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POETRY.

THE PASSIONS.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

When youth his fragile sail outspread,
And launched his boat on life's bright tide,
First Hope his tiny vessel led,
And Love was constant at his side;
They filled with joy each passing day,
While one flew happily away.

He tarried at the fairy isles
That lie enshrined on ocean's breast,
Where glowing heavens never smiles,
And no one sleeps in quiet rest;
Where all around is light and bliss,
And peace is reigning everywhere.

The youth becomes a man, and then
And then he gazes before his eyes
He glows as struck with golden pen,
[illegible]
[illegible]

He left home on the tossing sea,
Where clouds above in volumes dark,
And angry storms tempestuously
Bore on his [illegible] dashing bark;
But still above the waves star
He saw ambition's guiding star.

He saw bright chests of gathered gold
Before his dreaming vision rise,
And lands of [illegible] wealth untold
Seemed e'er appearing to his eyes;
Fame, riches, beauties enchanting charms,
Were aim'd beneath his arms.

But ah! his joys were blown away
By every gust of Fortune's blast,
And sinking 'neath the tempest's sway,
His wrecked and shattered bark was cast
Upon a dreary shore alone,
Where all his once bright joys were gone.

The man in his night of woe and pain,
When all his pleasures fled away,
Love came to cheer his heart again,
And Hope to change his night to day;
They soothed his spirit worn with strife,
And gave unto the wanderer life.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

A girl, young, pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain parish lawyer:

'Monsieur, I came to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?'

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, then being sure no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly:

'Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, then you can go before a judge and swear that he is your lover.'

'And you say that will be sufficient, Monsieur?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition.'

'Well?'

'That you produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections.'

'Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair.—Good day.'

A few days afterwards the young girl returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

'Well, Mademoiselle, how do things prosper?'

'Capital! I have nearly completed my arrangements.'

'Persevere in your design Mademoiselle, and surely you will succeed. But, pray, will you not tell me the name of the man you are going to make so happy in spite of himself?'

'In a few days, sir, I will—perhaps the next time I call.'

A fortnight after, the young lady, more naive and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within, than she flung herself into a chair, saying that she mounted the stairs so rapidly, that it had made her breathless. Her polite counsel endeavored to re-assure her, and quickly proffered her salts to inhale, and even proposed to unloose her dress.

'It is useless, Monsieur,' said she, 'I am much better.'

'Well, now tell me, who is the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse?'

'It is YOURSELF,' said the young beauty, bursting into laughter; 'I love you—have been three times tête-a-tête with you, and my witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to a magistrate,' she replied.

The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. He married the lady, and says she makes an excellent wife.

Husband in Trouble.

A few days since, a lawyer in this city was seated in his office hastily employed in studying out a plea, when the door opened, and a young, stout son of Erin entered, doffed his hat, and said that he desired to take an advice of his honor.'

The lawyer bade him sit down, and inquired his business.

'Shure,' he replied, 'I want a divorce from my wife Bridby.'

The lawyer asked what was the trouble, but Pat seemed very loth to tell.

'Does she not treat you well, does she not take care of your house, has she deserted you, does she like any one better than yourself?' were inquiries made by the lawyer, who endeavored for some time in vain to pump out the reason of the desire for a divorce. At last, weary of the investigation, the applicant broke out with 'I had hoped that he could do nothing for him without knowing all the facts of the case.

'Well, if I must I must,' replied the husband; 'shure there's a little darlint I have by the name of Bridby.'

The lawyer could hardly refrain from laughter sufficiently to inform the Hibernian that the law could not touch such a case as this, and Pat left with a countenance 'more of sorrow than of anger.'—*Boston Traveler.*

A Street Scene.

This world is a great dice box, and nobody can tell what will 'turn up' at the next throw. Incidents and romance enough transpiring every day in the streets of the metropolis to furnish material for the poet and novelist to the end of time.

Yesterday afternoon, a well dressed gentleman was passing up Broadway. Foreign born and evidently given to a little fun, a tinge of brooz, and though nearly half a century might have rolled over his head, yet it had left a wrinkle behind, and no evidence that the shadows were falling far to the eastward.

