

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes.

manner by no means calculated to encourage curiosity. "Do I trouble my head about your affairs?" he would say.

qualling little things—no loss to him or to any one else. It would be tedious to pursue all the details of this disgusting trial.

seur de Barbine, to calm your nerves?" "Sir, you are impertinent, and I shall certainly do myself the pleasure to chastise you."

mal, who was sent to the galleys for life, and who during the last few months has given evident proofs of mental aberration.

much like him? Does not this remind you of Mr. Browning? Might not this be mistaken for one of Mr. Longfellow's own productions?"

For the Columbian, LORENZO DOW. This remarkable and eccentric preacher was born in Coventry, Tolland County, Connecticut, October 16, 1777, and died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, February 2, 1834.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE JURY.

WHEN the criminal, Pierre Granger, escorted by four gendarmes, was placed in the dock of the Court of Assize, there was a general stir among the crowd which had assembled from every quarter to be present at his trial.

This mysterious character dined every day at the ordinary of the Crown Hotel, and although habitually silent, seemed usually content with the fare.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am really grieved that I have not a single cigar left to offer you, having just given my last to my worthy friend. To-morrow, however, I hope to have a fresh supply, and shall then ask you to do me the honor of accepting some."

"What a vile fellow—a mere trifle—simply that, while Monsieur de Barbine kills his friends, you only dishonor yours. Monsieur Simon, whose house, table, and purse are yours, has a pretty wife—"

It was once the custom in many reviews, calling themselves Christian and civilized, and so regarded each by its private sect or following, to immolate at least one young poet quarterly at the shrine of stony-faced and rocky-bosomed criticism.

It is wonderful how much clever journey-work of this kind is performed, and from one point of view it is encouraging, for the prevalence of this accomplishment does indicate, we are free to admit, a degree of popular refinement.

One night after Mr. Dow had retired to bed, after a hard day's travel in the western part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar-room to enjoy their usual recreations.