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POETRY.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are flying,
For my part, getting up seems not so easy,
By half, as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
They smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phebus and his cares are naught;
His steeds that paw impatiently about—
Let *them* enjoy, say I, as horses ought—
The first turn out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy fingered girl—
What then if I prefer my pillow dear,
To early *pearl*.

My stomach is not ruled by other men's
And grumbling for a reason quaintly begs—
Wherefore shall miser rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs!

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flashes in the east awaken—
A fig, say I, for any streaky part—
Excepting bacon.

An early riser, Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
Well—*he* died young.

With char-women, such early hours agree;
And sweeps that earn betimes the bite and sup,
But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be
All up! all up!

So here I'll lie my morning call deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon.
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a *spoon*.

ANCESTRAL DISTINCTIONS.

Let thy own worth elate thee—do not base
Pretensions on thy long-descended race;
Do not, O shallow one, by dead men live,
But, by thine own renown, the dead revive;
The empty vaunt of buried sires disown!
O youth! rejoice not, dog-like, in a bone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CRAMMED CIRCUS COMPANY.

BY BARNUM.

In the Spring of 1836, I started through the country with Turner's Travelling Circus, being owner of one fifth part of the establishment.

Aaron Turner, the joint proprietor of the Circus, was an original genius; a good judge of human nature, a man from whom much information might be derived. He was withal a practical joker. By his untiring industry he amassed a large fortune, and was not a little proud to inform the world that he commenced life without a shilling. Frequently have I heard him say, Every man who has good health and common sense is capable of making a fortune, if he only resolves to do so. As a proof of it, look at me. Who am I? I don't know who I am, or where I came from. I never had father nor mother that I know of, at all events, I must have started from the lowest depths of degradation. I never had any education; I commenced life as a shoemaker. What little I can read I picked up myself after I was eighteen years of age; and as for writting, why the way I first learned that was by signing my name to notes of hand! I used at first to make my mark, but being a poor devil, I had occasion to give my note so often I finally learned to write my name, and so I have got along by degrees. You see what I am now. I have become so by industry, perseverance and economy, and any man may become rich who will determine to do so. There is no such word as "cannot" in the English language. Never say you can't do a thing—and never cry "broke" till you are dead.

While in Annapolis, Md., Turner played a trick upon me which I shall never forget. We had been doing a highly profitable business, which made me feel pretty rich, and I went out that night and bought me a fine suit of black clothes. We were all strangers in that town, never having been there before. On Sunday morning, feeling proud of my sable suit I dressed myself and started to stroll about the town. I passed through the bar-room of the hotel. About twenty persons were there, among whom was Turner, who had by that time made their acquaintance. After I passed out, Turner, pointing in the direction in which I had taken, remarked to the company, "I think it is very singular you permit that rascal to march your streets in open day. It wouldn't be allowed in Rhode Island, and I suppose that is the reason the black-coated scoundrel has come down this way."

"Why, who is he?" ejaculated half a dozen at once.

"Don't you know? Why, that is the Rev. E. K. Avery the murderer of Miss Cornell!" answered Turner.*

"Is it possible!" they exclaimed, all starting for the door, eager to get a look at me, and several swearing vengeance against the hypocritical priest.

Turner having thus put the ball in motion, quietly took a seat, while every person in the bar-room started in pursuit of me. I had turned a corner of the street, and was very innocently, though pompously strutting down the side-walk, when I was overtaken by a dozen or more persons, whose number increased every moment. I observed, as they passed me, that each person looked back and stared at me with apparent wonder. I believe I must have been uncommonly proud of that suit of clothes, for I was vain enough to believe that my new suit was what attracted such special attraction. I however soon awoke from the happy illusion. The mob passed me five or ten rods and waited till I came up to them As I passed, I heard several observations like the following:—"The lecherous old hypocrite"—"the sanctified murderer"—"the black coated villain"—"let's tar and feather him"—"lynch the scoundral," etc, etc. I passed along totally unconscious that these remarks could possibly have any reference to me. The *denouement*, however, soon came. The mob which now numbered at least one hundred, overtook me as I passed another corner, and one fellow seized me by the collar, while five or six appeared, bearing a *rail* between them.

"Come," says the man who had collared me, "come old chap, you can't walk any farther, we know you and as we always make gentlemen ride in these parts, you may prepare to straddle that rail!"

My surprise may well be immagined.—"Good heavens!" I exclaimed as they all pressed around me, "gentlemen, what have I done?"

"Oh we know you" exclaimad half a dozen voices; "you need'nt roll your sanctimonious eyes; that game don't take in this country. Come straddle the rail and remember the stackyard!"

I grew more and more bewildered; it appeared like a dream; I could not imagine what possible offence I was to suffer for, and I continued to exclaim, "Gentlemen, what have I done? Don't kill me gentlemen, but tell me what I have done."

