

LITERATURE.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPRING.

BY D. F. MC CARTHY.

Oh! Kathleen, my darlin', I've had such a
drame,
Sure no man ever fancied the likes of the
same:
I dreamt that the World, like yourself,
darlin' dear,
Just presented a son to the happy New
Year!
Like yourself, too, the poor mother suf-
fered awhile,
But like thine was the joy at her baby's
first smile,
When the tender nurse, Nature, her man-
tle did fling
Of sunshine around it, and called it THE
SPRING.

Oh! Kathleen 'twas strange how the ele-
ments all,
With their friendly regards, condescend-
ed to call.
The rough rains of winter like summer
dews fell,
And the North-wind said, Zephyr like—
Is the World well?
And the streams ran quick-sparkling to
tell o'er the earth
God's goodness to man in this mystical
birth;
For a Son of this World, and an heir to
the King
Who rules over man, is this beautiful
Spring.

Oh! Kathleen methought, when the bright
babe was born,
More lovely than morning appeared the
bright morn!
The birds sang more sweetly, the grass
greener grew,
And with buds and with blossoms the old
trees looked new;
And methought when the Priest of the
Universe came—
The Sun—in his vestments of glory and
flame,
The name that he gave all creation did
sing—
'Twas the *bouchelleen bawn* of the World
—'twas the Spring!

Oh! Kathleen, dear Kathleen! what treas-
ures are piled
In the mines of the Past for this wonder-
ful Child!
The lore of the sages, the lays of the
bards,
Like a primer the eye of this infant re-
gards;
All the dearly-bought knowledge, that
cost life and limb,
Without price, without peril, are offered
to him;
And the blithe bee of Progress concealeth
its sting,
As it offers its sweets to this beautiful
Spring!

Oh! Kathleen, they tell us of wonderful
things,
Of speed that surpasseth the fairy's fleet
wings;
How the lands of the world in commu-
nion are brought,
And the slow march of speed is as rapid
as thought.
Oh! think what an heir-loom this great
world will be,
With this wonderful wire 'neath the
Earth and the sea;
When the snows and the sunshine toge-
ther shall bring,
And the East and the West, all their gifts
to the Spring.

Oh! Kathleen, but think of the birth-gifts
of love
That THE MASTER who lives in the
GREAT HOUSE above
Prepares for the poor child that's born on
his land,
Oh, God! they're the sweet flowers that
fall from thy hand;
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given
awhile, to make Earth the reflection of
Heaven;
The brightness and lightness that round
the world's wing,
Oh! heir of the ages! are thine happy
Spring!

Oh! Kathleen, dear Kathleen! that dream
is gone by,
And I wake once again, but, thank God!
thou art nigh,
And the land that we love looks as bright
in the beam,
Just as if my queer dream was not all out
a dream.
The spring-tide of Nature its blessing
imparts—
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse
through our hearts;
Let us feel 'tis a mother to whose breast
we cling,
And a brother we hail when we welcome
the Spring.
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

The Yankee Pedler.

BY COLONEL JOHNSTON.

PART SECOND.

Autumn had scattered its yellow leaves
upon the passing streams; winter had
chained them up in his icy fetters, and
cast his hoar winding-sheet over the face
of nature; spring had unloosed the chains,
and dissolved the sleet; and now summer
again clothed the mountain and the valley
with living green, making the groves
vocal with the songs of birds. Still
Major Carroll was in thoughtful mood.
He knew not how he should meet Ralph
Brown, when he should come for his 2,000
dollars. A sprightly rap was heard at
the hall door; it was opened by the porter,
and Ralph Brown, in fine spirits, stood
before Major Carroll.

'Mornin', major—hope I see you.
What, not in the dumps, major, this mag-
nificent weather?' said the pedler.
'I'm glad to see you, Mr. Brown,' said
the major. 'Yes glad on many accounts
—but mortified'—
'Mortified! mister, d'ye say? Then
I'll be off with myself,' interrupted the
pedler.

'To tell you frankly,' resumed the
major, 'I have not a shilling of money for
you.'
'Money, footer, major; I've never
thought of the trifle since I left;—A
Miss Laura, is it you? most happy,' cried
the pedler, and the young lady coloured
to the temples, as she entered, and they
held each other by the hand, in expressive
silence.'

