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Poet's Corner.

THE MERRY MAY.
Oh, the merry May with pleasant hours,
And the flowers that bloom in its bowers,
As they float like the leaves
Upon a silver tide,
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the water flows to pleasant sounds,
Like a song to pleasant words.
The verdure of the meadow lands
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet blue-jointed violets
Are blowing by the rills,
The blue has a faint and faded
For every kind that strays,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
And the sycamore fair.
There perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the morning's loving flowers—
Sweets for the sickening bee,
The sick come forth for the healing South,
The young are gathering flowers,
And life is a tale of peace,
That is told by golden hours.
If it is not a true philosophy,
That the spirit when set free,
Still lingers about its old home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a yucca's thing,
And our hearts yearn with tenderness
In the beautiful time of Spring.

An Original Love Story.

He struggled to kiss her; she struggled the same,
To prevent him, she held and he wanted,
But he smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Arms, Sir!" and off he advanced.
But when he returned, with the fiercest laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried "don't," and directly he fled.
When he meekly approached, and got down on his feet,
Praying, low as before, she hummed and
But she would not rise, and try to be sweet,
And said "can't you"—the dear girl re-acted.
Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?
I really thought I was fitted—
But come with me to the person we'll go,
Say, will you, my dear?" and she smiled.
Then gently he took her to see her new home—
"A change in no manner to be feared—
See how we can live with no longing to roam—
Shall we, my dear?"—and they advanced.

Tales and Sketches.

A LITTLE PARABLE FOR THE GERMAN.—It happened one hot summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down seeking water. There was indeed a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the creature must go away to find it. It settled upon the trough, but its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings and scolded away, singing: its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stonework, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water contained there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower, and there before me, humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey—this I knew, for it had no nectary. What, then, thought I, will the bee do? It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight, but as it came up it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making the wax, and it rolled its little legs against them; they looked like yellow bees, as the beekeeper says, and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. This I saw, and I thought, how seeking honey, and finding none, had been satisfied with wax and had stored it for his house that shall labor might not be in vain. Thus likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment.

The night is far spent—the dark night of trouble—that sometimes threatened to close around us, but the day is at hand; even in the night, there were stars; I have looked upon them and been comforted; for one set I could always see another rise, and such was a lamp showing me somewhat of the depth of riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.—Another anecdote of Mr. Webster, and we have every reason to believe that it is true. Soon after Mr. Webster removed to Marshfield, Captain Thomas, a great admirer of Mr. Webster, both before and after, he knew him personally, had read the great speech of Hayne, in the Boston Sentinel, a paper which he subscribed for, not without asking Mr. Webster, what paper he had better take. Captain Thomas regarded the great speech of Hayne, as unanswerable. He was gloomy and sick at heart about it. He took to his room and even went to bed. In a day or two the mail brought along another Boston semi-weekly Sentinel. It contained a report of Mr. Webster's speech in reply to Hayne. It was carried in the columns of Capt. Thomas, with the announcement of what it contained. Captain Thomas was scarcely aroused by it. He was not believing; but faithful, he said, of it. The newspaper was left, and the bearer took his leave. Soon a joyful noise was heard in the chamber of Capt. Thomas. The sick man had read the speech of Webster, was cured, and cried out at the top of his voice: "Bring me my boots!"

TEXAS COUNTRY.—Hallo, gal, how's your ma?
"Hain't got none here—reckon she's dead by this time, too."
"Well, how's your pa?"
"He was hung last May."
"Hump. What are you doing?"
"Just looking about."
"Zactly what I doin'. S'posen we litch and proximate?"
"Zactly—but who'll pay the Judge?"
"Guess I'll foddor up one half of the prozender, if you think you can get the other half."
"Well—but I've only got a counterfeit note."
"Nest, zactly my own premises. Come if we can't cheat one Judge or can another—so some on gal—here, take my arm—we'll try, say how."

"Dick, you have got a hole in your trousers."
"Well, who cares? It will wear longer than I do."
"Yes, says Sam, and wider too."