"Come, make him straddle the rail; we'll show him how to hang poor factory girls," shouted some chap from the crowd.

The man who had me by the collar then remarked "Come Mr. Avery, it's no use, you see we know you, and we'll give you a touch of lynch law, and start you for home again."

"My name is not Avery, gentlemen, you are mistaken in your man," I exclaimed.

"Come, come, none of your gammon; straddle the rail, Ephraim" said the man who had me by the collar.

The rail was brought to such a level as to allow me to be "straddled" on it without difficulty, and I was about to be placed according to orders, when the truth flashed upon me.

"Gentlemen," I exclaimed, "I am not Avery; I despise that villian as much as you can; but my name is Barnum; I belong to the circus which arrived here last night, and I am sure *Old Turner*, my partner, has hoaxed you with this ridiculous story."

"If he has, we'll lynch him," said one of the mob.

"Well, he has, I'll assure you," I replied; "so just walk to the hotel with me, and I'll convince you of the fact."

This arrangement they reluctantly consented to, keeping, however, a close hand upon me. As we walked up the main street on which the new State House is situated, the mob received a reinforcement of some fifty or sixty, and I was marched like a malefactor up to the hotel. Old Turner stood on the piazza ready to burst with laughter. I appealed to him for heaven's sake to explain this matter, that I might be liberated. He continued to laugh, but finally told them "he believed there was some mistake about it. The fact is," said he, "my friend Barnum has a new suit of black clothes on, and it makes him look so much like a priest, I concluded it must be Avery."

The mob saw the joke. Some apologized to me for the rough manner in which I had been handled, (for they had torn my coat half off my back, and rolled me in the dirt considerably,) while others swore that Old Turner deserved the fate intended for me; but the majority of the people roared with laughter, declared it was a good joke, and advised me to look sharp, and pay my partner off for it. I was exceedingly vexed, and when the mob had dispersed, I asked Old Turner, what on earth could induce him to play such an outrageously mean trick upon me.

"My dear Barnum," said he, "it was all for our good. Remember, all we need to insure success is notoriety. You will see that this will be noised all about town as a trick played by one of the circus managers upon the other, and our pavilion will be crammed to-morrow night."

It turned out as he conjectured. The joke was in every person's mouth. We soon became acquainted with the whole town, and had immense audiences during our stay. This, however, did not induce me to forgive Old Turner, for I knew full well that self interest was an after consideration in the case, the joke being prompted solely by a desire to see some fun, no matter at whose expense.

A peculiar incident occurred at Hanover Court House in Virginia. In consequence of heavy rains we could not perform there, and concluded to start for Richmond immediately after dinner. The landlord informed us that as our agent had engaged three meals and lodgings for the company, our bill would be the same if we departed that day as if we remained to breakfast next morning. We backed our remonstrance with an offer to pay for dinner and a portion of the balance of the bill, to compensate for provisions obtained and not consumed, but the landlord stubbornly refused to abate a jot of his first demand.

It was now about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Mr. Turner was very angry at what he considered the unreasonable demands of the landlord, and told him it would be much to our benefit if we could proceed at once to Richmond.

"I don't prevent you," said the stubborn hotel keeper; "but you must pay for supper, lodging and breakfast. I have made provisions according to order, and I must be paid for it.

"At what hours can we have our meals," asked Turner.

"Whenever you please," was the reply.

"Very well sir. We will have dinner at twelve o'clock, and supper at half-past twelve. We will lodge at one o'clock this afternoon, and breakfast at half-past one," said Turner.

The landlord was amazed alike by the fact and manner of this announcement.—"You don't want three meals at once, do you?" said he.

"No," said Turner, "nor will we have three at once. You shall set the table and cook us a good dinner. We will eat it.—The table shall then be nicely cleaned off and reset with clean dishes, and our supper placed upon it. We eat that, and finish it by one o'clock. Then we will go to bed; and do you see that the supper table is cleared off, and a good breakfast cooked with plenty of good coffee, and let it be ready when we arise at half-past one o'clock.—And, mind you, don't think you can re-bash one meal and make it answer for another. We won't stand that. We pay for the best, and we will have the best."

The landlord said it was all right, and started to prepare the dinner. I followed him, and tried again to effect a compromise, but he would hear to nothing of the kind.

A good dinner was on the table at twelve o'clock. We did full justice to it, and Turner then ordered the table to be cleared off and supper to be brought in at once. It was done punctually by half-past twelve o'clock, and we all did our best towards eating it. By one o'clock we had devoured as much as we possibly could. "Now show us to bed," said Turner, each man by his demand being provided with a lighted candle. The landlord showed us to our rooms, and we all (thirty-six in number) undressed and tumbled into bed, previously to which, however, Old Turner halloed to the landlord from the top of the stairs,—"Do you see, sir, that our breakfast is all ready and on the table smoking hot in half an hour.

