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"Poet's Corner."

The Triumphs of our Language.

BY J. G. LYONS.

Now gather all our Saxon bards;
Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs
Of our own good Saxon tongue:
For, stronger far than hosts that march
With battle flags unfurl'd,
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far,
As Orkney's breakers roar;
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
It floats on every gale,
And warms, with eloquence and song,
The homes of Innistail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage,
The fresh and fruitful West.
It climbs New England's forest steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice,
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snow
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coast,
Jamaica's glowing Isle,
And bides, where gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's Lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kanzas' waters gleam:
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys roll'd,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sidney's shelter'd beach:
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad in Autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of Spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired,
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,
And Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
And vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day:
But, grand as are the victories
Those monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,
Our noble tongue and race:
Go forth prepar'd, in every clime,
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife,
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men pray'd for long,
When Christian States, grown great and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppress'd and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,
Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

Miscellaneous Selections.

Indian Relic.

Mr. John F. Cotton dug a chain from an Indian grave at fort Dickson, in Fayette county, evidently once used by the savages, to confine their prisoners while burning them at the stake! The *Democrat* says there is no purpose of civilized life for which it would be of any service.—There is a long centre ring, some ten inches in diameter, to which are attached eight chains about twenty inches in length, and at the end of each chain there is a ring curiously constructed of semi circular pieces of iron, just large enough to admit a man's neck, and when fastened not to pass over the head. The chains are about the size of ordinary trace chains; very rudely made—and several of them appear to have been exposed to the action of fire, so much so that the links are partly melted off.

In the same grave were found a gun barrel, tomahawks, and pipes, and an immense quantity of beads and human bones; some of the bones of giant size; a jaw, which was found, when placed upon an ordinary man's face so as to fit the natural position, is so large that it can be turned up over the person's head. There was also an enormous human tooth found, double the ordinary size of teeth, which had seven prongs or roots! The chain was covered with a white rust, and was found in a dry place between two flag stones, on top of which were found the other things mentioned, all of which bear the marks of great antiquity.

Westmoreland Intelligencer.

IT WORKS WELL.—A Vermont paper says, that the jail at Burlington is now empty—making the third one in that state left tenantless since the adoption of the Maine Law. This is the way it works, gentlemen; it knocks jailers, lawyers, doctors and hangmen out of employment, and produces quite a freshet in the stream of respectability. Huzza! for the Maine Law! Shall we have it in the Keystone State!

☞ A monument is about to be erected, in Picardy, to the memory of Peter the Hermit.

From the New York Tribune.

HOT CORN!

"Here's your nice Hot Corn, smoking hot, smoking hot, just from the pot!" Hour after hour last evening as we sat over the desk, this cry came up in a soft, plaintive voice under our window, which told us of one of the ways of the poor to eke out means of subsistence in this overburdened, ill-fed and worse-lodged home of misery—of so many without means, who are constantly crowding into the dirtiest purlieus of this notoriously dirty City, where they are exposed to the daily chance of death from some sudden outbreaking epidemic like that now desolating the same kind of streets in New-Orleans, and swallowing up its thousands of victims from the same class of poverty-stricken, uncomfortably-provided-for human beings, who know not how, or have not the power, to flee to the healthy hills and green fields of the country. Here they live—barely live—in holes almost as hot as the hot corn, the cry of which rung in our ears from dark till midnight.

"Hot corn! hot corn! here's your nice hot corn," rose up in a faint, child like voice, which seemed to have been aroused by the sound of our step as we were about entering the Park, while the City clock told the hour when ghosts go forth upon their midnight rambles. We started, as though a spirit had given us a rap, for the sound seemed to come out of one of the iron posts which stand as setinels over the main entrance, forbidding all vehicles to enter, unless the driver takes the trouble to pull up and tumble out of the way, one of the aforesaid posts, which is not often done, because one of them often, if not always, is out of its place, giving free ingress to the court-yard, or livery stable grounds of the City Hall, which, in consideration of the growth of a few miserable dusty brown trees and doubtful colored grass-patches, we call "the Park."

Looking over the post we discovered the owner of the hot corn cry, in the person of an emaciated little girl about twelve years old, whose dirty frock was nearly the color of the rusty iron, and whose face, hands and feet, naturally white and delicate, were grimmed with dirt until nearly of the same color. There were two white streaks running down from the soft blue eyes, that told of the hot scalding tears that were coursing their way over that naturally beautiful face.

