Pve a crown I can spend,
I've a wife and a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;
I've a cottage of my own,
With the lvy overgrown.
And a garden with a view of the sea, John Brown.
I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore.
Large of heart, tho' of very small estate, John Brown.
So come and drain a glass.
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
and a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown,
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense, nd arrogance and fawning and decelt, John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,

And the briar in the bowers, And the briar in the bowers, 'r''.

Ind I love an open face without guilet John Brown.
And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
ad a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John
Brown.

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
and the word of hope that raises him who faints, John

Brown;
And I linte the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
and turn their good to evil by complaints, John Brown,
But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
and survey the world around and above, John Brown,
The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
and excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways, And the comfort of my days, can tell you how I live so unvoxed, John Brown. I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
or destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John

Frown:

I've parted with my pride,

And I take the sunny side,

τ I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown.

I keep a conscience clear, I've a hundred pounds a year, ad I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

Select Cule.

STORY-OF

THE BACK ROOM WINDOW.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousandshapes, are forever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet Dur neighbors are "exultations, agonies!"-And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards as so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride and the girl deserted; (like the people in the palace of Truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which time is forever weaving around us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence in another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspen-Sion, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered in the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to that threw into our knowledge certain facts regarding a neighboring family, which else had slipped very quiet into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am about to relate is almost literally a fact.

"Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in B Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious and not without pretentions to be graceful, the marble chimney place being distinguished by a painting of Cipriana, whilst on the ceiling lay some of the conventional elegances of the Angelica Kauffman From the windows that occupied the Northern extremity of the room we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses-the points of the are receding from us. [I mention these things merely to recall to your mind our preoise position.]

"In the centre of this crescent was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busmy with life and motion, this only was for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the cause of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly-it was on an April morning-we perceived for the first time, signs of change. -The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced

an incoming tenant, "Well said A----, "at last that unhappy man has found one bold enough to take his haunted house, or perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavoring to decoy the unwary paseuger ! We shall see."

. "A few weeks determined the question ;-most the final think the course

fered to fade away, various articles of furnistation but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know "what manner of man" he was -Our interest in the once empty house had day after day for the stranger's arrival.

"At last a young man of lively and agrea, ble presence was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. He was evidenty master of the mansion. He staved for half an hour, and then departed; and he reneated his short visits daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office, a merchant, or professional man, whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

"And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen throwing open the windows in the morning to let in the vernal May sun; closing them at night; rubbing with a deli-

"Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room,"

cate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighorhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, "imparadised" in rustic lreams; she appeared to be the sole spirit we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not shtisfied; and we looked forward

to another comer. "We were not disappointed. After the apse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and

tations, on the husband's leave taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; we could observe, all the rooms in the house. ingly. Everything was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined .- Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries together. made and the survey re-commenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open-expression of delight. We could all had bowed him down at his wife's death (remost fancy that we heard her words: "How lieved a little by the care which he bestowed beautiful it is! What a comfortable sofa!-

"Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time we ourselves were absent in the country; and when at home we remember but little of what happened. There, was little or no variety to remark upon, or, possibly our curiosity had become abated.

what a charming screen! How kind, how

good, how considerate of- !" It was al-

together a pretty scene.

"At last, spring came, and with it came a cheek now waxed pale, and her step grey into her small garden, when the sun was full upon it. At other times she might be seen wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and perhaps common manner now became serious and refined. The weight of thought perhaps lay on himthe responsibility of love. It is thus, that in some natures, love is wanting for their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which would else remain dull, trivial, and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human heart springs him, and rescued him from further misery. into fertility-from vagueness into character from duliness into vigor and beauty, under the "charming wand" of love. But let us the unnatural quiet-the closed shuttersproceed.

"On a glittering night in August, we saw ights flashing about the house, and people occasion. By degrees the tuinuit subsided; the passings backward and forward became less frequent; and at last tranquility was restored. A single light burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch through the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had

were seen once more flickering to and fro.are were brought into the rooms. These The physician's carriage was heard. It came were of moderate price, and explained to us and departed. The maid now held her apron that the tenant was a person of respectable to her eyes. The husband, burying his face man's many histories. Some of them may in his hands, strove (how vainly!) to hide a world of grief. Ere long the bedroom window was thrown open; the shutters of the received a new impulse; and we looked out house were closed, and in a week a hearse was at the door. The mystery was at an end; she was dead.

"She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived and was lamented. The proudest can boast of but little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself-and for a name, a tomb? Alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth-nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever-shifting waters-to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know. where it is we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise the pilgrimage is as easy and as grieve for her after she is dead!-to sigh for painful to the simple church vard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs, what are rule of logic. of the spot. It was not the genus loci which they to the grandeur of the over-hanging heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble. how poor and hideous it is, in comparison teach you, like every tale of human suffer-

hausted on another, were now concentrated as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern and prescribed for it, and took their golden of persuading it to expand; which teaches fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready prudence instead of love; and reduces the attired from head to foot in white; she was smiles. The services which had been pur aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon | chased for the mother, were now the property | mark, which all are able, and most of us too this conjecture; and certain tender manifes of another claimant. Even the father turned well contented to reach. towards it all his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn

> month," and the shutters were again closed. the sadness of domestic history, merely to Another funeral followed swittly upon the extract some prudent lessons for ourselves .last. The mother and her child were again

