

Poetry.

JOHN BROWN: OR A POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

I've a crown I can spend, I've a wife and a friend, And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown;

Select Tale.

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 thousand shapes, are forever near us.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose!

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.

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 pretensions to be graceful.

In the centre of this crescent was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was for some reason, deserted.

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 passenger! We shall see."

A few weeks ago, the question...

and beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms.

"At last a young man of lively and agreeable presence was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture.

"Each morn we missed him in the accustomed room." "And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen throwing open the windows in the morning to let in the vernal May sun;

"We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again.

"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.

"At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plant put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue overhead (even in London) and the windows of the one melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers.

"On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion.

"For a few days quiet hung upon the house; but in a week or two a more stirring scene was presented to our eyes.

Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came and departed.

"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.

The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child.

"From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child), now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference.

"But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, step by step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind.

"He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train.

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"And this is all? Yes, that is all. I wish that I could have crowned my story with a brighter ending.

"There is no man but hath a soul; and he will look eventually to that, he need not complain for want of business.

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 man's many histories.

You will ask me, perhaps, to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts?

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except perhaps that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathize with your kind.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it, and I hope that you will not entirely condemn it until you have given it the consideration of a friend.

A RAILROAD MADE AN HEIR.

A short time since a railroad accident took place near London, by which Mr. Railing was killed, who, it seems, was an eccentric character of the queerest kind.

There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were familiar with his peculiar costume. He had narrowly escaped death several times.

He travelled, therefore, constantly on the railroads in England, Belgium and France. There was not a station where he was not known.

"Oh, child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire!"

Humorous.

ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was a distinguished orator and patriot of Virginia, who lent his powerful 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.

He then, carried 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 through 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 hoarse-bawling through the American camp, "beef! beef! beef!"

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. Steptoe 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 jury retired for form's sake, and immediately returned with a verdict 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 PRESERVED.—The true foundation of beauty in a woman is exercise and fresh air. English ladies of rank are celebrated, all over the world, for their splendid persons and their brilliant complexions; and they are proverbial for their attention to walking and riding.