

Poetry.

A MA JEUNE SOEUR.

BY W. TELL BARNITT.

I've often thought of thee, sweet child,
Till tears have dimmed my eyes;
How short must be the mortal span
Between thee and the skies,
For Heaven hath round thy features thrown
The light that marks thee for its own.

Though rich in outward loveliness,
Fond memory loves to trace
The mock confiding tenderness,
The soft and pensive grace,
Which to that fair young brow has given
The look devotion wins from Heaven.

Calm and unruffled as the stream
O'er which the Queen of Night
Loves to reflect her placid beam
And bathe in floods of light,
Is the collected thoughtful mien
In which thy purity is seen.

Thine is that singleness of heart
That knows no selfish stain—
The tears from feeling's fount that start
To soothe another's pain!
Who thy kind sympathy could prize,
And know thee, dearest, and not love?

Oh, may no early sufferings dim
Thy spirit's stainless glow;
May'st thou return as pure to Him
As pure from sin as now—
Who gave thee for a while to earth
To prove thy virtues and thy worth.

While Memory on my soul shall trace
The records of the past,
Thy image time shall ne'er efface—
My love unslacken last—
In fond affection cherished there,
Too pure a guest for earth to share!

Miscellaneous.

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon the remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; it is sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative, more fond of society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more reliant and self-dependant. He loves the quiet of his own apartment; even when abroad, he in a manner makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, as it were, buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirit, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly, so there be but a cloud in the horizon the weary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of guilting in his style of living and hammers out every guinea into gold-leaf. The Englishman on the contrary, is expensive in his habits, and expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Every thing goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, bustling, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide port, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good-humored and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complaisant to all the world. Anybody has access to himself and his apartment; his very bed room is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiar hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, ensconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and springs gun and mortar in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window curtains; exerts in his quiet and privacy, and seems disposed to keep out noise, daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved

hospitable exterior; yet whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

The French excel in wit; the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imaginations. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their excitement is not durable; the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are that the vivacity of the French is apt to sparkle up and froth, the gravity of the English to settle down and grow muddy. When the two characters can be fixed in a medium, the French kept from effervescence and the English from stagnation, both will be found excellent.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag be victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the inutility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards, he throws up his greasy cap in the air, and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbor for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French in pursuit of glory, have had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE

Let not the rich boast of his wealth, or the poor complain of their poverty, is a rule which will answer both in prosperity and adversity. The fickleness of fortune has been a theme for poets and romancers every since the story of Job's affliction has been known. The uncertainty of mercantile life, particularly, is not only a constant subject of remark, but also one of general experience. No profession in life, except the farmer's seemed to be so fixed, or even so permanent, that some adverse storms may not sweep all away, and leave the fancied man of wealth but the semblance of his poverty. What are bonds, stocks and mortgages, but so much waste paper, when the basis upon which they rest becomes worthless or unproductive? They cannot purchase the first bushel of potatoes, or the smallest loaf of bread, to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

We premise this much in order to relate the sudden fall of a fashionable family from affluence to almost poverty. Last winter the frequenter of the gay reunions at Washington could not have failed to notice a hale and hearty widow, fair and about forty, who attended all the balls, parties, and gay assemblies of our capital. She had a lovely daughter, scarcely seventeen years of age, innocent and retiring in her manners, but of an engaging and affectionate disposition. The widow was the owner of a plantation in Virginia, encumbered with negroes, and run down to such a state of poverty, she was actually poorer than the colored servants whom she owned. She resolved, however, to make a desperate push and to marry her daughter off in such a manner as to recuperate her declining fortunes.

Her reputed wealth, the charming appearance of her daughter, and the *façade* which she knew so well how to use, was very soon successful. A young man of this city, recently taken in as a partner in a banking house in Wall street, was at Washington, transacting some business for the firm, and while there received an invitation to attend a soiree at the residence of the Hon. Mr. —, a member of the Senate. He received an invitation to the strategic widow, who immediately saw the game presented to her. The daughter was introduced, and the young man, feeling rich and important at his recent good fortune in his business, thought it about time to take a wife. When both parties are more than usually anxious it does not generally take long to conclude a matrimonial arrangement.

