Poetry.

The Flowers Have Come!

BY CORNELIA J. M. JORDAN.

The Flowers have come—from its mossy bed
The Violet lifts up its modest head;
The Daisy too, poor, shy, little thing—
Has opened its bright eyes to welcome Spring.

The Flowers have come, for the soft perfume
Of the Wall-flower street, and the Rose's bloom
Is borne on the wing of the wild South breeze,
As it lovingly plays through the waving trees.

The Flowers have come—near the garden walk
The proud Lily raises its queenly stalk;
The Buttercup opens its golden bell
To kiss the glad zephyr it loves so well.

The Flowers have come, for the red Woodbine
With the Jasmine white and Clematis twine,
And the Humming bird lured by its sweet perfume
Sips joy, all day, from its honeyed bloom.

The Flowers have come—I have seen the Bee
Now kiss the proud clover that blooms in the lea—
Then buzzing away like a heartless coquette,
He wooed the next innocent blossom he met.

The Flowers have come—on the river's brink
The Daffodils cunningly nod and wink
To the ripples that sportively play all day,
With the blossoms that grow in their pebbly way.

The Flowers have come, for the Crocus too,
With its leaves of purple and white and blue—
Looks up from its home with the Cowslips sweet
The smile of its mother the Spring to greet.

The Flowers have come—even now I feel
Their fragrant breath o'er my senses steal,—
Lifting my heart in its happiest hours
To Him who hath brightened Life's path with flowers.

Interesting Sketch.

From the German.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In a small town in Saxony there lived three young men whom we shall call George, Ernest and Lewis, and who, from their close intimacy were strongly attached to one another George and Ernest were merchants; Lewis studied law and practised in his native place.

One summer's day Ernest and George set out together on horseback for a town about thirty miles distant, where they had business to transact. Ernest was weak enough to be fond of discoursing with his friend on religious subjects, on which they were of different opinions, and had often had warm disputes, though George was as irritable and passionate as he himself was obstinate in maintaining his notions. During the journey Ernest led the conversation on this unlucky topic. They fell as usual into altercation, which was kept up until they came to an inn, where they agreed to dine. The dispute was continued over a bottle of wine, but with temper on both sides, and the travelers pursued their journey. Ernest renewed the subject of the former conversation, and both being rather elevated with the wine they had taken, the dispute became more and more violent, as they proceeded; so that by the time they had entered a wood through which their road lay, it had degenerated into downright personality and abuse.

George's passion knew no bounds. Unconscious of what he did, he pulled out a pistol, and presented it at his companion.—The pistol went off and Ernest fell from his horse, which, frightened by the report and relieved of his rider, scampered away into the woods.

George, pale as death, immediately alighted to assist his friend, who was weltering in his blood. The paroxysm of passion was over, and had given place to the bitterest repentance. He stooped trembling to Ernest, who just then breathed his last sigh.

Overwhelmed with despair and anguish he tore his hair and afterwards galloped back to the village, to surrender himself into the hands of justice as the murderer of his friend, that he might put a speedy end to his life, which was now the most oppressive burden to him. The officer to whom he delivered himself up sent him under a guard to the town where the friends resided.

The body of Ernest, whose pockets were found rifled was also conveyed thither and interred.

The legal proceeding against George commenced. He repeated his confession before the judges and implored a speedy death. His examination was closed, and he was informed that he was at liberty to choose an advocate to defend him, as the law requires; but he declined to avail himself of the privilege, and with tears besought the Court to hasten the execution.

Being, however, again urged to appoint an advocate to conduct his defence, he named his friend Lewis. 'At the same time,' said he, 'I need no defence, I wish only for death; but I submit to the required formality. My friend may undertake the bootless task, and thus show his attachment to me for the last time.'

With profound emotion, Lewis entered upon the most painful duty that had ever fallen to his lot in his whole professional career. Tho' he despaired of being able to save his friend, he determined of course to make every possible effort to accomplish this end.

