# POETRY AND MISCELLANY

"GOOD BYE." FROM THE LONDON DISPATCH.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard This a whispered tone-'tis a gentle word, But it springs not from the heart. It may serve for the lover's closing lav-To be sung 'neath a summer's sky; But give to me the lips that say
The honest words—"Good Bye!"

Adicu! Adicu! may greet the car, But when we leave the kind and dear, 'Tie not what the heart would teach. Whene'er we grasp the hand of those We would have forever nigh, The flame of friend-hip bursts and glows In'the warm, frank words-"Good Bye;" The mother sending forth her child To meet with cares, and strife, Breathes thro' her tears, her doubts and fears For the lov'd one's future life; No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives

Within her chaking sigh.

But the deepest sob of august gives-

"Go1 bless thee, boy, "Good Bye !" to watch the pale and dying one, When the glance has lost its Leam-When the world is cold as the marble stone, And the brow a passing stream: And the latest pre-sure of the hand. The look of the closing eye, Yubi what the heart must understand, A long-a last "Good Bye,"

## The Young Lawyer's First Case.

BY JOHN TODD

Is one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeed the log-house in Vermont, as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice. like those of the dying swan, were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionato leave of all her children, in fath and hope, save one-her cldest son-a mother's bey and a mother's pride. By great economy and unweared industry this son had been sent to college. He was a mild, inoffensive, pale-faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home till the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew for his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long and tearful was their conversation. Sweet and tender was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my mos earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the gospel, and thus a benefactor to the souls of men .-In choosing the law, you are aware you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done its not be cause I like the law so much, but because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. | If I dare do it, for your sake, if for no other reason I would do it."

"In God's time, my dear son, in God's time, I trust mother's voice, "Right, my son, r.g. t" ou will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But mom-

if a man, has violated the laws of God and man, he has joined a note lying on his table. It read thus, you concealed him from the officers of justice, under the be. plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if Rose Cattage, Jane 25th.

ward a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty village and the young lady said. he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under a, the words, "Attorney at Law." There he was found carry your name, sir?" early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of sick," one bright morning a coarse-looking, knock down appeared emb irrassed. tot of a young man was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his client! What success, and cases, and fees danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off

"Yes, sir, that's my business. What can I do for

"Why, something of a job, I reckon. The fact is I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help."-And he took out a five dollar bill, and laid it on the ta-

ble. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking

Pry, but to begin with-a kind of wedge-what do you

"Retention fee, I presume you mean." "Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer .--

So take it." "Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and

then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention-

The coarse fellow started.

was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a loke of oxen of old Maj. Farnsworth. I was to have them for one handred dollars."

"Ver well-what become of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure." "By you"

"Well, where's the trouble?"

"How do you expect me to do it?"

for nothing-that's all!" -"And was it really so?"

"Exactly." "How came Mai. Farnsworth to let you have the ox-

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected that I was under ago.''

"What did you got for the oxen in selling them out?" "Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars-they were, noble fel-

"And so you want me to help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human imperfection, gives you the opportunity to do it .-No. sir: put up your retention-fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you-if I wanted to help you to go to the state's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your ox; on honestly and live and act on the principle, that let

what will come you will be an honest man." The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and muttering something about seeing Squire Snapall, left the

office. . So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "right, my son, right." The next day he upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he expected to lose, but a kind Providence has interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's voice seemed to come again. "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this a man called in the evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just com-

"They accuse me of stealing a bee hive."

"A bee hive!-surely that could not be worth much." "No, but the bees and the honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?" "Squire are you alone here-nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone." "Are you bound by onth to keep the secrets of your

"Certainly I am."
"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey." There was more than seventy pounds!-But you can clear me,"

"How can 1?" "Why, Ned Hazen has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squanicook Pond that night " "So, by perjury, you hope to escape punishment .-What can you afford to pay a lawyer, who will do his

best?" The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment "No. sir. I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the

punishment which he deserves. I will starve first." The man with an oath holted out of the office, and made his way to Snapall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left to him in the world, and what to do when they were gone, he know non In a for momente the flue and burning of the face was gone, as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own

Date and again wooks nessed away, and is me now, that you will never undertake any cause made his appearance. The story of his having refused which you think is unjust, and that you will never aid in to take fees and defend his cleans got abroad, and many receining wrong from coming to light and punishment." were the gibes concerning his folly. Lawyer Snapult The son said something about every man's having the | declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The right to have his case presented in the best light he | multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

