

An Incident of Travel.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"All full, sir? Sorry. But I guess you'll manage to stand the next fifty miles!"

Mr. Smith, the spruce young conductor on the Central Railway cars, ushered in a decrepit, shabbily-attired old man, who leaned wearily on his staff, and carried a heavy valise in his hand.

The long, dimly-lighted car was full; every seat was occupied; hand-boxes and carpet-bags were held in their owner's laps, and there was not a single chance for the new comer to be accommodated.

A couple of score of faces lifted themselves to glance at the old man's face, as he moved slowly and painfully down the narrow aisle. It was plainly evident that he had as much as he could do to support himself, and besides, he looked like one who was just recovering from a severe illness—his cheek was thin and pale, and his eyes lacked the fire which ought to sparkle beneath those large and strongly marked brows.

There were many well, active-looking, healthy young men in the car, but none of the number felt disposed to renounce his soft, comfortable seat to the shabby old traveller. And, after a stare of undisguised contempt, each and all dropped their eyes and thought no more of the suffering old man before them.

In this enlightened century, it is a notorious fact, that the aged meet with slights and incivilities, to say nothing of positive unkindness, which would have put the barbarous nations of old to shame.

Fitz James Eustace, a young exquisite, was escorting his cousin, Isabel Winchester, to Nahant, drew down his mouth until the ends of his copper-colored moustache rested upon his well-starched dickey, and remarked to the lady by his side:

"Really, Mr. Smith is insulting us? Why cannot he find a place for that wretched specimen in the second class car?"

A flush, perhaps of pride—perhaps of anger—mounted to the white forehead of Miss Winchester. She put up her hand as though to check the speaker, and said in a subdued voice:

"Fitz James, will you give that gentleman your seat? Don't you see how pale and feeble he looks?"

"My dear Isabel! Why I would not evacuate my place by your side for a kingdom! Let the old fellow stand it out! It won't damage his appearance I'll be bound!"

"Then I'll trouble you to rise a moment; I prefer the other side of the seat. Allow me to pass if you please."

Fitz James never thought of disputing the will of his imperious cousin, and he stood up to let her go out. But instead of taking the seat which her escort had occupied, the lady walked straight on, until she reached the side of the neglected old gentleman. The touch of her hand on his arm drew his attention towards her.

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take the seat which I have vacated? I have ridden since early this morning, and am really wearied with sitting so long. Pray oblige me?"

The old man's face brightened, and he cast a grateful look into the dark handsome eyes of the lady.

"But, madam, you must be weary; I cannot accept it."

She made an impatient gesture. Miss Winchester was accustomed to have her own way.

"No, sir; I am well, young and strong. I should be ashamed to sit while a man of your age and health remained standing."

"Thank you! Your kindness is well timed, and not thrown away, I venture to tell you. I shall accept your offer with gratitude."

So saying, the old gentleman sank into the vacant seat, with a well satisfied expression of countenance; but Fitz James expressed his unbounded contempt for his neighbor by drawing his ample raglan closely around him, and shrinking nearer to the rear. The stranger looked at him with quiet scorn.

"You need not trouble yourself to slip through the window, young man," said he in a voice of irony. "I am not afraid of the long-eared species, though he bray ever so loudly."

Fitz James was thoroughly disgusted. He could not endure such vulgar propinquity. So he arose quickly, and striding over his companion, made the best of his way into the smoking car.

Miss Winchester's sacrifice had been witnessed by all in the carriage, and a dozen seats were offered her by a dozen polite and officiating young gentlemen, but she declined them all by a motion of her head, and remained leaning against the side of the vehicle.

The train flew onward—the old gentleman meanwhile disposing himself for a comfortable nap, which he was shortly enjoying.

Some time before midnight the lights of Boston gleamed through the darkness; another moment, and the train thundered into the depot.

Our old gentleman arose, shook himself, grasped his valise, and came over to the side of Miss Winchester.

"Madam," he said, "you have made an old feeble man's journey tolerable; will you tell him your name and place of abode?"

She smiled, waived all thanks, and gave him her card. He bowed and left her just as Fitz James appeared to escort her from the cars. But getting through the crowd was no easy matter, for the fuss and bustle was unusual; and Isabel noticed that several uniformed companies filled the space in front of the depot.

Cries of "Hurrah for Gen. Sutherland!"—"Three cheers for the hero of Mexico!" rent the air. Banners trailed out on the fresh night breeze; flambeaux flashed, drums beat, and the long line of carriages filed slowly up the street.

Fitz James inquired the occasion of all this tumult, and learned that it was a public welcome extended by the citizens of Boston to Gen. John Sutherland, a gentleman and a veteran officer, who had signally distinguished in the late Mexican war.

