

Poetry.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

There is a river deep and wide: And while along its banks we stay, We see our loved ones o'er its tide, Sail from our sight away, away.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess How beautiful that realm must be, For gleamings of its loveliness, In visions granted, oft we see.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm, Scat' sometimes from that viewless sphere; The mourner feels the breath of balm, And soothed sorrow dries the tear.

There are our loved ones in their rest: They've crossed Time's River; now no more They heed the bubbles on its shore.

Select Gales.

BULATIONS of a BASHFUL MAN OR First Appearance in Society.

Early impressions and reminiscences of childhood days hang to us. How easily and distinctively we can see the first

fruits we wore, or books we read, or in a much later date, are almost

remember—faith an hundred years I not dim the recollection," said Frank

"my first dash in society. I was old enough to be better educated in the ways of

world, but it was my weakness to be rather bashful; I was big enough to take care

myself, but I was too timid and unsophisticated, and hence my difficulties. We lived

small neighborhood, but abundantly supplied with live people and any quantity of

looking girls. While I was in jacket trousers, we girls and boys got along to

er slick as a whistle, as our Yankee uncle says. But by and by, I left home to

in a double-fisted, bullet-headed individual in coat and pantaloons, and with about

eight sprouts of a sickly sort of mouse ornamenting my upper lip. The little girls I left behind me had not

neglected by nature or art. I returned and that time—even the brief period of

years—had worked wonders, Susan, Ann, e, Mary, Polly, Betsy, and so forth, had

confidence, I burst out all of a sudden—'how do you do, Miss Jones!' as my sister-in-law and Miss Jones had been talking right

along without a reference to me at all, who had sat as silent as a mandarin, a sudden spasm quite startled them; Miss Jones blushing

like a carnation or a scarlet dahlia, in a fine silvery voice said: "Quite well, Mr. Fox, thank you.

"Thank you," I involuntarily echoed. "Ha! ha! ha!" roared my sister-in-law. "Charlotte!" said I in a voice of such

absolute firmness that it quite checked her ejaculations. I had arose from my seat to make this determined effort at elocution.

I raised my hand to give it force, and fruitlessly waved it once or twice more to give the grand flourish to the rest of my

remarks, but I was done, could not get off another word, and so with a hurried motion, I snatched up my hat and bolted out of the

room. God knows how my sister-in-law straightened things with Miss Jones, but I felt worse than a kill-sheep dog. I felt so ashamed of my

stupidity, that next day in revenge upon myself, I not only went smack bang over to Miss Jones' to make an apology for my rudeness,

but during my stay there—the alarming space of five consecutive minutes, accepted from the pretty lips of Miss J. an invitation to attend a whist party at the residence

of the Miss DeGrands, the next evening. I felt bold as a sheep, as I marched over home after such a display of cool courage and self-

possession, and—upon my sister-in-law meeting me in the vestibule, and saying: "Why, Frank, I thought I saw you going

into Squire Jones'." "Well, of course you did," says I, bold as two sheep. "You are mightily tickled, Frank, what is

the matter?" "Lotty," says I, twitching up my shirt collar and viewing my frizzled head in the parlor

glass, "Lotty, I'm going to a party!" "You are!" said she. "Pray where, Frank, at Miss Jones'?"

"No. At the Miss DeGrands," says I. "La! Frank!" "Yes, man!" I responded with utter distinctness.

"Hurrah for you, Frank. Good!" cried Lotty, "and who are you going with, Lizzie?"

"No, by myself, of course. Who should I go with?" "Why, Miss Jones, you booby, hasn't she

invited you?" "N-no," I hesitatingly replied; "She invited me to attend the party. I said I would, but she did not invite me to go with her."

one of the cousins, tread on her toes until she screamed, and in trying to mend the matter, I stepped upon the flounces of Miss De-

grand's dress and tore off five yards at least. In despair, I backed down, saw a seat, back upon it,—my head dizzy I rushed, and down I

at squash upon my own hat! In confusion I arose, snatched up the pan-cake looking affair, which I frenziedly held up to the

vulgar gaze. There was a roar of laughter—in which I did not join I assure you. I gave a rush forward, hit the corner of a table,

tilted over the astral lamp!—such a crash! I kept on, I made for the door, which just then old Degrand was entering avant courier of his

old negro man, who bore a large tray well filled with wine in glasses. I struck the old gentleman so forcibly that he fell

back upon Pompey, and down went Pompey glasses and wine, and on my mad career I proceeded! Going out the wrong end of the

hall, I found myself in a dark dining room, but jerking open the first door in advance, I went out into a hall, thence to an ante-room,

groping in the dark I struck my forehead against a half open kitchen door, saw bushels of stars and—fell senseless.

How or when I got home the Lord only knows, but for one week, I had a head too big for a hat, and a pair of terrifically black

eyes. As soon as I was able to travel I left that "settlement" never to return.

HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES.

