

Poet's Corner.

[From the Cincinnati Times.]

THE "KNOW NOTHINGS."

Who knows if there is such a thing in the land
As an organized club, an American band,
Called 'Know Nothings,' resolved for our freedom to
stand;

I don't know.

If there is such a crew, can any one tell
In what State or city a few of them dwell?
And whether to Popery they'll strike the death-knell?

I don't know.

If there are any 'Know Nothings' pray tell me dearsir,
If they, in our cities have made all this stir
About elections for Mayor and Magistrates, sir?

I don't know.

Who collected so soon, in New York, a great crowd,
Without any notice, or bell ringing loud,
Who swore to be free or lie in their shrouds?

I don't know.

Who stood round the preacher on God's holy day,
Determined to hear whatever he might say,
Granting freedom to all to go or to stay?

I don't know.

Who rushed in a crowd when the Irish cried fight,
And dastardly fired on our freemen at night,
Who put the Pope's minions to cowardly flight?

I don't know.

Who broke in small pieces the Pope's precious stone,
Dug out of the ruins of tyrannical Rome,
For Freedom's great monument to our own Washing-

I don't know.

Who, swift as the lightning, athwart the dark sky,
To the rescue of freedom will eternally fly,
Nor see her proud form by Popery die?

I don't know.

Farewell to thy greatness thou seven headed beast,
The eagles of freedom on thy vitals will feast,
Who then will pity thy downfall the least?

I don't know.

Who, strong as the ocean's deep foaming tide,
Will crush to the earth the Pope's haughty pride,
And o'er all our foes victoriously ride?

I don't know.

THE SEPARATION.

Emma Wilmot, a girl of eighteen, was reading the newspaper to her mother and uncle, in the boudoir of the former, and had just finished the account of an alarming fire in London.

"Uncle," she said, "I think there are very few sights that you have not seen: pray were you ever present at a fire?"

"Yes, Emma," replied Major Hervey; "I was once at a fire; it was the most awful description of fire, because it was the work of an incendiary, and combustibles had been laid to give its progress artificial rapidity; it was not a London fire either, where the spring of a rattle acts as the wave of an enchanter's wand is procuring engines and assistants from every quarter. It took place in a retired country situation, ten miles from any town, and, to sum up the horrors, it was at the house of my most dear and valued friends."

"Will you tell me all the particulars, uncle?" said Emma; "that is, if it will not make you sad to do so."

"It will not make me sad, Emma—for that fire is connected with the most pleasurable event in my life, and most happy am I, for the sake of my friends, that it took place."

"Perhaps your friends were poor," said Emma; "had insured their house much beyond its value, and were glad of the additional money?"

"No, Emma—you are wrong; the house of my friends was certainly insured—but the insurance was beneath its value; and they lost many little articles of use and ornament endeared to them by circumstances, and which no money could replace; however, they found an article more precious than any they had lost."

"Oh! now I guess the mystery—they discovered a concealed treasure in the ruins."

"You are at once right and wrong; they certainly gained a treasure—or rather they regained it; for they possessed it once, and wantonly cast it away."

"Now uncle, you speak in riddles; do pray tell me the story!"

Major Hervey looked at Lady Wilmot, who gave him a nod and smile of assent—and he began his narrative.

"About twenty years ago, Emma, I went to pay a visit to a young married couple, for whom I had a sincere regard; they lived in a beautiful country house, surrounded by spacious grounds. It was spring; the whole neighborhood seemed one sheet of blossoms, and the clustering branches of the lilac and laburnum gave beauty and fragrance to my walk through the avenue leading to the residence of Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland."

They were young, handsome, wealthy, intellectual—and yet my visit to them was of a melancholy nature. They did not live happily together. They had decided on a separation, and the purpose of my journey was to inspect and witness a deed of separate maintenance."

"How very shocking!" said Emma; "nothing can justify the separation of a married couple."

"I do not quite agree with you there, my dear," answered her uncle; there may be circumstances which justify this painful measure; such however, were not the circumstances of my friends: the moral conduct of each was unimpeachable, and they were free from extravagance and love of dissipation; but they were unfortunately too much alike in respects where it would have been most desirable that they should have differed; they were both haughty, exacting, irritable, impatient of slights, and nervously perceptible of slights where no one else would have desecrated them. I think the faults were as nearly as possible equal on each side. The lady complained of the want of the attentions of a lover in her husband; and the gentleman complained that his wife would not condescend to dress, sing, or smile for his gratification alone as she was wont to do in the days of courtship. They became contradictory, peevish, and sullen, and a fatal want of confidence ensued on every affair of life, whether trifling or important."

