

Poetry.

THE DIFFERENCE.
A RHYME WITH A MORAL.

MAN.

If he wears a good coat,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though he be but a blent,
Lift him up.
If he has not common sense,
And can boast a few pence,
Lift him up.
If his face shows no shame,
Lift him up, lift him up;
Though crime is his name,
Lift him up;
Though their disgrace be his sport,
Let your daughters him court—
Lift him up.
Though he bring some disgrace,
Lift him up, lift him up,
And brings the blush in your face,
Lift him up;
Society him needs—
Never mind his black deeds—
Lift him up.

WOMAN.

If woman once errs,
Kick her down, kick her down;
If misfortune is hers,
Kick her down;
Though her tears fall like rain,
And she ne'er smiles again,
Kick her down.
If a man breaks her heart,
Kick her down, kick her down,—
Redouble the smart,—
Kick her down;
And if in low condition,
On, on to perdition,
Kick her down.

Select Tale.

A SIMPLE STORY OF TO-DAY.

There is little romance in this iron-bound, gold-seeking age. We are becoming so arduous in the struggle for life, that we have no time for softer emotions. True, people love, court and marry.—They are as inconstant in these affairs, too, as ever, but somehow broken hearts are far more rare than formerly, or, at any rate, if they break, they cement again with such wonderful facility, that even the owners scarce know where the pieces have been united. Often there is such a superstructure of selfishness and worldliness encrusted over the ruptured organs, that they become almost as good as new. Perhaps it is good that it should be so; not that selfishness should be advanced or praised, but it is good that we should become a more vigorously-minded people, that we can shake off sentimental distresses, and not pine and wear ourselves to death, for that which so often turns out to be unworthy of the sacrifice. It is more especially conducive to the interests of women, first, that they should not suffer their feelings to be enslaved by mere fancies, nor that, if they find themselves deceived in the worthiness or character of the lovers they have accepted, they should give up the energies of all their future lives to a hopeless, purposeless grief. Still here and there exists some nature of so deep, so exquisite a tenderness, that when they attach themselves to kindred spirits, they can not—if accident or circumstance separate them from the object of their existence—view life again hopefully. Rare, indeed, are minds so constituted; yet occasionally, when fresh, sensitive, and youthful, that portion of our anatomy popularly supposed to sway the emotions of the soul, and to be the centre of intense feeling, receives a shock, which forbids all healing, showing scars and mutilation for the brief period of its rendered existence. It is pleasant to witness true affection, any where, in every age, every station; but in very youthful persons it has something as striking to the love which angels might entertain towards one another, that, viewed in a spirit of sympathy and kindness, it attracts universal admiration and respect. Pity that First Love is acknowledged to be of so transient a nature, for it is always invested with a purity, which, in after attachments, is so seldom retained. Men and women's fickleness is not always the cause of sudden ruptures of first affection; there is an enemy stern, implacable, relentless, serving the hearts of young lovers, but nevertheless, not searing the betrayed, like human falsehood, or human treachery and baseness.

A very few months ago, a young man, just out of his apprenticeship, set up in business for himself as a grocer. In spite of his extreme youth, being steady, industrious, civil, and obliging, he