The following amusing and well told story was published in one of the city papers of Gotham about a dozen years ago. It occasioned at the time a good deal of merriment:

Not long since, two stylish looking persons, put up for the night in the upper part of the city. On the morrow, after ordering

their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting on his aristocratic guests.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs, will you sell it?" asked the older, while the younger lit a cigar, and cast his

eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as

an heir-began to suspect it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin; and almost involuntarily,

the three ascended to the room which contained it. "The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that."

The landlord was not to be duped, he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to deceive him.

"You had better call up his wife," added his friend. "Here she goes, there she goes," replied

the landlord, his hand still moving on. In a moment his wife entered full of agony of soul.

"My dear!" she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!" "Here she goes, there she goes!" and his

hand continued to go but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and

make him lose the wager. She wept, as she continued, "What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife —"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again the harmony with the waving finger issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think will be necessary, said the physician. Will you run for Dr. A. —"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and left the room. In a few minutes Dr. A. —, with another

medical gentleman entered. "This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the —"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply. The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber, we must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. A. —

"Ah, poor, dear husband," said the lady. "I fear he will never know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes," said the landlord with a little more emphasis, and a more nervous, yet determined waving of the

finger in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put ten pounds into his pocket; if the hand arrived at it without suffering

himself to be interrupted. The wife, in a low bewailing tone continued her utterances— "Not never, nor his daughter."

ELEPHANT PERFORMANCES.

PARIS, Sept. 12, 1854.—Since I saw an elephant stand on his head at the circus in Paris, I have not been more amused than I

was an evening or two since at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice. The elephants were evidently young and very docile creatures, and

appeared in the immense area of saw dust and tan to be somewhat smaller than usual. They were handled by a muscular fellow,

who had more control over them than any mahout I ever saw in India. They waltzed, danced, promenaded, and walked on their

heads. I never laughed more in my life than at this singular performance. To see the trunk and tusks place themselves firmly on a

small raised platform in the ring, and then to behold the huge slouching legs and diminutive tail gradually elevated, the act disclosing

a vast expanse of dirty, tawny looking belly, was infinitely ludicrous. The elephants seemed to enjoy this attitude, too, very much,

and disclosed no modesty whatever in revealing the whole beauty of their construction to an intelligent public. A reward of a

cracker or an apple invariably elicited a repetition, and once, in the ardor of success, one aspiring animal tumbled forward on his

back! His fall shook the house, and for a moment or two discomposed him; but he quickly recovered himself, and emulated his

companion, who, in his unnatural attitude had been a quiet but observing spectator of the effects of the too lofty throwing of the

hind legs towards the ceiling. They subsequently interlaced their trunks, and to a discriminating strain from the orchestra, performed a series of evolutions which, if they

were not characterized by an extraordinary rapidity, were at least distinguishable for the dignity attending their accomplishment.—Feats with their trunks they exhibited in profusion;

but the grand and lofty tumbling, and the waltzing were things, to me as supremely ridiculous as they were wonderfully industrious. They circulated their keeper, at his command, in every direction, saluted

the audience, embraced each other, and gracefully retired from the arena, bearing between them the biped whose stature, in comparison, appeared so contemptible, and

overwhelmed with applause and laddations from the delighted spectators. All Paris flocked to see them during the engagement, and the owner, I suppose, reaped a handsome

fortune. The animated ladder is also an extraordinary performance. Nerve, skill and composure distinguish the individual who immortalizes himself nightly for five francs a

month. He mounts a narrow ladder, some ten feet high, and from the topmost round really appears to imbue it with human intelligence and animation. It struts, trots, gallops, beats a measure, or is stationary under

his influence. As a finale, he holds it and himself in equilibrium and fiddles the carnival of Paganini in a very creditable manner. The ladder does not move a hair's breadth; it seems to be driven in the ground and the

man tied to it, so utterly motionless do both remain (with the exception of the motion necessary to the violin playing) until he has concluded—then both walk away as steady as possible. Ravel's ladder feet is decidedly inferior to it, though at the Howard Athenaeum I remember to have seen him exploit very sublimely. The leg development necessary to this performance, we can both believe, must be enormous. The fellow, however, is like almost all French circus performers—short, square, and very quick and graceful in his movements. There are many other entertainments incident to the Empress' circus which are equally striking and interesting; but I will not exhaust your patience in detailing them.—Boston Post.

GREAT SUFFERING.—Recent accounts from Hong Kong mention that the ship Hygeia had been wrecked and completely lost on a shoal in the Chinese Sea. She had on board five hundred Chinese passengers, who landed upon a small island where they could obtain neither wood nor water, and for twenty three days had no other means of sustaining life than by eating grass and roots. The sufferings of these poor people can scarcely be imagined. The United States Surveying brig Porpoise was despatched to the wreck, and succeeded in taking them all off, and conveying them safely to Hong Kong, except four men who died on the island, and one who perished immediately after getting on board the Porpoise. The latter was so crowded with this throng of passengers that her crew had actually to sleep in the tops.

BARNUM offers five hundred dollars for the hen that "laid a wager." One hundred for the cat that was "let out of the bag." Two hundred for the cow that "chewed the end of bitter fancy." And three hundred and sixty for the horse that lives upon the "wild oats" sowed by a "fancy" young man.