At all events, so spirited was the preliminary courtship, assisted by the experience of the mother, that in less than two weeks the available daughter of Old Dominion and the promising son of the Empire State were before the altar, and the priestly lips had pronounced them husband and wife. The plantation, of course, was not regarded, but was left in decay and ruin under the care of an overseer. The young couple in company with the mother came immediately on to this city; and a splendid home in — was soon procured, and

sumptuously furnished, and all things went "as merry as a marriage bell." Servants attended the nod of each member of the family. The ladies luxuriated upon the magnificent sofas during the morning, and in the afternoon the carriage was at the door, and the obedient driver gratified their most whimsical caprices. This bright and charming period of life, however, did not last long. Last summer a gigantic failure came, and the house of which the young man was a member went by the board; and in less time than it takes to pen it, he was as poor as the son of toil who day by day labors with his hands for his support. The golden vision had fled—the extravagant mansion had to be vacated and neglected Virginia plantation again began to look as if it were worth something. At all events it was not to be despised; and the mother who found all her watchful financiering for a rich husband for her daughter thus turned to naught, sought its quiet shade for repose after her short but exciting career in the uncertain life of a fashionable metropolis.—*New York Sunday Times.*

SMART SPECIMEN OF HORSEWOMANSHIP.

At a recent Agricultural Fair, held at Fairfield, Iowa, a girl of fourteen, displayed such daring feats of horsemanship, that the spectators made her up a purse of \$200, besides obtaining for her several terms of schooling free of expense. The story of her adventure of which the purse presentation was the gratifying conclusion, is thus told in the *Ana-meo News*.

One of the finest triumphs, for a poor untutored girl which we have recently had the pleasure of recording, was achieved at the late State Fair held at Fairfield, Iowa. For the purpose of making the Fair as attractive as possible, Col. Cagget, the enterprising President of the Society, had offered a splendid gold watch to such a lady as should display on the occasion, the most skill as an equestrian. On the appointed day of trial the number of competitors was found to be ten.

All of them probably had the advantage of a respectable education, polite in manners, and independent family connections, and had come well equipped with horses, saddles, riding dresses, caps and whips. We say all came one—a poor Welch girl, who had been brought up in the absence of brothers, to do a boy's work on her father's farm. The name of this girl was *Miza Hodges*, and her age was fourteen. Her father lived in Johnson county, and what she knew of horsemanship she had acquired in riding her father's horse for the cows, and in breaking the colts. She had heard about the offer of a gold watch for superior riding, and like all heroines, she felt that she was equal to the emergency.

Having found means of conveyance to Fairfield, she set off, destitute of horse, saddle, or riding habit. On her arriving near town, she met Dr. Wear, of that place, who happened to be riding a very spirited and unmanageable horse, owned by him. Miss Hodges, being introduced, informed the doctor that she was going to compete for the watch, and solicited the use of his horse for the trial. He assured her that he would be most dangerous for her to ride. She assured him that she was not afraid, and proposed to try him on the spot. The doctor fearing some harm, reluctantly consented.

Being assisted on the animal, she showed that she was perfectly at home, and after riding as usual for a moment, she mounted to her feet and dashed along the road, standing upright upon the saddle! This was enough. The doctor tendered her the use of his horse, and on her arrival in town, assisted in getting her properly fitted out for the trial. Her daring as a rider had already become noised, and many were those who took an interest in her behalf.