"I know what you mean," said she; but I know that On entering his office one afternoon, the young man

no moral right to be shielded from punishment. If he | "Mis. Acn-haw's compliments to Mr. Loudon, and re has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But quests, if it be not too much trouble, that he would call for you to take his side, and for money, to shield him on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to confrom the laws, seems to me no better than if, for money, sult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may

be could. But I am weak and cannot talk, my son; and How his hand trembled while he read the note. It yet if you will give me the solemn promise, it seems as if might lead to business-it might be the first fruits of an I should die easier. But you must do as you think best." honorable bie. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only The young man bent over his dving mother, and with knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had latemuch emotion, gave the soleam promise which she de- by arrived on a visit to the family who resides in that cotstred. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the 3-ge." At his earliest convenience." If he should go at thanks which she expressed, and sweet the smile which once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure?the wore, and which was left on her countenance after. If he delayed, would it not be a dishonesty which he had her spirit had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeem. vowed never to practice? He whistled a moment took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reach-Some months after the death of his mother, the young ing the house, he was received by a young lady of modman left the shadows of the Green Mountains, and to- est, yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw,

"My mother is not well, but I will call her. Shall I

"London, if you please." first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for him, and left the room. In a few moments the mother, to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this case. She touching a spring and it flew open, and in a ha black wood-sawyer, and for that he conscientiously a graceful well bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his tempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, be- came over her beautiful face, and the tears came thick him, and admired the young man, but still no business own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart started in his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw

> "It is Mr. London, the lawyer, I suppose,' said she. "At your service, madnin."

"Is there any other gentleman at the Bar of your name

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?'

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a asmuch as his commision had expired the very day beman of principle, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me-but-I expected to see an older man.

"If you will admit me,' said Loudon, who began to to state the case I think I can promise not to do any hurt, law, for very wise reasons, demanded that an affidavit even if I do no good. And if on the whole you think it "Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't call it best to commit it to older and abler hands, I will charge most happy, he said, to acknowledge the cool assurance you nothing and engage not to be offended.'

The mother looked at the daughter, and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

- The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like. As they went along, gery itself. London took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do,' thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes every thing for granted and unquestioned; and Mr. Snapall then brought forward his other surviving witthough I don't design to mislead him, yet it seems to me, ness-a gallows looking fellow, but his testimony was "Why, unster, the case is simply this. Last spring I as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I clear, decided and consistent. If he was committing as alternately his pain and merriment predominated. to tell him so. He will never do;" and she felt that she perjury, it was plain that he had been well drilled by had wasted her time and strength. How great then was Snapall. Loudon kept his eye upon him with the keenher surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of ness of the lynx. And while Snapall was commenting papers, and looking at his notes, again went over the upon the case with great power, and while Mrs. Henwhole ground, sifting and scanning every point, weigh- shaw and Mary gave up all for lost, it was plain that tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what and again, was thinking of something else besides what him back to the prison to dress his wounds. was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light Snapall was saying. He acted something as a dog does more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it when he feels sure he is on the right track of the game, "Why, they say, that as I only gave my note for them, before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and though he dare not yet bark.

conscious dignity. "Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a cause of right and so mild, and kind, and timid, that it seemed as if he was "Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of the jury, Justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a the one about to commit perjury.

touble year for a spoonful or two of your favor, there are so "You take your oath that this instrument, purporting"

worth the note, and therefore, in law, the note is good | many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that to be the will of Henry Henshaw, was signed by him in justice will be with you. If you please to entrust it to your presence?" me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the other side.'

> "What do you'say, Mary?' said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. London?

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have conversed with '

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but for some reason or other, hers were cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair o you. If you succeed we shall be able to reward you; and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have

For weeks and months Louden studied his case. He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable -the mother and the daughter-aside from the law-suit, and I am not sure that he did not find accasion to ask questions oftener than he would have done had it been

The case, briefly was this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent and high-minded man of business .-He had dealt in iron, had large furnuces at differen places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had doalings with a man by the name of Brown-a plausible, was in old Maj. Farnsworth's and saw a pile of bills lying keen, and as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times-such as occur in about ten years, let who will be president-their affairs became combarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown .-There he died-leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition as bad as need be. By the kindness of the cred fors their beautiful homo called Elm Glou, was left to Mis. Heushaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debts. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes in perfect order, and everybody said "it didn't look like a widow's house." But within four years of the death of Mr. Henshaw, Browmreturned. He had been detained by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim for Elm Glen as his property! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said—he had been with him in sickness and that he couldn't write, and never learned, and that he had in death; and the high-minded Henshaw had made his requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him! will on his death-bed, and bequeathed Elm Glen to Brown, as a payment for debts. The will was duly you signed it yourself. Now one thing more, and I have drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own name, and also hy two competent witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim-the will-at everything pertaining to it.-It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of everything. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and taking her child, left the village and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had prisonment in the Pennsylvania Penitentiary and dated Brown enjoyed Elm Gion. No, not enjoyed it, for he enjoyed nothing. He lived in it: but the haggard look-the frequent appeal to the bottle-the jealous feelings which were over uppermost—and his course, profano conversa-tion, showed that he was wretened. reopie taiked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his cleuch-

