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Poetry and Miscellany.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.—A SONG.

BY GEORGE W. MORRIS.
A happy life does the hunter lead!
He wakes with the dawn of day;
He whistles his dog—he mounts his steed,
And scuds to the woods away!
The lightsome tramp of the deer he'll mark,
As they troop in herds along;
And his rifle starts the cheerful lark,
As he carols his morning song.
The hunter's life is the life for me!
That is the life for a man!
Let others sing of a home on the sea,
But match me the woods if you can.
Then give me a gun—I've an eye to mark
The deer, as they bound along;
My steed, dog, and gun, and the cheerful lark,
To crool my morning song.

The Vision of Mariotdale.

BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.
IN THREE SCENES.

My charge was in a beautifully romantic and fertile spot, the natural features of which seemed sufficient teachers of the power and the goodness of God, if indeed, nature were, as some poets would have it, a sufficient teacher without revelation. I soon found myself, upon here taking up my residence, almost the only man who thought it worth his while to study and admire the beauties which nature, with a lavish hand, had scattered over the scene. It was a valley, enclosed on all sides with hills, whose accents, crowned with verdure, exhibited every variety of tint and shade of green; for the trees of our country display, more than any other, these varying colors, and give yet distinctly marked contrasts which the painter envies, but strives in vain to transfer to his canvass. There were only two breaks in the surrounding amphitheater. One was where a mountain stream came tumbling and bubbling into the valley; the other where, in a more subdued and quiet current, it found egress. The sinuous path of this little river or "creek," across the dale, was marked by a growth of beautiful trees, among which the straight-leaved willow, with its silvery foliage shimmering in the light, was most frequent and conspicuous; other trees which delight in water diversified the long, green defile; and a little boat, which belonged to one of my parishioners, offered me frequent twilight pastimes. Some labor, to which, though unversed at first, I soon became accustomed, was required to force the boat up the stream; but the highest "hottable" point once reached, I had only to turn the shallow's head and guide it down, letting my little barque slowly float, and skimming it clear of the shallows and obstructions. Delightful were the views which the turn of the stream were continually opening; the overhanging trees, forming a green roof above, were reflected below; and while I seemed thus suspended between answering skies and trees, over my head and beneath my feet, to look in either direction of the stream seemed like peering into a mysterious fairy grove.

One evening, as I passed, looking delighted upon the scene of enchantment, a new feature was, as if by magic, added to the picture. A little girl—a child of surpassing loveliness—slipped out from among the bushes, and skipping from stone to stone, stood on a high rock, near the middle of the current—the beau ideal of such a spirit as one might fancy inhabiting the spot. Her loose tresses floated on the evening breeze, and her scanty drapery—it was midnight—was the wind pressed it against her form, exhibited a delicacy and of contour which that artist would become immortal who would copy. She did not at first perceive me; and when the flash of my eye startled her, I almost expected she would give herself a vision, by vanishing into the sky above in a cloud, or dissolving in a foam-wreath in the water which rippled among the rocks behind her.

But youth and innocence are courageous; and she took no other notice of my approach than to seat herself, to await my coming, on the same stone upon which she had been standing. Her artless ease and beauty won my heart—as men's hearts are often to easily won, through the eyes. Hers was grace unfeigned and natural. No drawing-room belle, after years of practice before her mirror, could have varied with this rustic nymph. She possessed what art can with difficulty imitate, and that never entirely perfect and unconscious self-possession; and she was the more admirable, that in her child-like simplicity she dreamed not of admiration.

I pushed my shallop up beside to rock, and commenced a conversation with her. I was grieved and amazed to find her helplessly ignorant upon the commonest subjects which those that fear God teach their children. She could not even read, she told me. She was born far away she said, in another land, mother used to say, and did not remember that she ever went to church; but her mother had told her that she was carried there once to be baptized, and her name was Bessie.

"Is your mother dead?" I asked.

"No—not dead—I think not, but father—"

A hoarse voice from the shore now shouted her name; and unalarmed as she had been when I approached, her little frame now shook with terror, and her interesting face was pale and sullen with mingled fear and anger.

"Is that your father?" I said.

"She did not stop to answer, but instantly commenced picking her way back to the bank. While she did so, her trepidation several times almost tripped her into the river. I should have watched her every step at any other time, but my attention was irresistibly drawn to the repulsive form which had come, like a dark and unwelcome shadow over this fair scene. The face was positively one of the most demoralized in expression I have ever met. Thick, black hair, unkempt, hung over the low forehead, and the shaggy dark eyebrows seemed to glower a rough and unshaven face. The expression of the whole, was that of a man whose countenance is saddened into wrinkles, like a clay image of Satan, by habitual strong passions. A slovenly disregard to dress completed the picture of a man who had sold himself to the vilest and most disgusting habits of intoxication.

Intellect in Race.

Two proud children were tripping along the streets of Boston one sunny day, on their way to school, chatting as they went, and apparently enjoying themselves right merrily.

A late rain had given a coating of mud to the red brick sidewalks, so the children trod daintily; the older one, a slight and delicate formed girl, with a merry dark eye, and fall felt ringlets, carefully lifting her soft, shining garments, that they might not be soiled, by contact with the wet earth.

And now they lay through a dark dim alley, where the cobbles grew slick, and paled into dimness, as they touched the heavy and tainted atmosphere though perchance long times between ere they melted into shadows upon the golden hairs of some poverty clad infant, for many such are the doorways of the comfortable city lane.

The boy and girl moved slowly onward, their white brows bent forward, their bright eyes searching for hidden payestones; yet ever and anon some quick laugh at the ludicrous figures that flitted across their path, would throw their smooth cheeks with dimples.

"Don't you hate such dirty places Julia?" said the boy as a few drops, not of crystal, stained the glossiness of his rich attire; don't you wish that school was at the other end of the lane?"

"It's perfectly horrible," answered the beautiful young creature, with a light laugh; "dear do look at these creatures; they can have no sensibility or refinement; how dirty, how contemptible they are—well thank heaven that we were born rich."

"Stop, Julia; hush! yonder is something to excite our laughter; I warrant you—Hah! ha! a boy larger than myself, and he appears to be picking out letters in the crevices of paper—ah!"

"Stand still, Arthur, do, and let us hear him; we can wait a moment."

A few paces before them sat a boy of some thirteen years, halloo, slouches, and with very scanty frock and trousers, the latter a mass of patches—his hair, tangled and thick, hung over his down cast eyes, and his hands stained and rough with labor, grasped a torn piece of newspaper, which he had evidently picked out of the mud. So absorbed was he in his task, that he did not notice the fair and high bred young strangers who stood regarding him with thoughts but subdued mirth.

"Hark! the boy, leaning his brown face on his clenched hands, murmurs uncomprehendingly—'Oh! oh! oh!—no, not that; yes, no—' a deep drawn sigh then again 'b-le-n'—then another long pause—'Oh dear I have forgotten; I never shall be able to read like Barney.'"

At the poor child exclaimed thus he lifted his eyes sorrowfully from the tattered bit of printing; his gaze fell upon the listeners, whose beautiful lips curled with a scornful smile. A flash of crimson started to his swarthy cheeks, as he threw off the mass of tangled curls, and his bold black eyes fell before the familiar stare.

"Hah! ha!" said the richly clad youth, carelessly, "I've got a brother only five years old at home, who can read better than that. A big boy like you, at least ought to know his letters. Why don't you go to school?"

"To school," echoed Julia, sneeringly, "do you suppose he could get into any decent school? his name's ought to be patch work; ha! ha! poor thing;" she continued, with mock pity, "our stable boy dresses better than that!"

"The lad, at her tone of commiseration sprang to his feet, and bent upon the brother and sister, such a glance of defiance, indignation, and scorn, that they instinctively hurried onward; though the girl turned once more merrily around, and gave utterance to a light, bantering laugh.

Still the poor lad stood, wounded to the heart's core—still he gazed after them, his full lips quivering with his mental anguish, his black eyes, through the misty drops that stood trembling on his lids, flashing fire as if they would scathe and blast the selfish pride of those thoughtless children; then turning, he hurried up three broken steps into a dim entry, drew along a dark passage, and entering a cheerless room, dung himself upon the unweave floor, and wept burning tears of grief and shame.