Near Trinity Church sat an old apple woman. A tattered shawl of plaid was thrown over her shoulders; her eyes were [illegible] to rolling and the thing's hour, escaped from the keeping of a cap quite as old as the lady upon her shoulders. The old woman was watching for pennies, and her eyes rest d upon the form of the stranger as he passed leisurely along, pausing now and then as he seemingly recognized some spot familiar in other days, or notedly some unexpected, and to him doubtless, painful changes.

The old woman suddenly dropped her basket and 'the apples rolled hither and thither,' but she did not heed them. 'Gee!' she exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet, 'George!' The stranger turned in the direction of the voice. In an instant his quiet manner vanished. 'George!' 'Mother!' and the twain were clasped in each other's arms. Greatly did some marvel at the scene. 'Has the old woman fainted?' cried one. 'Has she been stealing?' asked another. Yes, she had been stealing—stealing whole years of care from age, and flinging it to the winds. But 'the touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and there was many a heart that beat softer at the scene.—Twenty years ago George had left his home in Utica, N. Y., and gone down to the sea and done business upon great waters. After varied fortunes, that brightened at last, he had returned to find the old home-stead razed to the ground, a block of stores occupying its site, every inch of which had been dear to him. He found no brother, no sister, to welcome him—but an old man pointed out his father's grave. It was unshaken and without a stone to mark where he lay. Of his mother he could obtain no trace. She had left Utica long ago to seek her son in N. Y. and had never returned.

Who can tell how she watched and waited and wept for that first born wandering son! Who can tell by what a painful descent she went down from comfort and a home to the street, old age and poverty?

But yesterday it was all made right.—'The dead was alive again, and the lost was found.' And to-day, who thinks she would exchange places with the most favored of fortune that dwell in mansions of marble?

God grant that much joy break not the pitcher at the fountain or the wheel at the cistern. God grant many such meetings in this world of parting.—*N. Y. Trib.*

☞ A reverend gentleman 'down south,' being invited by a young friend to take a private drink, agreed to dispose of a lemonade. By some mistake he drank his friend's whisky punch, and the young man informed him that he had taken the wrong horn.—The minister smiled affably and remarked:

'Ah, my young friend, the horn of the ungodly shall be cut down.'

Prompt Clerk.

I once knew a young man, said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men, that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him 'Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it.'

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about the [illegible] and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the labor[illegible] to be there at half past four o'clock. About ten or eleven o'clock his master comes in, seeing him sitting in the counting-room, looks very blank supposing that his commands had not been executed.

'I thought,' said the master, 'you were requested to get out that cargo this morning.'

'It is done,' said the young man, 'and here is the account of it.'

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon became one that could not be spared; he was necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death he was able to leave his children an ample fortune. He was not smoke to the eyes, nor vinegar to the teeth, but just the contrary.—*London Youth's Instructor.*

☞ Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with the mother's looks—with the father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with birds' nests admired but not touched—with humming bees and glass beehives, with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.

☞ In a very thin house an actress spoke very low in her communication with her lover. The actor, whose benefit it happened to be, exclaimed, with a face of woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak out, there's nobody to hear us."

☞ Two clerks, white men, were publicly whipped in Charleston, S. C., for stealing from their employers. They were to receive by sentence 39 lashes, laid on at three times, with such intervals that their wounds should have time to heal. The first instalment consisted of 20 lashes.

☞ Girls, let us tell you a candid truth. Never young women ever looked so well, to a sensible man, as when dressed in a neat, plain, modest attire, without a single ornament about her person. She looks, then, as though she possessed worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young lady would spend as much time in cultivating her mind, cherishing kindness, goodness, cheerfulness and other good qualities, as some do in extra dress and ornaments, she would be recognized at a glance as a gem of superior worth.

The Mosquito.