A COURT SCENE IN PUDDLEFORD.

My intercourse with the inhabitants of Puddleford had been frequent during the summer; and my acquaintance with all those who were connected with the town, was such that I was not surprised to find myself invited to a court, on the 15th of September, to be held by a constable, who very obligingly invited me to be a juror, which I had no objection to do, as I was a lawyer, and to appear before Johnathan Longbow at his office in the village of Puddleford, on a 10 o'clock, P. M., to serve as a juror, in a case then to be tried before Philista Filkins, plaintiff and Charity Beadle, defendant, in an action of slander, etc. The constable remarked, after reading this threatening legal notice to me, that I had better be up to find out what the case was, and what the law would be, and then leisurely folding it up and poking it deep down in his vest pocket, he mounted his horse and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. Of course I could not think of being guilty of a contempt of court, after having been so obligingly invited to be a juror, and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

The constable Longbow held his court at the public house, in a room adjoining the bar room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar room, itself. He was a law-abiding man and would not violate a statute. I found on my arrival, that the whole country, for miles around, had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women and children had turned out and made a perfect holiday of it. All were seated in their best. The men were in every kind of fashion, or rather all the fashions for the last twenty years, were scattered through the crowd. Small crowns, topknots, long crowns, wide brims, and narrow hats; wide tail, stub tail, and swallow tail, high collar and low collar coats; bagging and shrunken breeches; every size and shape of shirt collar, were there, all brought in by the settlers when they emigrated. The women had attempted to ape the fashions of the past; some of them had mounted a bustle about the size of a bag of beans, and were walking along under their load with great satisfaction. Some of the less ambitious were reduced to a mere bunch of calico. One man, I noticed, carried upon his head an old-fashioned bell-crowned hat, with a half-inch brim; a shirt collar running up tight under his ears, tight enough to lift him from the ground; (this ran out in front of his face to a peak, serving as a kind of cut-off for his eyes.) In a faded blue coat of the worst tail breed; a pair of narrow fall breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub and were so shrunken, that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs; this individual, reader, was walking about with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied, whistling Yankee Doodle; and other patriotic airs. Most of the women had something frizzled around their shins, which they called parakeets, giving vent to the exclamation of the legs of so many hantum hoes.

The men were amusing themselves pitching coppers and quots, running horses, and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, as every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case. The landlord of the Eagle was of course very busy. He bustled about, here and there, making the necessary preparations. Several pigs and chickens had gone the way of all flesh, and they were baking and steaming for the table. A boy once a quarter called "Shit," and "restored his chair," as he called it, with a little "rye," so as to keep his blood a stirring. Mrs. Stub Bullphant was busy too. She was a perfect whirlwind. Her temper was made of tartaric acid. Her voice might be heard above the confusion around, giving directions to one and another, and her mind to another. She was the landlady of the Eagle beyond all doubt, and no one else. Better die than dispute that.

Bullphant, as he screamed at the top of her lungs; "Bullphant! you great loud you! what is the name of mass sakes are you about? No fire! no wood! no water oh! How in all created natur' do you sponose a woman can get dinner! Euriation alive, why don't you speak? Sally Ann! I say, Sally Ann! come right here this minute! Go down cellar and get a junk of butter, some milk, and then, I say, Sally Ann! do you hear me Sally Ann! go lousy to the barn, and get a new pair of chickens, and lousy to the stove! the pot's boiling over!"

