

Poet's Corner.

[From the Yankee Blade.]

OLD ENGLAND.

There she sits in her Island home,
Peerless among her peers!
And Liberty oft to her anas doth come
To ease her poor heart of tears;
Old England still throbs with muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget;
And still shall she banner the world up higher,
For there's life in the Old Land yet.
Hurrah!

There's life in the Old Land yet.

The great Hero-mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in the Saxon tree,
And she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists to the sun and sea.
Fair as the Queen of Love fresh from the foam,
Or a star in the dark cloud set;
Ye may blazon her shame, ye may sneer at her
fame.

But there's life in the Old Land yet. &c.

They would scoff at her now, who of old look'd
forth,
In their fear when they saw her afar;
Oh, but loud will your wail be, poor kings of the
earth.

When the Old Land goes down to the war!
The avalanche trembles, half launched and half
riven,

Her voice shall in motion be set;
Then ring out the tidings, ye winds of heaven,
There's life in the Old Land yet. &c.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
She will fight as she fought when she took her
stand

For the right of the olden day.

Ah, rouse the old royal soul! Europe's best hope
Is the sword-edge by Victory set!
She shall dash Freedom's foes a-down Death's
blood slope,

For there's life in the Old Land yet,

Hurrah!
There's life in the Old Land yet!

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

I heard the other day an anecdote which justifies the remark that "truth is often stranger than fiction." An old woman, a short time ago, on her death-bed, called her nephew, who was also her heir, and revealed to him that, eight years before, she had gone to Paris to receive some money which was due to her—a sum of fourteen thousand francs received in bank-notes; she wrapped them up in an old newspaper, and placed them, with different other things, on the mantle-piece of the room of the inn where she was staying, while she sat down to write her husband, to tell him she had received the money. The letter written, she determined that, instead of trusting it to any one she would put it herself in the post; and accordingly left the hotel for the purpose. On going out she left her key with her porter, with directions to light a fire in her room at eight o'clock. Towards half-past seven, whilst at the house of one of her acquaintances, it suddenly occurred to her that she had left her bank-notes on the mantle-piece at the hotel. She immediately returned in search of them, went up to her room, where the fire was lighted according to her directions; but the packet of bank-notes had disappeared. She rang. A young girl answered the bell; of whom she demanded who had lighted the fire. It was the girl herself. The owner of the bank-notes asked if she had seen them. She answered in the negative. At last the master of the hotel was called, and the affair related to him. It then was proved that the only person who entered the room was the girl who lighted the fire. The master of the house had confidence in the girl's honesty; but, as appearances were certainly against her, the whole affair was placed in the hands of the police, and the girl arrested. She was condemned, on her trial, to three years' imprisonment; but the money was not found after the expiration of the three years. The girl came to the house of the owner of the unlucky bank-notes, reproached her as the cause of her ruin and dishonor. The old lady was touched; it occurred to her, suppose, after all, the woman was innocent! Her guilt had never been satisfactorily proved; nor had the strictest searches been able to discover what she had done with the money she was accused of taking. At the time of her arrest she had been on the point of marrying an honest workman; and now she would have the greatest difficulty in placing herself in service again. Instigated by the desire to repair, as far as in her lay, the injury she might have caused this young woman, the old lady determined to take her into her service, and try her; and never had she cause to regret having done so. She now revealed all to her nephew, and expressed her full belief in the innocence of her servant, and desired him always to retain her in the family, and

lady died, leaving about two hundred thousand francs to her nephew.

The nephew came a short time ago to Paris, to pass a few months of the winter season; he went to an hotel in the Rue du Helder, where he established himself very comfortably. One evening, after returning home, he heard, in the room adjoining that in which he was, the sound of voices and laughter; evidently his neighbors were in high glee. Overhearing some words, his curiosity was piqued, and he approached the partition, in order to hear more distinctly; (and yet there are some men who pretend to say that it is only women who are curious!) In this laudable attempt, our hero discovered that there had formerly been a door of communication between the room he occupied and that in which his gay neighbors were enjoying themselves. The hole where the lock had been was filled up with sealing-wax, so that there was no chance of seeing through that; but his curiosity was excited, and in looking about he saw that there had been a space at the top of the door, which was stuffed up with old paper. He pulled it out, and his curiosity was gratified with a view of his next-door neighbors. His efforts being thus crowned with success, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The next morning, wishing to remove the proofs of his curiosity, he took the packet of old newspapers, with the intention of replacing them, when, in so doing, out fell the fourteen *billet de mille* francs, evidently those of his aunt. The master of the house was called. He remembered perfectly the circumstance. The servant was sent for; she recognized the room. The young man offered to make public reparation, and establish her innocence; but the poor woman preferred letting all the affair rest in oblivion. The story was forgotten, she said: why revive it? The young man handed her over the *bille*, which had been the cause of so much sorrow to her. After all they were hardly earned.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