'Some corn, Sir,' lisped the little sufferer, as she saw we had stopped to look at her, hardly daring to speak to one who did not address her in rough tones of command, such as 'give me some corn, you little wolf's whelp,' or a name still more opprobrious both to herself and mother. Seeing we had no look of contempt for her, she said, piteously, 'please buy some corn, sir.'

'No, my dear, we do not wish any; it is not very healthy in such warm weather as this, and especially so late at night.

'Oh dear, then, what shall I do!'

'Why, go home. It is past midnight, and such little girls as you ought not to be in the streets of this bad City at this time of night.'

'I can't go home—and I am so tired and sleepy. Oh dear.'

'Cannot go home. Why not?'

'Oh, Sir, my mother will whip me if I go home without selling all my corn. Oh, sir, do buy one ear, and then I shall have only two left; and I am sure she might let little sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stole a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—to get something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days. Oh, dear, now there goes a man, and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do?'

'Do! There, that is what you shall do,' as we dashed the corn in the gutter. 'Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money.'

'Won't that be a lie, Sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies.'

'No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it.'

'But Sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?'

'No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you. Now that is your money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again. Go home earlier and tell your mother you cannot sell all your corn and you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother, she wont whip you.'

'Oh, Sir, she is a good mother sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum, when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good men like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—And then, we should have plenty to eat.'

Away she ran down the street toward that rocking center of filth, poverty and misery, the noted Five Points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for fashionable upper class grog-shops—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin—old rum"—"pale brandy"—"pure port"—"Heidsieck"—"Lager beer"—poured down the hot throats of men and sh, ye, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying 'hot corn,' to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon they are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in after years will be, 'Give, give, give,' and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughters.

Again, as we passed on up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at midday intermission of church service, ever and anon from some side street came up the cry of 'hot corn—hot corn!' and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and the 'bad man' at the corner grocery, and that her's was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again, as we turned the corner of Spring-st, the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering cut glass of that for the first time lighted up bar-room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dashed our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first class Hotels must have such Five Point denizen making appurtenances, as this glittering room, shamelessly open inviting to the street; when that watchword cry, like the pibroach's, startling peal, came up from the near vicinity, wailing like a lost spirit on the midnight air—'Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—'smoking hot—hot—hot corn.'

'Yes, yes!' I hear you cry—it is a watchword—a glorious watchword, that bids us do or die—until the smoking hot, fiery furnace-like gates of hell, like this one now yawning before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets crying 'hot corn,' to support a drunken mother, whose first glass was taken in a 'fashionable saloon,' or first-class liquor-selling hotel.

'Hot corn,' then be the watchword of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the insatiable hot maw of the whisky still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight city cry, that you will devote, if nothing more,

"Three grains of corn mother,
Only three grains of corn,"

toward the salvation of the thousand equally pitiable objects as the little girl, whose wailing cry has been the inciting cause to this present dish of "Hot Corn—smoking hot!"

The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill-used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "hot corn, hot corn, here is your nice hot corn," came up thro' our open window on the midnight air, while the rain came dripping down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantity to wet the thin garment of the owner of that sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, and then ceased, and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that a tender house plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain—that an innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed and an iron post for a pillow—that by and by she would awaken, not invigorated with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the sleep-inhaled miasma of the filth-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malaria of our Southern coast, is death to the sleeper. Not soothed by a dreamy consciousness of hearing a mother's voice, tuning the soft lullaby of

"Hush my child, lie still and slumber;"

but startling like a sentinel upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept, shivering with night air and fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling like a culprit, to hear the hard words of a mother—yes a mother—but oh! what a mother,—cursing her for not performing an impossibility, because exhausted nature slept; because her child had not made a profit which would have enabled her more freely to indulge in the soul and body destroying vice of drunkenness to which she had fallen from an estate when "my carriage" was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death stricken neglected street sufferer.

It was apast midnight when she awoke and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the rickety stairs which led to her *home*. We shall not go up now. In a little while reader, you shall see where live the City poor.

Tired—worn with the daily toil—for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers; we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on we listened in vain—that voice was not there. True the same hot corn cry, came floating upon the evening breeze across the park, or wormed its way from some cracked fiddle voice down the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager bier" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence wished to sell. All over this great poverty burdened and wicked waste extravagant City at this season, that cry goes up nightly proclaiming one of the habits of the late supper eating people.