"From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded oppressed; but at night a madwine) usurped the place of early sorrow.-Sometimes he drank with wild companions. sometimes he was seen alone, staggering to wards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him-perhaps remorse; when he would thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look plant put forth its tender leaves; the sky upon the few withered flowers that once flourgrew blue overhead (even in London) and ished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of? Of vanished hopes and happy joy liberal bequests; but when his will was shone blushing with many flowers. So May hours? Of her patience, her gentleness, her passed; and June came on, with its air all deep, untiring love? Why did he not sumrich with roses. But the lady? Ah! her mon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity? his young and happy spirit? weak and fullering. Sometimes she ventured | The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception of one single joy. death, that blessed deliverance from my ter-Oh! but this was all. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. This was the mir-(before and after his hours of business) she | ror which had reflected happiness a thousand walked a little to and fro, leaning on him for ways. Under that influence the present, the support. His devotion increased with her in | past, and the bright to come—all had seemed firmity. It was curious to observe how love to east back upon him the pictures of innumerable blessings. He had trod, even in dreams, upon a sunity shore. And now-1

"But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, step by step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his ly escaped death several times. Once he mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old was shut up in a car under water, another before his time, and might have subsided time he was in the next car to the one that into a paralyzed cripple, or a moody idiot, had not (for once a friend) come suddenly to "He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there-

and the funeral train. But all in their time disappeared; and in a few weeks workmen came thronging again to the empty house; hurrying up and down, as on some urgent the rooms were again scoured-the walls beautified. The same board which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again, and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish that I could have crowned my story with a brought her husband a child! We drank to brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish its health in wine.

There is no man but hath a soul; and tiful baremain so, without heal hill exercise or have devented an er and more for its be will look excefully to that, he need not without higher.

There is no man but hath a soul; and tiful baremain so, without heal hill exercise or have devented an er and more for its best with look excefully to that, he need not without higher.

and beautified, and the odor of the paint suf- part. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights the common threadbare story of human life -first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow-all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through present seeming varieties-a life without hope or joy-or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul-the thousand, thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured that there is no more of equality or stagnation in the heart, than in the ever-moving ocean.

You will ask me, perhaps, to point ou something from which you may derive a pro fitable lesson. Are you to learn how to reg ulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair?-Some wise friends will tell you that you may learn, by precepts, never to lean too much ofinithers; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman -to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into dust-it is anything but the act of a wise and prudent man. And to what is irrecoverable! What can be more senseless? All this can be proved by every

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except perhaps that it may with the turf whereon many a daisy grows! ing, to sympathize with your kind. And "The child survived. The cares lately ex- this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite on a little child. The solemn doctors came, example, which shuts the heart up, instead

We should not commit ourselves to the fields and inhale the fresh breath of the and she, left to herself, explored, as far as sunshine in his path, and he valued it accord spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names "But all would not do. A month, a little upon simple flowers. We should not read We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavor to learn that we possess the right, the power, nav, the wish (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I upon her child,) now changed to a sullen or have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine t, and I hope that you will not entirely condemn it until you have given it the consider. ness and dissonant jollity, (the madness of ation of a friend. It is this-"Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.

A RAILROAD MADE AN HEIR.

A short time since a railroad accident took blace near London, by which Mr. Railing vas killed, who, it seems, was an eccentric character of the queerest kind. He was a man of wealth, and his heirs paid him the opened it read as follows:-"I give and bequeath all my goods, present or future, movable or immovable, in England or on the continent, to that railroad company on whose road I have had the happiness to meet with restrial prison." Further on the testator gives his reasons for his bequest. The idea had taken firm possession of his mind that he was destined to die a violent death, and the most desirable one, in his view, was that caused by the explosion of a locomotive .-He travelled, therefore, constantly on the railroads in England, Belgium and Franco. There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were familiar with his peculiar costume. He had narrowwas shattered, and he described with the greatest enthusiasm those terrible accidents, when the saw death so near without being able to obtain it. Disappointed in Europe, he went to the United States. He made frequent excursions on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Ontario, and the Ningara, but notwithstanding frequent explosions, he returned with a whole skin. He was destined to be crushed under a car of the mother country.

ODD FORESIGHT .- Lady Margaret Herbert asked, somebody for a pretty pattern for a nighteap.

"Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a nightcap? "Oh, child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

Kumaraus."

ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was a distinguished orator

and patriot of Virginia, who lent his power-

ful influence to the cause of the Revolution.

Hook was a Scotchman a man of wealth and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distress of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Philips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr Venable, in the district court of London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his bearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience; at one time he excited their indignation against Hook! vengeance was visible in every countenance; again when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American Army, exposed almost naked to the rigorous winter's sky, and marking with the blood of their unshed feet the frozen ground over which they trod. "Where is the man," he said, "who has an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of the house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms, the meanest soldier in the little band of famished patriots? Where is the man? There be stands-but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you gentlemen are to judge." He then caried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around New York, the surrender of which followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence: the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches: they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed thorugh the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river. "But Hark! what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamation of victory? They are the notes of John Hook hourse. by bawling through the American camp, beef! beef! beef!" The whole audience were convulsed; a particular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house, threw himself on the grass in the most violent paroxysms of laughter. Here he was roling when Hook with very different feelings, came out for relief into the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the deil ails ye mon I" Mr. Steptoe was only able to say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the law!" Mr. Gowan however was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he arose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligent and audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and immediately returned with a verdiet for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the Tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear all around him a cry more terrible than that of beef; it was the cry of tar and feathers, from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.

BEAUTY, HOW OBTAINED AND HOW PRESERV-ED .- The true foundation of beauty in a woman is exercise and fresh air. English Irdies of rank are celebrated, all over the world, for their splendld persons" and their brilliant complexions; and they are proverbial for their attention to walking and riding. The sallow checks, stooping figures, susceptibility to cold, and almost constant illhealth, which prevail among the American wives and daughters generally, are to be attributed almost entirely to their sedentary life. A woman can no more become beau-