

Poet's Corner.

FUNNY.

The world is full of funny things,
I'd like to name some over;
Its funny how the half is rags,
The other half is clover.

It's funny how the poor man seeks,
To live among his betters,
It's funny how the drunkard hugs
His adamantine fetters.

It's funny how the pretty girl
Walks out with smiles and simpers,
But when her ma desires her help
At kitchen work, she whimpers.

It's funny how the smart young beau,
The march of life beginnin',
Lies snug in bed, while some poor soul
Is washing out his linen.

It's funny how the gossip old,
With skinny lip, will mutter,
"Now don't you tell for all the world
Twas Angelina Cutter."

It's funny how the neighbors will
Your weekly paper borrow,
And then return it, read to death,
A fortnight from—"to-morrow."

It's funny how a man will like,
A handsome little sinner,
Who plays divinely on the harp,
But cannot cook a dinner.

It's funny that a bore will say,
"How angel-like your baby,"
And wish it at the antipodes,
Or to perdition, maybe.

It's funny how some people talk
Of love within a cottage,
Yet never try it while their cash
Will buy them city pottage.

It's funny how the millionaire
Will tell the beggar bony
That he was never at a loss
For labour or for money.

It's funny how the clerk will say,
"Tis of the latest fashion,"
And when it's proved of last year's make,
Fly off into a passion.

It's funny how the lady gay,
Will shun her sex degraded,
And smile upon the libertine,
Though all his charms are faded.

In short this is a funny world,
And full of froth and fustian,
I think some day 'twill burn up by
Spontaneous combustion.

THE BRAVO HUSBAND.

A TALE OF ITALY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Ludovico Salvati was the captain of a troop of bandits infesting the Lower Alps. Of lofty stature muscular frame, and undaunted temperament, he seemed especially fitted for the desperate post in which his evil stars had placed him. We say his evil stars, for Salvati was the cadet of a noble family, of which honorable mention is made in the archives of Florence. He was a man of high aspirations; one who was never destined to tread the obscure path of mindless mediocrity, but maddened by disappointment and despair. The miseries of Salvati would have made a maniac of a less desperate nature, they made him a robber. His name was the by-word of terror to travellers and merchants, and the sound of fear by which the matrons of the Alpine hamlets soothed their wayward nurselings into submission; "Hark! Salvati!" sufficed alike to silence the most turbulent and subdue the most refractory.

Meanwhile, Salvati himself knew no happiness on earth, save on the consciousness that his name could thus strike terror to the hearts of those who in early youth had taught his own to quail. He had been injured deeply injured; and he had vowed vengeance—nor was he one to breathe such a vow, lightly.

In his first manhood, Ludovico had loved; not as worldlings love, but with deep devotedness. By day he walked through the marble halls of the Salvati Palace, musing on the idol of his soul; by night he closed his eyes only to dream of her. Beatrice Monti was a Florentine, with eyes like midnight when it is bright with stars, and a voice like that of the bird that loves the darkness; the brow of a Madonna, high, and calm, and pale, looking as though earthly passion could never overshadow it; and a smile which shed sunshine where it rested. She was so young and gentle that it seemed as if she were scarce fitted to contend with the cares of life, and so light hearted that she appeared never to have had one dream of sorrow. Such was the listener to Salvati's tale of love, as they sat together beneath the boughs of a pomegranate tree, from which he pilfered the rich red blossoms to twine them in her hair; while the sound of minstrelsy came faintly from the distant palace, swelling and dying, as the wind rose and fell among the orange trees. What recked it what

he said, or how he said it, beneath the moonlight-ed sky, amid breeze and blossom; enough that she heard it without a frown, that she answered with a smile; and that, as Salvati pressed her to his heart he called his,—his own! his love—his world!—'Twas a sweet dream; and they walked hand in hand, his arm around her and her rich warm cheek resting upon his shoulder—slowly, pausingly, under the delicious night wind; and they told each other the history of their secret affection how it had grown and strengthened since they first met; and if Beatrice blushed at the confession, he kissed away all her blushes, and she did not repent his confidence. Ludovico told a less embarrassed tale and she pressed her small hand upon his lips to stay their utterance; but the lover heeded not the gentle hindrance, and he showed her how long and how ardently he had loved her—for days are centuries in a lover's calendar: and the moon had risen high in heaven, and the orange buds were shedding the perfumed dew from their snowy cups ere they remembered that the world was peopled by others besides themselves, and prepared again to mingle with its denizens.

A fearful year followed that blissful evening. A rival's blood crimsoned the blade of Salvati; but the stab was deeper at his own heart's core! Could it be that Beatrice loved the smooth tipped stranger? His own Beatrice? He would not think it was thus: and yet, she wept over the corpse—such tears as women weep only for those whom they have enshrined in their souls. But Beatrice Monti—the fond the timid Beatrice?—No, no; it could not be; and Salvati held her to his heart, and loathed himself that he had dared to doubt her.

