

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

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Selected Poetry.

The following quaint specimen of Yankee poetic genius, is the closing portion of a poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*, from the pen of James Lowell, entitled *Massachusetts State*. A Yankee poem! It is an amazingly good thing, and we only regret that its great length prevents its being given in full.

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands are full,
To stamp me to a tight, John,
Your cousin, in John Bull!

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I found Blanche. There she was, sitting
sweety as ever, dispensing courtesy
with well-bred impartiality. Still her
card—I asked to be allowed to look at it—
had but three blanks, two waltzes and
a quadrille, singularly separated from each
other. She looked at me, and all at
sudden her shoulders, as if she would
scream, rose up in the air. As though she
said, "I answered."

"That and that," pointing to the quadrille
and one of the waltzes.
"Suppose you limit your demand to
one," kindly enough uttered—"The first one."
"So it please Miss Chatterton."

"Captain Gutter—a man I hated (I did
not know him, of course) seeing this pro-
ceeding, asked for the remaining waltz.
"My card is full, Captain Gutter!"

"The Captain looked anything but mili-
tary or heroic on receipt of the reply.
"Hundreds of men who have
led forth bravely and figured in gazettes,
would have slunk away before her glad
indifference."

We were waiting. Well, well; let
bellow mouthed pulpit orators inveigh,
hammer-and-tongs, against the seductions
of the world; let the stiff-necked sticklers
for the physical dignity of man grow
actually peculiar (the dry old sticks)
about "idiotic" capers, "spish an-
tics," and the like; but the seductions
are more fascinating than the denunciations
are terrible, and the physical conditions
under which we come into the world
and those under which we leave it, are
not so dignified and elevated a character
that we need to be very particular as
to the figure we cut in the interval. At
any rate, if I looked absurd—and I did—
I should not care, for the philosopher
with the most starched whiskers that
ever scarified hands, nor the loudest
preacher that ever devoted whole genera-
tions to the devil, could exert as much
of Blanche. I knew I would not willingly
expose either the aesthetic morality of
the one or the dignified bearing of the
other to the chance of the yet open waltz.

She glided a very June—may, a Venus
revived. Shall I still stand absurd
captives? To my intense amazement, I
found myself asking for this very waltz,
on the score of which my enemy the cap-
tain has got so fearfully bitten; but what
was my amazement at his asking for it,
compared to my amazement at his granting it?
She surely could not have kept them for
me! I believe I looked at
myself in the glass, to see whether I really
had the old cut on or the new one.

We danced again.
"And this is my last?" said I, "your
card is full?"
"No," she answered, looking at her
card and away from me; "there is one
left, the last quadrille!"
"And it is mine?"

She looked content. Oh, if Jack could
have been there! What was the poor
beggard doing? There was a stir in the
room; you think it was Jack? No, no;
it was the supper Miss Chatterton
would go to. Thank me, she would. A
lover's leave! Let us go.

Oh, my pen! be thou ever true, even if thy
master be not quite so true. It is the night
of the 1st of December, A. D. 1812.
Six is the number that I repeat; we
are assured of the best authority; is it
that on the converse principle, to those
flashed with mine all things are easy?

To this opinion I strongly incline, and
lovely remembered all who have to put
the question (I mean no reference to the
House of Commons) have a tooth taken
out of its make (or hear) a speech, to
point themselves beforehand with potent
drinks. Without their help the world
is a mere chaos, and I am not natu-
rally modest, will discover, when he
comes to declare for how long a time
he has nursed, &c., and struggled, &c.
(never mind the rest), that all his
eloquence had deserted him. Half a bottle
of champagne will give him a marvellous
lift; a whole one will make him irresisti-
ble. I had had a couple of bottles; and
so urged, did I let my starting out of
its cage. What it did or sung shall be
another story. I danced the next quadrille
with Blanche, and—*Et pua? Et pua?*
another, smuggled into the card with com-
punctate skill, and the last galop. And
Blanche—wonderful Blanche—was that
night short of a fan and of a heart; un-
less my heart be deemed an honest bar-
gain in exchange for hers.

My windows in Pump Court were a
blaze; my outer door was open. I knock-
ed at the inner; Jack admitted me; he
was up and alone. Four o'clock of the
morning and the night, the four being
highly and brightly lit. "Chatterton,"
said I, "Archibald's Criminal Pleading,"
open before him. Without a syllable he
went back to these, pushed one hand
through his hair and with the other
rattled in the index of the "Contracts."

"Are you mad?" I asked; "speak
old stupid!"
"I don't make these damned fel-
lows smart for it! I'll have an action
for breach of contract in regard to time
against those infernal tailors, and pro-
ceeds that I'll never wear breeches again!
Hark! here it is; case of Regina against—
—hang it! that's another."

