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 51 Vesey Street, New York;

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They have introduced their selections of Teas, and are selling them at not over Two Cents (.02 Cents) per pound above Cost, never deviating from the ONE PRICE system.

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CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box, 4086. Jan. 27, 1864.-sep221y.

Original Poetry.

Mr. Editor:—I herewith transmit a poetical effort of mine for publication. It was suggested by and written after the reading of J. G. SAXE's favorite—

"The Snake in the Glass." Though the verification be awkward and the rhyme imperfect, the author modestly thinks there are some sentiments contained in it which will merit a perusal and justify the Editor in publishing it:—

THE FIRST GLASS.

I wish to tell you a dream, my friends,
 A dream that I had last night.

Oh then terrible dream;
 How fearful you seem;

And I cannot drive you from sight
 Not quite

Though I endeavor with all my might.
 A man all tattered and torn, my friends,

A man all tattered and torn,
 Before me stood

In prime manhood.
 And his face was rough and unshorn.

Forlorn,
 Much better thou hadst never been born!

"I once was wealthy, respected and great,
 And friends," he said, "in numbers had

Oh days long gone
 Which once were mine,
 Come back, come back, you'll drive me mad!

Egad!
 My case is terribly bad!

"'Twas ruinous whisky that brought me low,
 An instrument the devil has

Oh I curse the hour
 I yielded to his power
 And joined the drinking class!

Alas!
 I owe it all to my first glass!"

In a hovel filthy and mean, my friends,
 In a hovel filthy I stood,

With wretches filled,
 Whose wallings thrilled
 The soul as they cried for food!

Oh God!
 What miseries distillers breed!

But where was the head of this hungry flock?
 Oh where could the father be?

In a neighborly inn,
 Those hells of sin,
 All unconscious with drink was he.

Ah me!
 The fruits of the first glass, you see!

I saw a man on the gallows, my friends,
 A man to be hung for crime!

Did you ever behold,
 Such a sight untold?
 A man of health and just in his prime,

Sublime!
 Ushered to hell in a nick of time?

A tear trickled down his cheek, my friends,
 And as he wiped it away he said—

"On the brink of the grave,
 And no hand to save!
 Oh the thought is terribly dread!

Soon dead!
 Then whither will my soul be led!

"I wish to tender a warning, my friends,
 In drinking be cautiously spare

The goblet, friend, is hell,
 Touch not that viper fell,
 Degradation, crime, and DEATH lurk there,

Beware,
 Lest its wily temptations ensnare!

"Could I but recall the past, my friends,
 And stand where I stood long ago,

I would never touch the cup,
 Never take the first sup,
 But teetotal would be—that's so.

But lo!
 The past will never come back, no!"

This dream's a warning to us, my friends,
 A warning to us all en masse.

Let us cease to drink,
 But begin to think,
 And the evils of the cup amas.

Alas!
 If we'd only never taken one glass!

Very, respectfully,
 HUDIBRAS.

The door between us and Heaven cannot
 be opened if that between us and our fellow
 men is shut.

The faces of soldiers coming out of an en-
 gagement and those of young women going
 into one are generally powdered.

They say "the early bird catches the worm."
 The early fish catches the worm too, and, in
 doing it, often gets caught himself.

A boy loves to learn from a traveling tutor.
 He likes best to be fed, like the young of the
 house-swallow, only on the wing.

Lavoisire made an instrument of ice into a
 measurer of heat; thus fire is often measured
 by ice—the boy by the gray-headed man.

The glad tears of a thankful heart are more
 valued, and shine more brightly than worldly
 crowns set around with petrified tears of sor-
 row.

A Good Story.
MAGGIE LEE.

BY WINI HORLAND.

How well I remember when she first came to us. It was seven years ago, although the time seems twice as long, so many tears have I shed since then. I was in the yard one charming day in the last of May. I remember how full of gladness the earth seemed, and my own light heart beat high with May-time hope, which the summer of my life has failed to realize.

I was standing in the shadow of a great lilac tree, playfully shaking its purple plumes at mother, who sat before the open window, when I heard the gate click, and, looking round, saw a little odd figure coming up the path. The child was probably ten years old, with a slight graceful form, though clad in tattered garments. Her straight hair, neither long nor short, hung in uncombed mats about her face—the little thin sallow face, with the great eyes looking eagerly forth. She had no greeting—only a look half entreaty, half defiance—and seated herself upon the broad step of the piazza, looking hungrily upon the great lilac blossoms. I tossed her a spray, and I shall never forget the brightness that flashed into her little sad face. I knew from that moment that whoever, whatever she was, there was a spot in her soul, pure and beautiful, where the angels had written—"Holiness to the Lord."