No response was heard to this request. Turner maintained his gravity, and so did the landlord. Both were angry, and made a serious time of it. But myself, I was convulsed with laughter at the absurdity of the whole thing. All the company, indeed, were in great glee; but we felt that the tavern keeper was unreasonable, and therefore we not only obeyed the orders of Turner, but did our best to get the worth of our money. We were up and dressed in half an hour, but our beds exhibited every appearance of having been devoted to at least one night's lodging.

We then all marched down to breakfast. Everything was cooked and prepared in the best order, and a stranger would have thought, had he seen the victuals disappear, that we had been on short allowance for a fortnight. It has ever been a mystery to me how we managed to live through such a stuffing as we all underwent on that occasion. I have seen my father cram turkeys for weeks preparatory to serving them for a thanksgiving dinner, but that was not a circumstance, to the *crammed circus company.*

*Then the recent murder of Miss Cornell in Rhode Island, her discovery in a stack yard, and the trial of Rev. Ephrain K. Avery for the deed, created unparalleled excitement. The general sentiment of the whole country condemned him, and though acquitted by the law, he sank into disgrace and obscurity. The Lord knows all the facts and will judge righteously.

A LIFE PRESERVER.—One day, when Marshall Scoult was showing his gallery at Paris to Colonel Gurwood, he stopped opposite to one of the pictures, and said, "I value that picture very much—it saved the lives of two estimable persons." An aide-camp whispered in his countryman's ear. "He threatened to have them both shot on the spot unless they gave it up."

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

We take pleasure in quoting the following paragraphs from Mr. Thayer's excellent little book, "Sports in our Feasts of Charity." They are taken from the chapter on maternal associations, and afford a fair sample of the spirit and style of the book:

Some years ago, a sagacious statesman from one of the South American Republics, who had long mourned over the failure at self-government in his own country, came to the United States for the purpose of examining our institutions and learning the secrets of our prosperity. One of the first scenes which he witnessed was a military display; and supposing the enthusiasm that prevailed was indicative of a general passion for arms, he remarked, "That, sir, will ruin you. It is the passion of the people for war, and their reliance on the sword to carry their points, which has been our bane and ruin in South America; and unless you check it in season it will prove you ruin, too." But afterwards he spent an evening in New Haven, where males and females of the most accomplished class in the city were assembled; on retiring from the party he said, "I have found it now. I have ascertained the secret of your success in self-government, and of your character, prosperity, and greatness as a republic. You owe it to your WOMEN. I never saw the like before. Such mothers must, and no others can, make a nation like yours. Give us in South America such women for mothers, and we should ere long, follow hard after you in the race of national prosperity and happiness."

We are accustomed to speak of the achievements of such men as Bacon, Hall, Edwards, Newton, Dwight, and a host of like renown, without duly appreciating the world's indebtedness to their gifted and faithful mothers. That maternal influence had much to do in preparing them for the spheres of extensive usefulness, is evident from such facts as the following:

Bishop Hall acknowledged maternal agency in the formation of his own character, and on one occasion, wrote of his mother, "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification? Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety; neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own."

John Quincy Adams once paid the following tribute to his mother: "It is due to gratitude and nature that I should acknowledge and avow that, such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and example of my mother."

The following very interesting testimony of Rev. Richard Knill is quoted at length: "I have a vivid recollection of the effect of maternal influence. My honored mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions; but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example has made on my mind.

"After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents had died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy; and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother forty years before, took me by the hand and said. 'Come my dear and kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.'

"This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice; recollected some of her expressions; and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And O, if every parent could feel what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children, as well as pray for them."

Equally to the point and touching is the following incident in the life of Dr. Todd, as related by himself. His mother was deprived of her reason when he was a child; and referring to this he says, I can recollect that when a child I was standing at the open window, at the close of a lovely summer's day. The large, red sun was just setting away behind the western hills; the sky was gold and purple commingled; the winds were sleeping; and a soft solemn stillness seemed to hang over the earth. I was watching the sun as he sent his yellow rays through the trees, and felt a kind of awe though I knew not wherefore. Just then my mother came to me. She was raving with frenzy; for reason had long since left its throne, and her a victim of madness.—She came up to me wild with insanity. I pointed to the glorious sun in the west, and in a moment she was calm. She took my little hands within hers and told me that 'the great God made the sun, the stars, the world—everything; that he it was who made her little boy, and him gave an immortal spirit; that yonder sun, and the green fields, and the world itself will one day be burned up; but that the spirit of her child will then be alive, for he must live when heaven and earth are gone; that he must pray to the great God and love and serve him forever.'

