has not one good quality to recommend him."

"The Duchess in the utmost confusion, with trembling limbs, advanced towards the stranger, and said softly, but still so as to be heard by Primi, 'forgive him, it was my fault, he does not know you!'"

"Sire," exclaimed Primi, falling on his knee, "I knew your Majesty the instant you crossed my threshold, but thinking you wished not to be known here, I forbore recognizing you."

"What!" said the Duchess, still more astounded and confounded, "do you add to your criminality by thus declaring your knowledge, that in the King's presence you insulted him?"

Both the Duchess and the concealed Duke were in amazement at this new proof of Primi's wit and power of discrimination; but the latter was soon overcome with terror, rather than any other feeling, when the King turning to the Fortune-teller, said, "Now, Primi, I have only two words to say to you—disclose to me your secret, for which I will pay you with a pension of two thousand livres for life, or else make up your mind to be hanged—Cousin, you may leave us."

The King pardoned both, kept his promise to Primi, and in addition to this, not only preserved his secret, but when going that evening to the Queen's apartment, mentioned before the courtiers that he had seen (he did not say he had visited) Primi, and that "he had told him things which no being of his kind had ever before revealed to any one."

This added wonderfully to Primi's reputation, and, not to weary the patience of our readers, it is sufficient to say that ere the year's termination, Primi had realized sufficient, in addition to his pension, to enable him to return and claim his bride in triumph, which he did—and living to a good old age, never failed to bless the man in the leathern jerkin for the fortune which he had procured him.

A VISION.—One sultry summer day, having fallen into a doze over "Plutarch's Lives," he thought I was suddenly transported to the regions of the dead, where as I wandered about seeking some of my old friends, my attention was suddenly arrested by a loud clamor of voices that seemed to come from persons engaged in hot contention, and attention of Rhadamantus, who presides over the Supreme Court in that unexplored region...

"I," said Julius Caesar, "conquered Gaul, and Britain, and finally laid all Italy at my feet." "And I," said Themarlane, "conquered Asia, and shut up the representative of the Prophet in an iron cage."

"And I," said Nadir Schah, "conquered Persia, Armenia and Hindostan." "And I," said Napoleon, "conquered Italy, Germany and Prussia, laid Europe at my feet and subjected France to my sway."

"Here," exclaimed Rhadamantus—"Here is the conqueror, greater than the desolators of nations, and the subjugators of Empires, who after giving freedom to his country and emancipating a world overcame his ambition and conquered himself!" It was Washington.

KEEP YOURS.—There is no surer destroyer of youth's privileges, and powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill-temper and self-ness.

Faith in good is at once its own retributive and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanly conditions. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others, is the way to ensure the enduring spring of existence.

Religion of the Chinese Rebels.

Several English officers in April last visited the camp of the Chinese rebels, and in their account of their trip they state, at a place called Tantoo, they had destroyed all the idols and thrown them into the river.

The Hong Kong Register of May 17, however, pronounces the statement that "the leaders of the movement are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practical and spiritual Christians," sheer nonsense and humbug.

Some of the members of this society, it is supposed, are the leaders of this rebellion. The Register adds, there is undoubtedly great imposture and wild fanaticism among them.

It is further stated that the use of opium is disallowed in their ranks, and forbidden to their followers. In fact, it is said they have added the interdiction of the use of tobacco and opium to the ten commandments, tacking it on to the end of the seventh.

SOCIETY OF THE LAST MAN.—Nearly twenty-one years ago, seven young men of this city, then in the early flush of manhood, entered into an association for an annual meeting and supper so long as any of their number should survive.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.—We have just learned from Mr. C. C. Bunch, from Sabine pass, that about ten days ago, a small girl, ten years old, a daughter (he thinks) of Mr. Solomon Sparks, living at the mouth of Old River, Orange County, was caught by an alligator, as she was wading out to gather the nuts of the pond lily, and most terribly mutilated.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.—A laughable illustration of the heading of this article occurred in Illinois lately, as will be seen by the following from the Peoria, News: "Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and crossing the field of Mr. C., a Frenchman, C's dog stood looking on, without attempting to call off his dog; B., getting out of patience, shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead."

TO ESCAPE THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—1. Avoid standing under trees to escape from the rain during a thunder-storm, but holly expose yourself to the wet; it will preserve you from the lightning.

THE CORRUPT TENDENCY OF FASHIONABLE AMERICAN LITERATURE.—It is not lamentable that throughout our whole country, and especially in our populous cities, the most frothy, ephemeral and corrupt productions of the day have become the favorites of the reading public?

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.—"There's no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady in speaking of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.'"

WHISPERING IN COMPANY.—This habit, so often indulged in by young ladies, in the presence of friends and strangers, savors strongly of rudeness. The vainest being, the most conceited or the most perfect, suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness.

From Wiley's North Carolina Reader.

Avarice and Prodigality to be alike Avoided.

Avarice cuts off man from his brother, and concentrates all his hopes, wishes, and affections upon himself. It turns a deaf ear to the voice of sympathy, and is callous to the calls of gratitude and friendship. Its devotee has no feeling, no hope, no love but for self.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—If there is one spot above all others where peace should reign, it is the domestic circle. What gives home its attractions? 'Tis love—the absence of every storm of passion to disturb the quiet of the first side circle.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY—HONESTY.

The man who would steal a pin, would perform the same operation on a crowbar, where it is an easy concealment. The man who steals not from fear of the mill far outstrips the highwayman, for the latter has a good quality the former lacks—courage.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

"How do you know it, Jim?" "Yes."

"You don't, Jim?" "Yes sir-ee."

"Bet a quarter on it that you don't."

"Done! and the money was put in Billy Mulligan's hands."

"Now, who is he?"

"Why, he's a blind man."