Yes, we missed that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the treble string was broken, and to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, but as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us; but its absence, in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spirit manifestations half as strongly as some of the nin-compoops of this world would have their long-eared listeners think, yet we do believe there is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after co-existing spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to inquire whether it was a spirit of "the first, third or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one go before—it was our only cue—we knew no name—had no number, nor know no one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundred just like her? Perhaps. It will cost nothing to inquire. We went down Centre st. with a light heart; we turned into Cross-st. with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water-st. and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now?" The answer was a far-off scream of dispair. We stood still with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark, a step approaches. Our unseen guide whispered, "ask him." It were a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with over much care, toil or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by over work in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrensied eye hurriedly indicates, as we see the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us? What if he is a crazy man? No; the spirit was right—no false raps here. It is that good missionary. That man who has done more to reform that den of crime, the Five Points of New-York, than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting, and Prison-punishing City, where misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform, by hard words rather than Prison bars. "Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object; can I aid you?"

"Perhaps. I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable, with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one, who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save."

We were soon threading a narrow alley, where pestilence walketh in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty and filthy misery, go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, "the fruits of our city excise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul." Proven by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplary member of a Christian Church, that came up out of one of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home.

The fetid odour of this filthy lane had been made more fetid by the late and almost scalding hot rains, until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel house. With the thermometer at 86, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth. Has rum rendered them proof against the effect of carbonic acid gas?

We groped our way along to the foot of an outside staircase, where our conductor paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. Here, said Mr. Pease, the little sufferer we are going to see, fainted a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn.

Great and unknown cause, last thou brought us to her door! Our friend started, but did not comprehend the expression. Be careful, said he, the stairs are very old, and slippery.

Beat her, said we, without regarding what he was saying.

Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally, since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies.

"Oh, if I could see him once more—there—there—that is him—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me!"

Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. "Will he come!" she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him.

We had reached the top of the stairs and stood a moment in the open door, where sin and misery dwelt, where sickness had come, and where death was soon to enter.

"Will he come!" A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner seen by the dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not utter. Let us walk a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us.

"Come in," said our friend.

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to night," said her mother, in quite a lady like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come!"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unseen paths, through dark places, *he has come*."

The little emaciated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes glanced around the room, peering thro' the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he mother? He is here. I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bed side. There lay down, you are very sick."

"Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house—there, there—oh I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, she waked up, and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; haven't I been asleep a good while? I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipt me for it, but I could not help it. Oh dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you; I wanted to thank you for the bread—I thought you would not come. Good bye—Sissee, good bye, Sissee—you will come—mother—don't—drink—any more—Mother—good b—"

"'Tis the last of earth," said the good man at our side; let us pray.

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. There are in this City a thousand just such cases. Prayers for them are unavailing. Faith without works wont work reform. A faithful prayerful resolution, to work out that reform which will save you from reading the recital of such scenes; such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and others good. Go forth and listen. If you hear a little voice crying *hot corn*, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocents slain by that remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to rule over us. Cry aloud, "will he come;" and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he is here."

Crossing the Cordilleras.

The path had become so very narrow that it seemed to me as it wound itself round a projecting rock, absolutely to terminate. I could see nothing more than a thin light streak, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, and I could not believe that this was our path. The rock round which it went did not show the least cut or notch, where even a goat could have planted its feet, let alone our clumsy mules. The little crumbling pieces of stone which our mules' hoofs kicked over the precipice, made me sensible of the danger, falling down to a depth that my blood froze to think of. But this was no place to stop at; and I observed closely the cautious manner in which my guide raised himself in his right stirrup, not doubting that we were now at the spot of which he had told me before, and where mules and riders were often thrown over. I was therefore, careful not to irritate my mule at a place where it certainly knew better how to go than I did—accidents having happened from travellers pulling their bridles at the wrong time. My guide went on very coolly along a trail where mules had to keep the very edge of the precipice. Mules frequently carry a load over this track, when they are very careful not to knock against the overhanging rock as the least push would send them over the precipice. Our mules, it is true, had no load, but they were accustomed to carrying one; and therefore, kept the extreme edge, to my great discomposure. But I left it entirely to its own instinct, only lifting my left foot in the stirrup, as I saw the vaquiano do, so that, in case of an accident, I might throw myself off its back, and cling to the rock. But why, the reader may ask, did you not get off the mule at once, and pass dangerous places on foot? Simply, my reader, in the first place, because the danger is the same for many miles, and secondly, because those men who pass their lives in leading travellers over these mountains, know best where to walk, and where to ride, and I followed the example my guide set me. Nor, to tell the truth, did I at the moment think of anything but my mule, as he moved slowly, step by step, round the yawning abyss, with scarcely three inches to spare on either side. As we proceeded, the path got still narrower, the abyss seemed deeper, and looking down once between the mule's side and my stirrups, I saw below in the deep hollow a perfect heap of skeletons—mules that must have tumbled down since the last flood—or their bones would have been washed away. In my horror I forgot the warning of the vaquiano, and, grasping the reins of my mule, tried to turn it away from the edge, which seemed to me as if it must crumble beneath its next step.—My impudence was near being fatal to me; for, turning the head of my mule away from the precipice, it lost its sure footing, stepped aside, and, striking the saddle-bags against the rock, it stumbled forward, and—no dear reader, no such thing—we did not tumble. The mule planted its fore hoofs on a firm part of the crumbling ledge, and lifted itself up again, just as a small piece of stone, loosened by the effort, fell noiselessly from the path, and, springing from under us toppled over, and struck long afterwards with a dull sound, into the deep. I need not be ashamed to say that this little incident made me tremble, and I thought the blood became stagnant in my veins. But mules are splendid animals for such a route; and, whether for the sake of the rider, or their own, they proceed with the utmost caution, as I had now learnt from experience. From that moment I left my mule to do as he pleased, and he carried me safely over.—*From a Traveller's Journal.*

