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POETRY.

One by One

BY SETH KETT.

One by one the tiny drops
From the sky above us fall;
Drop by drop they form the ocean,
Though at first they seem but small;
One by one the little moments
Unawares are gliding by;
One by one they form the ages
Of one vast eternity.

One by one the little streamlets
Gently ripple to the deep;
Inch by inch they gain the ocean,
Where, in da kest depths they sleep.
One by one our little errors
Leads the soul in paths astray;
Till the swelling tide of sorrows
Overwhelms like ocean spray.

One by one the stars above us
Glisten in their twinkling light,
Forming one vast constellation,
Making all the heavens bright.
So our little deeds of kindness
Like the stars will all unite;
And, when all around is darkness
Give the weary spirit light.

Sparking Sunday Night.

Sitting in the corner
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On your face their light
Bless me! this is pleasant
Sparking on a Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest,
How wickedly 'tis working,
On the day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight,
Bless me! aint this pleasant,
Sparking on a Sunday night.

But hark! the clock is striking,
It's two o'clock I snum,
Sure as I am a sinner,
The time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents
If that old clock is right?
And wondered if it ever
Sparked on Sunday night.

One two three sweet kisses,
Four five six—you hook;
But thinking that you rob her,
Put back those you took;
Then as for home you hurry
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day
Was only Sunday night.

Jimie's on the Stormy Sea.

E're the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sun, set at her knitting
Sang a lovely maiden sitting,
Underneath her theshold tree;
And as the daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shown o're us,
Fitful rose the tender chorus,
Jimie's on the stormy sea.

Warmly shown that sun set glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing
Earth with beauty over flowing,
Seems the home of love to be;
As those angle tunes ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending,
Jimie's on the stormy sea.

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with the sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging,
Lingering to tower and tree;
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes and clearer,
Oh! 'twas Heaven to hear her—
Jimie's on the stormy sea.

Blow ye west winds; blandly hover,
O're the bark that bears my lover,
Gently blow and bear him over,
To his own dear home and me;
For when night winds bends the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow—
Jimie's on the stormy sea.

How could I but list and linger,
To the song and hear the singer,
Sweetly wooing Heaven to bring her,
Jimie from the stormy sea;
And while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang—my heart o're came me,
Grieve no more since I am Jimie,
Home returned, to love and thee.

Epigram.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

The Yankee and the Hoosier.

We were greatly amused at a dialogue between a Down-easter and a Hoosier from the West. The story is rather old, but we presume will be new to most of our readers. They were respectively cracking up their own localities and running down their opponents.

At length the Hoosier said:

"Our land is so rich—why you never seed anything so rich in your life; why how d'ye suppose we make our candles, eh?"

"Don't know," said the Yankee.

"We dip 'em in the mud puddles," said the Hoosier.

"Yes," replied the Yankee; "and I guess there is so much mud in your diggins that there isn't many places where a man could not dip candles in a mud puddle. I have heard of a man travelling in your country all day long, in a road where the mud was so deep that he couldn't diskiver a glimpse of his legs for hours together."

"Well, now, just tell us, Mr. Yankee, if it's a fact what they do say about the roughness of the roads down east. They do say that there are so many stones in the road, and the wagons do jolt up and down so all-firedly, that the only way people grind our plasters is by loading the big pieces into a wagon, and just driving at a moderate trot over your roads, and that half a mile's drive will make all into powder."

"There's no doubt but we can touch dry land occasionally on our roads. But then if there are stuns in the road, the traveller is never waylaid, and his blood taken by musquitoes big as oysters."

"I'll tell ye what, stranger, they do say there are whole counties down east, where the stones are so thick that they have to sharpen the sheep's noses so they can get them between the rocks to eat grass. Indeed, I once heard some one say that had travelled through your country, that he one day saw a whole field of men and boys, standing on the rocks, each on 'em letting a sheep down by the hind legs in among the rocks to feed. And in another place he saw the farmers shooting the grain in among the rocks so as to take root and grow."

"Wal, now, stranger, suppose you tell us about your own country; you are the only man I ever see from the West that didn't die of feverin' agur; lets see if you know as much about the West as you seem to know about the East."

"Well, old Yankee, I'll just tell you all about it. If a farmer in our country plants the ground with corn, and takes good care on it, he'll get a hundred bushels to the acre; and if he don't plant at all he'll get fifty. The beets grow so large that it takes three yoke of oxen to pull up a full sized one, and then it leaves a hole so large that I once knew a family of five children who all tumbled into a beet hole, and the earth caved in upon them, and they all perished. When walled in, our beet holes make first-rate wells. The trees are so large that I once knew a man who had commenced cutting one down, and when he had cut away one side for about ten days, he thought he'd just take a look rounk the tree, and when he got round 'tother side, he found a man there who had been cutting at it for three weeks—and they'd never heard one another's axes. I have heard tell, yet I samewhat doubt that story, that the Ohio parsnips have sometimes grown clean through the earth, and been pulled through by the puople an 'tother side."

"Wal, now," said the Yankee, "I rather guess as you've told enough for the present, stranger. How'd you like to trade for some clocks to sell out west?"

"Never use 'em—we keep time altogether with punkin vines. You know they grow just five feet an hour and that's an inch a minute. Don't use clocks at all. It's no use, old Yankee, we can't trade no how."

The Yankee gave up beat, and suddenly cleared out.

A good story is told of a Michigan man who went down into Indiana to buy a drove of horses. He was absent longer than he intended, and failed to meet a business engagement. On being rather reproached for not being at home, he made due apology: "I tell you how it is, squire; at every little darned town they wanted me to stop with 'em and be President of a Bank."

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

Marriage is designated by some a "bridal" state, as it puts a curb on most people.

Potatoes and corn are like sinners of old. Having eyes, they see not; and ears, they hear not.

The Wrath of Washington.

From Rush's "Washington in Domestic Life," we take the following:

"An anecdote I derived from Colonel Lear shortly before his death, in 1810, may be here related showing the height to which Washington's passion would rise, yet be controlled. It belongs to his domestic life, with which I dealing, having occurred under his own roof, while it marks public feelings the most intense, and points to the moral life. I give it in Colonel Lear's words as near as I can, having made a note of them at that time.

"Towards the close of a winter's day in 1789, an officer in uniform was seen to dismount in front of the President's house in Philadelphia, and giving the bridle to his servant, knocked at the door of the mansion. Learning from the porter that the President was at dinner, he said he was on public business, and had dispatches for the President. A servant was sent into the dining-room to give information to Mr. Lear, who left the table and went into the hall, where the officer repeated what he had said. Mr. Lear replied that, as the President's Secretary, he would take charge of the dispatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer made answer that he had just come from the Western Army, and his orders were to deliver them with all promptitude to the President; but that he would wait his directions. Mr. Lear returned and imparted to the President what had passed. General Washington arose from the table and went to the officer. He was back in a short time, made a word of apology for his absence, but no allusion to the cause of it. He had company that day. Every thing went on as usual. Dinner was over, the gentlemen passed to the drawing-room of Mrs. Washington, which was open in the evening. The General spoke courteously to every lady in the room, as was his custom. His hours were early, and by ten o'clock all the company had gone. Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear remained. Soon Mrs. Washington left the room.

"The General now walked backwards and forwards for some minutes without speaking. Then he sat down on the sofa by the fire, telling Mr. Lear to sit down. To this moment there had been no change in his manner since his interruption at the table. Mr. Lear now preceived his emotion. This rising in him, he broke out suddenly:

"'It's all over—St. Clair's defeated; routed; the officers nearly all killed—the men by wholesale; the route complete—too shocking to think of—and a surprise in the bargain!'

"He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused, got up from the sofa, and walked about the room several times, agitated, but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short and stood still a few seconds, when his wrath became terrible.

"'Yes,' he burst forth, 'here, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. You have your instructions, I said, from the Secretary of War; I had a strict eye to them, and will ado but one more, beware of surprise! I repeat it, beware of surprise—you know how the Indians fight us. He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against! O God, O God, he's worse than a murderer! how can he answer it to his country?—the blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven!'

"This torrent came out in a tone appalling. His very frame shook. It was awful, said Mr. Lear. More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations on St. Clair. Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into silence.

"The roused chief sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent. His wrath began to subside; he at length said, in an altered voice: 'This must not go beyond this room.' Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said in a tone quite low: 'General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches, saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have justice.'

"He was now, said Mr. Lear, perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by. The storm was over, and no signs of it afterwards seen in his conduct, or heard in his conversation. The result is well known. The whole case was investigated by Congress, and St. Clair was exculpated and regained the the confidence Washington had in him when appointing him to that command. He had put himself in the thickest of the fight and escaped unhurt, though so ill as to be carried on a litter, and unable to mount his horse without help."

A New Way to get a Breakfast.

The Irish are as remarkable for their wit as for their blunders. Some body has set a story afloat about a man fresh from the Emerald Isle, who put quite a literal construction upon the prase "meals included," of steamboats and other public vehicles. This man lived at or near Schenectady, where he heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo.

"Sure, captain, dear," said he, "'an what'll ye ax a poor man for travelling on yer illegant swan of a boat?"

"Only a cent and a half a mile, and found," replied the captain.

"And is it the vittals you mane to find, sure?"

"Yes; and if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" enquired the captain.

"And how far have we come, jist?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would her breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out.

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore, and thanked him for his patronage besides.

Judge Peters was one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut, and was not considered the best authority in points of law. Mr. H——, a well known practitioner, who has a nervous twiching of the muscles of his face, was pleading before him in an important case, and the Judge, apparently not heeding the lawyer, was playing with a little dog which had come by his side on the platform. In the course of his remarks, the lawyer stated the law applying to one of the important points of the case; the Judge stopped playing with the dog, and, lifting up his head, said:

"Why, Mr. H——, I didn't know there was any such law."

To which H——, while looking particularly serious and his face beginning to twitch, immediatele replied:

"I did't suppose your honor did!"

The whole audience was convulsed with suppressed laughter, considering it a palpable hit.

Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will always think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life.

The Prince of Wales celebrated his sixteenth birthday early in the present month, so that he only lacks two years of the age at which the royal family of England attain their majority. The event was observed at Windsor with the customary honors—military salutes and parades, ringing of bells, displays of flags, and other manifestations of loyalty. The week previous he visited the Illustrious, (training ship,) which he is to join in March as a cadet.

Of those who really love their children few know how to do it. Some spoil them with fondness while young, and then quarrel with them when they are grown up for having been spoiled.

"Wherever I go," said a gentleman remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State."

"No wonder," said the person he was addressing, "for every man of that State, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

Beautiful was the reply of Allen Cunningham to Chaneley, who offered him a place, whenever he should need it, in his own mausoleum: "No, no—I'll not be built over when I'm dead. I'll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisies grow upon my grave."

A Yankee has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements.

Edward Everett will, in the course of next month, lend his unequalled oratory to the cause of the poor, under the auspices of the Boston Provident Association.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind," said a desponding lover to a truant, non-responsive lass.

"Well, it can't do much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing small piece you had at first!"