RASCALITY OF A HEN.—A Spanish hen which was a great favorite with her mistress, was accustomed to be fed with a dainty meal every time she laid an egg. Chickie soon found this out, and would go to her nest and sit there a few moments, and then come forth chuckling as loud as if she had performed a great feat and for a day or two got her usual reward; but on no egg being found on several occasions, it was suspected that Mrs. Chickie was playing false; and her usual feed being withheld, it was found that for two or three times on the same day she would repeat the dodge of going and sitting for a short time on her nest, and then come forth chuckling as loud as she could for her expected reward.—*Poultry Chron.*

At a trial in England, recently, the noted sergeant Wilkins called on the jury in the most touching terms, by their verdict to restore the prisoner to the bosom of his family, and dwell on the effect the result of the trial would have for happiness or misery on those who are so dear to him. When the learned sergeant sat down, wiping his forehead after his effort, he was a little surprised to learn this touching allusion to wife and children had been made on behalf of a bachelor!

A MISSISSIPPI FIGHT.

"Can it be possible that this handsome looking man is the far-famed Col. Bowie?" whispered Ma. A., in my ear.

"It is so," I replied, and before I could add more, Bowie was by us. My friend introduced us, and soon we were conversing together.

"I have not seen you for some time," said my friend, at length.

"I am just returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains," said Bowie. "Really, Mr. M., I wish you had been along with us. We had several fights with the Indians, and in one of them I received a bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my friends the gamblers, it is nearly healed," and a terrible look passed over his features. "Our party had a most desperate fight with a party of Indians near Coon's Hollow—there were twelve to one—but we beat them off."

At this moment a loud shout caused us to turn our heads; almost immediately the cry of "A man stabbed!" reached our ears. Soon the crowd opened, and the gambler came forth. His hands were covered with blood, and in the right hand he bore a huge knife, dripping with blood. Suddenly he turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man who stood near him, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What's all this about?" exclaimed Col. B. On hearing this, the gambler thrust the knife into its sheath and approached us.

Merely a man stabbed—that's all," he said, "Any of you gentlemen wish to play cards?" "I never play cards with strangers," said Col. Bowie.

"Why not?" asked the gambler. "Because, for all I know to the contrary, the person with whom I am playing may be a gambler," was the instant reply.

On hearing this a crowd collected around us.

"Do you mean to insult me?" "Insult you?" said Bowie, surveying the other with a look of contempt—"I insult no man sir!"

"Because you are too much of a coward to do so," said the gambler sneeringly. "Is this gentleman your friend?"

"A new friend, sir." "Well, I insulted him a few minutes ago," said the gambler.

"Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to Mr. M. Mr. M.—replied in the affirmative.

"What is your name?" asked Bowie. "My name is McMullen," replied the gambler.

"Ha!" exclaimed Bowie, with a look of delight, "are you any relation to the duellist who slew Joe Wingo, a year ago?"

"Yes, it was I that slew him," replied the gambler.

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face. "Ho!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do not know that Wingo was my cousin."

"I don't care who he was," returned the gambler. "If you wish I will serve you in the same way."

"Perhaps," continued Bowie, a strange smile creeping over his features, "perhaps you do not know that I swore to avenge his death?"

"Then step out this way, and fight me like a man," said the gambler.

"Grant me one moment," said Bowie; "perhaps you do not know that my name is Colonel James Bowie?"

On hearing this dreaded name, the gambler staggered back, and gazing Bowie vacantly in the face, he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured faintly.

"Ay! James Bowie!" returned the other. "Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago—I now comply with your request. I am the challenged party, and, therefore, I choose the weapons and the place. Our meeting will take place here, and our arms shall be the Bowie-knife."

"Have it as you wish," said the gambler, as he threw off his coat.

Bowie placed his hand behind the back of his neck, and drew forth a huge Bowie-knife. Placing it between his teeth, he threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

"I am ready," he said in a clear ringing tone.

"So am I," exclaimed the gambler.

Three cheers for Bowie, were given by the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gambler bit his lips with rage.

"Make room here," said Bowie, "I can't fight without a clear field. Come, Mr. McMullen, are you ready?"

"Yes!" cried the gambler.