Anecdotes of O'Connell.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of acuteness was at Tralee, in the year 1769, shortly after he had been called to the bar. In the intricate case where he was junior counsel, (having got the brief more as a family compliment than any other cause,) the question in dispute was as to the validity of a will, which had been made almost *in articula mortis*. The instrument was drawn up with proper form, the witnesses were examined, and gave ample confirmation that the deed had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant possessed of a strong passion for speaking. It fell to O'Connell to cross examine him, and the young barrister allowed him to speak on in hope that he might say too much. Nor was this hope disappointed. The witness had already sworn that he saw the deceased sign the will. "Yes," continued he, with all the garrulousness of old age, "I saw him sign it, and surely *there was life in him at the time.*"

The expression frequently repeated led O'Connell to conjecture that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eyes upon the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth, and the whole truth—the eye of God is upon you; the eyes of your neighbors are upon you also. Answer me by the virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, *was the testator alive when he signed that will?*"

The witness was struck with the solemn manner in which he was addressed, his color changed—his lips quivered—his limbs trembled, and he faltered out the reply, "there was life in him!" The question was repeated in a more impressive manner, and the result was that O'Connell half compelled, half cajoled him to admit that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand—that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while as a salve for the consciences of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth, to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him," when he signed that will. This fact, literally dragged from the witness, preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and was the first occurrence in O'Connell's legal career, worth mentioning.

Miss Edgeworth, in her "Patronage," has an incident not much different from this—perhaps it was suggested by it.—The plaintiffs in this case were two sisters, named Langton, both of whom still enjoy the property miraculously preserved to them by the ingenuity of O'Connell, and the writer of this sketch has often heard them relate the manner in which he had contrived to elicit the truth.

Again—One of the most remarkable personages in Cork, for a series of years was a sharp-witted little fellow, named John Boyle, who published a periodical called "The Freeholder." As Boyle did not see that any particular dignity hedged the Corporation of Cork, his "Freeholder" was remarkable for severe and satirical remarks upon its members collectively and personally. Owing to the very great precaution as to the mode of publication, it was next to impossible for the Corporation to proceed against him for libel—if they could have done so, his punishment was certain, for, in those days, there was none but Corporation Juries—and the fact that Boyle was hostile to the municipal *clique* was quite enough for those worthy administrators of justice.

It happened on the occasion of a crowded benefit, that Boyle and one of the Sheriffs were coming out of the pit at the same time. A sudden crash, drove the scribe against the Sheriff, and the concussion was such that the latter had two of his ribs broken. There could be no doubt that the whole was accidental, but it was too lucky not to be taken advantage of.—Mr. Boyle was prosecuted for assault.—O'Connell (who was personally inimical to the Corporation) scarcely cross-examined a witness, and called none in defence. He proceeded to reply. After some hyperbolical compliments on the well known impartiality, independence, and justice of a Cork Jury, he proceeded to address them thus:

"I had no notion that the case is what it is; therefore I can call no witnesses. As I have received a brief and its accompaniment—a fee, I must address you. I am not in the vein for making a long speech—so gentlemen, instead of it, I shall tell you a story. Some years ago I went specially to Clonmell assizes, and accidently witnessed a trial which I never shall forget—a wretched man, a native of that county, was charged with the murder of his neighbor. It seemed that an ancient feud had existed between them. They met at a fair and exchanged blows, again that evening they met at a low pot house, and the bodily interference of their friends alone prevented a fight between them.—The prisoner was heard to vow vengeance against his rival.