ing his fist in his dream-, and defying "all hell" to prove it, and the like. Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and ery. swore, but he also hid asi le his cops and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding. posting and sending writs-for both sides had much a stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for Loudon? The community, one and all took side, with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bias could reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Snapall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy," to contend with; and the good public felt sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said; "women will have their own way."

The day of trial came on. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will ease" and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the court-house.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was emburrassed; but modesty always meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that | speak. it was deserved. In a clear, concise, and masterly mannor, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be The young lady cast a searching, surprised look at a forgery. It was easy to show the character of Brown cause one of his witnesses on his death-bed had confess. genuine. Here he adduced the uffidavit of a deceased Elm Glen; and I herd them speak of his First LAW suff. witness, taken in full before James Johnson, Esq., Jus- Graham's Magazine. tice of the Peace, and acknowledged by him. So far all was clear that the case was won. But when'it came Mr. Snapall's turn, he demolished all the hopes by proving that though James Johnson, Esq., has signed himself Justice of the Peace, yet he was no magistrate, infore he signed the paper, and although he had been reappointed, yet he had not been legally qualified to act as a magistrate-that he might or might not have supposed grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as himself to be qualified to take an affidavit; and that the should be taken only by a sworn magistrate. He was of his young brother in the law; and the only difficulty was that he proved nothing, except that his tender conscience permitted him to offer as an affidavit a paper that was in a law not worth a straw, if any better than a for-

There was much sympathy felt for poor Loudon but he took it very coolly and seemed in no way cust down.

I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get rid of felt. After he had laid it open to her he added with un- When Snapall was through Loudon requested that the witness might again be called to the stand. But he was

"I do."

"And you signed it with your own hand as witness at the time." "I did."

"What is the date of the will?" "June 18, 1830."

When did Hanshaw dia?" "June 22, 1830."

"Were you living in the village where he died at the time?" "I was."

"How long had you lived there?" "About four yours, I believe, or somewhere thereebouts "

Here Loudon handed the judge a paper, which the judge unfolded and laid before him on the beach. "Was the village a large or small one?" "Not very large-perhaps fifty houses."

"You knew all these houses well, I presume?" "I did." "Was the house in which Mr. Henshaw died, one

story or two?" "Two. I believe." "But you know, don't you? Was he'in the lower sto-

y or in the chamber when you went to witness the

Here the witness tried to catch the eye of Snapall, but Loudon very civilly held him to the point. At length he said, "in the chamber,"

"Will you inform the court what was the color of the iouse?" "I think, I feel sure, it wasn't painted, but didn't take

particular notice." "But you saw it every day for four years, and don't you know?\*\*

"Can you remember which way the street ran?"

"It ran east and west." and impainted, and Mr. Honshaw was in the chamber when voy witnessed the will. Well, I have but two things more which I will request you to do. The first is to take that pen and write your name on that piece of paper on the table."

The witness demurred, and so did Snapall. But Loudon insisted upon it.

"I cant, my hand trembles so," said the witness. "Indeed! But you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you signed that will. Come you must try, just oblige us." After much haggling and some bravado, it came out

"Oh, oh!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that done with you. Just let me take the pocket-book in your

pocket. I will open it here before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper. Again the witness refused, appealed to Snapall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth and muttering

something about the witness going to the devil! The pocket-book came out, and in it was a regular discharge of the bearer, John Ordin, from four years im-June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the worthy

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury, that the house north and soute-that it was a one-story house-that it was red, the only red house in the village, and moreover

that he died in a front room of the lower story. There was a moment's silence, and then a stifled mur of joy all over the room. Brown's eyes looked Mr. Snapall tried to look very indifferent.