The pedler's horse was not left stand-
ing to his waggon, as at the first call;
two sable grooms had the mare unharnessed
at once, in the stable, and the baggage
in the hall. But there was another appen-
dage to the visitant the slaves knew not
how to dispose of. A dark-eyed,
keen-looking, curly-haired boy, of some
fourteen years of age was seen sitting on
the waggon, where Brown had left him.
Ralph opened the door—'Frank,' said he,
'go with the niggers, and see Naragansett
has a clean straw bed; and then navigate
yourself into the kitchen, and tell the
wench to give you some grub.'

The evening passed more merrily than
usual at the mansion; for the pedler would
put the inmates in high spirits by his
anecdotes, in spite of themselves. Laura
played some of the sweetest pieces of the
new music—tried her soft warbling voice
in concert; and she received in return
the unqualified encomiums of her late
tuner on her wonderful improvement.

The major at length rather awkwardly,
said that hard as the times were, he, like
a fool, had been over-persuaded to attend
the races the next day at Charlotteville—
regretted the incivility of absence from his
guest.

'Now, major,' replied Ralph, 'I ain't to
be babied in this way. I know a thing or
two about horseflesh; ain't green, major;
and I reckon you'll leave the road behind
ye, so I can come arter ye, if you're too
proud to go with me.'

'Proud, Mr. Brown! I shall be too proud
of your company, if you will consent to
go; but I thought you would be too tired
after this long journey and require rest'
replied the major.

'Rest! No rest for the wicked, major;
and when you talk of 700 miles being a
long journey, you're rather green, major.'
The next morning the host and guest
were on their way to the races, mounted
on two fleet steeds taken fresh from the
major's stables. When about half way,

the major turned round, surveying the
road they had come, and exclaimed—

'What in heaven's name is that be-
hind us? Is it an ass or a young camel?
A queerer sprite in shape of a horse I
never saw rapped up in skin.'

'Lord, major,' answered Ralph, 'you're
jokin.' That is my waggon-boy; slept
with your niggers last night. He is on
my Naragansett mare, that trailed the
waggon up to your door.'

The sportsmen soon stopped at an inn
to breathe their horses. As the boy and
mare came up—

'Well' said the major, 'that is a queer
animal. She is slim as a weasel and
gaunt as a greyhound; and yet to keep
up at our rapid pace is a wonderment.'

'Frank,' cried Ralph, 'leave the mare
and saunter along the road; the major
and I want to measure her figure-head.'

The boy slunk away like a sprite,
while the major and his guest stood by
the side of Naragansett.

'Now major,' said Brown, 'a meanin'
word in your ear. I calculate you are but
spoonies down here south; you're not up
to human natur' and saft sawder. I can
stick the leek into the best of ye, and no
mistake. That there, major, will devour
the ground like a wild cat. She will
scale over Virginian soil like a swallow.
Now do you bet on that there mare to-
day, or I'll for ever blot your name out of
the books of the elect.'

'Why, Mr. Brown, you are mad,' re-
plied the major. 'Sweepstakes, Sir Char-
les, and Eclipse will be there—the high-
flyers of Virginia—and think you that
weasel can cope with them? Why look,
sir, how her hips slant off, like the roof
of a Dutchman's house, her tail sweeps
the ground; neither her mane, fore-top,
nor fetter-locks have even been trimmed.'

'Major, I say, none of your bother, now.
I warn't born a fool, I tell ya, by the tar-
nal sight. Look at the cords and sinners
in this here hind leg; see how the gam-
ble joints are bent for runnin'; just bring
your calculations to bear on this here
eye, and see how the while of it bungs
out, like a peeled onion. That there lit-
tle chap kicking up the dust in the road
can put the devil in this here mare, ma-
jor; and if you dare bet agin her, it will
be a caution to you for life.'

The major was taciturn, but at length
said, 'I cannot bet to day on any thing.
My purse is empty. 'Hush, hush, mis-
ter,' cried the pedler, 'here's the spelter.
Major, I never bet, nor swear, nor drink,
as teetotalter and ruling elder down east;
but if you don't go the figure to-day, I'll
blot your name from the elect.' As the
pedler said this, he handed the major a
large packet, adding, 'Go it, major—
don't be afeard; cover the whole posse
of 'em. I'll be your parser.'