The wretched victim now left the house followed soon after by the prisoner, and was found next day on the road side murdered, and the face so shockingly beaten in by a stone that he could only be identified by his dress. The facts were strong against the prisoner—so that he was [illegible] case of circumstantial evidence I ever met with. As a form—of his guilt there was no doubt—the prisoner was called on for his defence. He called, to the surprise of every one, the murdered man. And the murdered man came forward. It seemed that another man had been murdered; that the identification by dress had been vague, for all the peasantry of Tipperary wear the same description of clothes; that the presumed victim had got a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy act; had fled and only returned, with a noble and Irish feeling of justice, when he found that his ancient foe was in jeopardy on his account. The case was clear, the prisoner was innocent. The Jury requested permission to retire; they returned in about two hours, when the foreman with a long face, handed him the verdict "guilty." Every one was astonished. "Good God!" said the Judge, "of what is he guilty? not of murder surely!" "No, my Lord," said the foreman, "but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years ago."

The Cork Jurors laughed heartily at this anecdote; ere the mirth had time to cool, O'Connell continued with marked emphasis. "So, gentlemen of the Jury, if Mr. Boyle did not, willfully assault the Sheriff, he has libelled the Corporation; find him guilty by all means!" The application was so severe that the jury, charmed into justice, acquitted Mr Boyle.

The Green Eyed Monster.

One of the sub-editors of the Evansville Journal, gives the following rich scene as having occurred at Cairo:

A German deck passenger had been harboring the "green eyed monster" during the entire trip from New Orleans on account of some little attentions his wife received and seemed to court from a dashing starched up "Snyder," who, unluckily for the husband, was also a deck passenger. Shortly after the boat's arrival here he was driven to utter desperation at seeing his wife receive and lovingly return the hateful Snyder's kiss. Calling her forward, he placed himself upon the chalk of the boat.

"Ah, Kathleen, you likes der tailor so better as me all der whiles, so mine Cot I drowns myself ter death."

Overboard he plunged! The wife became frantic, and attempted to follow him but was stayed by the passengers. She fell upon her knees, and agonizingly entreated her "Sborge" to come back, but no George appeared; she promised unwavering constancy, increased affection; the spirit of devotion and submission he seemed so anxious she should manifest, but nothing save the ruffled waters gave response. She then shrieked for him again, when up from the water shiveringly came an answer:

"I'm now so dead as the very tyvel, if you kiss ter Snyder once more any time again, and if you no more kiss him and loves me so good and better you loves him twice, vy den I comes back myself; I no likes ter tailor, to ged me for his brudder-in-law mit mein wife."

A wild, delirious cry of joy escaped the woman. She promised fidelity upon her bended knee, when slowly from beneath the guards of the boat emerged the half-drowned Dutchman. He had managed to gain the cover of the guards without being discovered, and there supported himself above the water by the timbers. It is needless, perhaps to say, that since then Kathleen has been a most devoted wife, and holds the tailor in utter detestation.

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen. The untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, with not a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh! may woman, before the sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherish the dear idea of that unfeigned love, awakened and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live as she had lived, in years of matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

☞ The Roman walls were built without mortar, and yet so nicely joined that you could not get a pen-knife between them. One of the obelisks that were taken to France was worked upon by an engraver for three weeks, and after spoiling several edges of his best tools he could only engrave two lines. These would imply instruments superior to our own. If Champollian can be trusted, the Damascus blades of the crusading times cannot be rivaled. They could be bent double without breaking. Allusion is made to this fact, that may be found in the Hindoo writings, of 700 years ago, where it is said that a chieftain who had no sword, and was waiting for one to be forged grew impatient, that he seized it from the anvil while red hot, and rushed up a mountain, sidewise, as in the fray, when he could [illegible] secured it before he met the foe.

Every one who has read Sir Walter Scott's works, knows of the description of a "bilbow" meeting between Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, where each tested the character of his weapon. Richard cut an iron bar at a blow, but Saladin severed a light cushion at a touch, and throwing up a handful of cotton, threw it on the edge of his sword, and it [illegible] across it without any motion, dividing it as easily as the air.