"What is your name?" I asked, seeing she was not disposed to break the silence.

"With that's what granny called me, but my real name's Maggie—Maggie Lee."

"Where do you live then, little one?" I queried.

"Sometimes with granny, and sometimes under the stars."

"But where have you come from?"

"I've come from Granny Grey's. I've run'd away—run'd away for good," she added with emphasis.

Mother then coming out upon the piazza, said gently, "You have walked from the city I presume, and are tired; come in and you shall have some breakfast."

Mother had touched the right chord, as she always knows how to do, and she gently drew from the child her sad history—which was a half-forgotten memory of a tender mother, that mother's dying good-bye, and then years of suffering under Granny Grey's discipline.

"And you never want to go back to Granny Grey?" queried mother.

"No, no, no."

The words were repeated with emphasis, and the little brown fist gestured almost fiercely.

"Then," said mother, "be a good girl and you shall stay with us until we can find a home for you."

Dear mother; it was just like her. Her heart was filled with "charity that suffereth long and is kind," thinking lovingly of every person; and besides, said she, "who knows but this child was sent to our door to be cared for; and shall we turn her away?" And so it was that Maggie Lee dropped into the quiet and beauty of our home. We found no place in the neighborhood for the little wanderer, and so suffered her to remain with us. It would have been cruel to have torn her away from a life she lived so loving with a peerless passion the flowers, birds, and all things glad and free. It was impossible to restrain her. Mother found herself too feeble to curb the fetterless spirit, and so, beyond the little reading lesson each day, Maggie roamed at her own free will.

I might have done much for Maggie had I chosen, but I, too, was a thoughtless child, too much absorbed in my own happiness to care much for others. But as the summer wore away, Maggie displayed a passion so marvelous in its intensity that I always became interested in her. Whenever I would play or sing I would hear steps under the open window, the roses would be parted, and if I looked quick enough I would see a little eager face looking through the parted curtains. One day she grew bolder, and coming in stood by the piano while I played I shall ever remember the brightness, the earnestness, in her little face. "Oh, sing that again," she cried, as I finished singing a touching little ballad, and the tears stood in her great eyes.

"Would you like to learn to play, Maggie?" I asked.

"Oh wouldn't I, Miss Maude? oh wouldn't I?"

"And you will be a very good girl if I teach you?" I queried. The promise was earnestly, tearfully given; so that bright after-

noon Maggie took her first lesson in music.— It was an era in her life—a turning point.— From that hour she was a changed child. She seemed to feel that she, too, had something to live for—something to do. She studied her reading lessons unweariedly, became particular in her personal appearance; but in music her progress was wonderful. Her little fingers seemed almost a part of the instrument, so well did they do their part, while her voice—I never heard its like before, nor since—was deep, rich, passionate, yet clear as the voice of a bird. I was proud of my pupil, and mother of her student—we began to like "Witchie."

It was October, and Harry Gordon was with me—Harry, my betrothed. Oh how I loved—how I worshipped that man, just as he worshipped everything good and true. It was his love, the anticipation of his visit, that had gladdened the long days of the summer. We were walking together among the late flowers one gorgeous afternoon, Harry and I, when Maggie's voice came floating out to us through the open door. She was singing a wild hunting chorus, particularly adapted to her voice.

Harry stood like one entranced then, without a word, drew me to the parlor. Maggie did not notice our entrance, but as she finished the last words of her song, her little hand ran over the keys of the piano making such wild, sweet music—now so passionate, now so plaintive—that the tears came to my eyes.

"Bravo, bravo!" Harry exclaimed as he caught the child in his arms. "Sing something else for us, little one,"—but she darted away.

I told Harry her strange history, and smiled when he predicted for her a brilliant future. It was wonderful, the friendship that sprang up between my betrothed and Maggie. He loved everything true to nature, found in her a fresh page unwritten by the hand of art—a true, warm heart, an untaught will, a free, glad spirit. He helped her with her lessons, taught her the names of many flowers and plants, even I gave her lessons in one geology astronomy, of which I think she never forgot a word. They took long walks together, while I was busy. Maggie revered him above all men. I think, indeed, she would have followed him to the ends of the earth if he had so desired. I should have been jealous, had she not been so young, so plain, so without family, fortune, station.

October trailed its brightness away. And November came—dark and stormy. Harry left me, with the promise of a visit the next year. That promise I had to cheer me, to charm away all dreariness of the winter—that, and his letters, so frequent, so fervent, so true. I was only sixteen then, and in two years Harry and I were to be married.

Maggie improved very rapidly during the winter. She seemed determined to atone for her early neglect. Mother began to love her. I, too, felt an interest in which was growing akin sisterly feeling. She was evidently, as Harry had said, "a genius, and would be a star one of these days."