I laughed aloud and long, as though
laughter was to be my expression for all
time hereafter.
"Don't stand grinning there like a
gothic gargyle, you drivelling idiot! Now
come and help me to find this case. You're
in the plot; you're worse than they are;
you're an unnecessary after the fact; you
let me see—and he turned to Arch-
ibald's Index—"you're an accomplice,
you're the prime mover, aider and abettor
of the whole concern!" And he flung
both "Chitty" and "Archibald" at me
across the room. Dondring double, not
much to avoid his weapons as from the
violence of laughter, I escaped both.

"But—but," I exclaimed, sputtering
—how—how—can you—you—yo—
—prosecute in the—the—the Criminal
Court, when you—when you—haven't got
your—your—man?"

"Haven't got my man? Haven't I?
though? He's chewing the bitter end of
quod at this moment; he's safe for the
night."
"You don't mean to say you've given
him into custody?"
"But I do. Giving it I was so aw-
fully after you'd gone that I turned out
into the Strand, and into the Adelphi, af-
ter all—half price to the pit. If I didn't
find myself within a couple seats of the
rest of her story, must I? "Ole Ole!"
to recognise me; and I verily believe
would have entered into conversation with
me and explained his non-return in the
morning."

"Well? Why, I waited patiently,
impatiently if you like, till the close, fol-
lowing my man out, and gave him into
custody."
"On what charge?"
"Obtaining goods by false pretences,
to be sure. And you'll have to come
to Bow street to-morrow morning to give
evidence."

I was in too high spirits to be ap-
low, by any announcement, however
otherwise annoying or absurd; so I content-
ed myself with fresh laughter, and the re-
mark that Jack had studied "Archibald"
for more purpose than I had, if he could
frame an indictment against the "Ole
Cio!" Whereat he was pleased to laugh
not jealously, but scornfully, as though
he held my legal ingenuity in poor es-
teem. But what had I been doing? how
had I been getting on?

I told him, with an air of assumption,
as of properly rewarded merit, that what
I had long meditated I had the night af-
ter accomplished—that I was engaged to
Blanche Chatterton. He would not be-
lieve it; and yet, from his peculiar look,
he could not quite disbelieve it. I pro-
duced the fan. I had stolen it, he said;
he was here, he acknowledged—he knew
it well enough—but I had stolen it. I
had cheek for any thing. But I was re-
ally in earnest? I was. I was really en-
gaged to her. Then I was the meanest,
most treacherous, cowardly beggar on this
earth then treading. I might laugh as
much as I liked; he would expose me,
and the whole thing! He had bought me
a pair of gloves; he had paid for my cab;
and I had taken the money and given it
to his absence to seduce a girl into consent-
ing to marry a penniless adventurer.

He would tell her the whole story
of the old clock, down to the vilest and
most humiliating minute. Ay, ay; I
might laugh; no doubt the old beast of
Jew had laughed, and when he should be
skinned. He! and these tailors! So
he ratched on; and I laughed and laughed,
and went to bed, and had a confused
dream of a wedding ceremony, in which
people were waiting for me to take part,
and I could find nothing but a shirt; and
then of a wedding breakfast, at which all
the champagne bottles were empty, and
the fruit turned into fens, and all the wait-
ers into "Ole Ole!" men, who began
cupping the noses and jellies into deep
dimity bags. Oh, Morpheus! such a
night of it!

CHAPTER IV.
I was sitting in my wig and gown in
the court of the Old Bailey. Will it be
credited? It must be—for it is the fact—
that Jack Arthington had put his man
committed at Bow street—had drawn an
indictment on which the grand jury had
returned a "true bill," and that the "Ole
Cio" was standing in the dock charged
with a misdemeanor. Jack had waited
to give me the prosecution brief, but he
could not persuade me to accept it; and
I had made my appearance in court only
on condition that he would not call me
to the witness-box. No sooner was the
indictment read to the prisoner, than he
said he should much like the assistance of
counsel; that he could not afford the (by
ing fancy) to employ an attorney, but
that he had one, three shillings and six
pence, which, with his lordship's pen-
sion, he should like to hand across the
dock to—me! This lordship was quite
agreeable—was I? Jack stared and
laughed. I grew confused, took the fee,
and asked for the depositions—amongst
them my own given at Bow street. I was
too flurried to take an objection against
the indictment, which no doubt I could
have torn into shreds; and the first thing
I became conscious of was that Jack, with
shameless bad faith and horrible malice,
was insisting, through my counsel, that
my getting into the witness-box was his
lordship's doing; the court roared; Jack
revelled in the fun; the old Jew grinned
from ear to ear. Jack's counsel was a
poor animal, and got neither evidence nor
game out of me. I resumed my position,
and, renewed merriment, as counsel for
the prisoner. Jack was himself in the
box. He gave his evidence. There was
not a shadow of a case, not an atom of
evidence to lay before the jury. His
lordship of course saw this, but he also
saw the real state of things. He
loved a joke; knew, moreover, that
my first brief, and so would not call
me by my name by stopping the case.

