

THE ROSE AND THE GEM.

BY A YOUNG LADY BORN BLIND.

If this delicious, grateful flower,
Which blows but for a little hour,
Should to the sight so lovely be,
As from its fragrance seems to me,
A sigh must then its colour show,
For that's the softest joy I know;
And sure the rose is like a sigh,
Born just to soothe, and then to die.

My father, when our fortune smiled,
With jewels decked his eyeless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But ah! they had no charms for me;
A trickling tear bedewed my arm—
I felt it—and my heart was warm;
And sure the gem to me most dear,
Was a kind father's pitying tear.

[These exquisite lines appeared sometime ago in the newspapers, without any name affixed. If they are, as stated, truly the production of 'A Young Lady born blind,' she must be allowed, not only to excel all who have gone before her, afflicted with the same deprivation, but to be an ornament to her sex and country.—*Collet's Relics of Literature.*

LOSING THE ROAD ON THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

The road winds along at some distance from the river, frequently out of sight of it; the shore is uneven, covered with crags and hillocks; nothing like a landmark to be seen, or a mountain to guide one's self by, except occasionally, when one gets a peep at the Appalachians rising out of the blue distance. The fog, however, had hidden them from us, and that just at the time when we most wanted them as a guide. We found ourselves in a long low clearing—which was laid out in sugar-fields, and through which there ran nearly as many cart-roads as there were owners to the land. The morning had been bright and beautiful; but, towards noon, a grey mist had begun to rise in the south-western corner of the horizon, and had gone on, thickening and advancing, till it spread like a pall over the Tennessee. With a grey wall of fog on one side, and the swamp, intersected with a hundred cross-paths, on the other, we had gone on for about a mile; until it got so thick and dark, that it was quite as possible we should find our way into the marsh as over the Mussel shoals.* So certain was I, however, of the proximity of the latter, that I pushed on, expecting each moment to find the ferry.

It was now quite dark—one of those dreary pitch-dark nights that are of no unfrequent occurrence in the south-western states. I would as soon have been on the banks of Newfoundland as in this swamp, from which nothing was more probable than that we should carry away a rattling fever. The Yankee's directions concerning the road were, as may be supposed, long since forgotten; and even had they not been so, it would have required cat's eyes to have availed ourselves of them. Even the owls, the nightingales of that neighbourhood, seemed puzzled by the extreme darkness. We could hear them whooping and screaming all around us; and now and then one flew against us, as if it had lost its way as well as ourselves. The road we were now following ran close to the bank of the river; so close indeed, that a single stumble of our horse might have precipitated us into the water, which was then very high.

'I think we should do best to get out of the gig,' said I to my companion; 'or else we have a very fair chance of passing the night in the Tennessee.'

'No danger,' replied Richards, 'Cæsar is an old Virginian.'

A shock that made our very ribs crack again, and nearly threw us backwards out of the gig, came rather opportunely to interrupt this eulogium on Cæsar, who had suddenly reared furiously up on his hind legs.

'There must be something in the path,' cried Richards; 'let us see what it is.'

We got out and found a huge walnut-tree lying right across the road. Here was an end to our journey. We could not get the gig over the enormous trunk; the boughs which spread out full twenty yards in every direction, had given Cæsar timely warning of the impediment to our further progress. The road, moreover, was so narrow that it was impossible to turn. There was nothing for it but to back out. Richards began hunting about for a cross-road, where we might turn; I set to work to back the gig. I had no sooner, however, set one foot out of the road, than my cloak was almost torn from my shoulders by a thorn. To get through this wilderness with a whole skin, one ought to have been cased in complete armour. I had only just taken my unfortunate garment off this new-fashioned cloak-peg, when Richards returned.

'This is a wilderness,' said he. 'Neither road nor path, and to the ears, and to add to my enjoyment, I have left one of my boots in the swamp.'

'And for my part, there are as many holes in my cloak as thorns on that acacia-tree,' replied I, by way of consolation.

These were the last words we spoke in anything like a jesting tone; for we were now wet to the skin: and of all situations, I believe a damp one to be the least favourable to jocularly. I confess a certain partiality for adventures, when they are not carried too far. But

to be overtaken by darkness and a deluge in the middle of a maple swamp, to be unable to go three steps on one side without falling into the Tennessee, with an impenetrable morass and thicket on the other hand, a colossal walnut-tree barring the way in front, and no possibility of turning back—this was even to my taste, rather too much of an adventure.