With this view he objected that Ernest's body had been committed to the earth without any previous judicial examination and dissection. The judges replied that this ceremony seemed unnecessary and superfluous, as the murderer had voluntarily confessed the deed; but if he (the advocate) insisted on the examination of the body it should be taken up. By the desire of Lewis this was accordingly done. The town surgeons attended, and declared that as the ball passed through the heart, death must naturally ensue. Lewis wished to know if the ball was still in the body; the surgeons sought for and found it; upon which the advocate sent for the pistol with which the deed had been perpetrated, and tried to drop the ball into the barrel. It seemed too large—he accordingly tried it in all possible ways—still it would not go in. That this ball could not be fired by that pistol was evident to every observer; the judges looked at one another and shook their heads. There was not a person but had completely made up his mind respecting the guilt of the prisoner; but this circumstance quite confounded them all. The confession of the prisoner, made without the employment of the slightest fear or force, was corroborated by every circumstance that has previously come to light; the ball alone seemed to proclaim his innocence.

Lewis began to conceive the strongest hopes, and his judgment was nearly overpowered with the excess of his joy. He proposed that the proceedings, together with the ball and pistol, should be sent to the supreme tribunal, that it might decide in this extraordinary affair. This proposal was the more readily accepted as the local court was puzzled how to act, and absolutely unable to pronounce any judgment whatever.

While the papers were in the hands of the supreme tribunal, in the metropolis, a highwayman who had shot and robbed a traveler on the road not far from the birth place of the friends, was brought to that town. Convicted by sufficient evidence, he acknowledged his crime; but that was not all; he confessed, on further examination, that two months before he had murdered another man on the same road. The circumstance had excited suspicion, and being still further questioned, he related the following particulars:

'About that time I happened to be in a village public house. Two men on horseback came in after me; I remarked that one of them had a heavy girdle filled with money, fastened round his body underneath his waistcoat. I began to consider whether it was not possible to possess myself of this rich booty; but then how was this to be done, as he had a companion?

However, thought I to myself, I have a brace of good pistols. If I shoot one, the other will probably run away in a fright, and before he can give the alarm and fetch witnesses to the spot, my best horse will have carried me far enough out of their reach; if contrary to expectation, the survivor should stand by his companion, what hinders me from giving him the other ball?

'Such was my determination, which I resolved immediately to execute. I had overheard them talking of the way they should take, rode off before, and having tied my horse to a tree, concealed myself in a thicket by the roadside. No sooner had I taken my station than the travelers approached. They were quarrelling violently. I had already taken aim at the man with the girdle when the other took out a pistol and discharged it at his companion. I fired at the same moment. My man fell just as the other ball whizzed past my ear. He then sprang from his horse—was engaged for a short time with his dying fellow traveler, and the instant I was going to fire at him he mounted again and galloped away. I had now time to rifle the pockets of the deceased, and having done this, rode off as fast as I could.'

He described the time, the place and the two travelers so minutely, that there remained not the slightest doubt of his actually having committed the murder of which George had accused himself. The latter trembling with rage had fired at random, and was innocent of the death of his friend.

The local tribunal transmitted all these particulars to the supreme court; the proceedings with accompaniments, were returned and the ball exactly fitted the pistol which was found upon the murderer at the time of his apprehension.

Let the sympathizing reader now endeavor to form some conception of the transport of Lewis on having saved his friend! Let him figure to himself the joy of George, when the painful consciousness of an atrocious crime was thus removed from his bosom! He was unanimously declared innocent of the murder; his passion cost him two months' imprisonment; and it was long before his tears ceased to flow for his departed friend. Lewis begged the ball, the instrument of George's deliverance, as a memorial of the extraordinary event.

The forms of legal proceedings may often seem troublesome or useless, but let them not be omitted on that account. Now and then, indeed, a criminal may through their means escape the punishment due to his guilt; but if, in the course of a century they save the life of only one innocent person, the wisdom of the legislator ought to command our gratitued.

RATTLESNAKE FIGHT.

Under this head the March number of Harper has a very readable article, but, as was to be expected from the subject, there are several erroneous statements. When the serpent beguiled our poor mother Eve, "the Lord God said unto the serpent, because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle," and sooth to say, he had more lies told on him too, than any 'beast of the field.' Indeed it would seem to be a moral impossibility to speak of snakes without fibbing, and, therefore, even good men, and otherwise truthful men, are not apt to give any other than fancy sketches whilst discoursing of serpents.—There are two untrue statements in the article of Harper which I will particularly refer to. The first needs only to be stated to be laughed at in this latitude. The writer asserts that the Southern negroes are not afraid of snakes, but rather intimates they have a fancy for such pets.

