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Poet's Corner.

The Sea.

BY BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.
There is society, where none intrudes.
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal.
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What *I* can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vian:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd' uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy path,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His pretty hope, in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth,—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of Lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou
Unchangable save to thy wild waves play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime—
The imagine of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshe ning sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my head upon thy mane—as I do here.

Miscellaneous.

Too good to be Lost.

At a literary dinner in London, where Thackeray and Angus B. Reach were *vis a vis* at table, Mr. Thackeray—who had never before met Mr. Reach—addressed him as Mr. *Reach*, pronouncing the name as its orthography would naturally indicate. 'Re-ack, sir—Re-ack, if you please,' said Mr. Reach who is punctilious upon having his name pronounced in two syllables, as if spelled Re ack. Thackery of course apologized, and corrected his pronunciation; but in the course of the *dessert* he took occasion to hand a plate of fine peaches across the table, saying, in a tone which only he possesses, 'Mr. Re-ack, will you take a pe-ack?'

☞ A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the head. A promise is the offering of the intentions, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should like the scales of a balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

A good old deacon, whose exhortations and whose example for many years blessed one of the back towns in this State, will always be remembered for the many quaint expressions which he bequeathed to immortality. 'My friends,' once exhorted the good deacon, 'beware of idleness in cultivating the garden of your heart; else the weeds of sin, springing up will choke the *sass!*'

The only legitimate strike, is the strike of the iron when it is hot.

Story of the Gunpowder Plot.

His object was, when the king, lords and commons should be assembled at the next opening of parliament, to blow them up, one and all, with a great mine of gunpowder.—The first person to whom he confided this horrible idea, was Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman, who had served in the army abroad, and had been secretly employed in the Catholic projects. While Winter was yet undecided, and when he had gone over to the Netherlands, to learn from the Spanish Ambassador there whether there was any hope of Catholics being relieved through the intercession of the King of Spain with his Sowship, he found at Ostend, a tall, dark, daring man, whom he had known when they were both soldiers abroad, and whose name was Guido—or Guy—Fawkes. Resolved to join the plot, he proposed it to this man, knowing him to be the man for any desperate deed, and they came back to England together. Here, they admitted two other conspirators: Thomas Percy, related to the Earl of Northumberland, and John Wright, his brother-in-law. All these met together in a solitary house in the open fields, which were then near Clement's Inn, now a closely blocked up part of London; and when they had all taken a great oath of secrecy, Catesby told the rest what his plan was. They then went up stairs into a garret and received the sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who is said not to have known actually of the Gunpowder Plot, but who, I think, must have had his suspicions that there was something desperate afoot.

Percy was a Gentleman Pensioner, and as he had occasional duties to perform about the Court, then kept at Whitehall, there would be nothing suspicious in his living at Westminster. So, having looked well about him, and having found a house to let, the back of which joined the Parliament House, he hired it of a person named Ferris, for the purpose of undermining the wall. Having got possession of the house, the conspirators hired another on the Lambeth side of the Thames, which they used as a storehouse for wood, gunpowder, and other combustible matters.—These were to be removed at night, (and afterwards were removed,) bit by bit, to the house at Westminster; and, that there might be some trusty person to keep watch over the Lambeth stores, they admitted another conspirator, by name Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman.

