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Poetry.

A SIMILE.

Deep in the shade a little brook
Goes rippling on its way;
A fair-haired child in a mossy nook
Is close by its side at play.

A little fleet of acorn caps
The launches on the tide,
And claps her hand in childish glee,
As swiftly on they glide.

A little way, and mossy stones
The babbling brook divide;
Those tiny barks unconscious sail
Without a hand to guide.

They strike the rocks—rebound—and then,
All trembling from the shock,
Some slowly glide down the stream,
Some sink beside the rock!

Just as our plans are mimic barks
Upon life's stormy sea,
And all who 'scape the treacherous rocks
Are helped, O God, by Thee.

Select Tale.

THE PASTRY-COOK'S SON.

Gaspar Galetza would not have been long in Cardinal Maltranto's house unless he had remembered some of his father's instructions; for the cook, who was a great person in his line, so great that he did not envy a living cook in Christendom, soon discovered that the boy knew something more about vic-tuals than eating them. After a moment's consul-tation with himself, he determined to find Gaspar a situation in the house of the Cardinal, so he need-ingly installed him in a position equivalent to that of scullery-maid. Gaspar was not so stupid as his father believed after all, for he soon discovered that diligence, in whatever calling you are placed, en-sures success; and if he had only made this discov-ery two years earlier, it would have been of great advantage to his father. Whether it would have re-deemed to his own greater glory or success in life, the sequel will prove. After remaining some time in Florence, the Cardinal Maltranto removed to Rome, accompanied by a splendid retinue, the Signora Julia, and Gaspar in the humble capacity of under cook.

There dwelt in those days in the eternal City, a painter and architect whose name was Nicolas Poussin. Nicolas was well to do in the world, a rare circumstance in one of his profession in that city at that time, where a few favorites at the Vatican car-ried the sway of art and fed upon its produce, while genius pined in obscurity and poverty. Nicolas Poussin was a hearty old man; he liked good company; he did not object to a little good wine; and he was passionately fond of good feeding; so when the Cardinal Maltranto invited him to take home his fair niece Julia, he invited him at dinner time, for he knew that that was the most con-venient and acceptable time for Nicolas to wait upon him. He was a hearty man, Nicolas, and no mat-ter in what company he was, he did and said every thing with a heartiness which was wonderful, considering that he lived in beautiful, sunny, fertile blighted Italy.

The Cardinal was a hearty man too, good living and an inactive mind made him so, and his loud ha-ha! was oftener heard than his benediction. So Nicolas and he cracked their jokes and laughed, for the Cardinal, large as he was, could not impress Nicolas with his dignity so far as to make him very respectful, and Maltranto seeing that Nicolas would be free, determined to be free also, and so they were two jolly companions.

"Thy niece is a fair child, Poussin; a very fair child," said the Cardinal to the painter, saying; "you must deal gently with her."

"She is the daughter of my brother's son," said Nicolas, "and were she the daughter of my father and mother, she would know no difference in my love: but as I live by bread—"

"And meat," interrupted the Cardinal.

"And meat and drink," said Nicolas, "with a nod; these are beautiful nice colloquies."

"I prefer a simple decoction of flesh and fowl," said the Cardinal, authoritatively.

"Of course you do," said Nicolas, doggedly; "but I prefer colloquies; can you tell me who cooked them?"

"That I can," said the Cardinal, triumphantly; "it was my cook."

"I should have thought so," said Nicolas; "will you do me the honor to produce him."

We do not know whether the Cardinal feared that his culinary professor might be eaten or not, or whether he was cognizant of the fact of Gaspar's preparing the excellent mess in question; but Nicolas Poussin looked very grave indeed, and when the youthful cook was presented to him, and when he suddenly brightened up, and would have the boy home at any cost or sacrifice.

"There is a little tide in the affairs of men," &c., &c., ah, so there is! And there is a tide that rushes through their bosoms, cheering, supporting, and propelling them. There is a tide in the big heart of the patriot, warm, free, and strong, that will and must rush on to feed affection's flowers, those ivy clusters of the soul that cling around our home and country. There is a tide in the dreaming poet's spirit that keeps his bosom fresh, and lashes its boracis light into his gleaming eye. There is a tide in the aspirations of love-armed latent genius that will shoot upward like the boiling geyser, and change the frozen stream of former years into a stream of fire.