He became a husband. Not a word, not a look of his young bride, but was to him as light and music. All that tenderness which woman loves so well, he lavished upon her with a prodigality which proved that his whole heart was in the homage; and yet, she was not happy. The smile fled from her lip, her step became less buoyant, and her voice more sad. Ludovico mourned, wondered, yet never doubted; and when Beatrice placed in his arms her infant girl, he forgot all sorrow in the contemplation of its cherub face.

One day, he led his fair wife forth into the sunshine, and the child slumbered upon his bosom. He talked to Beatrice of all which that child might be to them, gifted as she seemed with her mother's beauty—that mother who was to him fairer than aught else on earth. He was answered only with tears. Suddenly a messenger approached them, who was the bearer of strange tidings,—he was a kinsman of Salvati, and he came with joy in his heart to tell him that the rival he had smitten he had nevertheless not slain; that he yet lived, though his friends had born him across the sea when they rescued him from death—there was no blood upon the soul of the young husband.

Ludovico smiled scornfully in doubt, but the doubt was vain. The stranger had been seen since his return to Florence; he still bore the trace of Salvati's blade, but he lived.

Then indeed light returned to the eyes of Beatrice, though she uttered not a word, as Ludovico gloomily led the way back to their splendid home.

One more short month, and the infant of Count Salvati was motherless. Beatrice had fled! The father and the child were alike deserted. The wretched and bereaved man caught up the weeping girl—weeping it knew not wherefore,—and in his turn abandoned the home which to him was now desolate. He wandered he cared not whither, for many weary days; the peasants whom he encountered in his way shared with him and with his motherless infant, their simple and often scanty meal; and he slept with the child nestled in his bosom; under the bright clear sky, or beneath the cotter's roof. It was thus the bandits found him. He was a reckless man. They urged him to become their chief; and he started at once from his lethargy of sorrow. By their means he might yet taste revenge! The very thought was cabalistic. He told them all his wrongs and they talked of vengeance; that was enough; he was thenceforward theirs—body and soul. He girt the pistols and the dagger in his belt; he pressed the plumed hat upon his brow; and he placed his little Beatrice in the arms of the gentlest of the bandit's wives. It is true that he shuddered as he gave her into such rude keeping, but he was anticipating vengeance; and he turned away with a smile upon his lip.

He watched and watched for years, and yet his longing was unappeased; and meanwhile, his child grew healthfully among the Alpine breezes, with all the loveliness and grace of her mother floating about her like an atmosphere of light, and all the hardihood of a young mountaineer.

Salvati's revenge had been so long delayed, that

the thirst for its indulgence became demoniacal, when he heard that his enemy was at length within his grasp—and Beatrice too! She who had won his heart only to break it!—she who was once the wife of his bosom—the mother of his infant girl! She was even now with the man upon whom his curse rested—to whom it had clung for years upon whom it was now so soon to fall. * * * The seducer and the seduced were there within arrow flight; and they breathed the same air with the outlaw and his child. Salvati writhed with agony; the fair browed lover had been watched into a palace at the foot of the very mountain within whose fastnesses were pivocked the band of Ludovico. The false one and her guilty companion could shun themselves boldly beneath the blue sky of heaven, while the bereaved husband and his innocent babe were hidden from the gaze of men, lest the arm of justice should overtake them. The reflection was maddening; and excited by this bitter thought, engendering memories still more wretched, Ludovico took his deserted daughter by the hand, just as a glorious sunset had flashed and faded into those sober tints which steep the world in twilight, and tried to find comfort in the sweet looks and tones of the only being who loved him; but he could not support even the converse of the light hearted child; and casting himself gloomily down, with his rifle in his hand in a chasm of the rock, he bade Beatrice go forth, and gambol in the soft air. For awhile the girl stood pensively beside him, her hands folded upon her breast, and her large dark eyes rivetted on his countenance; but after a time she looked forth over the ledge of rock against which she leaned, and watched the wild birds as they winged their joyous way to their nightly resting places.

Suddenly Ludovico was startled by her scream, and he hurriedly started from the earth; in another instant he heard the report of a rifle, and Beatrice sank down beside him,—the ball had entered her heart,—she was dead! Salvati laid her gently down again upon the earth from which in his first terror he had lifted her; then fiercely gazing down into the valley beneath, he discerned two human figures. The foremost was that of a tall cavalier the other was a lady, and farther in the distance the bandit distinguished a party of attendants.

He saw the truth at once—the cavalier was engaged shooting at the birds which were flying homeward to their eyries in the reek, and the lady was witnessing his prowess. The little Beatrice had attracted their attention by her movements, and the sportsman, believing it to be some mountain eagle, watching in fancied security the destruction of its feathered associates, and anxious to exhibit to his companion a proof of his skill as a marksman, had but too fatally taken his aim. But Ludovico, in another instant learnt still more than this,—it was not enough when all else had forsaken lay quenched at his feet—it was not enough that the pure and beautiful image in which that spirit had been enshrined, was now a ghastly, senseless gory heap—destiny had not done with him. A light laugh came on his ear—a laugh of mirth as a requiem for his dead infant—he could not be mistaken—he had heard such laughter in bygone years ere the blight of misery had withered him—it was the voice of Beatrice—of his false wife!—He turned and looked at his lost child, bent over her for an instant, as if to convince himself there was no hope and then seizing his rifle, he took a steady aim and again the sharp quick sound reverberated among the heights—another peal of laughter rang out as its echo but this time it was the laugh of Ludovico. The cavalier, the murderer of his little one, fell as that horrible mirth swelled on the evening breeze. As quick as thought the rifle of the bandit was reloaded; and he looked for a second with a glad gloating look upon the affrighted party who crowded round the fallen man then he once more raised his weapon; but this time his hand was unsteady, and his frame shook—the strong man quivered like a leaf! Again he glanced back on the dead object of all his hope, and of all his tenderness; and that look sufficed. In the next instant a shout of horror rang upwards from the plain; mother and child were alike lifeless. Salvati had taken no coward aim.