All these arrangements had been made some months, and it was a dark, wintry December night, when the conspirators, who had been in the meantime dispersed to avoid observation, met in the house at Westminster and began to dig. They had laid in a good stock of eatables, to avoid going in and out, and they dug and dug with great ardor. But, the wall being tremendously thick, and the work very severe, they took in Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, that they might have a new pair of hands to help. And Christopher Wright fell to like a fresh man, and they dug and dug, by day and by night, and Fawkes stood sentinel all the time. And if any man's heart seemed to fail him at all, Fawkes said: "Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here, and there is no fear of our being taken alive, even if discovered." The same Fawkes, who, in his capacity of *sentinel*, was always prowling about, soon picked up the intelligence that the King had prorogued the Parliament again, from the seventh of February, the day first fixed upon, until the third of October. When the conspirators knew this, they agreed to separate until after the Christmas holidays, and to take no notice of each other in the meanwhile, and never to write letters to one another on any account. So, the house in Westminster was shut up again, and I suppose the neighbors thought that those strange looking men who lived there so gloomily, and were out so seldom, had gone away to have a merry Christmas somewhere. It was the beginning of February, 1605, when Catesby met his fellow conspirators again at this Westminster house. He had now admitted three more: John Grant, a Warwickshire gentleman of a melancholy temper, who lived in a doleful house near Stratford-upon-Avon, with a frowning wall all round it, and a deep moat: Robert Winter, eldest brother of Thomas; and Catesby's own servant, Thomas Bates, who, Catesby thought, had some suspicion of what his master was about. These three had all suffered more or less, for their religion, in Elizabeth's time.—And now they all began to dig again, and they dug and dug, by day and by night.

They found it dismal work alone there, under ground, with such a fearful secret on their minds, and so many murders before them.—They were filled with wild fancies. Sometimes, they thought they heard a great bell tolling deep down in the earth under the Parliament House; sometimes they thought they heard low voices muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; and once in the morning, they really did hear a great rumbling noise over their heads, as they dug and sweated in their mine. Every man stopped and looked aghast at his neighbor, wondering what had happened, when that bold prowler, Fawkes, who had been out to look, came in and told them that it was only a dealer in coals who had occupied a cellar under the Parliament House, removing his stock in trade to some other place. Upon this, the conspirators, who with all their digging and digging, had not yet dug through the tremendously thick wall, changed their plan, hired that cellar, which was directly under the House of Lords, put six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in it, and covered them over with faggots and coals. Then they all dispersed until September, when the following new conspirators were admitted: Sir Edward Baynham, of Gloucestershire; Sir Edward Digby, of Rutlandshire; Ambrose Rookwood, of Suffolk; and Francis Tresham, of Northamptonshire. Most of these were rich, and were able to assist the plot, some with money, and some with horses, upon which the conspirators were to ride through the country and rouse the Catholics, after the Parliament should be blown into the air.

Parliament being again prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November, and the conspirators being uneasy lest their designs should be found out, Thomas Winter said he would go up into the House of Lords on the day of prorogation and see how matters looked. Nothing could be better. The unconscious Commissioners were walking about, and talking to one another, just over the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder. He came back, and told the rest so, and they went on with their preparation. They hired the ship, and kept it ready in the Thames, in which Fawkes was to sail for Flanders after firing with a slow match the train that was to explode the powder. A number of Catholic gentlemen not in the secret were invited, on pretence of a hunting party, to meet Sir Edward Digby at Dunchurch on the fatal day, that they might be ready to act together. And now all was ready.

But now, the great weakness and danger which had been all along at the bottom of this wicked plot began to show itself. As the fifth of Nov. drew near, most of the conspirators remembering that they had friends and relations who would be in the House of Lords that day, felt some natural relenting, and a wish to warn them to keep away. They were not much comforted by Castedy's declaring that, in such a cause, he would blow up his own son. Lord Mounteagle, Tresham's brother-in-law, was certain to be in the house, and when Tresham found that he could not prevail upon the rest to devise any means of sparing their friends, he wrote a mysterious letter to this lord and left it at his lodgings in the dusk, urging him to keep away from the opening of Parliament, "since God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times." It contained the words "that the Parliament should receive a terrible blow, and yet should not see who hurt them," and it added, "the danger is past, as soon as you have burnt the letter."