A year—it seemed long to me, but it passed away, and brought to me my Harry. October brought to me it gorgeous beauty, its autumn splendor; but, above all, it brought to me my darling—my betrothed. He spoke to me cheerfully, tenderly, yet sadly, for reasons he explained to me, and which should have satisfied any woman: he told me our marriage must be deferred for three or four years.

"It will not be long, dear Maude, only a little while—three years will seem like a dream. You will only be twenty-three, only three times twelve short months."

"If for then, forever," I answered proudly I did not really mean to seal my destiny then. I was piqued, disappointed; I had looked forward to an early bridal, to a beautiful home. I felt for the moment that he was careless of my wishes. I thought, too, he would compromise with me; but he only put me from him saying:

"And this is the end of all our love and joy, Maude? I have laid my plans wisely. Your judgment must say they are for the best. If you're in earnest, say good-bye, and all is over."

"Good-bye then," I replied, and he turned away. I never knew until that moment how much he loved me; but as he turned me his face of the dead, and yet sternly immovable. I threw myself down on the soft turf, tearless, but with a full heart of sorrow.

It was late when I went to my own room—there to grieve in silence. I heard voices below until late in the evening—my mother's and Harry's. My mother already loved him like a son, and I knew her partiality for me would not prevent her from blaming me for what I had done.

Early in the morning she entered my room softly, and sitting besides me passed her hand caressingly over my hair. "Maude," said she, "this is a cruel thing; can not you be reconciled? Harry leaves in an hour. A word spoken now may save you both years of misery?" "Did he bid you speak to me about it?" I asked, eagerly hoping a compromise could be effected between my love and my pride.

"No, darling. Harry did not request me to act as a peace-maker. My own heart prompted to make this effort in behalf of your interest, my child."

In that moment my good angel whispered to me of peace and love; but the angry passions of my own heart surged up and drowned the gentle accents. Pride had begun the work—would finish it. "No, mother, it is all over. I have nothing to say to him—words echo yet in my heart—those words that blackened my destiny."

"At least, come down and say good-bye to Maggie. She goes with Harry. It seems he has told his uncle about her, as he has no children of his own. I like Maggie, and shall miss her; yet we are not able to give her a finished education. And, as in her new situation she will enjoy every advantage of society and education the city affords, I think we should not stand in her way. So with my consent she goes this morning. Harry's will accompany her to his uncle's, where she will remain a few days before he sails for Europe."

All this surprised me. Ah! it was as he had said—"there was a brilliant future for Maggie,"—the witch of other days. And then, for the first time, a dark pang of jealousy shot through my heart. What if, after all he should love her! No, I wronged him—I banished the thought.

There was a faint knock at the door, and in answer to mother's "come!" Maggie came softly in. She kissed me, and thanked me very sweetly for what I had done for her, bade me good-bye, and then she and mother went out. An hour afterwards I heard the carriage roll away.

That was five years ago. We have heard often from Maggie—of her progress in her studies, her charming home. Twice she visited us, but, both times, I was away from home and did not see her. To-day we received a letter from Harry Gordon saying that he will be at our house May the twentieth—to-morrow—with his bride, Maggie Lee!

It was my own pride sealed my fate. Yet as I look back upon the little tattered wanderer that came to our door seven years ago, it is hard to think that she may wear upon her heart the only love for which I ever cared.—I have changed in those seven years. My girlish face is saddened, my girlish grace is gone, but I know to-morrow's evening star will look upon me a yet older, sadder woman than I now am. It will be hard to welcome my once betrothed to my home, and know that I am nothing to him now. It will be hard to greet all a sister, his girl-wife—wishing them both all joy—yet, God helping me, I will do it.

"It may be from the morrow's gloom and fear,
 Shall rise the promise of immortal cheer."

Little-or-Nothings.

It is strange that men should hate each other for the love of God.

Most men do just as little for posterity as posterity has done for them.

It is often with the human race as with bees; the male bee makes no honey.

Editors ought to be able to live cheap; they get bored for nothing.

The poetry that's all gas is a poor kind of gas metre.

Loving friends, like a pair of lips, are often severed by a breath.

When they are so many human wolves about, a man is a great fool to be sheepish.

Talk is a greater bore than a book. It is easier to shut a fool's book than a fool's mouth.

It is said that the language an Arabian child speaks before it cuts its teeth is gum-Arabic.

It may be very well to go your own way, but you had better first see that you have a way to go.

Growing freedom and powerful many-sidedness arm the child against all the two and thirty winds and storms of life.

Every railroad train has a smoke-car. It might save the feeding of the ladies and gentlemen if each one had a swearing-car.