"One moment, Mr. Arthington. Just
show the gentlemen of the jury—those
transfers. Come, come, Mr. Arthington!
hold them up well—higher, higher—you
needn't be ashamed of your own clothes!
Now, upon your oath, Mr. Arthington,
how do you know those to be your trans-
fers? Is it because they are so much
worn? Is it because they are so much
dear, and are perhaps offener of your
than your legs? Pray, are you in the
habit of selling your old clothes, Mr.
Arthington? Are you aware that these
are charitable societies in this metropolis,
and thousands of ragged poor who would
be thankful for even such worn-out law-
dry tags as these? How long may I have
worn them? Do you think there's
a tailor's apprentice in the town would
wear such things much more by any?
Will Jack, when you—when you—haven't got
your—your—man?"

up—the offending inexpressibles, flung
them straight at my head, and rushed out
of the box.
Need I say that my client was ac-
quitted? I have sold all my old clothes to
him ever since, and that Jack has never
been known either to employ or to prose-
cute an "Ole Ole!" from that day to this?

But Blanche? Ah, yes! Blanche—
wonderful, dear Blanche! I must tell the
rest of her story, must I? "Ole Ole!"
stories are well enough; but the "old
story," love and its belongings, is the
best. Well, well, perhaps it is; and I
don't mind telling mine.

When Mr. Chatterton heard, as he soon
did, of the agreement which it had
pleased his daughter and me to enter in-
to, he made some very important and
altogether irrelevant inquiries into the
state of my what Mr. Carlyle has with
much felicity called "pinal gland"—viz.,
pursue; and not receiving a very clear
statement upon the subject, he requested
that I would discontinue my visits to
Dayswater. In this he was obeyed.

Most girls, under such circumstances, ei-
ther console themselves by ridiculing the
man whom they wanted to marry, and
marrying somebody else whom they did
not want to marry, or half kill themselves
by fearful regrets. Blanche did neither.
My name she never allowed to be men-
tioned in her presence but with respect.
Three offers, "advantageous," as they are
called, she cheerfully refused; but for the
rest was as cheerful, sunny, imperious, in
fact just the same wonderful Blanche as
ever. Unlike some of my friends, she
seemed to consider that suicide, by any
means whatever, is altogether unjustified.

Blanche, and that she had no more right to
kill herself by slow degrees than outright
at once; no more by tears and woful mo-
tyrdons than by poignards or prussic acid.
She would not be miserable—but, she
would not marry.

To me beliefs did not, and it seemed
would not come; so I fell a scribbling—
an old taste of mine—and managed to ex-
tract some remuneration from what Mr.
Mills calls "our busy but indolent pen."
Once or twice at balls I met
Blanche; each time we ventured on one
dance, to the great horror of the other
dancers, and each time we gave each other to
understand that our "faith was large in
time." Just two years after the famous
December ball, I met Mr. Chatterton,
point blank, in Oxford street. He was
most gracious. Would I dine with him
and his wife? He found residence was useless;
Blanche would have none other than me;
he must give in; we might marry—when
he had said I died at Dayswater, all that
he had said of Blanche was true; tender
words were spoken over again, plagues
renewed. The next day I saw Mr. Chat-
terton's name in the *Gazette*. Shame
effected what sorrow had been unable to
effect. Blanche shed her first and last
tears, and bade me leave her. I dried
the tears, and married her; she sat read-
ing over there, as I wrote these conclud-
ing sentences. *Omne vivens* was at his
first remarkable, for modesty than sym-
phony; nor have others even yet been the
suprema clemens potestatem—we
did not live in Belgrave Square. Their
audience (at first from necessity) of an
original taste induced us to make it
larger; and I have fought my small war
with this dear old weapon, my pen. Next
to Blanche, the dearest thing I have.

Jack has had many briefs, and has
married thirty thousand pounds and a red
nose. He and the red nose sometimes
stretch their conjugal legs under our ma-
jority—Jack coming, I verily believe,
for the sake of sitting within sight of
those eyes which look so truthfully at me
as to live in Belgrave Square. Their
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larger; and I have fought my small war
with this dear old weapon, my pen. Next
to Blanche, the dearest thing I have.

Jack has had many briefs, and has
married thirty thousand pounds and a red
nose. He and the red nose sometimes
stretch their conjugal legs under our ma-
jority—Jack coming, I verily believe,
for the sake of sitting within sight of
those eyes which look so truthfully at me
as to live in Belgrave Square. Their
audience (at first from necessity) of an
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BASKET OF CHIPS.

Fire works—Run and candles.
To stir up the fire—Try the Polka!
Southern-Ips Dixie!—Tipsey Dixie!
Soldier's "Bad Cold"—Coward's!
The cause of many turn coats.—Bad
hairs!

The proper angle for a fishing-rod—In-
clined to hook!
Why are cabbage seeds planted.—For
Germination!
Difficulties and strong men, like strap
and razor, are made for each other.

Notice of Removal.—King Frost's
first wintry breath!
Why did Desdemona wed Othello?—
For the love of *amour*!
Street sweepers when hard at work;
are said to be in *dust*ions.

The best way to keep the dumb Belles.
—At "arms" length!
A Tanner's Amusement.—"Hide and
go seek"—for more.