

## Poetical Selections.

## THE PARTING.

THERE'S something in the 'parting hour'  
Will chill the warmest heart—  
Ye' kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,  
Are fated all to part;  
But this I've seen—and many a pang  
Has pressed it on my mind—  
The one who goes is happier,  
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be—  
Adventurous, dangerous, far  
To the wild deep or bleak frontier,  
To solitude or war—  
Still something cheers the heart that dares  
In all of human kind;  
And those who go are happier,  
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home,  
With doubtings and with tears,  
But does not hope her rainbow spread  
Across her cloudy fears?  
Alas! the mother who remains,  
What comfort can she find,  
But this—the gone is happier  
Than the one she leaves behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—  
An old and valued friend?  
Be sure your term of sweet discourse  
At length will have an end!  
And when you part—as part you will—  
O, take it not unkind,  
If he who goes is happier  
Than you who leaves behind!

God wills it so—and so it is;  
The pilgrims on their way,  
Though weak and worn more cheerful are,  
Than all the rest who stay;  
And when, at last, poor man subdued,  
Lies down to death resigned,  
May he not still be happier far  
Than those he leaves behind?

## A SHARP GAME.

STRANGE things are constantly occurring here in our modern Athens, which the public are forever ignorant of, while little things, common-place events, are blazoned to the world as if they possessed all the importance of an insurrection, or a revolution. Now, the rather amusing series of incidents which we are about to indite, it is probable would have never been promulgated to the readers of this paper, had it not been for our accidentally meeting a loquacious friend in the counting-room of a merchant, a few days since, who related in his own peculiar style, the following rather curious specimen of financial maneuvering.

One of the largest firms dealing in the produce of the west, some time during the autumn of 1849, received a small part of a large invoice of goods which it had purchased of a western dealer then in the city, and gave him a note on four months for the whole amount, supposing of course that the balance would arrive in due time. The western merchant, unbeknown to the firm, carried the note to one of the State Street Banks and got it discounted, and shortly afterwards left the city for home. For some unaccountable reason or other, the produce did not arrive, and the four months passed without hearing a word from it or from the western stranger. On the eve of the maturity of the note, the firm were somewhat surprised to receive a notice briefly informing them that a note (the identical one, for which they had not received a quid pro quo) would be due on a certain day, and requested them to pay, etc.—One of the firm went to the bank, and related to the cashier the circumstances.

"We cannot help you—it is no business of ours," said the cashier.

"But don't you see sir," said the merchant, becoming somewhat excited—"don't you see that we have not had the value received?"

"That is according to your statement, I admit," replied the cashier; "but you confess the note to be genuine?"

"Certainly—that is our signature—we cannot deny that."

"Well, then the note is a prima facie testimony against you," said the cashier.

"But, sir, you must not—you dare not protest the note, under the circumstances," said the merchant.

"Of course you will pay it, thereby avoiding the necessity of a protest?" suggested the cashier.

"Of course we won't!"

"Then the only course for us to pursue is to protest it."

"I begin to suspect," said the merchant, "that you believe that I have fabricated a story just to get rid of paying that note."

"On my honor, I suspect no such thing," replied the cashier. "But on the contrary, I believe you have uttered nothing but the truth; and all the conso-

lation I can give you is—never in future give your note until upon or after the receipt of goods purchased!"

"We need none of your advice," said the merchant, in high dudgeon. "We can manage our own affairs! We shan't pay the note—that's flat! we'll fail first! So good morning, Mr. Cashier."

The hour of the last day of grace slipped by, and B—— & Co.'s note for four thousand dollars was protested!

On the next day, it was a general rumor on 'change that B—— & Co., had failed! It was known that they had a large amount of paper out, which was true—but every body who knew them, supposed, before that day, that they had abundant means to meet as it matured. The brokers, in particular, were in great consternation, for they had brought paper to a large amount on the now-reputed bankrupt house, and each creditor would have considered himself fortunate could he have obtained fifty cents on the dollar for his demand.