Gaspar Galetza, the colour grinder and cook of Nicolas Poussin, is no longer the Gaspar Galetza of Pisa. Patient, careful, studious, and industrious, he holds the ponderous muller; or, anxious and observant, he roasts and boils to gratify his master's palate. There are many youths who pay Nicolas for instruction, but the young man who places and removes their easels has an eye and an ear sur-passing all. In his lonely little room, with his lamp burning on his little table (that lamp is fed from the unctuous residuum of the meat he roasts), sits Gaspar, night after night, patiently and enthusias-tically practising the lessons he has picked up from his master. Bright eyes sometimes gleam kindly and patronisingly upon him, but they must regard him with a sweeter expression yet. The boy recol-lects the merry laugh of that fair maiden; he re-collects the words that amazed yet thrilled him;

and he cherishes them because they were the words of Julio. Nicolas Poussin would sometimes walk out in the evening with his niece hanging upon his arm and scholars clustering round him, listening to his instructive yet entertaining words. And al-though the meek youth had to keep his distance, as he carried his master's cloak and rapier, yet he caught some stray reflections upon the ill-under-stood laws of perspective, and he treasured them in his memory. Sometimes he went forth alone, when his avocations admitted of his doing so, and with a portfolio beneath his arm, as his father predicted, he would wander amidst the classic scenes of the Campagna del Roma; and he delighted to transcribe the green foliage, the old crumbling ruins, the soft blue sky, and the sparkling waters. Roused from the lethargy of years, taught by a burning instinct the power that was within him, sustained by a noble inward self-assurance, he struggled on-ward in the calling which he loved the more in-ten-sely that he had to pursue it in secret and un-as-sisted.

The sunbeams streamed into the studio of Nicolas Poussin one morning, and played upon the busts and casts that adorned it, as if they sought to vivify the cold and rigid features that were stamped upon the plaster. They were prying, peering observers those streams of light; the ill-executed copies of the careless student could not escape the gleams that fell upon them, and the foils and rapiers that the young sparks slew precious time with, and had huddled into corners when Nicolas was near, were exposed to their glances. Sweet sunbeams! not only into the chamber of the student and saloon of the wealthy satrap did they dance, but into the cot-tage window they found their way, despite the elu-sive roses which they kissed as they passed. Into the home of the weary artisan they came, nor shun-ning his casement though it was worn out and old, they had a mission to perform, and faithfully they did it. The workman leaped from his couch and muttered his matin prayers. The husbandman yoked his team and blessed the propitious sun; and the children's eyes grew bright as the rays fell brightly on them. Men, birds, beasts, and fish grew cheerful when it rose and scattered its rays of gold, that bright and glorious sun. The earth and water glowed with the reflex of the sky, and Gaspar Galetza, the cook and colour grinder rose from his humble pallet. The youth trembled, but it was not from fear; he adjusted his raiment, all daubed with the paint he ground, and he looked around his lit-tle room with a glance of mingled hope and pride. On the walls of his lonely apartment the sun beams fell softly, as they used to do long ago on the groves of his own native Arno. And so they might fall softly on that wall, for the landscapes that adorned it only required their light to present to the eye the loveliest hues of summer. He gazed on the glowing pictures, the creations of his own genius, the productions of his toil—till that he had been abstracted from his health and rest, and his black eye gleamed with the rapture of a soaring mind. "My beautiful!" he cried, springing to-wards a picture in which the colouring was most exquisite, the harmony almost perfect, and the per-spective faultless. "My beautiful! thou wilt not always be like thy master. I am content to scrub the pots and pans; but thou my ruined fame, my trees, and flowers, and sky, bright eyes must beam on thee—eyes brighter than the sun."

"Good morning, Gaspar!" said Ancille Moro, a young and accomplished Venetian, as she passed in-to the studio. But the colour-grinder was hard at work, and he did not hear the salutation.

"Grind away; give it elbow grease; and don't spare the marble," said Pietro Francioni, as he and a dozen companions passed the silent and laborious Gaspar, laughing and joking as they went.

"Good morning, my faithful servant," said Nicolas, as he was about to make a joke with his cook, when a commotion among his students caused him to hurry into his studio. It was then that Gaspar raised his head from his work and wiped his brow.

His beautiful black hair fell wildly round his ex-pansive forehead, his eyes shone feverishly, his no-strils dilated, and his lips were compressed. And oh! if Ineza Galetza had then looked upon her son, she would scarcely have recognized in that wrapt enthusiast's face the lineaments of her darling boy.

"Who did that?" cried Nicolas Poussin as his eager scholars clustered round him and pointed to Gaspar's picture, which hung upon the studio wall.

"I found it hanging when I entered," said An-cille Moro, "and thought that you, Signor Poussin, had painted it for a model."

"And I, cried Pietro Francioni, 'believe it to be the work of no mortal hand. What beauty! What perfection!'"

"Gentlemen," said Nicolas, raising his hand to impose silence, and pointing to the picture; "that's the work of no common artist. Those trees are growing, that water is surely liquid. Ancille Moro, was it done by thee? and forgetting that he was a teacher, Nicolas caught the young Venetian in his arms."