"How different from my dear father and mother!" said Emma; "who can never keep anything a moment from each other!"

"The confidence which they withheld from each other," pursued Major Hervey, "they reposed in various quarters: and several of the friends thus injudiciously distinguished, made use of the idle and common-place phrase: 'When married people cannot live happily together, it is best for them to separate.' This advice had an effect which sounder advice often fails in having. It was accepted by each of the parties, and carried into execution. An eminent lawyer was directed to prepare a deed of separation, and, when once signed and witnessed, Lady Falkland was to quit the residence of her husband, and to return to her parents. My friends as you may imagine, were not sitting together. I was shown into the study of Sir Edgar, and I spared no pains or arguments to prevail on him to re-consider his determination, to endeavor to bear with the little imperfections of his wife, and to persuade her to bear with his own. He would not, however, admit that he had given her any provocation; he seemed thoroughly convinced of her coldness and want of attachment to him. After some cross-questioning, I succeeded in getting him to allow that he was occasionally a little irritable; but such irritability, he said would soon disappear, were it not kept alive by the provoking and taunting remarks of his wife."

"He should have been married to such a woman as my dear mamma," said Emma; "she is so mild and patient, that she would soften the most irritable temper in the world."

"Do not praise your mother quite so enthusiastically, my love!" said Lady Wilmot, smiling; "it is almost as bad as praising yourself."

"When I found," continued Major Hervey, "that all my persuasions were vain, I was obliged tactfully to consent to the introduction of Mr. Chambers, the lawyer, with the deed of separation; he produced this document out of a tin box, which appeared to me more fatal than the box of Pandora—since Hope could not be supposed to repose at the bottom of it. When the deed, however, was read to me, I could not but do justice to the liberality of Sir Edgar: the fortune brought to him by his wife was small and had been settled on herself for pin money; but the allowance he proposed making to her was large, even in proportion to his extensive income. He expressed every wish for her comfort and happiness. Her father and mother were to come to the hall on the ensuing day to witness the deed of separation, and to take their daughter to their home. He asked me whether I thought they would be satisfied with the liberality of his provision for her, and I unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative; although knowing their kind, tender, and feeling natures my heart was wrung at the anticipation of their visit. I proceeded from Sir Edgar's apartment to that of Lady Falkland and vainly hoped that I might be more successful with her than I had been with her husband. I had known and loved her from her earliest youth—I had stood by the altar when her hand was joined with that of Sir Edgar—and deep was my sorrow to think that aught but death should dissolve that union. I could not, however, bend or soften her haughty spirit. 'She was undervalued,' she said; 'she was despised by her husband; she had always met with fondness and affection under the roof of her parents—and thither she should return.' I wished her to request a private interview with Sir Edgar; this she declined. She had not, she said, for many weeks seen him, except in the presence of a third person; but she promised me that, in honor of my arrival she would dine at the table that day. It was a formal and melancholy dinner, and Mr.

Chambers, who made the fourth of our little party, was the only unembarrassed person among us."

"Oh that terrible lawyer!" said Emma; "How I should have detested the sight of him!"

"Then you would have felt very unjustly, my dear girl," said Major Hervey; "he was a worthy and upright man; he could not refuse to draw up the deed in question when required to do so; and as he was only professionally acquainted with Sir Edgar and Lady Falkland, and not a private friend of either party, it would have been unreasonable to expect that he should look very unhappy about the matter. We are apt to exact too much from lawyers and medical men; we should reflect that long familiarity with scenes of distress, if it fail to harden the feelings, will at all events subdue the outward expression of them. They grieve like others for the misfortunes of their friends and relatives; but if they give a tribute of ardent sympathy to the sufferings of every client and patient they would be living in a state of perpetual excitement, highly favorable to the cool, deliberate self-possession so requisite in each of their professions. Lady Falkland quitted us soon after dinner. Mr. Chambers and I joined her in the drawing-room, but Sir Edgar had retired to his study. Lady Falkland was sad and silent; in fact, the whole room presented a dreary appearance: her harp and pianoforte were in packing-cases ready for removal; a table near the window, which used to be covered with engravings, books in gay bindings, and a splendid album, was now despoiled of all its ornaments; her writing desk and work-box were not in their accustomed places and a beautiful portrait of herself, taken before her marriage, was removed."