'Well, what is to be done now?' said Richards, who had placed himself in a sort of posture—his bootless foot on the gig-step, the other sticking fast in the mud. 'Take out the horse and draw the gig back,' suggested I.

Easily said, but rather more difficult to accomplish. We set to work, however, with a will; and pushed and tugged and pulled, till at last, after much labour, we got the gig about thirty paces backwards, where the road became wider. We then turned it, and were putting Cæsar into the shafts, when, to our delight, a loud hallo was given quite close to us.

After such a thorough fashion was it given, that it caused the fog to break for a moment, and roused the inhabitants of the neighbouring swamp from their mud-pillowed slumbers. They set up a screeching, and yelling, and croaking that was lovely to listen to.

* The Mussel shoals are broad ridges of rocks, above Florence, which spread out into the Tennessee.

THE AUTUMN MORNING.

Morning—the sun's broad disk peeping over the eastern hill—the ecstatic voices of a multitudinous throng of birds rushing heavenward, and pouring out the while a flood of tremulous and yet triumphant song—the jocund voices of labourers in the farm-yard, of reapers in the harvest field, and early gleaners in the flowery lanes; the clinking of harness and clacking of ponderous wains already astir and tending towards the harvest fields—what pleasant sights and sounds are these to usher in the glorious day. And as the blue mists roll away—veil after veil withdrawn, and distant hills shine clearly out, and winding waters leap and sparkle in the sunshine, and hill-side cottages send up their slender wreaths of white and vapoury smoke into the pure bright morning air, and the awakening breeze runs gaily amidst the huge gnarled arms and waving boughs of every tree it meets in its course, what seemeth it but a renewal of the primeval beauty of the earth—order and life evolving out of chaos—life, teeming vigorous life, up-springing from the heavy death-like sleep of night.—So morning, life and sunshine dawn upon the world, morning climbing the firmament and the arch—life in the vocal air, in the dancing waters—life in the twinkling grass, life in the solemn woods, life in the thrilling song of the exalted birds, life in the red-veined leaves clustering round the cottage porch, life in the haunts and homes of men—and sunshine brooding over, embracing and informing all.

THE POET.

The voice of the Poet went forth like a trumpet, sounding aloud for the just and right cause—men listened to it, and woman's lips grew eloquent in praise of the noble spirit that was ever on the side of truth and mercy. His songs went through the length and breadth of the land, to prove what the true Poet ought to be—not the idle rhymer—the visionary sentimentalist—but the teacher of all high things—the voice of Heaven to mankind, leading them to a purer life, and shewing the way. The man of genius stands forth as the high priest of Divinity, before whom it befits him to offer up not only the first fruits of his intellect, but the continued sweet savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the love he teaches. He should realize his own ideal and be what he strives to delineate.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—There is more philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled, disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, passes away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window, which, like a record of ruin, sinks into the heart. The household goods, the cherished relic, the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own, are here as it were profaned; the associations of dear old times are here violated; the family hearth is here outraged; the ties of love, kindred, rank, all that the heart clings to, are broken here. It is a sad picture; for in spite of all the glittering show, its associations are sombre. There hangs the watch, the old chased repeater, that hung above the head of a dying parent, when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread; the widow's wedding ring is there, the last and dearest of all her possessions; the trinket, the pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories; silver that graced the holiday feast; the gilt-framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantel shelf, the flute, the favourite of the dead son, surrendered by a starving mother to procure food for her remaining offspring; the locket that held a father's hair; or, gloomier still, the dress, the very covering of the poor is there, waving like a flag of wretchedness and misery. It is a strange, sad sight to those who feel aright. There are more touching memorials to be seen at a pawnbroker's window than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

