THE ERIE OBSERVER.

FORWARD.

VOLUME 19. SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1849. NUMBER 38.

POTERY AND MISCELLANY.

SONG.

BY H. K. G. ARNY.

We have launched our bark on the gleaming tide,
To float o'er a sunny sea,
And for weal or woe on the water's wide
I have cast my lines with thee;
We are come but now from the altar's side—
From the blessing and the prayer,
And the vows that we breathed have scarcely died
On the calm and holy air.

And the organ's high triumphant strain,
That thrilled on the silence, still
Is floating out from the sacred fane,
O'er valley and vine-clad hill;
To the mellow glow of the Autumn air
We turned from the chancel dim,
But a holier voice is on my ear
Than the anthem's swelling hymn.

And my soul is hushed with its freight of bliss,
Like a flower surcharged with dew,
That woos no thrill from the the zephyr's kiss,
Lest its treasured drops o'erflow;
But I seek thy glance with a changeless faith,
For safe on its hallowed shrine
In the heart I have pledged for life or death,
While that soul-born light is mine.

I have come, love—come from the altar's side,
I have turned from the gentle band
With whom, in the light of love long tried,
I have journeyed hand in hand;
I have come from the shade of the clustering vines,
From the voices blest and free
That rung through the aisles where the myrtle twines—
I have left them all for thee.

I have left them, love, yet the world before
Looks bright, though 'tis all unknown,
For no welcome waits upon yonder shore—
I may claim but thee alone;
And I know that the bright sky o'er us now
May lower with the tempest's wrath,
But my heart is strong, for the covenant bow
Of our God bends o'er our path.

And I'll calmly rest on thy sheltering breast,
Unmoved amid life's strange dim;
In the storm or sunshine wholly blest,
While this love light burns within;
We have come, love—come from the altar's side,
We have launched on a trackless sea,
To the world's thronged haunts or its valleys wide,
I am going forth with thee.

LAKE ERIE, 1848.

THE JURYMAN.

A Sketch.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

PETER Barker belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own; the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the play-ground he was with her always ready to do battle with anybody who disobliged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary; but years afterwards, when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite school mate, with her clean cape-bonnet thrown back, her glossy, brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself; "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now." Sometimes he tho't of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought. "Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common prosaic mould. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him though the rainbow-mists of the past, or from the air-castles of the future. In process of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of harmless mediocrity. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate: and in the main he thought so himself; though her imperturbable calmness sometimes fretted him as a rock chafes the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved: and according to their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them, than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggles of their outward life, became visible and audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man.—Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the panorama of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marvelled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold.—But these were glimpses of the Infinite: their beauty did not seem to appertain to him: it did not enter like a magic charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbursts of spring, after a long cold winter, was the revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come troddling along, lifting his little porringer of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, he was sometimes cherished with injudicious fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the over indulgent father. Mr. Barker had been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other punishment than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill turn, he would observe, in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole their dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the rascal a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all those things were education, and doing far more to form his son's character than anything he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed towards it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hardheartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbor Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him as an impertinent interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took fright at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, all ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgelled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing by, inquired the cause of so much severity, and remonstrated against it: assuring him that a horse was never cured of bad habits by violence. He spoke mildly, but Mr. Barker was irritated, and having told him to mind his own business, he continued to whip the poor frightened animal. The humane neighbor turned away, saying, "That is a bad lesson for your son, Mr. Barker."

"If you say much more, I will flog you instead of the horse," muttered the angry man. "It is'nt *his* horse.—What business is it to *him?*"

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was nailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was seated in the wagon, he did not feel altogether pleased with himself, and his inward uneasiness was expended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But nervous and terrified, constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast, he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the crack of the whip made him tear over the ground, to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and threw a radiant glow on every tree and little shrub, jewelled by the recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows, birds sang, a little brook rippled cosily by the wayside, winds played gently with the flowers, and kissed the raindrops from their faces. But all this loveliness passed unheeded by human hearts, because they had at the moment no inward beauty to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the familiar landscape seemed quite otherwise to the poor horse, than it would have done, had he travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle hand.

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving prattle might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night. But he was a tall lad, who had learned to double up his fists, and tell other boys they had better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than anything else in the world, but the charm and the power of infancy was gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit like a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent unconscious medium for the influence of angels.