"Alas, no, signor!" said the youth with a sigh.

"Canst thou tell me aught of this painter, Julio?" said Nicolas enthusiastically to his niece as he walked into the studio and looked admiringly upon the picture—this incomparable painter who steals into our houses to startle and confound us with the beauty of his works."

"Or who, listening to the instructions of his mas-ter, embodies and exemplifies them," said Gaspar, leaving the grinding slab and stepping towards the work which had excited so much pleasure and sur-prise. "My master," added the young man in a modest voice, "if this work has any merit it is due to thee. I painted it; thou didst teach me how."

"Thou, Gaspar," cried the young men in amazement. "Behold thee—thou ravest."

"Thou, pot-boiler and chrome-pounder," cried Pietro Francioni, indignantly; "it is none of thy doing, or else thou art a wizard."

"Thou, Gaspar!" said Julio, softly; "ah, thou art truly a painter."

The blood rushed into the face of the youth and he trembled violently; but the voice of Nicolas re-called his wandering senses. "On my word, boy, this is extraordinary," said the old man. "This is one of the most faithful and beautiful transcripts of nature I have seen. Thou shalt hold food for me no more; thou shalt pass from the kitchen into the saloon, my boy, and I shall rejoice in having made such a painter."

"Wilt thou grant me a favor, master?" said Gas-par, as the tears started into his lustrous eyes, and he knelt before the old man.

"Name it," cried Nicolas, vehemently.

"My father is a pastry-cook in Pisa, said the young man, modestly; "and he often sighed to think that his name might be borne by a painter. Wilt thou allow me to adopt thine to save him of this shame?"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Nicolas, and the tears ran down his manly cheeks, as his numerous students echoed his cheerful laugh. "Yes, my boy! Gaspar Poussin shall thy name henceforth be, and the pas-try-cook of Pisa will yet regret the change from Gaspar Galetza."

"Yes Gaspar Poussin!" whispered Julio, as she smiled on the young enthusiast, "said I not truly thou wert meet to be a painter?"

The youth gazed into her eyes for a moment, and then both Julio and Gaspar blushed and looked upon the floor.

At the feast of San Giovanni Decollato, an annu-al exhibition of pictures took place in Rome. Paint-ers, amateurs, and virtuosi, from all parts of Italy came to gaze on, or purchase the productions of the great masters who had just passed away. Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titians were ranged side by side with Annibal Caracci and Parmigianino. Crit-icism upon these works had flocked into one chan-nel now, and prescription had stamped them with the signet of unquestionable excellence. But in the gorgeous gallery where hung those idealisations of Italy's most gifted sons, three living painters had hung their several creations. Each picture was marked by some peculiar excellence—Nature in its grandeur and gloom was faithfully and powerfully transcribed by the hand of one of these sons of ge-nius. Beautiful, glowing, all but warning sunshine threw its softened lustre over the skies of another; and splendid foliage, and water that seemed to ripple, characterised the works of the third. The landscapes, so beautiful and true to nature, that looked as unlike the laboured works of man, that were so destitute even of the appearance of effort, were devoured by greedy eyes. All who had pre-tensions to taste grouped round them, and singling out their favorites, dilated on their beauties.

"They are wonderful," said a stately cardinal, as he listened to the respectful but voluble encomiums of a Neapolitan, whose praise were as lavish as his had been a picture auctioneer, and had a very high commission off each. "They are indeed won-derful, Signor Barbarini, canst thou tell me who are the painters?"

"That I can," said the amateur, with a low bow and self-satisfied smile, "that I can. The majestic scene from the upper Abruzzi is the work of a countryman of my own, called Salvatore Rosa; that picture with lovely and mellow sky is the picture of a painter called Claude Lorraine; and this land-scape which deceives as you gaze upon it, is the work of the pencil of one called Gaspar Poussin." Barbarini told the truth; the poor starved lad of Renella, the exile of Lorraine, and the son of the cook of Pisa, mind the three greatest landscape painters of Italy."

It was a very pretty day—pretty days are so common in Italy—when Giacomo Galetza, grown fat and phlegmatic, sat and sunned himself at his shop door. His coronal ring was bald, and was protect-ed from the sun's rays by a hat made of the straw of Leghorn; nevertheless the perspiration steamed out of his head and face, and ran down the furrows of his cheeks, as if they had been channelled for the purpose. He wore a white linen frock, and trousers of the same material; and his feet rested upon the dressed hide of a calf. Giacomo indulged himself with a two hours' siesta every day, and Ineza, with Giovanni's young wife, would come and put him to rights; for Giacomo was a great man now, being sleeping partner with Giovanni."

He was lying back in his chair one day, his head resting on his breast, and his thoughts wandering away to meadows where fat oxen browsed, or dark cellars where ortolans fed, when he was disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs as they rattled and pranced in the via.