throve in his business, and, though oftener taken for the shopman than the master, gained the favorable opinion of his customers. A young girl, respectably connected, who resided near his shop, frequently came there for goods. She was about seventeen years old, and possessed that youthful girlish simplicity and purity of mind which once so universally characterized that poetical age, but which seems now all but obsolete. Both these young persons, in fact, were unsophisticated and truthful in a high degree; and when, after many interviews and harmless conversations, Robert Fisher felt and knew that love for this young girl filled his breast, and dwelt in his thoughts day and night, in the hours of silence and darkness, as well as amidst the busy glare and toil of the light, he could perceive no reason why he should not endeavor to impress the earnestness and importance of his hopes on the object of his sincere love. By this time, she, too, had become irresistibly attracted by the young tradesman, and when he hinted his attachment, she neither could see any cause or just impediment why they should not love and marry, as others had done before them. They, confiding in each other's tenderness and honesty of purpose, came to regard their acquaintance as a sacred bond, to be unbroken, if they were only true to each other. But there were others who constituted themselves judges in this case, and decided inexorably. Clara Penning lived with her sister and brother-in-law—nay, more, she was dependent on them. One unlucky evening, Clara, being sent to Robert's shop for some household articles, staid so long on her errand that her brother-in-law set out to seek her. He found her in the shop, deep in conversation with young Fisher (a girl's heedlessness, excusable when the circumstances were known); but, attending not to explanations, her choleric relation dragged Clara away with violence and degrading language. Robert told his love manfully, begging earnestly to keep her company, and stated honestly his fair prospects and hopes. It was all of no avail; reviling him in language fit only for a seducer of innocence, Clara was taken home by her incensed brother-in-law. A terrible domestic scene followed, which was only to be quieted by her promise not to converse again with Robert Fisher. Terrified, in delicate health, her nerves easily shaken, she gave at last this promise, to speak to him no more without her friends' consent. She kept her word; she was too good to break it, once given. They would not allow her to go again to the shop, neither would they send any one else; but sometimes, when she went that way, she looked mournfully in, and when he caught her eye, he would smile all kinds of hope and consolation. They kept up an undying affection for each other; hope was strong in those young hearts, and Robert especially, nothing doubting but that he should ultimately conquer her brother-in-law's hard heart, thought of Clara, dreamed of Clara, lived on the sweet hope of calling Clara his own some happy day.

I have said this young girl was in delicate health; not that her friends gave themselves any uneasiness, for she had a habit of complaining, and they had contracted a habit of disregarding her complaints. She had never been quite the same lively girl after the scene in Robert Fisher's shop. She complained one day of a pain in her head. Her sister smiled, her brother-in-law raised his eyebrows in contempt, and said "Girls were always so full of fancies." She complained no more. Next day the terrible pain was there still, only increasing with ten-fold violence. She went out, hoping the air might alleviate the agony of that poor head. How it throbbed! Now the pain shot up like a stream of fire into her brain; "was she going mad?"—She thought she would look in at Robert's shop-window. On her way, she passed the house of another sister; looking in, wildly and strangely enough, she moaned and said she was very ill.—There was another derisive smile, and—"Oh, Clara, you are always complaining, don't give way so." No pity! She turned to go; by this time she was hardly conscious whether, when another stream of fire shot in at her ears, filling her eyes; she fell heavily to the ground. Her sister (who loved her, though she always refused to credit her ailments) saw it was, indeed, no fancy; she was borne, raving, to her own home. They sent for a physician, but he gave no hope; there had been great mental anxiety, he said, and abscess of the brain had formed. Many days and nights she lay on her bed raving; her friends now not only had the affliction of her sufferings to endure with, but the ineffable reflection of their own incredulity and hardness to harass them. She fluctuated long between life and death, and then she awoke sensible, calm, but dying. She knew her fate; her life had been so pure, she had little to fear of death. She called her friends around her, and begged, when she was dead, that Robert Fisher might see her, "For oh!"

said the dying girl, "he did love me dearly, indeed he did." Her weeping and repenting relatives promising compliance, she smiled, folded her hands submissively, and so died.

They sent for him. Nay, the hectoring brother-in-law went to Robert himself, and with tears in his hard eyes, brought him to see the corpse, and beside those still features asked his forgiveness.—The young man was overwhelmed—stunned with grief. He kissed those poor pale lips—the first, the last kiss of that youthful lover. "Ah," he said, in answer to their self-reproaches, "I would have been such a loving husband to her!" He took a flower—a winter one it was, a white corymbium—off her dead bosom, and before he left they gave him a tress of her soft chestnut hair.