A LAWYER OUTFONE.—Robert Roache, a notorious pick-pocket, was on Monday last, at the borough sessions, tried and convicted for the third time, sentenced to ten years transportation. Like all other rogues, although conscious of his guilt, he was anxious to secure the services of a barrister to plead his case before the jury. He had been too often similarly circumstanced not to be aware that this could only be done through the intervention of an attorney, and accordingly he sent for Mr. Owen, a gentleman at present enjoying a considerable amount of practice in this town. The thief was well aware, also, that unless he had something tangible to offer the man of law, not one step would be taken towards his defence. He pleaded his poverty, but stated that the day before he was apprehended he had purchased a very valuable lever watch which he was willing to hand over as security for the payment of the necessary fees. It is generally considered that lawyers act upon the maxim, 'All is fish that comes to the net,' and in this instance, at least, there was no objection to the terms proposed. The brief was duly prepared, and an able counsel, Mr. James, retained for the defence. During the day the attorney, doubtless thinking it was time he had the 'ticker' in his possession, instructed the counsel to apply to the recorder for an order to have the watch delivered up to him. The prisoner was charged with stealing handkerchiefs; the recorder said he had no objection to comply with the request, as he had nothing to show that the watch was stolen, or had any reference to the charge upon which the prisoner stood indicted. Matters being thus far comfortably arranged, inquiries began to be made as to the patent lever. The prisoner said it had been taken from him by Mr. Tucker, bridewell keeper. Mr. Tucker was sent for, and when questioned upon the subject, stated that he had taken a brass chain attached to a potato from the prisoner, but that he had seen nothing of any watch. The 'patent-lever' was immediately sent for, and it turned out to be nothing more or less than a potato, to which was attached a piece of brass chain, probably worth twopenny, with which the 'knowing one' had been sporting his figure at Lucas's repository, and other places, the resort of gentlemen. Of course there was an outrageous burst of laughter in the court at this disclosure, and the mirth was increased when the recorder said, 'I am sorry to see, Mr. James, that your lever watch turns out to be a potato.' We suppose that the only party who would not join in the amusement would be the unfortunate attorney, who would in common parlance, 'laugh on the wrong side of his mouth.'—*Liverpool Mercury.*

CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.—For which of us is there in whom, known or unknown, alas! there is not much that needs to be forgiven? Which of us that is not more akin to Burns in his fleshly frailties than in his diviner spirit? That conviction regards not merely solemn and public celebration of reverential memory—it pervades the tenor of our daily life, sits at our hearths, wings our loftiest dreams of human exaltation. How, on this earth, could we love, or revere, or emulate, if in our contemplation of the human being, we could not sunder the noble, the fair, the gracious, the august, from the dregs of mortality, from the dust that hangs perishably about him the imperishable? We judge in love, that in love we may be judged. At our hearthsides, we gain more than we dared desire, by mutual mercy; at our hearthsides, we bestow and receive a better love, by this power of soft and magnanimous oblivion.—*Wilson.*

When Dick Ains first crossed into York State, from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting maid sat at the table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the servant, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house a servant was called a *help*. Very well; the next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting of Dick of 'Help! help! water! water! help!' In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task, rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. 'I am much obliged to ye, to be sure,' said Dick, 'but here is more than I want to *shave with!*' 'Shave with!' quoth mine host, 'you called 'help!' and 'water!' and we thought the house was on fire.' 'Ye told me to call the servant *help*, and do you think I would cry *water* when I meant *fire*?' 'Give it up,' said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

A fellow was relating his escape from the whooping cough, when it was in his family, 'There were twelve of us,' said he, 'and the other eleven had it prime; but I got clear of it.' 'But how came you to escape?' was asked. 'Why you see,' he replied, 'there was so many that had it, that there wasn't whooping cough enough to go all round!'

A BOLD CAPTAIN.—A story is told of a valorous Militia Captain, whose experience in war horrors was confined to fighting with powder in sham fights. He was once in a real battle, and seemed to enjoy it with a keen zeal. Nothing could exceed his ardor; he flourished his sword most fiercely; marched, counter-marched, and blazed away with great zeal. Suddenly a bullet whizzed through his cocked hat. At first amazement stupefied him; his brains seemed carried away. Then uncovering, he gazed at the hole which the lead perforated in its hasty tour through his chapeau, and with a voice indicative of the fiercest indignation at such treachery, he exclaimed: 'By thunder! they are firing balls!' and flew as if a thunderbolt was chasing him.