The ministers and courtiers made out that his Sowship, by a direct miracle from heaven, found out what this letter meant. The truth is, that they were not long (as few men would be) in finding it out for themselves, and that it was decided to let the conspirators alone, until the very day before the opening of Parliament. That the conspirators had their fears, is certain; for, Tresham himself said before them all, that they were every one dead men; and, although even he did not take to flight, there is reason to suppose he had warned other persons besides Lord Mountcagle. However, they were all firm, and Fawkes, who was a man of iron, went down every day and night to keep watch in the cellar as usual.—He was there about two in the afternoon of the fourth, when the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mountcagle threw open the door and looked in. "Who are you, friend?" said they. "Why," said Fawkes, "I am Mr. Percy's servant, and am looking after his store of fuel here." "Your master has laid in a pretty good store," they returned, and shut the door, and went away. Fawkes, upon this, posted off to the other conspirators to tell them all was quiet, and went back and shut himself up in the dark black cellar, where he heard the bell go twelve o'clock, and usher in the fifth of November. About two hours afterwards, he slowly opened the door, and came out to look about him, in his old prowling way. He was instantly seized and bound, by a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knevett. He had a watch upon him, some touchwood, some tender, some slow matches; and there was a dark lantern with a candle in it, lighted, behind the door. He had his boots and spurs on—to ride to the ship, I suppose—and it was well for the soldiers that they took him so suddenly, for if they had left him but a moment's time to light a match, he certainly would have tossed it in among the powder, and blown himself and them to perdition.

They took him to the king's bed-chamber first of all; and there the king (causing him to be held very tight, and keeping a good way off) asked him how he could have the heart to intend to destroy so many innocent people? "Because," said Guy Fawkes, "desperate diseases need desperate remedies." To a little Scotch favorite, with a face like a terrier, who asked him (with no particular wisdom) why he had collected so much gunpowder, he replied, because he had meant to blow Scotchman back to Scotland, and it would take a good deal of powder to do that. Next day he was carried to the Tower, but would make no confession. Even after being horribly tortured, he confessed nothing that the Government did not already know, though he must have been in a fearful state—as his signature, still preserved, in contrast with his natural handwriting before he was put upon the dreadful rack, most frightfully shows.—Bates, a very different man, soon saw the Jesuits had had to do with the plot, and probably under the torture, would have soon said anything. Tresham, taken and put in the Tower too, made confessions and unmade them, and died with an illness that was heavy upon him. Rookwood, who had stationed relays of his own horses all the way to Dunchurch, did not mount to escape till the middle of the day, when the news of the plot was all over London. On the road, he came up with the two Wrights, Catesby, and Percy: and they all galloped together into Northamptonshire; thence to Dunchurch, where they found the proposed party assembled. Finding, however, that there had been a plot, and that it had been discovered, the party disappeared in the course of the night, and left them alone with Sir Everard Digby. Away they all rode again, through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, to a house called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried to raise the Catholics on their way, but were indignantly driven off by them. All this time they were hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcester, and a fast increasing concourse of riders. At last, resolving to defend themselves at Holbeach, they shut themselves up in the house, and put some wet powder before the fire to dry. But it blew up, and Catesby was singed and blackened, and almost killed, and some of the others were sadly hurt. Still, knowing that they must die, they resolved to die there, and with only their swords in their hands appeared at the windows to be shot at by the sheriff and his assistants. Catesby said to Thomas Winter, after Thomas had been hit in the right arm, which dropped powerless by his side, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together!"—which they did, being shot through the body by two bullets from one gun. John Wright, and Christopher Wright, and Percy, were also shot. Rookwood and Digby were taken; the former, with a broken arm and a wound in his body too.

It was the fifteenth of January before the trial of Guy Fawkes, and such of the other conspirators as were left alive, came on. They were all found guilty, all hanged, drawn and quartered: some in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the top of Ludgate Hill; and some before the Parliament House. A Jesuit-priest named Henry Garnet, to whom the bloody design was said to have been communicated, was taken and tried, and two of his servants, as well as a poor priest who was taken with him, were tortured without mercy. He himself was not tortured, but was surrounded in the Tower by tamperers and traitors, and so made unfairly to convict himself out of his own mouth. He said upon the trial, that he had done all he could to prevent the deed, and that he could not make public what had been told him in confession—though I am afraid he knew of the plot in other ways. He was found guilty and executed, after a manful defence, and the Catholic Church made a saint of him; some rich and powerful persons, who had nothing to do with the project, were fined and imprisoned for it by the Star Chamber.—The Catholics, in general, who had recoiled with horror from the idea of the infernal contrivance, were unjustly put under more severe laws than before; and this was the end of the Gunpowder Plot.—*Dickens.*

Women's Rights.