A few months subsequently, Florence was thronged by curious crowds, who came to witness the execution of Ludovico, the bandit chief. He had surrendered himself to justice; he had avowed the murder of his wife; the pillage of travellers the control of a fierce band which had long been the terror of the country. No voice was raised in mercy; it was a forgotten word in Florence; while all cried aloud for justice.

Men do not judge by the racked heart and the wrung spirit, but by the peril and the spoil;—what to them were the anguish and the despair which had wrought the ruin? their pity had been

unchallenged, for Salvati had borne a nauty brow before his accusers; he had supplied them with both the charge and the culprit; and the morning at length arrived—too slow for those who were to be merely the lookers on at the legal tragedy—when all might see if his high courage would still uphold him—what marvel then that they panted for the trial? But they knew not Ludovico Salvati! he had done with the world, and the world with him. A busy throng entered his dungeon to summon him to his death scene; his chains were lying on the earth beside him, for he had wrenched them asunder, though his tortured limbs had suffered in the effort; he was no longer to be a gaze for the Florentines—his dagger had freed him.

KNICKERBOCKER ANECDOTE.—"I have half a mind" writes a Georgetown (New York) correspondent, "to relate an anecdote for your 'Table' connected with this out-of-the-way place, which I think, will afford to the theologically good among your readers additional proof of the truth of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the best proof of which (our clergymen say) is that the Indian, the Hindoo, all heathen, and even the enlightened Deist believe in a future, with its rewards and punishments. Now, we have a neighbor, 'an enlightened Deist believe in a future,' commonly known here as 'Old Reed,' who believes that after death he shall appear again in the shape of some animal, and he thinks he will be a horse! The other day his wife, after suffering greatly from his bacchanalian abuse, determined to have a serious talk with him, and to touch him on the point of his religious belief. So, seating herself by him, with eyes filled with tears, and a face 'as long as the moral law,' she addressed him as follows:—'Old Reed, I have something to say to you, and you must hear it; I have a duty to do, and I shall do it faithfully; so that if you suffer hereafter the fault may not be mine.

You know, Reed, that you are in the habit of getting drunk and abusing your family. They have suffered for years both from your abuse and neglect, while the proceeds of your labor are spent in drink. Now, Reed, what do you think will be the result of such a course? What will become of you when you die? I will tell you. According to your belief, at death you will turn into some animal, and you think it will be a horse. Now, Reed, if you keep on your present course, and neglect and abuse your family, you will, when you die, turn into some poor old twelve shilling horse, and Joel Soles will get you; you will be hard-worked and half-starved, and I shall see you go by every day with a load of shingles.

But now, Reed, it needn't be so; and if you will turn right about, reform, provide for, and treat your family affectionately, when you die you will turn into a fine two-hundred dollar horse, and Charles Perry will get you, and feed you on a bushel of oats a day, and rub you down with soft pea straw."

PLUCKING A RAT.—Irish girls are always pretty smart, but once in a while they commit blunders. Their blunders are generally so ludicrous and funny that it is impossible to get angry at them. At one of the Houses in this city lives one who has 'been over' but a few weeks. Lively as a cricket, industrious as a bee, and honest and willing to work, she of course is well liked by those with whom she has taken up her abode.

A few days ago, one of the men, who is something of a practical joker, happened to kill a large rat. He handed it to Nelly, and told her he wanted it cooked for his dinner. Nelly, with a modest courtesy, took the animal and proceeded to the kitchen. A short time after, the lady of the house had occasion to go to the kitchen, where she found Nelly trying to pull the fur from off the rat, which she was occasionally dipping into a kettle of scalding water!

"Why, Nelly! what are you about?" asked the astonished lady.

"Sure, an' it's thyrin' to pluck the feathers off this I am," said she, "for Mr. ——— told me to cook it for dinner."

The lady soon put a stop to the performance and told Nelly with all the gravity she could command, that the man had been playing a joke upon her.

"Troth an' a joke it is, sure enough," said she, "for I never seen sich feathers to stick in all me life 'share."

ANGER OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.—We learn that a lady residing in Windsor, died yesterday morning. A coffin and shroud were prepared, and the body was prepared for interment. Arrangements for the funeral were completed. And as the undertaker was placing the coffin last evening, she revived, and showing evident symptoms of life, she was removed to the Queen's County. St. Andrews. St. John. Victoria Corner. Bachelors.