In a stately castle overhanging the bay of Capernaum, a child is dying. Unglazed lattices admitted the chill December air to wave the gorgeous hangings of Tyrian dye.

Upon a pile of cushions, embroidered and spangled with gold, lies a boy whose blue eyes and locks are bright as the spangles on his pillow, proclaim his mother a daughter of the Egean. That mother, leaning upon the noble form of her husband, gazes upon her child with an eye of weary terror, and cries.

"Alas, my lord! what shall we do?"

"I know not," is the stern reply. "Azrael approaches."

"If Jesus were here," says the little sister of the sufferer, "he could cure him—nurse Judith says so."

"And who is Jesus?" they demand of the aged matron who just enters the chamber.

"A prophet," is the reply. "He wrought many mighty works at the Passover. He has just come to Cana."

"I have heard of him," exclaims the nobleman. "What, ho! make ready my chariot!" and he hastens forth and presently the sudden rush of wheels and the clatter of hoofs ring through the midnight streets.

The sounds die away; the dash of the water along the starlit shore is only heard. As dawn approaches, the delirium of the little sufferer increases. His mouth is furred and black, the eye is sunk and surrounded by a livid circle, the skin begins to be spotted with black, an omen too well understood. As noon approaches, he sinks rapidly. His extremities are cold, his pulse is gone, and the sure tokens of dissolution appear.

The watchers prepare to repeat for the flitting spirit the confession of faith for the dying Israelite. The mother and sister are led to an adjoining apartment. The mansion grows still as the grave, save when breaks forth that mother's irrepressible sob of anguish.

"All wait to hear the loud cry of the watcher,—"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, thy God, is one God!" and to reply, "Jehovah, he is God!"

But that dirge comes not. Moments pass like hours. Anguish hightens to agony. When, hark! from the chamber of death, instead of a funeral cry, comes forth the musical voice, "Mother!"

She starts—she screams—she rushes toward the door—when, gliding, white-robed, like a spirit to her embrace, his long black locks floating back, his cheek, lip and eye radiant with health, comes the angelic figure of her son. She clasps him to her bosom, cool, nervous, clinging, though weak, her child, her pride!

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Across the far plains two chariots rage fiercely from opposite directions. They meet—the pant-

ing coursers checked suddenly in headlong career.

"Thy son liveth!" is the thrilling reply.

"Since when?" gasps the toil-worn father.

"Yesterday, at the seventh hour, the fever left him."

"The same!" exclaims the nobleman. And without another word, followed by his retainer, thunders away to Capernaum.—*Independent.*

How A Fellow Brought in the Returns.

In a county near by, an election was held for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field, and their chances of success were about equal. Never, it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more hotly into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been staked upon the result, and this circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by all classes of the people.

On the morning of the election, runners, provided with fleet horses, were dispatched to all the different polls of the county, who were to bring in the returns to the county seat—a hotel which was the head quarters of the three parties.

We will pass the many exciting, and amusing occurrences of the day, and recur to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township, and the contest so far was so close, that the disparity between the highest and lowest candidate was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township—but as each had been deceived by the votes in the balance, the result in this was in extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed; the friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety, and the sporting gentlemen felt as if they had embarked in a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance.—The shout of "he's coming," gave general notice of the fact. As the messenger neared them—his noble animal flying as it were, under whip and spur—they fell back on either side, and opened a passage to receive him. In he dashed—regardless of human life, and hauling up suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with watch in hand, he exclaimed—"Five hundred dollars that better time was never made! Ten miles in only twenty minutes! and by a three year old colt, at that!"