The following is supposed to be what the Skeeter said to the sleeping gentleman:

H—u—m! hum! shut your eyes, Sir, the noise you hear is flies, Sir; awh—m! don't be scared, Sir; go to sleep—your chests are aired Sir. Hu—m!—a hymn it is. I'm singing; it's music in your ear is singing; I wont sting you, sting you, —i—ng! I'd scorn to do so mean a thing! A h—u—m bug it is. I don't bite. Take care! dont slap! I never fight. Shawhang. Take care, you nearly hit me. It was me, 'twas me, my friend that bit you. There—there go, it comes to blows! You feel, I didn't touch your nose! What in the world is the use of slapping your own face when you should be napping! A—he—m! dont be alarmed; I should think you would be charmed. H—u—m—hum don't play the boy; I merely sang your lullaby. A whang again! there, there you go, No us—you can't hit me, you know, now go to sleep. Oh ho h—u—m your going. Now for a feast, my friend I go in.' All right—he's gone; I'll have my fill. So now old Sleepy, here's my *bill!*

Rap! Slap! [Exit skeeter with a last gasp.] Gent, awakens and finds the brains of the skeeter dashed out on his pillow.

Bloomers Outdone.

Miss Mary B. Williams contends for the right of women to wear men's clothes if they choose. In a letter recently published, she thus argues the question and lays down the laws of good taste in regard to the cut and color of jackets and trowsers for the fair sex:

'It is, as I am informed, a 'misdemeanor' for woman to assume the garb of a man with intent to disguise her sex—the law presuming that such disguise is intended to cover some evil design; but if no intention to disguise the sex is apparent, then no offence is committed. Under this interpretation of the law, it will be seen that we are not, after all, entirely restrained from wearing the male style of dress. I hold that women should wear this costume whenever and wherever they choose to do so, either in town or country, in-doors or out-doors, occasionally or constantly. If the male part of creation should find any trouble in determining our sex, let them quit shaving their faces, and then the difficulty will be obviated. 'What kind of a male suit may we wear?' is a question that often suggests itself to timid reformers. In answer to this I would say, wear any dress that you like; you have the whole range of men's fashions to choose from. Wear black, blue or brown coats, in the sack, frock or close-bodied form, as you may prefer; blouses of gray linen, or linen check, pantaloons of black drab or blue casimere, or of white or gray linen; buff, white or black waistcoats; and fur or straw hats, or cloth caps. All these, and more too, are open to your choice. In deference to good taste, avoid striped, cross-barred and snake and toad-colored pants, let yours be plain, and cut snugly to the form, without being too scanty for the free motion of the limbs. Eschew all kinds of tawdry waistcoats, such as we see sported by 'fancy young men.' A buff casimere vest, with plain, flat, gilt buttons, is eminently genteel, and is always becoming; a plain black vest will be found desirable to alternate with the buff one. If you wear a blue dress-coat, have it trimmed, by all means, with plain, flat, gilt buttons; but no other coat whatever should have metalic buttons of any kind. Generally, the sack-coat is preferable to any other form of this garment; and for working, the blouse is better than all. I do most of my sweeping, and other housework, in a check linen blouse. For walking, and riding, and driving, I wear a blue sack-coat, buff vest and drab pants, a suit which comes fully up to my idea of neatness and comfort combined.'

We trust that in carrying out this great reform, and literally putting on the breeches, Miss Williams does not also lay claim to that ugly and uncomfortable thing, the masculine hat. If she must for-wear the feminine bonnet, let her, if possible, adopt the Calabrian beaver, with its broad and graceful rim, and its peaked crown, so well adapted to stick a feather in. Even the old Dutch sugar-loaf hat would be better than the hard, stove-pipe looking affair worn by the fashionable gentlemen of the day. Or a trig little broadcloth cap, shaped like that of a jockey, would be an excellent head-gear to crown the costume of Miss Williams.—*N. Y. Trib.*

Young America.

'Robert,' said an indulgent mother to a youngster of nine, who was amusing himself in a corner with pulling the tail of a respectable tabby cat, which, with the utmost force of feeling lungs, was expressing ill treatment.

'Robert, what would you like to have me buy you for a New Year's present? Shall it be a top?'

'A top, no, I'm too old for a top,' was the reply.

'Then perhaps you would like a sled, or a pair of skates.'

'No, I dont want them.'

'Shall I get you a bow and arrows, or a picture book, or what would you like best?'

'Old lady,' said Robert, rising with dignity, 'respect the feelings of a gentleman, and do not aggravate me farther; keep your bows and arrows and picture books for them that like them. If you want to know what I would like, I will tell you—a box of cigars and a shawl.'