Mr. Chambers retired early. I made one more attempt to work on the feelings of Lady Falkland. I even appealed to the weakness of her character, by endeavoring to represent to her the consequence and responsibility of the situation she was deserting, and the insignificant station in society held by a separated wife. But Lady Falkland was not worldly or ambitious—she was only vain and exacting; she persevered in her resolution, and I sorrowfully bade her "Good night!"

All that now remained in my power was fervently to entreat the heavenly Disposer of events in my prayer, to have pity on these poor deluded young people—to change their proud hearts, to bow their headstrong spirit, and to lead them, at some future time, again to find comfort and happiness in each other. I remained wrapt in thought for about an hour, looking with dread to the events of the morrow, and at length fell asleep.

I awoke again. It was still dark, and I was immediately sensible of a decided smell of fire. I was thoroughly alarmed. Several fires had lately taken place in that neighborhood, which were supposed to be the work of a man of low character and habits, who had rendered himself offensive to many of the surrounding families. And this man, the garrulous old steward had informed me on the preceding day, had been threatened by Sir Edgar with a prosecution for poaching, and had been heard to avow that he would be revenged on him. I instantly aroused Sir Edgar. We gave the alarm to the servants; and finding that the fire had only reached a part of the building, and that we had plenty of time for our operations, I dismissed some of them to the neighboring farm-houses for assistance, and employed others to rescue whatever was most valuable and important from the flames."

First of all, however, I spoke to Lady Falkland's own maid, telling her to awaken her lady gently and quietly, to explain to her that the flames were yet far from the part of the house where she slept; and, having assisted her to dress, to conduct her to a large covered summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where I desired all the females of the family to assemble for the present. Sir Edgar and I were actively employed for some time in directing the labors of the servants, who removed many articles from the house; at length the flames spread with such rapidity that we were compelled to desist, and I walked down to the summer-house to console and re-assure Lady Falkland. Imagine my surprise at discovering that she was not there. Her maid informed me that on entering her room she found it vacant, her bed had not been slept on, nor were any of her clothes to be discovered; it was evident that she had been awake and sitting up at the time of the alarm, and had provided for her own safety by flight."

(Conclusion in our next.)

It is said that every man in battle fires away his own weight in lead for every man that he hits.

When a wife kisses her husband and looks unutterable affection at him, she is in want of a 'twenty spot.'

Log Rolling.

An Englishman who was travelling on the Mississippi River, told some rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnati chap named Case, heard these narratives, with silent but expressive humphs! and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at the Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welch miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" said the Englishman; "and you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst! Why, what can be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children!"

"Yes, a nigger woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my younger daughter, and sloped and jined the Ingens!"

"Great heavens! did you see her do it?"

"See her! Yes, she hadn't ten rods the start of me, but she plunged into the lake and swam like a duck—and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of 'aff-and-'aff, while Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend, at the same time, most remorselessly.

"I shan't go any further West, I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived out there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and his saw logs too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes. While dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night. True upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it; hired men to watch his logs; but it was all no use.—They'd whip 'em away as if there had been no one there. They'd steal 'em out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill-ways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink to the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, my brother, one day, bought an all-fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, anyhow, and he hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demi-john of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side-hill above the mill, and then sat down upon the log to play keards, just to keep awake you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keards and drank whiskey all night—and as it began to grow light they went to sleep a-straddle the log. About a minute after daylight my brother went over to the mill to see how they got on, and the log was gone!"

"And they sitting on it?"

"Sitting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and Scotchmen setting a-straddle of it, fast asleep."

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, and looking at his watch said he thought he would go on deck, and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

PARCELING OUT THE SERMON.—Old Deacon Safford—or, as he was familiarly called, Deacon Jo—was a rigid disciplinarian, and being the senior church deacon, looked after the delinquents with a sharp eye. Deacon Jo was in the habit of 'parceling out the sermon,' giving to each one of the congregation their portion, according as he thought they needed.

One warm Sabbath afternoon the pastor, thinking that those who had no interest in the subject of religion would most likely fall asleep, prepared himself to preach directly to the church. The deacon was on hand to 'parcel' out the sermon as fast as it came from the lips of the minister. The pastor commenced with his close-fisted, penurious brethren, plainly, but earnestly.

"That belongs to brother Grant," said the deacon.