Bowie raised his knife high above his head, and sprang upon him. Both struggled for an instant, and then fell to the floor. They rolled over the deck, the crowd making way for them, until they reached the railing.

Suddenly a stream of blood flowed from the gambler's right arm, and he uttered a cry of pain. Still, however, he did not release his hold. Again they rolled over, and again Bowie plunged his knife into his arm. Suddenly each released his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet. With the quickness of lightning the gambler changed his knife

from his right hand to his left, and sprang towards Bowie. Bowie met him half-way, and drawing back his arm, he plunged the knife into his body; the gambler held up his hands, dropped his knife, and staggered back. Bowie followed him step by step, still plunging his knife into his body. At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

"It is over," I said, drawing a long breath.

"Gentlemen," said Bowie, placing his right foot upon the gambler's breast, and half extending his right hand, "this man insulted me, and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge his death, let him step out."

THE FIRST PIANO IN ILLINOIS.

Judge Haliburton tells a very laughable story about the first piano ever heard in Illinois.

"A Baltimore physician having removed, with his family, to settle near the Illinois River, during the earlier period of emigration thither, with his goods and chattels stowed away in seven large wagons, excited no little wonder and conversation among the backwoodsmen on their appearance in those far-off regions, whose inhabitants had never seen the like before."

"Glass—this side up with care! Why, I thought this ere feller was a doctor. What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of windows?" "This side up, with care," exclaimed another. "He's got his paragonio and ile of spike fixens in that. Won't he physio them agur fellers down on the river!"

In the last wagon there was but one large box, and on it were painted the words, "Piano-forte, keep dry, and handle carefully." It required all the assistance of bystanders to unload this box; and great was the curiosity excited.

"Pine forte!" said a tall, yellow-haired fever-and-ague-looking youth. "Wonder if he's afeered, of the injuns? He can't scare them with a pine fort." "K-e-e-f-r-y," spelt by a large, rawboned-looking man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald face." He broke off at the letter y with

"D— your temperance carraeturs; you needn't come round here with tracts. He was interrupted at this point by a stout-built personage, who cried out, "He's got his sheltin in thar, and he's afeered to give them likker for they'll break it if he does."

"Handle carefully," said a man with a red hunting-shirt, and the size of whose fist was twice that of an ordinary man. "There's some live orriner in that; don't you hear him groan?"

This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go, than the box was besieged by his neighbors, and what was the meaning of the word "piano-forte." On his telling them it was a musical instrument, some "recooned it would take a ternal sight of wind to blow it;" others, that "it would take a lot of men to make it go."

The doctor explained as well as he could, but he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising them a sight at an early day.

Three days elapsed, . . . and all was ready for the reception of the "vitzers," and Miss E. was to act as first performer. The doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. . . . Some went directly up to the instrument "crittur," as it had been called on account of its four legs; some, more shy, remained close to the door; while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the stripe of bare floor, least, by treading on "the handsome kaliker," they might "spile" it.

The first tune seemed to put the whole company into ecstasies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that "the gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. And her laid down a dime, and wanted "that's worth" out of the "forty pains," as the name had come to him after traveling through five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declared he would give his 'chain and all the 'truck' on it, if his 'darter' could have such a 'cupboard.'

The "pine fort" man suggested, that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, "They would have skered the injuns all holler."

"The result may easily be anticipated; the ladies were long tired of playing ere their 'vitzers' were tired of hearing. The whole country, for twenty miles round, rang with the praises of Dr. A's 'consarn' 'musical cupboard.' Patients came in crowds for advice, or 'a few agur pills,' all determined to appear in person, but 'none who would leave without hearing the 'forty pains'; and the physician, thanks to the first pianoforte in Illinois, 'became one of the first men in the State.'"

"Mother," said a child who had been for some time contemplating with no little interest a recently spun cobweb, "don't the spiders have to swallow a spoon of cotton?"

"Why," asked the mother, "what makes you think so?" Cause, if they dont I dont see where they get the thread to make their web of."