A STORY OF LEAP YEAR.

Samuel Smith sat at home on New Year's day in dishabille. His beard was unshaven; his hair uncombed; his long boots unblacked; and he was leaning back in a picturesque attitude, with heels against the mantel-piece, smoking a cigar. Samuel thought to himself that, as it was leap year, it would be glorious if the ladies would pop the question in accordance with their ancient privileges.

As he sat watching the smoke which curled so gracefully, his fancy glowed with the idea, how delightful it would be to have the dear creatures fondling on him, and with their tender glances endeavoring to do the agreeable.

As he meditated, his heart softened, and he began to feel a squeamish, womanish sensibility diffused over his feelings, and he tho't he would faint with propriety the first time a woman squeezed his hand.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, sounded at the door.—Samuel peeped through the venitian blinds.

"Mercy!" exclaimed he, "if there isn't Miss Jones—and I in dishabille, and looking like a fright—good gracious! I must go and fix myself."

As he left the room Miss Jones entered, and with a composed air intimated that she could wait. She was a firm believer in woman's rights, and now that the season was propitious, she determined to take the advantage thereof, and do a little courting on her own hook. It was one of woman's privileges which had been usurped by the tyrant man, and she determined to assert her rights in spite of the hollow formalities of the false system of society.

On Sam's return to the room, she exclaimed:

"Dearest, how beautiful you look," accompanying her words with a glance of undisguised admiration.

"Spare the blushes of a modest young man," said Sam, applying the cambric to his face to hide his confusion.

"Nay, my love, why so coy?" said Susan. "Turn not away those beautiful eyes, dark as jet, but sparkling as the diamond. Listen to the vows of affection. Here let us rest," said she, drawing him to the sofa, "here, with my arm around thee, will I profess my true affection."

"Leave me, oh, leave me!" murmured Samuel; "think of my youth and inexperience—spare my palpitating heart."

"Leave thee?" said Susan, pressing him closer to her; "never! until the story of restless nights, of unquiet days of aspiration, fond emotions and undying love is laid before thee. Know that for years I have suffered for thee a secret passion. Need I tell thee how such manly beauty moved me? how I worshipped like a sun-flower in the lurid light of these raven tresses? how my fond heart was entrapped in the meshes of those magnificent whiskers? how I would yield to the government of that imperial? thy manners so modest, so delicate, enchanted me—joy to me—for thy joy was my joy. My heart is ever thine—take it—but first let me snatch one kiss from those ruby lips."

The overwhelming feelings of the delicate youth were too strong, and he fainted from excess of joy. Meanwhile the enamored maiden hung fondly over him, and—

Slowly the eyes of Samuel Smith opened—he gazed wildly about him—then, meeting the ardent gaze of his lover, he blushed deeply, and from behind his handkerchief faintly faltered out—"Ask my ma."

The Speculator.

Speaking of national peculiarities, our little Frenchman seems to think, from the experiences he gave, that we had abundance. He had tried his intellect at speculating in lands. He began by purchasing, on paper, ten thousand acres in Illinois, and, furnished with a portable saw-mill, and armed with his title-deeds, a little army of clerks, clergymen, and servants, he set out in search of his domain.