"He came in this train," said a bystander. "Is it possible, sir, that you did not discover him? A sickly-looking old man, dressed in threadbare gray, and carrying a huge black valise. He has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which has troubled him ever since his last campaign. Those vile Mexican night vapors, and sleeping on the cold ground, undermined his constitution; but he is a fine old fellow yet."

Miss Winchester thought he must be; she had heard much of his gallant daring; but Fitz James was the picture of silent mortification.

Miss Winchester and her cousin stopped at the American House, and early the next morning, before the lady had finished dressing, a servant brought up a note, bearing her address. Isabel tore it open, and there fell out two cards of invitation to a ball to be held at the Revere, that evening, in honor of Gen. Sutherland. One card bore the name Fitz James, the other was directed to herself. She had no acquaintances in Boston, consequently, the invitation must have been sent at the instance of the General himself.

Fitz James was surprised and humiliated at this mark of distinction, for he could not but realize that the invitation had been extended to him solely to save his cousin's feelings. But, notwithstanding this, he wished to accept it, if only to have an opportunity of excusing his yesterday's impoliteness to the great man.

The journey to Nahant was deferred for one day; and early that evening the cousins were at the Revere, where a brilliant coterie had already assembled.

Gen. Sutherland, reclining in an arm chair at the head of the great drawing-room, received his friends as they passed by, one giving place to another; but, when Isabel was presented, he detained her hand to say:

"Please sit down on this ottoman at my side; I have a relation here to whom I wish to present you."

It was not long before a singularly handsome young man came up to the general, smiling a friendly welcome, the veteran, turning to Isabel, said—

"Miss Winchester, allow me to present to you my son, Alfred Sutherland, who is very grateful for the kindness which you last evening bestowed upon his father."

The young man bowed, and his father continued:

"Whenever I see a young person voluntarily render respect to the aged, I am constrained to admire and respect him or her, as a relic of the good old politeness which reigned over show and heartlessness when I was a lad. It is all hollow ceremony now, my dear; and, if the old man cannot stand without assistance, he is thrown down and trodden upon. But there is a march, or my ears greatly deceive me; Alfred, do you need a further hint, or must your rheumatic old father set you an example of courtesy?"

The young man started and colored, for he had been gazing so intently on the rare beauty of Miss Winchester that he had forgotten time and place.

"If Miss Winchester will permit me," he said, offering his arm; and, a moment more, they were lost in the throng of promenaders.

Mr. Sutherland seemed bent on showing his gratitude to the lady for the kindness she had rendered his father, for he scarcely quitted her side during the evening; and, at the close of the week he followed her to Nahant, where he continued for two months, the *bete noir* of Fitz James, and the enemy of all the young fops who aspired to the hand and fortune of the beautiful Miss Winchester.

Fitz James Eustace had long been his cousin's suitor, and it was with ill-concealed chagrin that he now saw himself thrown into the shade by the son of that "wretched specimen," who ought to have found a place out of decent people's company.

Early in the New Year there was a marriage ceremony performed in the old South Church, and Alfred Sutherland was the groom and Isabel Winchester the bride. An elegant house on Beacon street received the young couple, for Alfred is engaged in business at Boston, and every year the hale old General comes down from his house in N— to visit his children.

So you see that politeness gained a husband for one woman; and it will bring happiness to all if they will but practice it; for true politeness springs from the heart, and is but the effervescence of a kindly, Christian spirit, anxious to promote the well-being of those with whom it comes in contact.

WHAT SHE REMEMBERED.—An old lady who kept a little store, went to hear a sermon, in which the use of dishonest weights and measures was fully set forth. She was deeply impressed. The next day the minister called on her, and took occasion to ask her what she remembered of the sermon. She complained of her bad memory, but ended by saying, "I remembered—I remembered to burn my bushel." A doer of the word will not be a forgetful hearer of it.

A Gallant Greyhound.

The following incident, said to be well attested and taken from a French work entitled "L'Histoire des Chiens Celebres," shows that a well-educated dog, under exciting circumstances, can not only reason and act with wonderful decision and presence of mind, but can also manifest a feeling of revenge, which is not necessarily his natural character, but which can hardly be surpassed in intensity by a christian warrior: "Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to a captain of artillery, raised from its birth in the midst of camps, always accompanied its master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagements it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoy, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding, the dog became desperate, and howled piteously. Just at that time, a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece, which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. As if with a view to revenge his master's death, Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon, loaded with case-shot! Seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight. After this bold stroke, the dog lay down sadly, near the dead body of his master, licked his wounds, and remained there 22 hours without sustenance. He was at length with difficulty removed by the comrades of the deceased.