He made no defence. The work was done. A very brief, decided charge was given by the indge, and, without leaving their seats, the jury convicted Brown of forg-

"That young dog is keen, any how!" said Snapall. "When his conscience tells him he is on the side

of justice," said Loudon, overhearing the remark. It was rather late in the evening before Loudon called on his clients to congratulate them on the termination of their suit, and the recovery of Elm Glen. He was met recoir," by Mary, who frankly gave him her hand, and with tears thanked and praised him, and felt sure they could never sufficiently reward him. London colored, and seemed more troubled then when in the coart. At length he said abrubtly, "Miss Henshaw, you and your mother can now aid me: There is a friend of yours -a young lady. whose hand I wish to obtain. I am alone in the world, poor, and unknown. This is my first law case, and

when I may have another is more than I know." Mary turned pale, and faintly promised that she and her mother would aid him to the extent of their power .-Then there was a pause, and she felt as if she, the only

one who was supposed to be unagitated and cool, must \*\*Who is the fortunate friend of mine?"

"Don't you suspect?.,

"Indeed, I do not." "Well, here is her portrait," handing her a minature was only in keeping with his general character. He at- little mirror she saw her own face! Now the Crimson and fast, and she trembled; but I believe she survived the ed that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had shock; for the last time I was that way, I saw the conbeen hired by Brown to itestify and swear to its being scientions your lawyer and his charming wife living at

### FOND OF A JOKE.

The Philadelphia Despatch tells a story connected with the whipping-post of Deleware, where a man received twenty lashes "well laid on" for some offence of which he had been convicted against the good people of that

The culprit, instead of bellowing like "ten thousand" when the sturdy constable applied the lash, laughed all the time immoderately in the midst of his groans and oaths, which made the angry officer lay on still harder without, however, lessening in the least, the extraordinary hilarity of the prisoner.

On giving the twentieth blow, with all his strength, which made the blood spirt, and broke his whip, the constable could stand it no longer. "Well, here, mister," said the offended officer, "I've done my duty, and I can't lick ve no more; I'd jist like

to know what it is that's so funny?" "Funny! Ha! Ha!" roared the other. "Funny! why, it's the best joke I ever heard of! Ha! ha! ha! ba! Excollent!-good! ha! ha! Whey! Oh! ha! ha!" said he,

"Funny! well, what is it!-what is the joke?" "The joke!" now roured the other-why it's excellent! You've got the wrong smith! I aint the man that was to be whipped! It's the other one! Now you will have to go it all over again!' Really it's too good! You must ing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, Loudon, as he turned over the will, and looked at it again lick the other man! Ha! ha!" reared he, as they took eyes, toothless and tottering in her gait, dressed in fors,

> IF A chap from the country, dining at a city friend's, who ranked among the most fashiorable of the "upper Abroad. ten," desired a little more sauce on his pudding. Thinking this word too common or vulgar for such a place and eccasion, he astonished the presiding goddess of the ta-

#### TRE FARMER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair, Smoking his pipe of clay.
While his hale old wife, with busy care, Was clearing the dinner away. A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes. On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies,

The old man placed his hand on her head. With a tear on his wrinkled face. He thought how often her mother dead Had sat on the same, same place. As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye, ...

Don't smoke, said the child, how it makes you cry. The house dog lay stretched out on the floor, Where the sun, arternoon, used to steal;

The busy old-wife, by the open door, Was turning the spinning wheel-And the old brass clock on the mantle tree Had plodded along till almost three:-

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair, While close to his heaving breast, The moistened brow, and the head so fair. Of his sweet grand-child were pressel! His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay-Fast asleen were they both on that summer day!

## A RARE CASE—FEMALE INGENUITY AHEAD.

Several days since a well-dressed, middle-aged female called at this office to inquire particulary for the papers of ture. At that spot, where you seem to see a speck of a certain southern city. We examined our files, and something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. found none as late as she desired. Her face was covered Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his by a thick veil, but the dress and jewelry, in sight beto- mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. kened something unusual in the personage before us .- | Soundso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irre-She was very auxious to know if the editors published pressible cheers. That infinitestimal creature, upon all the romantic scenes that occurred. We informed her whom some score others, as minute as he, are gazing in that "we" seldon let a good story pass unnoticed, provi-lopen-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, exding that we knew the particulars. The lady hesitated pounding to a select audiance their capacity for the infito speak further, and we were about bidding her good nite. That scarce discernible pufflet of smoke and dust, morning and resuming our business, when she gained is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just resolution to request that we would preserve the papers arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. . The street ran east and west-the house two story, that might arrive from said certain southern city for her And la! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton inspection. We promised, and were about leaving her that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all ogain, when she resumed, "Perhaps I had better tell you tour distinguished actors are whisked off the slipperty stage all," said she in a solomn manner. "All!" The affairs into the dark beyond. began to assume the air of a romance. "What is the Yes, the little show box has its solomn suggestions.case?" we inquired-"unaway match probably?" She Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, hesitated, but spoke something as follows:

> young widow his lawful wife. This the widow had himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are forescen, but she had the sagacity and intelligence to as- 'lying in wait for spectator also. to accede, notwithstanding her entreaties and recollect and the tragedies of Apollyon better,) whose scene-shif-

a keen one, and she evidently told us the story that it broken victuals. might appear in print, for we remembered afterwards, that she refused to give names of persons, but ficely spoke of the names of places. Truth is stranger than

### TWELVE DAUGHTERS OF THE YEAR.

North Wisd.-Twelve daughters, my lady? YEAR .- Yes-twelve daughters; and that we may not mistake them, listen to their descriptions. The first is cold, stern and uhrelenting in disposition, pittless and uary. The second, who is very diminutive in size comfills the workhouse with shivereing objects. Her name and sedate than her sister whom I have just alluded to .-She delights in shady groves and the banks of clear rivulets, where she reads or meditales at her leisure. Her name is June. The seventh is hot, fiery and voluptuous; seeking in vain to quench hor thirst of pleasure, and only intoxicating herself by the renewal of her oniovments. Her name is July. The eighth is a maiden whose looks bespeak that incllowness which is also to be found in the fruits that hang over her bower, or in the harvests the gathering of which she loves to superintend. Her name is August. The ninth is staid and matronly in deportment, combining the remains of passions of youth with the discretion and reserve of mature years .-Her name is September. The tenth is uncertain and mysterious in her conduct; at one moment sportive and gay, at another dismal and frowning. Her name is October. The eleventh is inhospitable and cheerless; frigid in manners, cold in heart; without a virtue to speak in her favor. Her name is November. The twelfth and last is a miserable and shrivelled creature, with bleared

can't afford to pay for it."

which however do not keep her warm, and slipping at

## NEWSPAPERS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the nowspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Janlam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge carth sent to me

hobdomadilly in a brown paper wrapper! Hither to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedaryback, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my deskand officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out

anything distinctly. The animalcule there, in the pen-jacket, is Louis Phillippe, just landed on the coast of England. The other. in the grey surfout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present clarming junc-

who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner "The lady was a widow, middle-aged, good-looking, while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim backand wealthy, and left two children. Her friends lived ground, a wierd shape is ever delving. Sometimes he near Detroit, and are of French Canadian descent. The Jeans upon his matteck, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, gentleman was a widower, and left up children; is one bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or of wealthy family; opposition to a marriage was vigor- glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christenously made by his friends. The lady, determined not to ing. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and large as lose her lover, for she loved the widower, therefore pro- we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in tho jected the following stratagem. A runaway match and midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinites marriago was proposed. The widower consented-but (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is after they had traveled as far as the said southern city, enough to cover and silence forever. Nay, we see the as man and wife, the said widower refused to make the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman

certain, that by going info the state said city was in, the ! Think of it: for three dollars a year I buy a season laws were such that she could arrest the widower and ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would compel him to marry her. Accordingly, on his refusal write the dramas, (only that we like farces, spectacles,

tions of what she had done for him, and how she layed ter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down to Death. his very shadow, appeared to consent to live as she was. Such thoughts will occur to ne sometimes as I am Without exciting suspicion she took a walk; after finding touring off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suda magistrate's office, sho sent an officer for her widower, denly that otherwise too often vacant sheet bookmes inand soon had the joy of beholding him in the presence of vested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths the official, who had the power to make her happy. The and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and widower finding that further opposition was useless and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded and miswould cause him a great deal of trouble, and being told sing, news of fires; accidents, of sudden wealth and as by her that she had this in view since the parties left, sudden poverty-I hold in my hand the ends of myriad one, and the purity of her intentions, as well as sagac- invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the ity and persoverance striking him forcibly and favorably, 'joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of blood-shot; the witness looked sullen and dogged, and he con-ented and they were married." "And." said as many men and women everywhere. So that uponshe, "to tell you the truth, the parties are now in this that mood of mind which seems to isolate ms from mancity. Indeed, I am the lady. But I have strong reasons kind as a spectator of their puppet pranks, another suwhy I should dislike this being published." Dogou pervence, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unintend taking your husband's home?" said we. "Oh, heard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, yes," said she. "Such a scene as that in the magis- through my newspaper here, do not families take pairs trate's court you never saw. But I have secured the to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among man I love. Please suppress this if you can. Keep the them! Are not here two who would have me know of papers if you please from \_\_\_\_\_," and raising her well their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singudrawing forth a rich watch, disclosing a delicate white, lar person anxious to have me know that he has receivhand, and a very beautiful face, she lisped prettily, "au ed a fresh supply of Dimitry Bru's gas? But to none of us does the present (even if for a moment discerned as This is substantially the details of an actual scene, and such) continue miraculous. We glance carelessly at the everal of our friends were standing in the Commercial sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. Tho Reading Room and saw the lady talking to us, though wonder woars off and, to morrow this sheet, in which a they did not hear much of the conversation by their being vision was let down to too from Heaven, shall be the employed in reading the exchanges. Truly this lady is wrappage to a bar of soap, or the platter for a beggar's