Indeed, paternal affection gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexpanded germs of some noble qualities, but he inherited his father's passionate temperament with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have described, turned his energies and feelings into wrong channels. The remark "It is'nt *his* horse; what business is it to *him?*" heard in his boyhood, expressed the views and habits of his latter years. But his mental growth, such as it was, pleased his father, who often said exultingly, "There is no danger of Joe. He knows how to fight his own way through the world."

Such was their mutual product of character, when Mr. Barker was summoned to a jury, in a case involving life or death. He was vexed to be called away from his employments, and had never reflected at all upon the fearful responsibility of a juryman. James Lloyd, the prisoner, was a very young man, and his open honest countenance gave the indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man, and that they had been seen to take the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication. Most people thought there was no doubt of his guilt; others deemed the case by no means certain. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him and *wished* to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings was so much touched by the settled misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the Scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who pleaded for him had once been employed in a law-suit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The juryman cherished a grudge against him for his sarcastic eloquence on that occasion. Moreover, it so happened that neighbor Goodwin, who years ago had reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused.—He often consulted with his lawyers, and seemed to watch the countenance of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were impatient to be at their workshops and farms. Mr. Barker would not have admitted it, even to himself, but all these circumstances helped to increase his hardness against the prisoner. By such inconceivably slight motives is the conduct of men often swayed on most important occasions.

"If the poor young fellow really did commit the act," said one of the jury, "it seems likely that he did it in a state of intoxication. I was once drunk myself: and they told me afterwards that I had quarrelled with a man, and knocked him down a high flight of steps: but I had no recollection of it. If I had killed him, and they had hung me for it, what an awful thing it would have been for my poor father and mother. It taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit by his dreadful experience, if a chance were allowed him. He is so young: and there is nothing bad in his countenance."

"As for his womanly face," replied Mr. Barker, "there is no trusting to that. The worst villains are not always the worst looking. As for his being intoxicated, there is no telling whether it is true or not. That cunning lawyer may have made up the story for the sake of exciting compassion, and the witnesses may be more than willing enough to believe everything strange in the prisoner's conduct was the result of intoxication. Moreover, it won't do to admit that plea in extenuation; for then, don't you see, a man who want's to kill his enemy has only to get drunk in the first place! If any body killed my Joe, drunk or not drunk, I should want him to swing for it."

By such remarks, urged in his vehement way, he swayed minds more timid and lenient than his own, without being fully aware of what he was doing. He was foreman of the jury: and when the awful moment arrived on which depended the life of a fellow being, he pronounced the word "Guilty," in a strong firm voice.—The next instant his eye fell on the prisoner, standing there so pale, and still looking at him with such fixed despair. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him, always and everywhere before him.—"This is weakness," said he to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law required it. I have done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always and everywhere looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper, for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But officious neighbors, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject; and drawn into such discourse, he strove to fortify his own feelings by dwelling on all the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts, the night before the execution, he had troubled dreams, in which that ghastly young face was always conspicuous. When he woke, he saw it in the air. It walked beside him as he ploughed the fields, it stood before him on the threshold of his own door. All that the merciful jurymen had suggested came before him with painful distinctness. Could there be a doubt that the condemned had really committed the murder?—Was he intoxicated? Might he have happened to be intoxicated for the first time in his life? And he so young! But he drove those thoughts away; saying over to himself, "The law required it. I merely did my duty."—Still, everything looked gloomy to him. The evening clouds seemed like funeral palls, and a pale, despairing face gazed at him for ever.

For the first time in his manhood, he craved a companion in the darkness. Neighbors came in, and described the execution; and while they talked, the agitated jurymen beat the firebrands into a thousand pieces, and spoke never a word. They told how the youth had written a long letter to his mother, and had died calm and resigned. "By the way, perhaps you know his mother, Mr. Barker," said one; "they tell me she used to live in this neighborhood. Do you remember a girl by the name of Mary Williams?"

The tongs dropped from Mr. Barker's hand as he gasped out, "Mary Williams! Was he *her* son? God forgive me! Was he *her* son?" And the strong man laid his head upon the table and wept.

There was silence in the room. At last the loquacious neighbor said, in a subdued tone, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

The troubled juryman rose hastily, walked to the window, looked out at the stars, and clearing his choaked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good tempered, pretty girl; and seems but yesterday that we used to go together to pick our baskets full of berries. And so she was his mother? I remember now there was something in his eye that seemed familiar to me."