This gallant greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George II., who had him taken care of as a brave and faithful public servant. Byron thus apostrophises this animal:

The poor dog! in life the firmest friend—
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.—In accordance with annual custom, some engineers of the municipality visited, a few days ago, the Catacombs, which extend to a considerable distance beneath Paris, on the left bank of the river. The object of the visit was to ascertain that the arches, pillars, &c., which support the roof remain perfectly solid. The engineers were accompanied by some gentlemen and ladies; and it is only on the occasion of these annual inspections that the Catacombs can be visited at all. The entrance is in the courtyard of what was formerly the octroi office of the Barriere d'Enfer. It is closed by a thick door, and the Catacombs are reached by a long narrow staircase, descending about 70 feet. A man at the door counts the persons who enter, and gives each a lighted candle, which he is required constantly to carry. At the bottom of the staircase is a long, narrow gallery, the sides and roof of which are supported by masonry. This gallery, in which only two persons can walk abreast, leads to a spacious vault beneath the Plaine de Mount Souris, and in which vault are collected the bones formerly removed from the old cemeteries of Paris.

Near the entrance to the vault is the inscription—"N'insultez pas aux manes des morts!" About 20 minutes are occupied in reaching this spot, and it is generally remarked that the visitors, influenced by the strangeness of the situation, and by the peculiar odor which prevails, soon become serious and silent. In the vault the bones are piled up like wood in a timber yard, and galleries are formed in them for visitors to pass along. The bones are arranged in regular order to the height of 6 feet, the larger bones being outside, and the skulls being placed on the top. Here and there are inscriptions indicating from what cemeteries the bones were brought, and also scraps of verse from different poets. There is one enormous heap of bones which has not yet been classified. It is calculated that not fewer than 3,000,000 persons must have been interred in the cemeteries from which the bones were removed. In the vault are some subterranean springs, which have been collected in a basin called the Fontaine de la Samaritaine. In this fountain some gold fish were placed in 1813; they lived for a long time, but did not breed.

In the other parts of the catacombs, the galleries are very numerous, and one of them is nearly five miles long. To prevent persons from losing their way a broad black line is drawn on the wall from the entrance of the catacombs to the vault.—[Galignani's Messenger.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF 1860.—M. Faye, in a memoir lately read before the French Academy of Sciences, suggests a concert in the observations to be made by astronomers upon the great eclipse of the sun on July 18, 1860, partial over a great portion of Europe and America, and total in Spain, Algiers and Morocco, and a portion of North America. He recommends the establishment of stations with some degree of regularity along the path of the total eclipse. Among other recommendations to astronomers, in their observations, are the study of the physical constitution of the sun; of the protuberances on the solar surface; the testing of the tables of the moon's motion; careful observations of meteorological phenomena, and magnetic vibrations; the taking of photographs, and the like, during the period of the eclipse.

THE TWO SEXES.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling.) It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is a sentiment in all women, and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not so with the other sex, it is of the moral.—[Bulwer Lytton.

THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEE.—A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board of a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my fob and immediately sank out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, elevating his broad brim and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did thee say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And thee dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up the rudder chains!"

"Yes, uncle."

"And thee expects me to believe thy story?" "Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "thee knows I never call any body names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Josiah, I want you to find the biggest liar in Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee!'"

THE DEATH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF SENECA.—The Holmes County, Ohio Farmer publishes a singular scrap of history, from which is condensed the following:

Holmes county, in 1816, was the hunting ground of Indians of whom 'Seneca,' the chief and tribe of that name, was one. Mr. Jacob Ammond, now living in Coshocton county, then living about a mile from where Millerburg now is, and near the Mile Pond. Seneca became inimical to Ammond, but pretended friendship, yet Mr. Ammond's knowledge of the Indian character enabled him to detect this hostility. Seneca told Ammond that there was a bear near Mile Pond, and wanted him to go to help kill it. Ammond consulted his wife, and she begged him not to go, but Ammond, thinking he ran less risk by going with the Indian than to take the chances of being killed when not on his guard, accompanied Seneca, each taking a gun.

The pond being narrow, Seneca took one side and Ammond the other. Ammond kept his eyes on Seneca, and saw him get behind a tree and Ammond also got a tree between him and the Indian, leaving his clothes exposed.—Seneca aimed, but his gun snapped and, while fixing the priming, exposed his head, at which Ammond took deadly aim and put his bullet through it. Then crossing over, Ammond stripped some elm bark, with it tied a heavy stone to the Indian's body and sunk it in the pond. The disappearance of Seneca was an unraveled mystery for forty years, when Mr. Ammond lately divulged the bloody secret to the Auditor of Holmes County.

DESERET ALPHABET.

Long	Short	Y	h	L	eth
ø	o	+	7	p	ø the
3	a	↓	a	b	8 s
ø	ah	↓	7	t	6 z
ø	au	↓	a	d	0 esh.
0	o	7	e	che	8 zhe
0	oo	9	g	4	ur
↓	i	0	k	0	l
ø	ow	0	ga	7	m
U	woo	p	f	4	n
Y	ye	e	v	h	eng

*. In the following example when the name of a letter occurs, as for instance 7 in TEARS, instead of 7046 it is 746.