The junior partner of the concern, who was a much more sensible, and shrewder man than the senior, determined to take advantage of the unfair rumors, which were so rife throughout the whole mercantile community, and, if possible, turn them to a profitable account. Not desiring to make a confidant of any one who was likely to have any of their paper on hand, he went to the office of a rather obscure money-lender—a Jew—and related to him the whole circumstances of the case, and declared that so far from being insolvent, they could liquidate double the amount of claims against them in twenty-four hours. This fact he told the Jew in great confidence.

"Den what for you want monish of me?" asked the Jew.

"I do not desire the loan of a dollar," said the merchant. "All I desire of you is to purchase every scrap of paper with the name of our firm upon it, at the lowest possible rates, and I will pay you a handsome commission for your trouble."

"Put, mine Cot!" exclaimed the wary Hebrew broker, "s'pose you pe bankrupt! Den I loze all mine monish! Ha! ha! Den what shall I do mitout mine monish? I shall pe ven boor vagapond like what you call de shimney-sweep, py tam!"

"But suppose I place sufficient money in hand to redeem our paper," said the merchant, "you certainly cannot object to that?"

"Ah! den I will do your leedle pizness petter as nopody," said the Jew.

"The rumors are that our house is bankrupt, so you will be enabled to purchase it at great discount," suggested the merchant.

"Ah, py tam. I will pay wery, wery sheap—nopody shall pay sheaper," replied the broker as he revolved over in his mind how he should turn the transaction to his own account, instead of that of his employers.

The merchant placed in his hand several thousand dollars, taking the Jews receipt therefor, and after enjoining upon him the utmost secrecy as regarded their understanding, and to purchase the paper for the firm at the best rates possible, he left the money-changer's office.

Moses Goltshmidt—for that was the Jew-broker's name—made his appearance on 'change soon after the above arrangement was made. As he anticipated, the chief topic was the failure of the house of B—— & Co. Many were the inquiries and surmises, to all of which the wily Jew lent a willing ear. Whenever any one expressed a doubt as to the failure being a hard one, Moses disputed it at once, by offering to sell a note of the broken house for twenty cents on the dollar. This so alarmed the holders of the depreciated paper that every one seemed desirous to sell at almost any price, for they knew, or reasonably supposed, that if Goltshmidt held the house good for twenty cents on the dollar it was probably not good for more than half that sum.

"Vill anpody gif twenty cents on the tollar for mine note? he would say, "tish worth dat, or tish worth noting."

"Probably tish worth noting," said a street merchant, mocking his peculiarity of dialect.

"Den, shentlemens," he would answer, "if tis worth noting, you will sell very sheap. I have got little monish, and vill give you feefteen cents on ter tollar myself—put I vill not sell less than twenty, by tam!"

Saying this, the Jew started off for his office.

Several bystanders, supposing that the cunning broker said this in order to dispose of the paper that he pretended to hold at as high rates as possible, deter-

mined to go to his office and hold him at his word.

Some half-a-dozen entered at once, and threw their notes upon the counter, demanding fifteen cents on the dollar as he offered. Moses assumed a reluctant air. The note-holders were clamorous; they declared that he should keep his word, or they would expose him to the whole street.

"Oh, mine Cot! shentlemens! I shall pe ruined!" exclaimed Moses, as he commenced counting out the money for the depreciated paper. "Put I vill risk my last tollar to save mine honor. Nopody shall say Moses Goltshmidt keeps not his wort. I vill tiscout all ter paper mit all mine monish, den, mine Cot, I must shtop."

Each creditor of B—— & Co. was served in turn, and no sooner were the first batch of notes liquidated, than in came the second; and in the course of two or three hours he had purchased some sixty thousand dollars at fifteen cents on the dollar. The next day he offered ten, and actually negotiated some forty thousand more at this price, until the market was entirely relieved of the supposed worthless paper.