Perhaps the mention of Mary's beauty, or the melting mood, so unusual with her husband, might have excited a vague *feeling of jealousy* in Mrs Barker. Whatever might have been the motive, she said, in her demure way, without raising her eyes from her knitting, "Well, it was natural enough to suppose the young man had a mother: and other mothers are likely to have hearts that can feel, as well as this Mary Williams."

He only answered by shaking his head slowly, and repeating, as if to himself, "Poor Mary, and so he was her son."

Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene were repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell on all that excites emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love; and he strove to fortify his father's relenting feelings, by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favor of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was glad to be thus fortified, and replied in a firm, re-assured voice, "At all events, I did my duty." Yet, for months after the pale young face looked at him despairingly from evening air, and came between him and the sunshine. But time, which softens all things, drifted the dreary spectre into dim distance, and Mr. Barker's faculties were again completely absorbed in making money for his son.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man, but his conduct was not altogether satisfactory to his parents. He was fond of dress and company, and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels. On two or three of these occasions, the feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and like his rough father, had undeveloped germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his: his mother loved him with all the energy of which her sluggish nature was capable: and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on his twenty-fourth birthday he had been arrested for murder! And, alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far overcome his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him cooly, because a rival had informed her that he was seen intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her love. He drank again, to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him, he shot the man who informed against him.—Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and, in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice, on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer! With intense anxiety he watched the countenances of the jury for some gleams of compassion. But ever and anon, a pale young face loomed up between him and them, and gazed at him with fixed despair. The visions of other years returned to haunt him; and Joseph, his best beloved, and only one, stood beside it, pale and hand-cuffed, as he had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty, sounded like an awful echo of his own; and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And my son also was very young."

That vigorous off-shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and, alas, of passion, which misguides us all!—he must die! No earthly power can save him. May the ALL MERCIFUL sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison, and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the ALL MERCIFUL *was* with him, and sent influence to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart: it melted and subdued him.—The congealed sympathies of his nature flowed under this ordeal of fire; and, for the first time, he had a realizing sense that every human being is, or has been, somebody's little Joe.

"How kind you are to me," said the prisoner, in answer to his soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had always been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Joseph's hand, he said, in an agitated voice, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I may have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"*You*, dear father!" he exclaimed, "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly (you were a boy of twelve then,) neighbor Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment made me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears. May God, in his mercy, forgive me if I have ever done or said anything to lead you into this great sin. Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had had a less violent father?

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, pressing his hand convulsively, "it almost breaks my heart to hear you thus humble yourself before me, who so little deserves it at your hands. Only forgive me my violent outbreaks, dear father! for in the midst of them all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died than have led me into any harm. But since I have been here in prison, I have thought of many things that never occurred to me before. The world and all things in it are placed before me in a different light. It seems to me men are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late, the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; and I feel that thus it ought to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone: but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I was fool enough to drink: and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said: "and that reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share with the mother and sister of him you———" he hesitated, shuddered, and added in a low deep tone—"you murdered."

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner: "and one thing more, dear father: try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered: "and now my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father for the teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not forsee the consequences,—my child, I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, wrong, all wrong."

The young man threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

* * * * * * *

After his only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man: silent, and melancholy, patient, gentle and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life, but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn her son to death: but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale despairing face, that for years had haunted his dreams.

WOULD-BE GREAT PEOPLE.

THERE is probably no country where the desire for show and popularity is greater than in this. There is scarcely any thing that many will not do to gratify their foolish itching for distinction. The silly girl puts all, and often more than she can justly call her own, on her back, and walks the street merely that others may see and know who she is. Her counterpart is the creature called a fop—and a very poor creature he is. We have seen some dandies that would almost do credit to the monkey species.

Passing a step further, we see another class greatly agitated for fear they will not be thought *respectable!* This word respectability is a great word in our language. To be respectable you must wear fine clothes, live in a large house, and *ape somebody whom it is supposed has a little more gear than yourself.* There are many persons who are engaged day and night to *appear* respectably. They want to appear just as respectable as they can—that is, they want to ape just as nearly as they can. How delightful this is. Mrs. Gripes follows Mrs. Swipes! What excellent society! How charming.

Then there are Mr. Swipes and Mr. Gripes. Ain't they somebody? Swipes is an uncommon *genteel* man! He is the very PINK of *politeness*. Moreover, Swipes is an Orator! None of your common-place, but an Oriental, a flowing Orator! His biographies and his messages show this. Swipes has done a proper sight for the people, and posterity will reward him for it. He is a very remarkable man—what people sometimes call a man of parts,—and we shouldn't wonder if, one of these days, he were run for some place he don't think of. If so, Gripes would support him then, just as he does now; for Gripes, like his associates, "goes in" for whatever is *respectable!*

Such is a part of what is denominated "*good society!*" And this many contend is as good a social condition as the wants of the people require. If gay dress, excessive vanity, pride and egotism, show and parade, together with all that is artificial, are the chief requisites to make what is called "good society," what sensible person can fail to hate and despise it? That very many, if not all, of well bred people—those who possess intelligence and discrimination—do dislike these customs, we are quite sure. We trust the time is not far distant when they will be reformed.—*Syracuse Rereille.*

LOFTY TREES.

IN Col. Fremont's Memoirs of Upper California, we find some accounts of the forest trees of that country, which, if the statements were not vouched for by good authority, we should class them with the stories of Baron Munchausen. The writer speaks thus of some trees on the coast mountain between St. Joseph and Santa Cruz:

The mountains were wooded with many varieties of *trees, and in some parts with heavy forests.* These forests are characterized by a cypress *(taxodium)* of extraordinary dimensions already mentioned among the forest trees of America, by its superior size and height.—Among many which we measured in this part of the mountain, nine and ten feet diameter was frequent, eleven sometimes, but going beyond eleven only in a single instance, which reached fourteen feet in diameter. Above 200 feet was a frequent height. In this locality the bark was very deeply furrowed, and unusually thick, being full sixteen inches in some of the trees. The tree was in bloom (February, 1844,) flowering near the summit, and the flowers consequently difficult to procure. This is the staple timber tree of the country, being cut into both boards and *shingles*, and is the principle timber sawed at the mills. It is soft, and easily worked, wearing away too quickly to be used for floors. It seems to have all the durability which anciently gave the cypress so much celebrity. Posts which have been exposed to the weather three quarters of a century (since the foundation of the missions) show no marks of decay in the wood, and are now converted into beams and posts for private dwellings. In California this tree is called the *palo colorado.* It is the *king of trees.* On the 28th of February, on the coast near the North-Western point of Monterey Bay, he speaks as follows of this same tree. A forest of *palo colorado*, at the foot of the mountains in this vicinity, is noted for the great size and height of the trees; I measured one which was 275 feet in height, and 15 feet in diameter, three feet above the base (45 feet in circumference.) Though this was distinguished by the greatest girth, other surrounding trees were but little inferior in size, and still taller, that is, of course, more than one hundred and seventy-five feet in height!

FOR CALIFORNIA, HO!

A Golden Ball-ad.

BY HENRY H. VEAL.

O, mines of California,
Ye surely are the rage,
And challenge admiration
From men of every age.
This great Pacific fever
Makes people swear and fight;
And not a tune but "Money-Musk"
Is heard from morn till night.

The tailor *sponge* directly shears,
And *cuts* the cloth entire;
To cries of *goose* he does not *list*,
Gold cools his gathering ire.
As delving sand is now the rage,
He *measures takes* to go;
O *remnant* tailors *shape* your *course*
For California, ho!

Tobacconists are *up* to *snuff*,
And take a *short cut* way;
Eschew the weed and spurn pig-tail,
And *sneeze* at such child's-play.
The "Mackaboy" and "prime old Scotch"
They say they'll no more see;
"Gold dust" *shall constitute their stunk*,
Instead of coarse "rappee."

The printer *washes o'er his form*,
And straightway *tight locks up*;
Takes *quoins* and *stick*—at *once sets off*
In brighter lands to sup.
The merchant closes up his books,
Resolved to leave this land—
To sprinkle all the leaves henceforth
With naught but golden sand.

Co dwaners immolate their *awl*,
Rogues *guilty* sadly frown—
The sculptor's clay *moulds* as he cries,
With *caste* I'm quite *cast* down.
No bread the *toof-er* baker *kneads*
His fortune's at a throw—
And locking *wry* doth *raise* a shout
For California, ho!