His mother fainted with surprise, and when she recovered, expressed a conviction that Robert was the forwardest boy of his age she knew of, and she was quite sure he would make a great orator some of these days. She thought proper to deny him the cigars, but as for the shawl, perhaps you have seen a figure of three feet or under, promenading Broadway within the past week, closely enveloped in a thick, grey shawl. Well that's Robert.

Early Marriage.

From the letters of a correspondent of the Boston Daily Journal, dated at New Orleans, we make the following extract:

Early marriages at the South are quite common. I saw one mother that had scarcely entered her teens. I heard of another of the fair sex that married at the age of ten years. This however, was a run-away match, and failed to meet the approbation of the girl's parents, who applied to the proper authorities to have the same dissolved. The law of the State, it appears, forbids the marriage of females at a younger age than twelve, and the judge accordingly decided that the marriage was null, and that the parties could not live together. If, however, the girl was willing to wait until she arrived at the age of twelve, she could claim her husband. Two long years the pretty damsel waited patiently, until the clock announced her dozen, when she flew to the arms of her lover and husband, who had also faithfully kept his vows, and rejoiced at the re-union with his happy bride.'

☞ A bashful Oregonian 'back,' says:

"In these down east 'Woman's Rights' times, let the young ladies come and make love to us; let them write us verses, ask us to dance, get us our tea and coffee, buy us a bouquet, or the diamond ring, and help us off with our overcoat and Spanish spurs, at the hall door, and perhaps we may be induced to yield, and say: 'La! Miss Hopkins!—I never—really—I am so agitated! ask papa!'"—*Portland Ex.*

What's Miss Kate! If you want to get a husband, 'p'tch in,' and help the boys off from their hands, too.

☞ A tall, lean, raw-boned hoosier stalked into Fisher & Co.'s Intelligence Office the other day, and walked up to the clerk, accosted him thus:

'I say, old hoss, what do you want of me here?'

The clerk commenced enumerating the situations to be filled, and closed by asking him if either of them would suit.

'Situation,' replied hoosier, 'I don't want no situation. I've got a right smart chance now.'

The clerk looked puzzled, and our western hombre continued:

'My name is Anthony Cook, or A. Cook as I allars sign it, and I've seed notices up all over town, saying, 'A Cook wanted at Fisher & Co.'s Intelligence office, 107, Kearney street,' and as that's my name, I thought I'd just call and see what you wanted on me.'

The matter was soon explained by the accommodating clerk, and the applicant left, apparently in as good humor as were all present.

Remarkable Story.

One night, while Sir Evan Napean was under-secretary to the home department, he felt the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health, had dined early and had nothing whatever on his mind to keep him awake. Still he found sleep impossible, and from 11 to 2 he never closed an eye. At length, weary of the struggle, and as the twilight was breaking, (it was summer,) he determined to try what would be the effect of a walk in the park. There was nothing but the sleepy sentinels. But, in his walk, happening to pass the Home office several times, he thought of letting himself in with his key, though without any particular object. The book of entries of the day before still lay on the table, and through listlessness he opened it. The first thing he saw appalled him—'a reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution.' The execution had been appointed for the next day. It struck him that he had received no return to his order to send the reprieve. He searched the 'minutes'—he could not find it there. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing street, waked him up, (it was past 3,) and asked if he knew anything about the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief clerk could not remember.

'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan. 'Recollect yourself; it must have been sent.'

The chief clerk said that he now recollected he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

'Good!' said Sir Evan; 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?'

'No.'

'Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early.'

It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Gt. Amery lane. There was no hackney coach to be seen, and they almost ran. They were just in time. The clerk of the crown had a country-house, and meaning to have a long holiday, he was at that moment stepping into his [illegible] to go to his villa. Astounded at the visit of the Under-secretary of State, at such an hour, he was still more so at his business.

'Heavens!' said he, 'the reprieve is locked up in my desk.'

It was brought. Sir Evan sent to the post office for the truest and fleetest express. The reprieve reached York the next morning, just at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the step.

Wasn't Much in Figgers.

An old crone, keeping a so-called cookie-stand,' was the other day accosted by a wag, in this way:

'How do you sell oranges?'

'Two cents.'

'Well,' said he, taking up one, and how much is this cake?'

'The same price.'

'Suppose I give you back the orange and take the cake?'

'Very well.'

'Is this pie two cents?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'll take this pie after all, instead of the cake. What do you ask for your cider?'