### THE ENGISH SOLDIER.

In no other country in the world is the soldier so heartfiction, and the ingenuity of woman is great .- Cin. Com. illy dispised as in England; and in none is he more cordually admired. Men look down upon him with unbounded contempt; women look up to him with passonate adoration. He is ridiculed on the one side; he is worshiped on the other. He is at once a lobster and a hero. He is insulted in the strets; he is courted from the areas. The butcher, s boy shoulders his empty tray with a face uncharitable, hardeand unforgiving. Her name is Jan- fill of impudence, and the cook-maid, as she retires with the joint, looks back at him with a face full of love .pared to the sisters, is frequenty worse than January, and His red coat, his errect carriage; his handsome person, always as bad. She persecutes the poor and needy, and the halo of bravery which surround him, gladden the eves, possess the imaginations, and fill the hearts of the is February. The third is spiteful in disposition, boister- guntler sex; whilst men think him a poor creature indeed, ons in tempor, and passionate in the extreme. Her gusts because he may not put his hands in his pockets, stay out of auger are like terible hurricanes which raise the bil- after night-fall, or get drunk at discretion. They see he lows of the stormy sea, and swallow up the frail vessel, is at the mercy of the drill-sergeant—that he has sold Her name is March. The fourth is a capricious and his liberty for a shilling a day—that he is turned into a wayward as a child now all sunny with smiles—then absorbed in tears—now singing as gaily as the nightingale even the ordinary privilege of a free and enlightened -then anxious and overcast. Her name is April. The citizen to wear as much dirt upon his person as he fifth is a bright and languishing virgin, whose hours of pleases. For all this they heartily despise him; and bemirth and morriment are soldom invaded by a moment cause he is adored by the women, they, moreover, corof tears, and whose pleasure is the cultivation of sweet dially detest him. It sides, he is nuxed up in their flowers. Her name is May. The sixth is more serious minds with some undefined notions of taxation—and that is enough in itself to render him the most unpapular anfinal in the world .- North British Rection.

YELLOW FEVER .- Hab you got de janders, Pete? de

whithe ob your eyes am yaller as saffrum. Hush your mouf ob dose insidious camparisons, Sambo l'se got de Kallumfornea gold fover-wen decrisis arribes in de delirium stages, den dis indervidual also lobes for de rejum of perpetual gold. Dat is, Sambo, perwided congress due not perhibit us to take our slaves, and order

real estate wid us. Welf, Pete, you is insane! A gemman ob your color talk ob foolishness off after dese visiumary white folks down Cape Horn. I guess 'twill be in a horn day'll find de gold! If you includes to take de stages, Pete, I shall detract my remarks on your appearence, and subsurtout derefore dat all ob a color, all ober alike, you is de darkest, greenest niggur in Belkuap treet-you is a disgraco to de whole colored sex! you is green as a geese.

Empty die building ob your presence, Sambo, or I'm not responsible for your early decoase .- Boston Post.

KISSING TO SOME PURPOSE .- A story has reached our ears, of a singular scheme for raising funds, which was every step. Icicles depend from her nose; her very breath is frozen. Her name is December .- Pickwick hit upon and put in practice at a donation party held not more than a thousand miles off. It appears that some of the kissable ladies present actually allowed their sweet SENSIBLE QUESTION .- An exchange paper asks, "what lips to be tasted at the rate of fifty cents a kiss-this besort of an economist is the man who chews \$10 worth of ing considered a suitable price for the privilege! If we ble by gentilizing it thus:--"If you please, marm, I'll tobacce in a year, and stops his newspaper because he are not misinformed, one gentleman of the party took five dollars' worth! - Sandieich Observer.