The parlors of a stately mansion on Bacon street, Boston, were brilliantly illuminated. The owner of the princely tenement had issued cards for a fashionable soiree; the hour had arrived and the guests were assembling.

The rich and the great were there, but conspicuous among all, and conversing with the ex-Pres-

Intellect in Race.

ident of the United States, the elder Adams, stood a noble looking man, in the bloom and vigor of manhood. His face was intellectually beautiful, and his high altitude commanding, yet extremely graceful.

"All the evening," murmured a fashionable, yet lovely lady, to Mr. Adams, as he turned towards her "have I been striving to gain an introduction to Mr. L.—a distinguished guest; but he has been so surrounded—now, however he stands alone. I should esteem it a rare honor, to speak with him, but for a moment?"

"You shall have the pleasure," said the ex-president, smiling, and turning he presented the beautiful and fascinating wife of a millionaire to the talented stranger.

"We have met before, madam," said the gentleman, bowing low, to conceal a strange expression that stole over his features.

"I have forgotten," the lady made an answer, in her sweetest tones.

"I have not—we have met before just twenty years ago," he continued, still keeping his piercing eyes upon her face—"We met in a little lane, a narrow, repulsive place, where the cries of hunger resounded often upon the still air, and where rage, misery and filth met the traveler at every step.

He paused—and she gazed more curiously upon him.

"Perhaps you do not remember the time—the place—perhaps you do not remember how two perished children of wealth passed along that lane—it may be you forgot the poor wretch, grasping at science (though then scarcely conscious) with his unworldly mind. The laugh of derision that was then rung upon this lonely heart—for I am that child—fused that latent fire of ambition within my breast; and," he continued, more softly, "I thank you for the taunt, and scornful words; I had but to think of them, and my soul was nerve and steel. I thank you for them; and a triumphant smile illuminated his splendid countenance.

The lady, faint, mortified, glided away from the rebuker, and in less than an hour, sat huddled and weeping, in her own proud mansion. She had wished, nay, coveted one little word, from the being who, in her haughty childhood she had derided and despised for his poverty—and she had been repaid with contempt, though smoothly worded and deliciously expressed, by the neglected boy whose name now rang the world through.

Have a care, then, sons and daughters of plenty. Scorn not the child of poverty, who with passive eyes and lifted hands, toils up the rugged heights of Parnassus, uncared for and unnoticed. Though clothed in rags he may gaze the dizzy height, while you, decked in the mien of paragonical wealth, humbly prowl along the mountain's base, and under the very feet of him whom you disdain.

Life on the Turning of a Card.

A friend narrated to me a day or two since an anecdote of early times in West Tennessee, which we will attempt to repeat even at the risk of losing the graphic simplicity of his conversational narrative.

Some eighteen or twenty years since a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon a jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of a sword-cut, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defense made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury; and they retired, to make up their verdict. Time passed and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the long protracted attendance, the judge, counsel, etc. retired, all anxious, the accused not the least so, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated for one moment, to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel of the defense had not been without their influence, and the jury stood unchangeably six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could be got together for a night, and sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depth of sundry large pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were resolutely commenced.

About midnight one of their number, Col. P., proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the verdict. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to, in all seriousness, and the crowd collected around Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life. Col. P. played to save the accused. His opponent played, and quite as zealously, to secure the conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions, and watching the game, dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles, with the most interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt, and turned Jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every man of the jury joined in a shout which startled the whole village, even the revelers in the grocery. Next morning the jury went into court, and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "not guilty." The jurymen who played an unsuccessful game for human life, still lives, a much respected citizen of this district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the Memphis bar, and the accused has, as we believe gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor the court, who swarmed at the verdict, eighteen years ago, have ever known that a human life was saved by turning Jack!

There are some curious episodes in the history of our early settlements; and who would think of venturing life upon turning Jack.—Memphis Eagle.

A Soul above Stealing.

When young Billy Bottom lost one of his fingers a few evenings ago, "Old Saratoga" overheard a conversation between him and Skeels about the loss. "Billy, how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I 'pose so, but how?" "I guess you'd 'lost your'n if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question," said Skeels, "you must know," said Billy, "I had to cut it off else steal a trap."