'Two cents a glass.'

'Take the pie back, and give me a drink of it.'

A glass was filled and handed to the customer, who, after swallowing the same, and smacking his lips with great gusto, was deliberately walking off, when he was arrested with—

'Please, mister, you havn't paid for the cider.'

The fellow coolly observed—

'What should I pay for?'

'The cider, to be sure.'

'Didn't I give you the pie for it.'

'Yes, but you didn't pay for that.'

'I gave you the orange for it.'

'The orange is two cents.'

'Well, why should I pay for it; I didn't eat it, did I?'

'No matter,' said the dame, 'there's a mistake somewhar, but I cant see it; I never was much on figgers; you needn't call again.'

☞ An insolvent debtor failed so badly once that he could not even "pay his addresses" to his lady-love, and she had "to give him his discharge."

☞ *The dear departed*—venison.

☞ The man who 'broke his promise' is now trying to break his wife's.

☞ Never kiss girls who are fond of rouge or onions. No romance about it.

☞ The comic almanac says it takes three SPRINGS to make one leap year.

☞ A man was accidentally precipitated from "the height of folly" yesterday.

☞ The prettiest lining in a bonnet is a smiling face.

☞ An individual recently advertised for board for "a single man and his wife."

☞ No man can avoid his own company—so he had better make it as good as possible.

☞ Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is the *scenter.*

☞ The epicurean who made a desert of the *fruits* of an enterprise, picked his teeth with the point of a joke.

☞ A man in Oregon City has had his wages raised so high, that he cant reach them.

☞ Mrs. Partington thinks it's a great shame that these French dancing gals sho'd be allowed to execute their *grand pas* on the stage.

☞ A pretty woman is a brilliant poem, full of rhyme, sentiment, and all manner of illustration. When "bound" in one's arms she increases to several volumes.

☞ The best board in the world for dyspeptic young ladies is said to be the washboard. It gives them strength of muscle, and an exhuberance of spirits.

☞ 'I am going to the post-office, Bob; shall I inquire for you?'

'You may, if you please, but I dont believe you will find me there!'

☞ To those who find it difficult to get their letters from the Post Office, we would suggest the propriety of applying to Judge Olney for a writ of habeas corpus.

☞ Mrs. Frost, who edits a paper somewhere in Ohio, excuses the absence of editorial in her paper, saying "a slight frost has just visited our place.'

☞ At Woqua Canon, a company of three men took out 125 ounces in three weeks, and at Cedar Ravine a company was averaging daily $40 to the hand.

☞ In Nevada, gold dust is coming in rapidly, and the Journal says there has not been a more prosperous time among miners for the last four years than at present.

☞ Tripping on the light fantastic toe—of your partner, in a polka, is described as the height of misery, by a gentleman who prides himself on his polking.

☞ Why should the Greeks, living in the vicinity of the Dardanelles prefer the sultan of Turkey to the Russian czar? Because they say, this is the *Boss* for us (Bosphorus.)

☞ At French Corral, in Nevada county, one company, after expending $40,000 and the labor of two years, have just got into their lead, and are making $20 per day to the hand.

☞ Mining enterprises are prosperous at Grass Valley, and receipt of dust far surpasses that of corresponding dates last year. This is emphatically the busy season of this region.

☞ Snooks wants to know if "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the view refuses to return it, there is any legal remedy. It is our own opinion, that in such a case distance would have but a poor show.

☞ A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor. "I don't know," said she, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

☞ A southern boy was asked why he preferred to board at an expensive hotel, instead of living at home. He replied:

"Pa and Ma have got so saucy that I cant stand it, so I had to quit 'em!"

☞ Young man, if your 'gal' can "put on her things" in five minutes she must be a gem. You had better marry her. For consuming the most and longest style of hours in "rigging up," some women beat all creation and the almanac, ten to one.

☞ If you would preserve your pluck keep out of debt. The same man that would face "an army with banners" without a blanch, will no sooner see a creditor turn a corner than he will tremble like a bulrush "tipsy with a bobalink."

☞ 'Jim, I believe Sam's got no truth in him.'

'You dont know him, dere's more truth in dat nigga dan all ze res' on de hul plantation.'

'How you make dat?'

'Why he's never let any of it out.'