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Poetry.

The Little Match Boy.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

It was December, cold and drear,
And stormy was the weather,
When all around, both far and near,
The snow-flakes clung together.

With garments thin, and bare red feet,
A boy both sad and weary,
Passed on through many a winding street,
'Till darkness vailed him, nearly.

"Matches, matches!" he loud did cry,
Nor yet had sold he any,
For none appeared that day to buy,
Or give him one red penny.

To none he told his bitter woe,
For he had now no mother;
She slept beneath the pure white snow,
Beside his little brother.

His sister all alone did stay,
Or watch her drunken father,
While thus their bread from day to day,
Did he with matches gather.

Benumbed and sad he sat him down,
Drawing his cold feet under;
He feared his father's angry frown,
But more his sister's hunger.

He said, "A dreary world is this,
I'm glad there is another;"
And then he thought he felt a kiss,
From his dear angel mother.

And bending o'er him stood a form,
With kind and manly feeling,
Whose heart with sympathy was warm,
For tear-drops down were stealing.

He knew that boy, so marble cold,
And bade him not to sorrow,
Placed in his hand some shining gold,
And told him, "On the morrow,

"Sister of plenty shall partake;
And you, her noble brother,
Shall have a home for her own sake—
Your dear departed mother."

SPEAK KINDLY TO THE POOR.

Speak kindly to the poor!
One little word, if timely said,
May tend to soothe a thousand cares—
May dry the tear by sorrow shed;
Let no reproaches from thy lips
Be breathe, which thou might'st not endure;
Oh, give of that which nothing costs!
Speak kindly to the poor.

Look gently on the poor!
And not be hasty to depart;
Beneath these homely garments throb
Full many an honest heart,
Thy smile may shed a heaven of joy,
A sun-light world of hope ensure;
Oh, turn not then in scorn away,
Look gently on the poor!

Be friendly to the poor!
To such the promise has been given,
Despised and scoffed at here on earth;
They shall inherit peace in heaven
But ah! how sad will be thy fate!
Thou com'st to enter at the door—
And find'st no banquet there prepared
For any save the poor!

Select Tale.

Fulton's First Steam Voyage.

[COMMUNICATED BY R. W. HASKINS.]

Some twenty years since, more or less—for I cannot fix the date with more certainty—I formed a travelling acquaintance, upon a steamboat on the Hudson river, with a gentleman who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton, to Albany, in his steamboat, the *Clermont*, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's address I have lost; but I urged him to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I know, he has never done. I have several times repeated the facts as they were told to me and have been often requested to secure them from oblivion by giving them to the press.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany, on business, when Fulton arrived there, in his unheard of craft, which everybody felt so much interested in seeing. Being ready to leave, and hearing that this craft was to return to New York, I repaired on board and inquired for Mr. Fulton. I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain, gentlemanly man, wholly alone, and engaged in writing.

Mr. Fulton I presume?

Yes, sir.

Do you return to New York with the boat?

We shall try to get back, sir.

Can I have a passage down?

You can take your chance with us, sir.

I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation a sum, I think six dollars, were named. The amount in coin, I laid in his open hand, and with his eye fixed upon it he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a miscount, and I said to him is that right, sir? This roused him as from a kind of revery, and as he looked up at me, the big tear was brimming in his eye, and his voice faltered as he said excuse me sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, the first pecuniary reward I have ever received for all my exertions in adapting steam to navigation I would gladly commemorate the occasion over a bottle of wine with you but really I am too poor, even for that, just now; yet I trust we may meet again, when this will not be so.

The voyage to New York was successful, as all know, and terminated without accident.

Some four years after this, when the Clermont had been greatly improved, and her name changed to The North River, and when two boats, namely, The Car of Neptune and the Paragon, had been built, making Mr. Fulton's fleet three boats regulary plying between New York and Albany, I took passage upon one of these for the latter city.—The cabin, in that day, was below; and as I walked its length, to and fro, I saw I was very closely observed by one I supposed a stranger. Soon however, I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton; but, without disclosing this, I continued my walk and awaited the result. At length, in passing his seat, our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, "I knew it must be you for your features have never escaped me, and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that bottle, now."—It was ordered; and during its discussion Mr. Fulton ran rapidity but vividly over his experience of the world's coldness and sneers, and of the hopes, fears disappointments and difficulties that were scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final, crowning triumph, at which in reviewing all these, said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our interview at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing, in my mind, the vivid emotions it originally caused. That seemed, and still does seem, to me, the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between light and darkness, in my career upon earth; for it was the first actual recognition of my usefulness by my fellow men.

Such, then, were the events coupled with the very dawn of steam navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still recollected by many—and such as Fulton there related them, were the early appreciations, by the world, of a discovery which has pervaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the very ends of the earth in contact.

Miscellaneous.

SUPERIORITY OF NATURE OVER ART.

An interesting anecdote is told of Cecco and Dante, the later an Italian poet, illustrating nature's superiority. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, but Dante asserted to the contrary. In proof of this principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he read or took his supper.

One day Cecco paid Dente a visit.—He went prepared to test the poet's philosophy, and requested Dante to show him an experiment with his cat. The animal performed her part with perfect satisfaction till Cecco lifted the cover from a dish of mice, which he took with him. No sooner did the mice make their appearance than the creature of art showed the weakness of a talent acquired, and, dropping the candle, sprang on them with all its instinctive propensity.

On beholding this, Dante confessed that the native faculties had the superiority, and that the position of Cecco was right.

The microscope reveals to our view many striking illustrations of the "superiority of nature over art." This is clearly shown by the following examples:

On examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife, rough, uneven and full of notches and furrows.

An exceedingly fine needle, when seen through a microscope, resembles an iron bar. The sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned.

The threads of fine lawn, when thus beheld, seem much coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors; but a silkworm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal.

The smallest dot that is made with a pen thus appears irregular and uneven; but the little specks on the whigs and bodies of insects are found to be the most accurate circles. How magnificent is the system of nature!

ADVICE FOR BOYS.

Boys, read something useful every day; something to reflect upon and talk about while at your work, or on the road to school. Be inquisitive; find out things. Don't let the blood pass from your heart to your fingers' ends thousands of times and you know nothing of its motions. Store your minds early with wisdom. Crowd in a little daily.

Remember Roger Sherman. He was one of the noblest example of how much self-cultivation may do to make a great man. His school privileges were of the most ordinary kind.

Early in life he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and instead of joining in the vulgar conversation so common to many of his companions, he would sit at his work with an open book before him, and devote every moment to study that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged.

Be saving of your little allowances, and buy books. Lives of good and great men—men such as Washington and Howard, and a host of others, whose virtues have rendered their names immortal. Cultivate a taste for reading.—The field of interest and instruction to which it will lead you is boundless.

POISONING OF PLANTS.—A leaf of the sensitive plant was immersed in a cold diluted solution of opium. In a few moments it opened out as in water, and, after half an hour, gave the usual sign of contractibility. In six hours it was expanded, and have a natural appearance but could not be excited to move. The leaflets were flexible at the articulations, and offered a singular contrast to its former state.

If a jewel be genuine, no matter who says it is counterfeit.

FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness [illegible] on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless. The heart that has been touched with true goodness, will [illegible] ble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble.

Adversity tries real friendship, who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove [illegible] friend [illegible] who loves you, who [illegible] your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away.

Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never either loved a friend or labored to make him happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and happiness to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by distress or adversity.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.—One cold winter, when the ground was so cover with snow that the little birds could not find anything to eat, the little daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her and asked her what she was going to do.—She told him, and he said to her, 'What good will it do? The crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds.'

'I know it, dear father,' said she, 'but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all.'

The father thought a moment; he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all. His conscience struck him and be told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.

AN EDITOR SPECULATING IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter in the Philadelphia Inquirer, dated Nevada City, 80 miles from Sacramento says:

I have been here some three weeks.—A day or two after my arrival, I purchased a lot of ground (20x160) on Broad street, which was just then built up, for the sum of $300. I also bought two horses and a wagon, and went to *teaming*, by which I made an *ounce* a day.—Just imagine *me*, an editor of five years standing in Illinois, & at present proprietor of one of the first papers in that State, *teaming* out in California, at the tune of $16 per day! But so is it, Doctors, Lawyers, Legislators. Judges, &c. &c., all pursue some such occupation, when out mining.

Suffice it to say:—my lot has increased in value, from $300 to 1000, with a store, which I am now erecting thereon, at a cost of $800, and am now *contractor*, for furnishing building materials.—Hope to make a small fortune in a year or two.

THE GARROTE.—The Spanish mode of execution is called "*Garrote*." The culprit is seated on a bench with a post at his back; an iron collar is made to enclose his back, and a screw at the back of his neck is turned by the executioner so as to displace one of the vertebræ, when life is instantly extinguished, and the countenance does not even change its expression, but the eyelids gradually close.

☞ A Washington letter notes a report that the Hon. Daniel Webster had been retained by the city of New Orleans, as one of its Counsel in the McDonough Will case.

THE BEST REMEDY.—Some clever fellow (not a physician,) has just invented a new pill, to purge melancholy. They are made of fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and are to be taken with cold water three times a day, without stopping.

Good fences makes good neighbors.

DID'NT KNOW HIMSELF?—Capt. W. ——tells an amusing occurrence witnessed by him last week on board the Ocean, on her passage down. An oldish and somewhat purblind gentleman pacing up and down the upper saloon, stopped in front of a large full length mirror, and after gazing at the figure presented, for a moment or two, inquired in a very deliberate tone—"Is your name Brown?" No answer. Question repeated louder "Is your name Brown?" Still no answer. "Is your name Brown?" Still no answer. "Is your name Brown?" [illegible] said [illegible] tioner, "you [illegible] no gentleman, or cursed deaf!" The saloon was in a complete roar.

DARKNESS OF THE NIGHTS IN 1831, IN N. Y. From astronomical calculations for the year 1851, it appears that the longest period of total darkness at any one time, during the coming year—that is, in this latitude, will be 12 hours. The average total darkness in January aud December, 1851, will be 12 hours per diem, Febuary and November 11 hours, March, October, 9 hours, April and September, 8 hours, May and August, 7 hours, June 5 hours and July 6 hours. For nine successive days in the month, of June, there will, according to Astronomy, be no darkness here.

☞ 'How dreadfully that cigar smells!' exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why, its an awful smelling thing."

"O, no, it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply.

"What is it then?" inquired Cushing.

"Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses are made for."

Cushing didn't speak for five minutes.

☞ Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with:

"Ah. Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and kissed it, because, it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no!"

"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

☞ Green, the æronant, once took up his whole family in a balloon. One of our wits remarked, that, 'though the season is said to be backward, he had never seen greens shoot up to such a height before.'

'True,' said another, "but after all they cannot get higher than the *currents*.'

☞ 'Please take a half of this poor apple? said a pretty damsel to a witty swain the other evening.

'No, I thank you—I would prefer a better half.'

Eliza blushed, and referred him to papa.

'I'll go if I see fit!' was the exclamation of Mrs. Tweezers, as her husband demerred at her attending a ball; "I'll go if I see fit."

'Very well, then, you'll see fits if you go!' was the crusty reply.

'Bobby, what is steam?'

'Boiling water.'

"That's right—compare it.'

'Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst.'

☞ 'Do you profess religion?'

No sir; I profess my faith, and practice my religion."

Reader, do thee likewise.

FROZEN POTATOES, can be saved by exposing them to a violent heat, in order that they may be perfectly dried. In this case, their alimentary properties are preserved, and they may be rasped, or bruised in a mortar for cattle.

☞ An old fellow being visited by his pastor, the latter assured him that he could not be a good Christian unless he took up his daily cross—whereat he caught up his wife, and began lugging her about the room!

A FAT JOB.—Congress appropriated one million one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars to defray the expenses of taking the census!