The junior partner, hearing how successful the Jew had been in purchasing his paper, made him a visit the next day for the purpose of receiving from his hands nearly all the liabilities of the firm. Chuckling over his good fortune he said:

"A profitable joke, Goltshmidt. You shall have all the business of our house in future. What commission shall I pay you?" he asked.

"I ask no commission," said the Jew; "Here are your notes in dat one leedle bagage, to de amount of one hundred thousand tollars. If you wish to cash dem afore dey come due, I shall deduct simple interest."

"What mean you, Jew?" ejaculated the merchant partially comprehending the cunning agent's meaning.

"I mean dat your house owe me von hundred thousand tollars, after tetcuting de twelve thousand for which you hold my receipt!" said Moses, with a business-like importance.

"Sir," said the merchant becoming enraged, "you do not intend to thus take advantage of my confidence?"

"Tish a fai-pizness dransaction," said the broker.

It is an abominable cheat!" declared the duped one. "Think not thus to overreach me. It was our money that was placed in your hands, and all you can claim from us, legally, for the paper I have commissioned you to buy, is a fair percentage."

"Dat ish not the law," said the wily one, "where ish my agreement to dat effect? I purchased your paper—I holt it in my hands. If you pe bankrupt, den I haf run von very great risk—"

"But you have purchased our notes with our money," interrupted the merchant.

"Not your monish—my monish porrowed!" returned the Jew. "Put I haf von leedle proposition to make—pay me eighty cents on the tollar, I will be satisfied."

The merchant finding that the Isrealitish money-vender had fairly overreached him, and that it was impossible to get the paper of his firm on more reasonable terms, acquiesced, and absolutely redeemed dollar for dollar, making twenty per cent. discount, while the Jew, on an average actually purchased it at some eighty per cent. discount.

In a few days the affair got wind, but the original creditors, fearing that their reputation for shrewdness and sagacity would fall below par, on 'change, resolved to keep the matter as secret as possible, and pocket the loss!

In trying to speak our language, Frenchmen, particularly, make many ludicrous mistakes; among which we notice the following:

A Frenchman, who, finding that ferment meant to work, said "he loved to ferment in the garden;" and another one who asked at a lawyer's office for a "shall," meaning a will. Still another said: "I love de horse, de sheep, de dog, de cat—in short, everything that is beastly." Shakspeare's line, "Out brief candle," was translated literally by a Parisian author, "Get out, you short candle!" and the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat," one of the meanings of carve being to "cut meat."

A negress, speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said: "I nebber could bear dat brat, 'cause he show dirt so easy."

## Thomas Jefferson.

WHILE this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice-President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding that high office to attend to business more in person than the refinements more modern times will allow. It happened once that some important matters required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the capital. In those days a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours—it was two or three days' travel, and none of the most pleasant sort either. On his return he stopped in Baltimore. It was four or five o'clock in the afternoon when the Vice-President rode up suitless, and unattended to the tavern. A Scotchman by the name of Boyden kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Beltshoover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking, strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the ecstasies of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining the books, and doubtless making calculations respecting his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the hostler, and walked into the tavern in order to make arrangements in regard to his fare.—Some one touched Boyden on the elbow, and directed his attention to the stranger, who stood with his whip in hand, striking it occasionally upon his muddy leggings. Boyden turned around and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer, from the country, whose company would add no credit to his house, said, abruptly:

"We have no room for you, sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could not be accommodated with a room. His voice, which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered with mud, anything indicating either wealth or distinction and in his usual rough style, he said:

"A room?"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it?"

"A room all to yourself? No, no—we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house—all full—all occupied—can't accommodate you."

The Vice-President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by this time was snug in the stable, mounted and rode off. In a few minutes one of the wealthiest and most distinguished men in the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few minutes before.

"Gentlemen!" said Boyden.