There is little enough in this story of two simple loving hearts. I often pass his shop; I used to pass purposely in the early days of his bereavement. I wished to see how he bore it, for they say the dead are so soon forgotten. At first I used to see him wandering about the shop, as if in a spell-bound dream; and there was a look about his eyelids which told how he spent his hours of leisure—the time when the prying eyes of the world were not upon him. Few knew his heart's simple history; very few would have cared about it if they had; but to me there was something exquisitely affecting in the smothered anguish of that boy-lover, compelled to attend unremittently to the cares of the outward world, soothing as best he might the bitterness of youthful affliction, none near to sympathize, counsel, or console. Months have passed now, since they laid her in her early grave. Still I see him the same, saddened, thoughtful, but calm; older looking, for his young affliction has done the work of years, and aged him much. I wonder sometimes how long it will be before the Phoenix of another love will rise from the ashes of his first. I shrink from the question. Is there such a thing as constancy to the dead? Ought there to be? If there is, it dwells in the pale young man, whom I so often see, leaning his head on his thin white hand, as the last customer leaves his well-stored, well-kept shop.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Jim Ward is a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad, running daily between Utica and Albany. Ward has been in the employ of the Central Railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the country. Invariably accommodating and polite, he is particularly attentive to the ladies, and always manages to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who accompany the trains under his direction. A short time since, when a train under his direction was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train which adds to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever increases the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, bustled about, and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car, and had her conveyed thereto. A physician by the name of Beecher was on the train. His services were immediately put in requisition, and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing to his anxious passengers that mother and babe were "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went round with his hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim, with his countenance absolutely filtering off happiness, took it in to the mother.

After he reappeared, the passengers proposed that the child should be named. No sooner said than done! Jim went in and got the baby, with the consent of its mother, and brought it out, when it was proposed that it should be named "James Ward," and "Beecher," after the physician who had professionally attended the mother. It was adopted by acclamation, and with a general shout of approbation, the babe was named James Ward Beecher.

Jim, with a smile of ill-concealed delight, was lugging off his dear little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the little baby. It was passed from hand to hand, among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, became evident among the women. Jim wondered, but wondered in vain, what this subdued laughter meant, until the babe was handed to an old lady. She had not had it more than a minute, when she exclaimed, "Is! suz."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Jim, fearfully.

"Why, it's a gal," said the old woman, handing the babe to Jim.

Then arose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first, then the women—then they broke out together, until one universal scream filled the car.—

Several gentlemen threw their hats and mufflers out of the windows, while others endeavored, unsuccessfully, to "saw their legs off." The women blushed and screamed, the men shouted and held their sides.

In the midst of this fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the car with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and, for the rest of the trip, on the platform of the car ruminated on the sudden changes and meditations of human life.

MORE KISSES THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.—Some young officers quartered at Metz, had, for want of something else to do, watched, day after day, the fair devotees going to mass at the Cathedral, which happened to be opposite the principal cafe.—Among the ladies, the one favoured with the most admiration and attention was a young girl, at once beautiful, modest, and elegantly dressed.

"I would give a good deal for a kiss on that fresh, blooming cheek," said the captain, somewhat over fifty years of age.

"I would give nothing," said the Lieutenant, just over six-and-twenty; "but I would take it."

"I bet you wouldn't."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five Napoleons."

"Done," said the Lieutenant. "I take you all as witnesses."

Mass was just over, and the young girl was seen descending the steps of the Cathedral.

Arranging his stock and sword, with deliberate pace the Lieutenant walked across, up to the foot of the steps, and then, as the young lady passed him, with a gallantly executed military salute, he accosted her:

"Mademoiselle," said he, "there is a sum of twenty-five louis resting on your right cheek; will you allow me to take it off?"

"I do not understand."

"For many weeks, Mademoiselle, we have watched, with admiration and respect, your daily visits to the Cathedral; the whole regiment is in love with you, and I have betted twenty-five louis that I will obtain a kiss from you, just on that right cheek—nothing more, on my honor."

The young lady blushed deep, and her eyes flashed with indignation. The *femme de chambre*, who was with her, took her hands out of her apron pockets, and held them up in holy horror. All at once, the young lady, turning to the officer, made him a profound courtesy.

"Sir," said she, "I will not let you lose your bet; you shall take the twenty-five Napoleons on my right cheek, on condition that you also take the twenty-five that are on my left cheek, which I now offer you, and which I will immediately put into the poor-box here at the door."

The young Lieutenant was rather out-generalled. He, however, had too much spirit to retreat, and accordingly won his wager at the price required, though it must be said that the laugh was against him.

He felt half inclined to become desperately in love with the young lady, but when he reflected on her presence of mind, and the price of her kisses, he imagined it was better to rest satisfied with being under military orders, and not to place himself under petticoat government, which would evidently await him with such a wife.

THE GRAVE.—Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.—Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him.

But the grave of those we loved; what a place for meditation! Then it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; then it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, flattering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling the pressure of the hand; the fond looking of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the accounts with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endowment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment