

Poetry.

THE PLOW, THE RAKE, AND THE HOE.

A song for the golden past—
And the high old forest trees—
A song for the curls of ladies' fair,
Outfloating upon the breeze;
A song for the kindly halls of Spain,
With their chivalry long ago—
But a song of song for the farmer's tools,
The plow, the rake, and the hoe!

A shout for the men of war!
From the blood-red field they come;
They look for the world to rise with awe,
At the sound of their fife and drum!
Hark! how the rabble cheer,
On hill and valley low—
We'll heed them not, for our song shall be,
Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Oh, a farmer's the man of men!
With sinews like cords of steel,
With a kindly step, and a flashing eye,
And a heart that is made to feel—
To feel the boundings of joy,
And throb at the sight of woe,
Then sing a song for the noble knight,
Of the plow, the rake, and the hoe;

Come forth, thou son of toil!
The earth, like bride and maid gay,
Is putting a carpet of verdure down,
For the feet of the blue-eyed May.
Come forth, with a lavish hand
Thy seed to the furrows sow—
While we gaily join in a cheerful song
For the plow, the rake, and the hoe.

Select Tale.

THE FORCED LOAN.

BY JOB MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

"Your mother is worse. However, with careful nursing and proper diet, there is yet a chance for her to recover. She now needs nourishment.—If she has an appetite to-morrow, a tender bit of mutton thoroughly boiled, with a little guava jelly, may be given. The room is rather cold; more fire is desirable, both on your mother's account, and on your own, for your cough is getting worse. The prescription should be obtained at once, and the medicine should be administered with the utmost accuracy."

The doctor proceeded on his rounds. A furious snow storm raged without, and the wind roughly rattled the windows. John Sterling sat by his mother's bedside, as she sank to sleep, holding the doctor's prescription in his hand, but seeing it not.

"Medicine!—guava jelly!—fire!" muttered he. "All we can do is to die. The landlord said we must pay the sixty dollars back rent to-morrow, or he would turn us into the street. Poor old Mary too, says she cannot stand it any longer, and will have to leave. I have not a cent, and there is nothing more to pay. Thank heaven for this storm. It will prevent Sarah's coming here this evening; it will be better for her to sail without seeing me again; of course she cannot desert her sick father. Poor mother!"

John stopped and kissed his mother's forehead. When he raised his head, his eyes rested on a gold chain which had slipped from beneath her pillow. Quickly seizing it, he drew forth a handsome gold watch, and started as if to go out. But he sat listlessly down again, and muttered:

"No, no; she told me not to dispose of this, let what would happen. It was my father's first gift. Here are her initials; S. S.—Susan Sterling. Oh God! how little he thought she would ever come to this. And would he have hesitated to part with this keepsake, if thereby her life would be saved? No, he would have sold it a thousand times were it possible, to save her one moment's discomfort.—And it must go. While she sleeps I will take it. Here Mary! Mary!"

The elderly servant woman answered John's summons, and telling her to sit by his mother while he was absent, he prepared himself to breast the coming storm.

"Why, mercy sakes alive! You aren't agoin' out in this awful storm are you Master John?" said the old servant in tones of blended surprise and remonstrance. "It'll be the death of you.—Your cough has been growing worse very fast during the last fortnight, an' if you should get a cold on the lungs now, I don't know what would become of. Let me go and get the medicine, for I suppose that's what you are going for. Why on airth don't doctors carry their medicine with 'em as they used to do? It seems to me they're getting far enough above their business? Well, if that boy

ain't gone! This is an awful business. I can't stay in this house much longer, for livin' on nothin' and freezin' to death, is agin natur; but I can't go and leave Missis Susan in such a state. Bless my soul and body, what's that?"

"John!—John!—Mary!" feebly gasped Mrs. Sterling.

"Here I am, Missis; here I am. What is it, dear? What do you want?"

John!—where's John! I'm—I'm choking! My watch!—it's under the pillow. Quick, give it to me."

"Where, missis? Where is it? I can't find it. I guess John's got it."

"John! tell him to—come here—quick!" said Mrs. Sterling, in still feebler tones. "Mary—I can't see—the watch—put it on my—bosom—quick, I, John!"

"Lord a mercy! She's dead! What will become of Master John? He'll go crazy. Alack! alack! what a sad world! What would Missis Susan's husband a thought, when he was so rich, and handsome and strong, and used to say he was goin' to outlive us all, if he'd supposed his darling would ever come to this?"

CHAPTER II.

"I'll count this over, Hinckum, while you wait on that young man that's just come in. You chaps run money over so fast, it's more than I can do to keep up with you, and I don't understand this measuring it off into piles."

"That's the greatest piece of poetry, and the grandest tune, that ever was writ by anybody living or dead:

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,"

Somehow or other, notwithstanding Captain Munson's intense admiration of the national anthem, he could never get beyond the first two lines, which he repeated at every possible opportunity, as if to compensate for his inability to give more of the song. As he counted the money, he looked up and said:

"I'm much obliged to you, Ned, for getting the gold for me. I don't like money that fire and water can spile so easy. But go and mind the young man, he seems to have something on his mind; and be liberal with him, do you hear?"

John Sterling had been looking with sparkling eyes upon the heap of gold before Captain Munson, and so absorbed in his contemplation did he become, that he did not observe the pawnbroker's business attitude, till Mr. Hinckum touched his shoulder, and asked what he could do for him.

"How much can you advance on these?" he hurriedly asked, as he placed his mother's chain and watch in the pawnbroker's hand.

"I can let you have forty dollars on them," said Mr. Hinckum, after examining the articles very closely.

"No more?" asked John, in a tone of bitter disappointment. "They are worth over two hundred dollars, and I must have at least one hundred for them."

"Impossible; forty dollars is the last cent."

"Wretch! rascal! villain. Give them to me," and John snatched the treasures from the pawnbroker's hand, and rushed from the shop.

"What ails that young man, Hinckum?" asked the captain, who having finished counting his gold, now came to the front of the shop.

"He's crazy, I think. Never mind what he said, captain, I don't. His father used to be one of our richest men, but he lost his wealth, and died, and—well it's the old story. This young man was engaged to a beautiful and wealthy girl; but although they loved each other most dearly, her father broke off the match, when the misfortunes came. He was ill a long time after it, and now his mother's sick, and one thing after another has been pawned; and to-night he wanted a hundred dollars on a gold watch and chain."

I wish you'd let him have it. I'm afraid ill-luck will follow such a piece of business. Good-bye: my ship sails to-morrow, and

"Over the briny waves we go,"

you know as the song says."

"Good-bye, a prosperous voyage out and back, is the best thing I can wish you I suppose. This is a stormy night, captain: you had better take an omnibus."

"Take an omnibus!" said the captain, as he strode into the storm: "I guess not; I never can keep my reckoning in such tumbling crafts. I would as lief go to sea in a tub."

Captain Munson kept steadily on up Broadway, to Fourth street, down which he turned. After going a few rods; he looked anxiously back at a muffled figure which had followed him all the way from the pawnbroker's, and muttered:

"If that chap expects to board me, he's mightily mistaken; he will find my nettings all up, and my crew ready to receive boarders."

The captain struck the southeast corner of Washington Park, and proceeded to cross it diagonally; but before he had got a quarter of the distance, the muffled figure rushed upon him, and seizing him by the shoulder, exclaimed, in a husky voice:

"I want to borrow a hundred dollars on this watch and chain; they are worth more than double the money; you have gold in plenty, and you must lend me the hundred dollars."

"You are the young man that was in the pawnbroker's shop," said the captain, kindly; "I am sorry for you, but don't you know that this is highway robbery?"

"I don't care what it is!" said John, fiercely; "highway robbery or not, I must have the money."

"Well, young man, you shall have it. Give me the watch."

Captain Munson thrust the watch and chain in his pocket, and amid the driving snow counted out ten eagles by the light of one of the Park lamps, placed them in John's hand and walked away. After going a few rods he turned and looked back.—John was standing under the lamp, with his hand out-stretched just as it was extended to receive the gold, and his face as white as the fleecy snow that was skimming around it.

"It was wrong to take his watch," said the kind-hearted captain. "I'll give it back to him." But John suddenly awoke from his trance, dashing across the park, and was almost immediately lost in the surrounding storm.

"Well, that's a desperate case," soliloquised the captain, I wish I had given him my purse, and done with it.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

"There comes master John," said old Mary, as she heard the front door open: "I can't stand it to see him find out his mother's dead; it will kill me; I'll get down stairs out of sight and hearin'."

Mary was too late. Before she could start, John rushed in exclaiming:

"Mother! dear mother, we are saved! I have plenty of nice things for you now, plenty to pay the rent. Dear moth—"

The basket he was holding dropped from his hand; he gazed a moment upon his mother's deathly face, threw his arms wildly above his head, and fell heavily on the floor; and as the golden eagles flew from his hand, and scattered over the room, they seemed to mock his misery with gleeful music.

CHAPTER III.

Some five years after the date of the occurrences detailed in the preceding chapters, Captain Munson, who had been in port but a few days, was quietly looking over his afternoon paper, when he suddenly jumped up and shouted:

"Hallo! ship ahoy! Well if that don't beat the d—d! Let me read that advertisement again."

"If the gentleman who loaned a young man one hundred dollars, in Washington Park, about the middle of December, 1849, will call on John Sterling, at the Astor House, between the hours of three and six o'clock, p. m., any day before the 20th inst., and bring the security with him, he will receive payment in full, with interest to date."

"It's five o'clock now, I'll go at once. Here is the security safe and sound," said the Captain, as he held Mrs. Sterling's watch to his ear; "and a capital time-piece it is too. I've been wanting that young man these five years, I've a great respect for him. I picked him out for Puss's husband on that very night; and now her father is dead, there will be nobody to break off the match."

In half an hour Captain Munson knocked at the young man's door, which he opened in obedience to a vigorous "come in." He tried to act as though he had nothing particular on his mind, but the attempt was ridiculously transparent. But John Sterling, recently from California, and much enlarged and improved since that awful night, immediately came forward, and cordially extended his hand, frankly saying:

"It is as needless, I suppose, sir, for us to stand on ceremony now, as it was on that stormy night. Have you the security, I then gave you?"

"Yes, I have it; but I shall not settle the matter in this easy way. It was highway robbery, sir, I told you at the time," said the captain, in a manner which he intended to be overwhelmingly severe and crushing.

John was completely taken aback, but after reflecting a moment, he said:

"Perhaps, sir, if you knew the circumstances under which I acted, you would think differently, and accept the personal reparation I have been so long anxious to make."

"I know all about it. You were poor, you saw me counting my gold in the pawnbroker's shop, and followed me to a lonely place, and demanded my money of me. You got it. You have since become rich; and you want to pay me and have

an end of the matter. But that will not do—except on one condition.

"Name it," said John.

"It is, that you will fall in love, and marry a young lady, to whom I shall introduce you in about forty minutes."

"That is impossible, so you may at once proceed with your prosecution."

"Impossible! Sir, the lady is my niece. Do you mean to say that it is possible for anybody not to fall in love with my niece! Sir, you don't know her."

The captain was really excited—this excitement was fast being intensified to rage. Not wishing to exasperate him, John said:

"I have no doubt, sir, that your niece is everything an uncle could wish."

"Well, I'm not the man to waste time in talking. Will you, as a personal favour to me, take a seat in my carriage and ride to sixteenth street?"

"With pleasure, sir," said John, quite willing to humor a man who had rendered him so great a service.

"Please to remain here a few minutes," said Captain Munson, as he ushered John into the parlor, and closed the door after him. John looked carelessly about, and wondered what would be the end of such a strange adventure.

The captain soon returned, leading a beautiful young lady by the hand, to whom he said:

"Here, Sarah, is a young friend to whom I wish to introduce you; Mr.—Mr. Why, great Neptune, I don't know the rascal's name."

"Oh, John! dear John! is it you?" exclaimed Sarah, as she rushed into his arms.

"Hullo there! Grappling at once, before a shot's fired. What in the name of Neptune does this mean?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack! how kind it was in you to prepare this surprise for me," said Sarah, as soon as she and John had performed the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion.

"Surprise for you! Egad, I think the surprise was for me. But how is this; this isn't the young fellow you've been pining for this six years is it?"

"The very same, Uncle Jack."

"And is this the girl whose father broke off the match, when your father became poor and died, and all that sort of thing, that Ned Hinckum, the pawnbroker told me about?"

"The very same, Uncle Jack," said John.

"W-h-e-w!" said Uncle Jack, spinning round the room.

"Oh, say! can you see by the dawn's early light! Here! take your watch; the only condition is, that your first boy shall be named John Munson Sterling."

Miscellaneous.

PRESSURE OF STEAM IN BOILERS.—A pamphlet has been published in England, by Mr. Anderson, the well known machinist, on the management of steam boilers, in which he says that the pressure within a boiler is greater than is possibly supposed. With a pressure of 50 pounds per square inch it amounts to 7200 pounds on every part of the surface exposed to the steam, amounting frequently to many thousands of tons in the boiler, thus accounting for the enormous havoc made by explosions. The joints are weaker than the solid parts; good solid plate will withstand from 56,000 pounds to 60,000 pounds per square inch of sectional area—the joints will give way at about 34,000 pounds, which shows the importance of seeing that the rivets and other fastenings are always in a sound condition. Mr. Anderson divides explosions into four classes, viz., from want of strength, deficiency of water, heating of plates, and a variety of other circumstances.

THE COMMERCE OF LIBERIA.—From facts recently published, it appears that the important and constantly increasing commerce of Liberia and the west coast of Africa is rapidly passing from the hands of Americans into the control of the English. The diminution of the slave trade has been followed by the substitution of legitimate cargoes, and the export of goods from Great Britain has remarkably increased. It is said that there are one hundred ships and steamers, varying from two hundred to upwards of one thousand tons burthen, trading between English ports and the coast of Africa. Ex-President Roberts, of Liberia, states that most of the supplies of merchandise of every description go from England. The only articles going from America, are, flour, beef, pork, tobacco, herrings, mackerel, and some few cotton goods, but this latter article is constantly diminishing. England furnishes salt, crockery ware, cotton, woollen, linen and silk goods, metals of all kinds, hardware, and all articles required for a rising and rapidly growing commerce. The palm oil trade is expanding