"Dinner for ten!" cried Giacomo, starting up and half opening his eyes; "quick Giovanni." And Giovanni, and Ineza, and the pretty little Helena, hearing the ejaculation, hurried to the door, and there was Giacomo awake and looking about him in wonder, and there was a gallant company of gay signors and one beautiful signora, who smiled and chatted to a gay cavalier as they pranced up the via, and approached the gazing group. At last they stopped, and the young gallant threw his reins, with a smile, to the lady, and she, kissing her hand, smiled on him as he rode on with the caval-ade, and he walked towards the shop of Giacomo. Giacomo doffed his cap to him, he was so gay a youth, and Giovanni bowed to him most obsequi-ously. Ineza stepped back, and Helena dropped her best courtesy. His cap was of blue Genoese velvet, trimmed with gold lace; and his tunic was of the same material, embroidered with gold; his vest and nether garments were of cream-colored satin, the latter slashed and puffed with crimson colored velvet. He was gallily dressed, and he car-ried himself proudly, for he was a great painter, and great painters were rare then; but yet he did not support such a retinue as Lafranco, nor bear himself so bravely as Salvatore Rosa. He doffed his cap to the salute of Giacomo, he returned the bow of Giovanni with interest, he smiled and kissed his hand to Helena, but rushing forward and clasping Inez in his arms, he kissed her passionately, and one magic word in her ear. It was a holy talis-manic word—it was "mother." Let the reader whose heart is fired with filial love imagine a son's emotions, when, with affections unchanged, but high in the ranks of nature's recognized aristocracy, he returns to his mother's bosom to weep the obla-tion of love upon her breast, and tell her of his fame. Let him imagine the emotions of a mother as she listens to such a son. Ineza wept and so did Gaspar; and Giacomo, as he hugged his boy to his breast, and learned that he was Gaspar Poussin, would have given the best ortolan in Pisa that it had been otherwise. There was a gay little party held in Pisa that night. They laughed and chatted and Giacomo kissed his two pretty daughters, whis-pering to Julio his belief that Gaspar had not been a dolt after all.

Gen. Scott says he would rather have one hun-dred rebel spies in his camp than one newspaper reporter.

Waterloo--The Day after the Battle.

On the surface of two square miles, it was as-certainated that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had been in the field of battle, was reduced to litter and broken into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helms and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords; all the variety of military orna-ments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and pennons; musical instru-ments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles. But, good God! why dwell on the harrowing pic-ture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. Could the melancholy appearance of the scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the restlessness of the living and its desolation for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children for days were oc-cupied in the mournful duty, and the confusion of the corpse—friend and foe intermingled as they were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible. In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British squire had occupied, exposed for hours to the maddening fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the musketry of the inner fire. Earlier on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were inter-mingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with gay chargers which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and Tirailleur lay side by side together, and dragon, with Eber's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of ridge, where the ground was covered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, and thickstrewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napo-leon had been defeated. Here in column, the favored corps, with which his chances rested had been annihilated; and thereby advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable to a mass of Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made, for there the Old Guard attempt-ed to meet the British and afford time to their dis-organized companions to rally.

London Thieves.

The thief is generally recognized, we are told, by his wandering eye. In a crowd absorbed by a spec-tacle, he alone is careless and apathetic, bent on his own urgent and private business. This is the rule, but there are exceptions—not an invariably correct one however, as was proved by the arrest at the old Crystal Palace, of a group of suspicious looking foreigners, who, on examination, were found to be a detachment of Belgian police, on the watch for the *mauvais sujets* of their own nation. There are between seven and eight thousand thieves in Lon-don, but they are divided into as many classes as there are found amongst honest men. There are charac-teristics about the higher class thief that are pos-sessively commendable. He is very civil spoken, dresses neatly, and is temperate in all his habits—a drunken thief would not do—and he depends entirely on his own ingenuity and intelligence to effect his objects. He would shrink from violence as from a blunder. A number of thieves will sometimes act together, upon the joint stock principle. When a good thing is in prospect—a gold dust, or a bank robbery—it is not unusual for several of them to post as much as £30 a piece in order to provide the sinews of war to carry on the job in a business like manner. Stolen watches undergo a process called, "re-christening"—the makers' names and numbers are taken out, and new ones engraved; they are then exported—Go where you will in London, be sure that the thief is not far from your neighbourhood. We desire to exhort no needless alarm, but even the handsomest gentleman in the white business like manner. Stolen watches undergo a process called, "re-christening"—the makers' names and numbers are taken out, and new ones engraved; they are then exported—Go where you will in London, be sure that the thief is not far from your neighbourhood. We desire to exhort no needless alarm, but even the handsomest gentleman in the white business like manner. 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