"Ma foi, I cannot find him; I look tree, five, ten day; all say dis no your land. Ver mad dat I look; but I find him: I make von grand discovery. Dey all be vat you call squattair; dam squattair, dey lie all zo time. I get my papier, I say you von dam squattair, brigand, pig—you go. Sacre, he takes de rifle vat shoot von leetle squirrel more zan von mile, and I go—go ever so fass. I nevare stop till I arrive at Cincinnat. I see von juge; two juge, all ze juge: dey say ver sorry, ver sorry; but vot I care for ze sorry? I am mad, broke man—broke all into leetle pieces of despair. I consider ze grand Republique von grand hombug. But von juge say, "You see Monsieur ——, un brave homme—he will get you out of all care. Well, so he did, in grand victorie—grand triumphe."

"How," we asked, anxiously.

"Oh! dis Monsieur he von gran advocat—He know more trick zan all dis country. He say, your title it is good, your land it is good. Ah! but ze dam squattair, I say. Nevare mind ze squattair, he say; your title is good, your land it is good; we sell him. I so delight, I jimp ever so high, like von buck.—Monsieur ze advocat make von, vat you call, map of all ze color of ze rainbow; it have ze church, ze saw-mill, ze court-house, but it have no squattair; and we sell—we sell ever so fass; ze lots go like ze hot cake, and I gets my money, and I gets nine, ten thousand dollair more."

On our expressing some doubt as to the morality of this proceeding, he added, hastily:

"No, no; ver morale, ver good. Ze man as buy, go viz ride, too, and ze dam squattair run like ze debbil. It is vats you call ze diamond cut diamond."

☞ Jenny Lind's baby, according to the *Musical World*, begins to exhibit symptoms of musical capacity. Its cries are so melodious, that even to the refined ear of the Queen of Song herself, they are seldom unpleasant.

☞ A drunken man was lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was, that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

☞ An advocate the other day said he had two witnesses in court in support of the cause of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, *for he had an opportunity of communicating with them.*

Edgar A. Poe.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

On a hot summer day, when the cholera was in the city, there came up four stairways, into a printing office, a slender man poorly clad, and with but one shoe. There may have been genius written on his broad forehead, and the large love of a pure but neglected intellect in his clear eyes—but he was poorly clad, and with but one shoe to his feet. He came stealthily up stairs, as if conscious that the world had forsaken him, and that he was an intruder any where. He sat quietly down near a table where a young man—an author—was writing. Then the poet—for the man, shabbily clad was a poet—spoke to the author and told him he had no bread to eat—no place to sleep—not one friend in God's world. He besought the author not to forsake him.

'You are my last hope. If you fail me I can do nothing but die.'

You may be sure that the words which he spoke, and the voice in which he spoke them, went straight home to the author's heart. He had not seen the poet for some time. But he remembered how that poet had once a quiet home, lightened by the smile of a wife—how he, the author, had often sat by him, and listened to him, as he poured out free and unrestrained, the full thought of his heart. And the heart of the author sickened with him, to see a man like this in want of bread—in want of a bed to sleep upon.

But the fun of the thing was, the author had just paid his last quarters rent, and was without a penny in the world. He must therefore go forth, on that dreary summer's day, and endeavor to gain a few pence for the poet, from among the class who grew rich upon the labors of these beggarly devils—authors and poets.

'Tell them that I am sick. That I hav'nt a bed to sleep upon. That I only want enough to get me out of Philadelphia. Tell them plainly. For God's sake don't fail me. You're my last hope.'

The author went out. Sick himself, and poor, he went from door to door, but everybody was out of town. It was a wretched day; cholera bulletins upon every newspaper door, and a hot sun pouring down over half deserted streets. The author was taken sick, and had but just strength enough to get to his own home.

Next morning, just after day-break, he hurried down to the printing office, and found the poet there, sitting at the table in one corner, his head between his hands.

'I thought you had deserted me,' he said, and tears came into his eyes. This was strange for he was not the man for that kind of thing. Then he told how he had waited there the day before—how he had paced those streets of Philadelphia, which to the poor, are as full of hope as the hottest and dreariest piece of sand in Saharn—how the very heart was broke within him.

He also told how, before he came to see the author, the day previous, he had waited upon more than one person, whose eminence in literature was owing to his criticisms—and how these eminent persons had suffered him to wait in ante-rooms and offices, while their very lacqueys amused themselves by saying—'There's ——. He's drunk again.'

'And now you're my last hope. Get me out of Philadelphia. For God's sake do it; I'm heartsick for Virginia. I'm freer there, than in any other place. If I can only feel my boot upon old Virginia sod, I'll be a new man.'

The author heard words like these from the lips of the poet, and went out, and after some searching, found five men in Philadelphia, who agreed to give a small sum, in behalf of the poet. Three of these men were Magazine publishers. They acted like men. One was a clerk—he gave all he had—a dollar. Another was a man, who not only gave, but came to the printing office, and invited the poet to his home.

You should have seen the poet's face, when the author came back to the printing office, and told him of the success of his labors. There was a tremor on the poet's lips, when the author told him of a certain publisher, who had refused to give one dollar.

'Not a dollar!' said the publisher, when he was asked.

The man who was with the author, (we'll not tell his name,) took the poet home, and the three spent the day together. That night those friends accompanied him to the cars, and saw him depart; after hearing his last words. They never saw him again.

But they never forgot the saddest of all sights—a great man whose genius had enriched publishers, begging his bread in Philadelphia on a hot summer's day.

One day news came that the poet was dead. All at once the world found out his greatness. Literary hucsters who had lied about him—booksellers who had let him starve—*gentlemen* of literature, who had seen him walk the hot streets of Philadelphia, without food or shelter—these all opened their floodgates of eulogy, and anlvered with panegyric the man, whom living, they would have seen die in the very next ditch without even one effort to save him.

This is the joke of the thing.

One day the poet sits in a printing office—up four pair of stairs—one shoe to his feet—his only friend a miserable devil of an author, who is not only poor, but also an infidel—the next day the poet is dead, and from Maine to the Rio Grande the critics tune their pipes, and all the booksellers, the hucksters who *make* books for booksellers, the critics who live in perfume, and write with gold pens on gold edge paper—all burst out into one long, loud ejaculation, 'Great is the poet who is dead!—Allah il allah! Allah bismallah!'—*Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.*

☞ It is stated in the Liverpool Mail that a poor woman recently picked up, on the north coast of Ireland, a bottle containing a letter from Sir John Franklin dated May last, stating that he is prevented by the natives from leaving an island he is now on. The officer of the Coast Guard forwarded it to the admiralty, and the writing is said to be that of Sir John. So there is yet a chance of his being saved.

☞ A new wheelbarrow, it is said, has been invented. The wheel is placed under the centre, so that none of the weight of the load rests upon the hands. A man can wheel twice the usual weight.

☞ The late Rev. Sidney Smith observed that a railway whistle seemed to him to be something like the scream an attorney would give when first the devil caught hold of him.

A Cute Yankee.

The following good one is published in the September number of Harper's Magazine. It is told by a correspondent who signs himself 'Timmins:'

Among our passengers coming home, said he, was Mr. H——, not long ago a deputy collector in our port, at the custom house; a most entertaining gentleman, who has no idea that he is telling anything amusing, until he is reminded of it by the loud laughter of everybody about him.

When I was Deputy Collector in New York, says he, I was sitting in my office one hot afternoon, when a long slab-sided, Yankee looking fellow came in with a kind of guilty look, his hat dangling in his hand, his head hanging on one side, and his eyes cast down but with a curious kind of smile, too, as I thought, sneaking fitfully across his face. He stood by the door for a minute, twirling his hat, and seeming to be afraid to come forward to where I was sitting.

'Well, sir,' I asked, 'what is wanted?'

'Be you Mr. H—— ?' said he.

'Yes, Mr. H—— is my name.'

'Yeas; but be you the Deputy Collector of New York State?'

I answered that I was the Deputy Collector of the Customs of the city of N. Y.

'Edzactly,' says he—'yeas, the very man I want to see.'

He hesitated again and twirled his hat more rapidly than ever.

'What is your business with me? state it,' said I, rather sharply. 'My time is too valuable to be wasted in so much useless talk or delay.'

'Yeas, said he; 'dzactly so. Well, you see I've got into a leetle trouble; and I come over here to see if you could'nt help me out a leetle.'

He fingered his hat again, and I grew impatient and nervous.

'Go on,' said I, 'and get through. *What* is your trouble? and how can I help you? or what have I got to do with it.'

'Well,' he went on, 'I was down to Havanna the other day, and being fond of smokin' I bought a few cigars for my own use; and when we got back to York, I didn't know that there would be any hurt in bringing in a few; but as a man was bringing 'em up Broad street, they was arrested for dewties, the man said '*dewties*;' and he said they must all be forfeited, or 'confiscated,' and that I could'nt have none on 'em—none on 'em, he said, unless I could git 'em 'entered.' And he told me I could'nt get none on em entered until you had gin permission, and that he rather thought you would'nt do it—dewty or no dewty.'

I was struck with his simplicity—his *greenness*, I thought at the time—and was disposed to overlook what might have been attempt at smuggling, in consideration of the fact, that after all it was probably pure ignorance.

So I said: 'As you seem to have been ignorant of the revenue laws, I will enter your cigars, and you can have them upon payment of the duty. How many had you?'

'Twenty thousand on 'em!'

'Twenty thousand cigars for your *own use?* This altors the case entirely.'

'Well not 'dzactly for my own use, but I wanted some for my friends to smoke, tew.—That's all.'

'Well, sir, on payment of the duty, the cigars may be taken away.'

'Dewty! not arter they're entered, there ain't no dewty, is there? That's what the man said that took them off the cart.'

I explained to him that the cigars must pay a duty, and that it was a very great favor to himself to be permitted to take any of them away at all.

'Well,' he said, putting on his hat, and holding the door ajar, 'I han't got no money to pay dewties; but I'll go up town, up to —— street, to see a friend of mine, and may-be he'll take 'em out.'

The next day, just as I was about leaving my desk, the Yankee 'operator' came in, bringing with him a dark, Spanish-looking person.

'I've come to get them cigars,' said he, 'that was arrested for dewties. My friend, here, will pay them.'

The necessary preliminaries were gone through with, and the cigars were all taken away.

Early on the morning of the next day, as I was sitting at my desk, I felt a very faint tap on my shoulder; and looking up, who should I see but my Yankee customer standing over me!

'How de du to-day?' said he.

'I'm quite well thank you; but what do you want of me now?'

'Nothin', said he 'got done!'

And he gave a curious wink and leer that none but just such a Yankee as himself could give.

'We did that thing up handsome, did'nt we?' said he.

'What thing?' I asked.

'Why them cigars!' said he. '*They* was'nt *Cuba* cigars; them cigars was made in Connecticut! I have got a factory there myself; and I had them 'took up' on suspicion. But folks,' he added, 'will like them just as well as the choicest Havannas. Fact is, there's a good deal of deception practiced about poor cigars.'

I showed the impudent, designing, unscrupulous fellow the door, and went out winking and laughing. 'We did that thing up handsome!' as if myself had been a party to the nefarious transaction.

☞ Artless Simplicity.—The Petersburg (Va) *Democrat*, relates a very interesting anecdote of a little boy of that city, who having recently lost his father, found himself debarred thereby from attending school as formerly, and in the fulness of faith, determined to seek the wherewithal at that footstool to which he had doubtless been taught to look for other and higher blessings. The *Democrat* says, in the simplicity of his heart he set down and gravely wrote a letter to his Redeemer, thinking, perhaps, that so formal a mode of preferring his requests would meet with greater attention.—What was the surprise of the postmaster, William M. Friend, Esq., on discovering among the contents of his mail, lately, a missive directed to "Jesus Christ!" Opening it, he read the story of the boy's wants, and with a noble kindness he deposited in envelope the amount required, and directed it to the young supplicant. We never heard a story in so short compass contain a more instructive and interesting lesson. It combines a singularly felicitous union of the illustrations of the great pillars of Religion—Faith, Hope and Charity—and we would not wish to know the man who could hear this "plain unvarnished tale" without feeling himself and his pride humbled by the recital.

A Noble Baron.

'In that beautiful part of Germany,' which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the groves of trees as old as itself.

About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron——. He had an only son, who was a comfort to his father and a blessing to all who lived on the father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the castle, who began to talk of his heavenly Father in tones that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him, saying, 'Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above by speaking in such a manner?'

The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The Baron this time did not notice what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about the castle-grounds, and took occasion to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, 'Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to use the pencil.'

'My son drew the picture,' said the Baron.

'Then your son is a clever man,' replied the gentleman.

'The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers, and plantations of forest trees.

'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the gentleman.

'My son, replied the Baron; 'he knows every plant I may say from the cedar of Lebanon to the hissop on the wall.'

'Indeed,' said the gentleman; 'I shall think very highly of him soon.'

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron, 'What a happy man you are to have so good a son!'

'How do you know I have such a good son?'

'Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have showed me.'

'But you have never seen him.'

'But I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.'

'True,' replied the Baron; and in this way I judge of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know by his great works that He is a being of infinite wisdom, and power and goodness.'

The scoffer was silenced. He had answered his own wickedness and folly by his own words, and could say no more. It is not the wisest who scoff at religion and piety; for true wisdom begins in the Love of the Lord.

☞ Courage.—No man was ever truly great—no man ever accomplished great things—who did not possess tranquil, steadfast, immovable courage. When once an opinion is formed on good grounds—when once after due reflection a determination is taken, it should be persisted in, at every hazard of personal consequence. It is better to fall than to bend—to be broken than to yield. This secures the respect and admiration of enemies, if not their approbation and concurrence. The opposite course is as impolitic as it is weak. Defeat then becomes disgrace—misfortune carries with it degradation. The wounds of the prostrate combatant are all in the back; his very scars are not those of honor but of shame. To be weak is miserable. Discomfiture is more certain, and is sullied and aggravated by contempt. Nothing is ever gained by cowardice; nothing is ever achieved by concession as to principles.—This but renders a triumphing foe more haughty, insolent and relentless. The best way to avoid danger, as the Irishman said, is to meet it.

To a really elevated mind, opposition is but a stimulus to greator exertion—an incentive to more strenuous effort. What merit is there in a victory easily achieved? What glory is it to triumph over obstacles that are light to overpower an enemy who is weak? Danger is the element of true greatness—the atmosphere in which it lives, and moves, and has its being. Resistance but kindles the resolution of exalted courage. Obloquy, misrepresentation, prejudice, ignorance, envy, passion—these hideous shapes are mere phantoms which vanish before the glance of determination, and are at once exposed and laid open by a voice of power and intrepidity.—*Boston Investigator.*

A Striking Illustration.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says:

'Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association.'

'Well, what can you do?'

'Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements.'

'Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith.'

The Mason applies for admission into the society.

'And what can you do, sir?'

'Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges.'

'Very well, come in—we can't do without you.'

Along comes the shoemaker and says:

'I wish to become a member of your society?'

'Well, what can you do?'

'I can make boots and shoes for you.'

'Come in, Mr. Shoemaker—we must have you.'

So in turn applied all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes, and wants to become a member.

'And what are you?'

'I'm a tunneller.'

'A Tunneller! and what can you do?'

'I can build jails and prisons and poor-houses.'

'And is that all?'

'No! I can fill your jails with criminals; your prisons with convicts and your poor-houses with paupers.'

'And what else can you do?'

'I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow. I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt.'

'In that all you can do?'

'God forbid!'

'Then I guess the remedy is not that enough!'

☞ Poetry.—Pleasant words on a rainy day.