The second partially untrue statement, which I propose to correct, is the description of the manner of the battle between the black and rattlesnakes. As the writer in Harper gives his account of this fight very pleasantly, you will oblige me, and, it may be, some of your readers who have not previously perused it, by inserting the following extract:

'Combats between the rattle and black snakes are certain if they meet, and the black snake is, with rare exceptions, the conqueror. Upon seeing each other, these animals instantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and display the great difference in their organization. The rattlesnake coils itself up, ready for attack or defence; the black snake, being a constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in constant activity—mutually exciting each other's passions. The rattlesnake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its head thrown back, its fangs exposed, its rattles in constant agitation. The black snake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, absolutely moving so swiftly that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattlesnake attempts to follow the movement, but soon becomes confused, and drops its head in despair; then it is that the black snake darts upon the back of its deadly foe, seizes it between its teeth, and springing upwards, envelopes the rattlesnake in its folds. The struggle, though not long, is painful; the combatants roll over in the dust, get entangled in the bushes; but every moment the blacksnake is tightening its hold, until the rattlesnake gasps for breath, becomes helpless, and dies. For a while the blacksnake still retains its hold, its muscles working with constant energy; but cautiously uncoils itself, and quietly betakes to the water, where, recovering its energy; it dashes about a moment as if in exultation, and disappears from the scene.'

Now, sir, I happen to know that the above account of a snake fight, coming too from a Yankee, has a marvelous amount of truth in it; but to show you exactly how they do fight, and give you and your readers 'the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' concerning this matter, I transcribe from a journal which I kept when travelling, some years since, in Florida, the following facts communicated to me by an old pine woods pioneer hunter, and shooter of Seminoles, 'of the highest respectability'—in his way.

I.—I saw to-day, Mr. Harrel, a number of large black snakes as I road up from Tampa to your house, some of them more than ten or more feet long and as big as my arm. This is January, and, I suppose, about as cold as you ever experience in this part of Florida?

II.—Oh yes, Lord bless your heart, we have them snakes, and all sorts of snakes in these parts from year end to year end.

I.—Indeed! I have been told that the black snakes can whip the rattlesnake in a fair fight. Do you know anything about their battles?

II.—I never *seed* but one fight between 'em.

I.—Let us hear it.

II.—Well you see, I was out hunting one drizzly day and riding along slow, sorter, a thinking about nothing, for I hadn't seed no game, cept wolves, and I wouldn't shoot them, for I was arter deer, and I comes on a uncommon big rattlesnake laying full length. He was sich a monstorous big fellow I thought I'd kill him. So I gits down and hitches my critter, and walks to a large fallen pine tree intending to break off a limb to kill the rattlesnake, you see?

I.—Yes.

II.—Well then, jist as I gets to the log I spied a—the all-firedest; whoppingest blue snake [black are called blue snakes in Florida] a laying along side the log, I never had seed; you understand.

II.—Well, I'd hearn so much about these snakes a fighting, I concluded I would see how they did it. So I breaks my stick and begins a shooting, like, the blue snake around tother side the log, where the rattlesnake was. Well, the blue snake crawled along up to the eend of the log, and I sidled around you see, and druv him short round, when he and the rattlesnake see one another the same time.

I.—Well, what did they then?

II.—Why, they jist looks at one another a bit, with all their might. Then the blue snake raised his head two or three foot, and the rattlesnake he jumps right into a quile, and begins rattelling his tail so yo'd a thought all the yaller pine straw about him had tails and rattles in 'em. Well, I seed it was gwine to be a fight sure enough, and so I sot astraddle the log to see it out.

I.—(A little impatient)—Well, well, my friend, how did it terminate?

II.—Arter awhile, when they was done looking at one another, till they were satisfied, I reckon, the blue snake he begins circling round and round the rattlesnake, taking a swarth at first, but gradelly come nigher and nigher to the rattlesnake, till he gits mighty nigh, but not quite in striking distance of the rattlesnake. There he stops and raises his head several feet you know?

I.—Certainly. What next!

II.—(Very much excited)—Why, by gafers, he drawed the rattlesnake's fire!

I.—Drew his fire? What do you mean? I don't exactly understand you.