"There has been no gentleman here on horseback, this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one country looking fellow, who came in and asked if he could have a whole room, but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you. I told him I had no room for such a chap as him!"

"No room for such chaps as him?"

"No, by the pipers, no room for anybody that don't look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about, man? He's the Vice-President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here, Tom, Jerry, Jake, Dick—where are you all? Here, fly you villains—fly, tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service! Vice-President—Thomas Jefferson! Tell him to come back and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room! Jubiter, what have I done?—[Here, Harriet, Mary, Jule, clear out of the family! he shall have the best room—and all the rooms if he wants them! Off, you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed! Bill take up the mirror! George, hurry up with the boot-jack! By George, what a mistake!"]

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished-for guest was returning. The Vice-President rode up Market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them he was directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles street. Here Boyden's servants came up and told him their master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can better be imagined than described; the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and had laughed heartily at

the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time he prevailed upon some friend to wait on Mr. Jefferson with his apology, and requested that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room and all the attention that could be given him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr. Boyden that I appreciate his kind attentions, but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice-President."

## The Pickled Watch.

THE other day we met Wiggins, and he had a silver cased watch—hunting case at that. We had known Wiggins five-and-twenty years and never knew him to carry a watch before. We asked him where he got it. He gave us a nod and a leer, and said that he would tell us.

"Last fall," he commenced, "I killed the old brindle cow, and put the best part of her into the beef barrel. She was fat the beef was nice; and I had nigh onto a full barrel. I didn't want to make it very salt, so I set it out in the shed, where the frost might touch it and keep it; and you'd believe it made good eating."

One day my wife says to me—says she, "Wiggins, 'pears to me our beef is going mighty fast. I went and looked, and sure enough, it was going—going rather faster'n I thought it ought to." "I've noticed it lowering unaccountably this long time," said my wife. "Somebody is stealing it. Why don't ye set a trap?"

But my neighbors were all good hearted kind of folks, though one or two of them might be just a little inclined to poke round where they didn't belong, and I didn't want to hurt 'em. I concluded, howsoever, that it would be best to put the barrel, with what little beef was left, down in the cellar, and I did it.

"Well, when the beef was all used up, and I went to clear out the barrel, I found this watch in the pickle. It looked to me like Tom Sherman's watch. Tom had worked for me considerable, and I have seen him have the watch, or one very much like it. When I saw Tom I showed him the watch and he said right off it was his.

"How did you lose it?" said I.

"I carried it in my pocket without any chain, and must have dropped it out when I was stooping," said he.

"Well," said I, "then ye must have been stooping over my beef barrel, for I found it in the pickle!"

"With that Tom looked kind of sheepish; and I guess he saw the twinkle in my eye."

"Let me look at there watch again," said he.

He looked at it a little while and then he handed it back to me.

"On the whole, Mr. Wiggins," said he, "I guess that ain't my watch, arter all. It must belong to somebody else." And with that he walked off.

"I carried the watch to our jeweler, and he found that the cases had shut so tight that the works hadn't been pickled a bit; and for a dollar he cleaned it up in good shape, and set it running." It's a first rate timekeeper, and I reckon 'that whoever took my beef paid all it was worth."

At Lawrence, Kansas, one Sunday, while a minister was holding forth in the church, a crowd got up a cock fight in the yard. The people who had congregated to hear the Word, went out to put a stop to the fight, but waited until the battle was over before objecting.—The minister looked out the window at the crowd, and said, "We are all miserable sinners—which whipped?"

A gentleman of Hartford, Conn., returning home on Sunday from church began to extol the merits of the sermon of his son. "Jack," said the old gentleman, "I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack, "You will never have another such chance."

Some impertinent chap advises the ladies do get their ages ready, as the census-takers will soon be around. Twenty to twenty-four was the popular figure ten years ago. It will not probably range above this year.

If a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference in their mode of travelling? He goes abroad and she goes along.