On arriving at the race-ground, it was
learned that four mile heats, and the best
in three, were the order of the day; and
true enough, Sweepstakes, Sir Charles,
and Eclipse were on the ground. The
judges at the goal had already entered
the three famous horses for the prime
purse of one thousand dollars. Besides
this, the side bets, the sly bets, and the
dormant bets, were very considerable on
the respective horses, just as they happen-
ed to be favorites with the patrician dons
present. The pedler at once entered
Naragansett as a competitor for the purse
under the name of "the Mare." When
the horses appeared upon the turf, Eclipse
required four men to hold him, before he
could be mounted, so eager was he to de-
vour the ground. Sweepstakes was rear-
ing and flitting in a fearful manner. Sir
Charles champed his bit in proud disdain,
measuring his step by inches, as he seem-
ed to feel his superiority as master of the
Eclipse. Off to the right stood Naragan-
sett, in sheep-like quiescence; and while
the other jockies wore gilt caps, and
carried gilt whips, the dark-eyed boy
on the mare was hatless, and n'er a sprig
in his hand. But when the dons came
to scan the beast, and beheld her droop-
ing tongue, lama-like quiet, and long hair
covering her eyes and feet, they shouted
out right in a most obstreperous laugh.
They thought it a joke—a burlesque on
their sport, practised by some wag. They
cried out, 'who bets on that mare?'

'One hundred dollars, for luck sake,'
replied the major. It was covered in a
moment. Other bets were tendered

against her; two to one, three to one, five
to one, and ten to one. The major cov-
ered them all as offered; and was aston-
ished that it made so little impression on
his pocket: twenty dollar bank notes, fifty
dollar, and one hundred dollar notes tur-
ned up; and he saw that he held in his
hand enough to match all the money
brought upon the ground by the dons.
They, too, were astonished that the ma-
jor should be in funds; and much more so
that he should bet so wantonly on that
scare crow mare.

And now it was one, two, three, and off.
Every horse on the turf took the lead of
the mare to the first quarter post. At the
two miles' point. Sweepstakes and
Eclipse had fallen behind; and to the as-
tonishment of the spectators, Sir Charles
and the mare were neck and neck. As
they swept along in fine style, the mare
just secured her distance, and came in
at the goal half a neck a-head, as declared
by the judges. The other two horses
drew off the course.

'Look there,' exclaimed many voices,
'the mare is blown—she holds down her
head and tail, and Sir Charles will take
the other two heats without effort.'

'Oh yes, yes, she is blown, cried the
dons; and they cracked up ten to one for
Sir Charles, the best in three. The ma-
jor put faith in his neighbours. He saw
the mare's head was down—he thought
her tail trembled. He feared for Ralph's
money he had so liberally planked, and
dared not venture more. The challenger,
ten to one, were clamorous against him.
He hesitated—ay, even trembled in his
shoes. Brown, who had kept aloof from
the contest, now crossed the path of the
major. He whispered in the ear of the
latter as he passed—

'Go it major—don't be afeared—stick
the leek into 'em, with a tarnation reef.
If you cow out, major, I'll blot your
name from the elect, as I told ye.'

Thus reassured, the major stood his
hand. Stacks of bank notes were piled
up before the judges; and most astonish-
ing, as well to the major as to his neigh-
bors, his packet held out like the widow's
oil.

And now Sir Charles and Naragansett
are displaying wonders—the mountains
skip like rams, and the little hills like
lambs, on either side. Sir Charles was a
fine young horse, the pride of Virginia;
and when he eclipsed Eclipse the year
previous, he was crowned with gold, and
covered with scarlet. He was the idol of
the State. And now the fate of Virginia
hung in equal poise. It hung so for two-
thirds of the second heat, when the boy
on the mare toched his thumb to the neck
of his beast, and she cleared the goal,
leaving Sir Charles three lengths in the
rear.

To be concluded in our next.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crit-
tenden was engaged in defending a man
who had been indicted for a capital offence.
After an elaborate and powerful defence,
he closed his effort by the following
striking and beautiful allegory.

'When God, in His eternal council,
conceived the thought of man's creation,
He called to him the three ministers who
wait constantly upon His throne—Justice,
Truth, and Mercy, and thus addressed
them: 'Shall we make man?' Then
said Justice 'Oh, God! make him not,
for he will trample on thy laws.' Truth
made answer also, 'Oh, God! make him
not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries.'
But Mercy, dropping upon her knees,
and looking up through her tears exclaim-
ed, 'Oh, God! make him; I will watch
over him with my care, through all the
dark paths he may have to tread.' Then
God made man and said to him, 'Oh
man! thou art the child of mercy: go
and deal with thy brother.'

The jury, when he finished, was drow-
ned in tears, and against evidence and
what must have been their own convic-
tion, brought in a speedy verdict of "not
guilty."

Mr. Malcolm W. Mears, one of
the assistants of the marshal, in taking
the census of Baltimore, had the curiosi-
ty, while going through the second
ward, to ascertain as near as possible the
number of cats and dogs in the ward.
He reports that there are 2,063 cats and
803 dogs.