Shinplasters soon no note will be,
Their own they cannot hold;
Instead of these vile picture rags
We'll have the shining gold.
The banks will soon close up their doors,
Cashiers be at a *stand*,
And notes that fast are coming due,
Will be paid off in sand.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

"I cannot choose but marvel at the way
In which our lives pass on, from day to day
Learning strange lessons in the human heart,
And yet like shadows letting them depart."

MISS LANDON.

How wearily the little news-boys plodded along the deserted streets on that New Year's Eve! The cold rain was beating fiercely upon him, and a few tattered garments served to protect him from its rage. All day long had he been out amid the storm, and was now returning, weary and hungry, to his humble home. The street lamps were lighted, and as he passed by them you could see by the gleam that his face was pale and emaciated—cou'd see that, young as he was, something had been there already to attenuate his features, and give him that wan and desolate look which can be given only by some great affliction, some pinching want or overwhelming grief. You could tell at a glance that a dark shadow was resting upon his pathway—a shadow out of which there seemed, just then, but little hope of escape. Born amid poverty and wretchedness, and left fatherless while yet in his cradle, his life up to that hour had been nothing but misery—and the whole record of that life was written in his pale face and tattered rags. Yet, with all this, as he passed along, a close observer might have noticed a strange light in his clear, blue eye—an expression of kindly cheerfulness, such as we may not often see in this world of care and grief—for God's blessing was upon him—the blessing of a cheerful heart. The sorrow of his life, however deep and abiding, the gloom upon his pathway, however dark and fearful, dimmed not the light that burned so quietly, and yet so steadily within. Like the Vestal fire of old, it grew not dim, but threw its rays far out over the great gloom around him—even now the cold storm beat upon him unheeded. There are waking dreams that come upon us sometimes when we least expect them—bright dreams of love, and home, and heaven—beautiful visions of future, all glorious with its burden of song and gladness!—and such a vision, of such a future, now filled and crowded and blessed the heart of that forsaken boy. He was dreaming, as he walked along, of better days to come—of the time poverty in his pathway should depart, and the beautiful flowers should spring up to bless him with their presence—of a bright home far away from that great city, upon whose cheerful hearth the fire should not go out, and where hunger should never haunt him more. And then into that dream of a better life—into that vision of a cheerful home far-off among the green hills—came a pleasant face—the face of his beloved mother. He could see her as she sat by the lattice at the quiet evening hour, reading the sacred Bible, with the last red rays resting like a glory upon her brow, while the rose-leaf trembled at the window, and the little violets folded themselves to sleep.—Very pleasant was the picture there passing before the gaze of that ragged child, very glorious the panorama of green hills and bright flowers and singing birds—very beautiful that humble cottage, half-covered by the clustering foliage:—and his heart thrilled and heaved with a strange rapture never known before, such rapture, such joy as the stricken poor can never know, save when some good angel comes down from the blue heaven and beckons them away from the haunts of woe and want in which they suffer, to the free air and the blessed sunshine.

But the dream had passed—the sun had set—the flowers faded—the cottage disappeared. Of all that beautiful vision, so cheering and so glorious, no trace remained; no vestige of leaf or tree or bird; no letter of his mother's Bible—no lovelight of his mother's eye. The darkness came around him, and he found himself there amid the storm in the silent streets of that great and sinful city. So gathering his garments more closely about him, he hurried along to his home with a prayer upon his lip and God's sunlight in his heart. Turning into an obscure street, a few steps brought him to the door of a wretched dwelling, which he entered. Follow now and behold a scene of want and penury, such as may be found sometimes in this world of ours—a scene upon which men look with unconcern, but on which, thank God! the angels gaze with joy; a home where poverty struggles with a brave heart and is conquered.

Before the fire sat a pale, sad woman, upon whose features the traces of great loveliness were still visible, though sorrow had shapened them somewhat, and ghastly want done much to dim their beauty. Upon her high and queenly brow the blue veins were clearly visible, as the blood coursed through them with unwonted rapidity. Her large dark eyes were dim with tears. Some new sorrow had started afresh the sealed fountain of her grief—and now as she gazed silently upon the red embers in all the utter agony of despair, it might seem that hope had gone forever and God forsaken her.

"Mother!" said the boy, as he entered, all dripping with rain, "I have come at last, and I am tired and hungry."

"My son! my son!" replied the mother, "there is no morsel of food in the house," and her lip quivered. "We must starve! we must starve! God help us!" and her tears broke forth afresh.