II.—Why you see the blue snake jist made pretence that he was gwine to strike the rattlesnake, and then the blue snake, sooner than no time, and before the rattesnake could quil himself again, seized the rattlesnake by the throat, and beginned to quile himself around and around the rattlesnake until he almost kivered him with his quile; but I tell you, stranger, afore he did it they had the orfulest slashing and tumbling about that you ever seed. But he did, and arter he done it, he jist begins to stretch himself, when the rattle snakes seemed mighty uneasy. But the blue snake kept on at it 'till I seed the rattlesnake had anuff of the blue snake, and I told him to quit and ris up to hit him a tap, to make him let go, but I didn't, cause I thought what a rascal the rattlesnake was, and I wanted to see how the blue snake would manage to get *himself* off.

I.—Well, how did he?

II.—Well, he kept on a stretching and a stretching, when I seed the rattlesnake's mouth keep wide open, and all of him at last got so limber I knowed he was dead, and arter a while I seed the blue snake knowed it too. Then he begins to onwrap himself gradualy, beginning at the tale end first. He took a long time to unlink himself. He would unquile a link or two and then take a pull on the rattlesnake, jist to see if he was dead, and kept a doing this till he got to the last link round the head, and then, quicker than lighting, he onquiles himself, and throwing the rattlesnake away from him, jumps back himself, and thar he layed and looked at the rattlesnake. Arter a while he begins a crawling around the rattlesnake again, till he gits close to him and sees he's dead, and then he looked glad, sorter, and moved away.'

In the above extract, I endeavored to preserve the language and give some idea of the manner and character of the narrator. I subsequently interrogated some of my most reliable and well informed Florida friends in regard to the truthfulness of old Harrell's account of the fight, and they assured me it was strictly and graphically true.

OLD BUT GOOD.

A fellow who came on the Railroad on Wednesday, being a stranger, strolled about for some time on the "outskirts" of the town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one, and requested the operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself.

"Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the nakpin from his neck

"Yes, sir," said the barber with a polite bow.

"Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?

"Yes, sir, there's a glass, you can look for yourself."

"Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have a shilling's worth off, I don,t know as I've got any use for it, and I hav'nt got no change, so you may just take the hair for your trouble."

On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the man, thereupon he made a jump for the door, which not being bolted, he bolted himself. The barber vowing if that man ever came down here again, he'd have him nibbled to death by ducks.

"Patrick," said a lady, to a ship green Erin who was officiating in the Kitchen, "where is Bridget?"

"Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep, lookin' at the bread bakin'."

THE BULL DOG.

The Bull Dog is the most brutal and the least intelligent of its species; its depressed forehead, its under-hanging jaws and blood shot eyes, unite in forming the personification of the savage. Although capable of some attachment, it cannot be relied upon as a friend So utterly without intellect is the courage of the bull dog, that it will attack *anything* that gives offence. This dog has never been a pet in the United States, but in England among large class of citizens, it is carefully raised and employed in bull-baits. In these bull baits the dog, while fastened to the nose of some unfortunate bull, has one leg after another cut off with a knife to test its courage and this display has been hailed by the plaudits of the rural population, and the encouragement of the scions of the nobility. History relates that Alexander once witnessed a bull dog attack a famed lion, and being willing to save the lion's life, ordered the dog to be taken off, "but the labor of men and all the strength could not loosen the ireful and deadly biting teeth." The dog was then mutilated by its keeper, and not only its limbs, but its body were severed from his head, "whereat the king was wonderfully moved, and sorrowfully repented his rashness in destroying a beast of so noble a spirit"—a very natural feeling, one would suppose to every generous mind.

Many years ago an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero—rather there raved the insane creature at the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his prowess.

Among the idlers was an Indian who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellow who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English, announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would for five dollars, fight the dog with not ing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare and rolled up his sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling upon all fours, barking and growling as if he was one himself. The bull dog meanwhile jumped and foamed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become so excited; and insisted apon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was straight and as solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull dog's under lip between his teeth and in an instant whipped himself and the dog over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfect the helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air and his jaws imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain, whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

TENDER HEARTED.

A farmer who formerly resided in New York wished to remove West, but was so deeply indebt that his creditors would not let him go and were keeping a watch on him that they might detain him when he attempted to start. He accordingly set a day for starting, and on the day previous he concluded to go on ahead and give his creditors the slip. He set out and after going a considerable distance, met a neighbor on his way home.

"Well, how comes this?" said the latter "why do you start off and leave your family behind?"

"Well, to tell the truth," he replied, "I just know how it will be—when my folks start off the neighbors and friends will be there to see them start off and bid them good-bye, and there will be such crying! so I thought I would go on a-head, for I am so tender hearted that I could not stay to see it!"