A death-like stillness pervaded the crowd, as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel any interest—just at that time at least—the "returns" being the only thing which could interest the crowd. "Thirty-eight majority!" answered the runner. "For whom?" demanded a voice in the crowd. "Gentlemen, all I know about it is, that some feller got thirty-eight majority! but who the d— it was, I can't tell you; but one thing I know, and that is, you can bet your life on the hoss."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called in this neighborhood by the cognomen of "the fellow that brought in the returns."—*O. S. Democrat.*

A Portrait.

A young man wishing to be noticed in the gay circles of the world, buys an old watch for five dollars. At the end of four months, finding it does not keep time as well as a new one, he pays three dollars to have it thoroughly repaired. Two months after, finding it is not exactly a new watch, he pays two dollars for further repairs. At the end of the year, growing sick of it, he swaps it for an old musket. He then tries to get rich by hunting, but not finding game very plenty, and receiving a summons from the merchant to pay for his powder and shot, which has amounted to eight dollars, he says to himself I'll get rid of the rotten musket somehow; so he swaps it for an old horse, and pays five dollars to boot. He hires his horse kept at the tavern, at which place he boards; at the end of the year his bill for horse-keeping has amounted to forty dollars, and his own to seventy-five. He says to himself, this is not getting along very fast, so he sells his horse for a barrel of brandy which finishes his earthly career.

CURIOUS TRAP.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in the stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ man entered the house, and asked the farmer

if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man a lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning, and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable, where the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him most tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the nature of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstances to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear,—"Hug him, Tommy!" When the bear embraced him so lovingly and earnestly that the butcher roared most hideously with the pain. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk away, glad to escape with his life, while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

One of the Verdicts.

The Portsmouth Journal, under the head of traditional sketches, publishes the following account of a model jury of the olden time.

About eighty years ago a man came to his end by a casualty at the Isles of Shoals, and the coroner from Portsmouth visited the island to make an inquest. Twelve jurors were summoned from those who were first met with, and directed to sit on the body. They went into the house, and soon some of them returned, and informed the coroner that it would hold but six. They were again instructed and sent in. They reported that he was drowned. They were again sent back for further investigation. In due time they returned with the report that they had notched on one stick all his good deeds they could find, and on another all his bad ones. The latter numbered most, and therefore they gave their verdict that he had gone to the wicked place. "One of his good qualities was reported to be, that he could carry a can of flip at arm's length around the island, and not spill a drop."

CURIOUS STORY OF AN OLD SHOE.—In a quaint, but interesting paper, on the monstrous head dress of the ladies of 1775, we have the following anecdote:—A certain lady near Berkley-square, having tried the patience of her friseur, by making him undo repeatedly several parts that had taken up no small time, he having used the last pack of three pounds of wool, and nothing usual being at hand to increase the superstructure, finding himself at a loss what to fill up with, suddenly spied a ladie's shoe lying on the table near him, which he immediately whipped up, and wound among the rest of the head gear; as it was only bulk that was wanting, it answered his desire, the head was finished, and she wore it, and slept with it in that fashion for a week, when, taking a whim to pull it to pieces herself, lo! there was the shoe that had been lost, and for which there had been such a hunt.

That man who runs down the girls, speaks ill of married women, throws a quid of tobacco in the contribution box, and takes a penny out to buy more, can never have peace in this world. Bed-bugs, mosquitoes and the nightmare, and all the hobgoblins of a guilty conscience, will haunt him on his way to that well-heated prison where the convicts are fed on cinders and aquafortis soup, and are allowed no other amusement than to sit and pick their teeth with a red-hot poker through all eternity.—*Dow junior.*

ANECDOTE OF PETER CARTWRIGHT.—While he was preaching, years ago, Gen. Jackson entered the church, when a pastor seated in the pulpit, gave his brother Cartwright a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in—as much as to advise, "Now be particular what you say." But Peter, to the astonishment of every one, louder than ever exclaimed—"Who cares for General Jackson? He'll go to hell as soon as anybody, if he doesn't repent!"

When the sermon—a home-made one—was ended, a friend asked the General what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for an answer—"Sir, give me twenty thousand such men, and I'll whip the world, including the devil!"

Sam Slick says, "Book-larned men seldom know anything but books, and there is one, that never was printed yet, worth all they have got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't understand the handwriting, and that book is human nature."

Under Woodstock, March 4.