Thus had it been for many a weary month. With scarcely food sufficient to support life, that mother and her boy had struggled, and suffered, and wept, and prayed—and now that the cold winter was coming on, no wonder that her heart shuddered and her cheek grew pale at the hopeless prospect ahead. How could they pass the dreary days and long night, the storm and the terrible cold, without food and raiment, and shelter? And then where could they go when the heartless landlord should thrust them from their present wretched dwelling, as he had threatened to do on the morrow? Verily the gloom and the despair were great and fearful! And yet even at that desolate hour an eye looked down from heaven upon that friendless widow. There by the hearth-stone—by the dying embers an angel hovered—an earthly angel, even in the guise of that cheerful child. For

"Earth has its angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow."

"Mother," said he, "we will not starve. God has not forsaken us. There are better days to come, mother! I saw it in a dream, and in it I beheld your own dear self, and you were singing a pleasant song away in that blessed home. Oh! mother, cheer up! cheer up!"

When the little boy lay down upon his wretched couch that night, he was changed. His mother's great despair had transformed him from a suffering child into a strong-hearted man—from a weak and helpless dependent, into an earnest and thoughtful worker; henceforth his path was one of duty alone—and no allurement, be it ever so bright, could turn him from it. Before him glittered forever a guiding star; and his intense, absorbing gaze, from which neither the cares nor the pleasures, nor the vanities of life could be for one instant diverted. Existence had for him but one object, and his utmost energies were taxed for its attainment.

Never did the sun rise in greater splendor than on the New-Year's morning following that night of hunger, gilding the spires and domes of the city with its rays.—The streets were rapidly filling with the gay crowd seeking pleasure, and men walked as though new life had been given them by the general hilarity and the bracing air.

In the most crowded street was the newsboy, but not the disconsolate, wretched lad who had plodded his way through the storm the night before, to a desolate home and a supperless bed. You would not have recognized him as he hurried along, eagerly intent upon his avocation, and his face all radiant with the great hope that struggled at his heart.

That night joy visited the forsaken fireside. They had paid the landlord his rent, and still had sufficient left wherewith to purchase food. It was a merry New Year for them.

Years came and went. Great changes had taken place. The body had grown to manhood. High honors were conferred upon him. Wealth flowed into his coffers—his praise was upon every tongue. And at this very hour, upon the banks of the majestic Hudson, his mansion stands conspicuous among a thousand others for its taste and elegance.

He has but one companion—his aged mother—the lonely widow we saw some years ago, gazing mournfully into the fire, and watching its flickering light. His influence was felt far and wide, and the poor and wretched of every class and kind come around him with their blessings.

Thank God! thank God!—for every suffering son of man, who thus comes up from the deep shadow of despair into the blessed sunlight, and, turning, gives his word of cheer to the groping million beneath him.

Thank God! thank God, that scattered here and there throughout the world in many an humble home may be found, men and women, unto whom life presents but little of love, or hope, or joy, and yet who pass along amid its desolate paths without a murmur, sustained, and soothed, and blessed by this alone—A CHEERFUL HEART.

A Yankee Attorney on Capital Punishment.

The following oration was delivered some where in *Wisconsin*, by one of the profession, who would seem to have quite an aversion to capital punishment:

"May it please your Lordship and Gentlemen of the Jury—The case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the doin' as 'no' from your sweetheart. The Scripture saith, 'Thou shalt not kill;' now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen, or by a humble individual, like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client's having killed a man; but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in 'guilty;' the hangman may do his duty; but will that exonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers! Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped on his brow to-day? who, freemen, who, in this land of liberty and of light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience: but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal vertebræ, until the spinal vertebræ of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair.

Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the internal prerogative! Beware! I say. Remember the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark, and tremble. Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you by the stars set in the flying ensign of our emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you by the American Eagle, that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of Time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long-tailed coats—if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throat, braided, small ends of humanity, whittled down to indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country!"

The prisoner was acquitted.

☞ "Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a laboring farmer.—"Squire," replied the farmer, "look at the field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them, stand up right like yours."

☞ "What carroty-headed, ugly little brat is that madam; do you know his name?"

"Why, yes, that's my youngest son."

"You don't say so indeed! what a beautiful little sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure!"

☞ "Sir, I am as pure as the vault of Heaven," said a poetical female criminal to the Marshal yesterday.

"Yes, and about as *high*, and full as *blue*," retorted the "venerable."

"Put that right back where you took it from!" as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.