And so the old woman's tongue ran on hour after hour. At a little past one the court was convened. A board placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room, constituted the desk of Squire Longbow, behind which his honor's solitary dignity was caged. Pettifoggers and spectators sat outside. This was very proper, as Squire Longbow swears a great nut, and some mark of distinction was due. Permitt me to describe him. He was a little, pot bellied person, with a round face, bald head, swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed with a green shade. He carried a dignity about him that was really oppressive to bystanders. He was the 'end of the law' in Puddleford; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decisions. He settled accounts, difficulties of all sorts, and even established land titles; but of all things, he prided himself upon his knowledge of constitutional questions. The Squire always maintained that hard drinking was 'agin' the constitution of the United States, and so he said, Judge Story once informed him by letter, when he applied to him for aid in solving this question. "There is no such thing as alcohol," the Squire used to say, "and so he had always decided, as every person who had about another, knew he ought not to be believed, because he was lying, and therefore the 'guarantee' as the books say, is wanting." (This looked bad for Filkins case.) Sometimes Squire Longbow rendered judgments, sometimes decrees, and sometimes he divided the case between both parties. The Squire said, "he never could submit to the letter of the law; it was 'agin' personal liberty; and so Judge Story decided. Precedents as they were called, he wouldn't mind, not even his own; then there wouldn't be any room left for a man to change his mind."

"If," said the Squire, for instance, I fine Pat Sykes to day for knocking down Job Bluff, that is no reason why I should fine Job Bluff to morrow for knocking down Pat Sykes, because they are entirely different persons. Human nature is just the same. Of course the Court," Squire Longbow declared, "is the worst of all offences. He didn't care so much about what was done 'agin' Johnathan Longbow, but Squire Longbow must stand protected; and it was upon this principle

that he fined Phil Beadly ten dollars for contracting him in the street.
"Generally, the Squire says, he renders judgment for the plaintiff, because he never issues a process without hearing his story and determining the merits. And don't the plaintiff know more about his story than the defendant? The Squire says that it is his duty to apply the law to the facts, and the facts to the law, so that they may avoid an illegal verdict."
The Court, as I have said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, opened his docket and lit his pipe. He then called the parties:
"Philista Filkins! Charity Beadle!"
"Here," cried a backwoods pettifogger, "I'm for Philista Filkins; I'm always on hand at the top of the drum, like a thousand of bricks."
The man was a character; a pure specimen of a live western pettifogger. He was called Ike Turtle. He was of the snapping turtle breed. He wore a white wool hat; a handanna cotton handkerchief around his neck; a horse blanket vest, with large horn buttons, and corduroy pantaloons; and he carried a bull's eye watch, from which swung four or five chains across his breast.
"Who answers for Charity Beadle?" continued the Squire.
"I answer for myself," squeaked out Charity. "I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury."
"On the jury, ha! Your counsel's on the jury!"—Sile Bates I suppose. Counsel is guaranteed by the Constitution—it's a personal right—let Sile act as your counsel then, or let me, or let Sile stepped out in the capacity of counsel.
"Charity Beadle!" exclaimed the Squire, drawing out his pipe and lighting on his desk, stand up and raise your right hand."
Charity arose.
"You are charged with slandering Philista Filkins, with saying that she wasn't no better than she ought to be; and if you were believed when you said so, it is my duty as a peace officer, to say to you that you have been guilty of a high offence, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. What do you say?"
"Not guilty, Squire Longbow, by an eternal not, and told the truth if it were," replied Bates. "Besides, we are a set-off."
"I say 'tis false you plead!" cried Philista, at the top of her lungs.
"Silence!" roared Longbow; "the dignity of this court shall be maintained."
"Easy Squire, a little easy," grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding from one of Philista's friends; "never speak to a woman in a passion."
"I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, whoever he is!" exclaimed the Squire, as he stood on tiptoe and tried to catch the offender with his eye.
"I guess 'twant nothing but the wind," said Bates.
The Squire took his seat, put his pipe in his mouth, and blew out a long whiff of smoke.
"Order being restored, let the case now proceed," he exclaimed.
He opened his eye to the jury. He said Philista Filkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an old maid, but that wasn't so, not by several years; her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow; she was a nurse, and had probably given more lobelia, pennyroyal, catnip, and other roots and herbs, to the people of Puddleford, than all the rest of the womanly kind, of course she was a kind of professional being. The Squire here informed the jury that perjury was a legal word, which he would fully explain in his charge.
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