"She let go my hands—madness returned—she hurried away, I stood with my eyes filled with tears, and my little bosom heaving with emotions which I could not have described; but I can never forget the impressions which that conversation of my poor mother left upon me. O, what a blessing would it have been, had the inscrutable providence of God given to me a mother who would have repeated these instructions, accompanied by her prayers, through all the days of my childhood. But 'even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

The influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of fillial affection which he wrote to Lady Hesketh on the receipt of his mother's picture: "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion:

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead;
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss,
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, 'Yes!'"

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Be not idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Have no very intimate friends.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speak evil of you let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortunes excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

Never play at any kind of game.

Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it.

Earn your money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

Read some portion of the Bible every day.—*Counsels of Life.*

A TRADITION OF THE ARABS.—King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and he caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed urns. One of the urns was of gold, the second of amber, and the last of clay. The king desired his eldest son to choose among them that which appeared to contain the treasure of the greatest price. The eldest chose the vase of gold, on which was written "Empire." He opened it and found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written "Glory." He opened it and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase—that of clay. He opened it and found it empty; but in the bottom the potter had written one of the names of God. "Which of these vases weighs most?" demanded the king of his court. The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered and said, "The empty vase, because a single letter in the name of God weighs more than the entire globe."

The New York *Courier* announces the discovery, on the authority of one of the most eminent mathematicians and astronomers in the world, that although the hither side of the Moon is uninhabitable for want of an atmosphere, the remote side may be perfectly adapted to animal life. It is at least certain that the mere want of an atmosphere perceptible to us, is no longer conclusive as to the uninhabitableness of the planet that rules the night.

THE MORAL EFFECT OF BUCKWAEAT CAKES.—Some clever fellow, in whose heart the memories of youth are kept green, thus discourses on the above, at first thought homely, subject. He does it well, and draws his pictures most truthfully, as many of our readers can attest:

"There is one other thing a buckwheat cake is good for, besides eating. It always reminds one of his youth, and it is good to remember that happy time. With us, it carries us back to the days when we were young; when the cold, frosty mornings made it hard to get up; when the broad fire-place, filled with crackling hickory, the suspended griddle, the great coffee-pot, and the long handled frying-pan, had not yet given way to the iron stove, or worse yet, to the long range, like those they used to cook Saracenes and schismatics upon; when the way to school was long and snowy, and there were drifts to be waded through, so that we tied our trousers about the ankles with broad tapes; when the school-house stood in a bleak field, and the pile of green wood was stowed under; when the master was cross and the lesson in Webster's spelling book was hard to "get;" when we carried our dinners, and ate them around the great box-stove, the while we built castles and projected our youthful minds into the future of life; when we went home, at evening, and laid our tired heads in her lap whom we knew then as mother, but never knew well until we mourned her death; when the night came down cold and bleak, and the evening was long, candy pulling was resorted to, by the children, while that good mother safe by with her sewing, her mind filled (how little we knew it then,) with anxious wishes for our future good; when, in fact, youth and joy, and strong hope, and perfect reliance on the world were ours, and before the hard fruits of life had stamped their impress on our character, as upon our features.

"These scenes and recollections the anunal return of the buckwheat season brings with it, and we are surprised, at each revolving cycle of the year, that they become no fainter, though the lapse of time changes us, and each autumn of our life brings us so much nearer to that final harvest, when like all we must be garnered to the grave. So as at each step towards that certain fate, we love to pause and casting a retrospective glance, ponder for a moment over the joyous outset of the journey."

GUNPOWDER.—"Some of the effects of ignited gunpowder," says the Liverpool *Standard*, "are wonderful. When gunpowder is heaped up in the open air and inflamed, there is no report, and but little effect is produced. A small quantity open and ignited in a room forces the air outwards, so as to blow out the windows; but the same quantity confined within a bomb, within the same room, and ignited, tears in piecies and sets on fire to the whole house. Count Rumford loaded a mortar with one-twentieth of an ounce of powder, and placed upon it a twenty-four pound cannon; he then closed up every opening as completely as possible, and fired the charge, which burst the mortar with a tremendous explosion, and lifted up its enormous weight. In another experiment, Count Rumford confined twenty-eight grains of powder in a cylindrical space, which it just filled, and upon being fired it tore asunder a piece of iron which would have resisted a strain of four hundred thousand pounds."

A BLUE ROSE.—The horticulturists of Paris, it is said, have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of blue color, which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means—that and the yellow or tea rose, the black or purple rose, and the striped rose being all inventions, and the result of skillful and scientific gardening.

BLARNEY.—"A bright mornin' to your fair face, Misthress Murphy!"

"Well, a good mornin', John."

"Och! Misthress Murphy, whiniver I see a rale shiny Irish mornin', like this, it puts me jist in mind of the old counthry, and of the time whin I lived with your father, rest his sowl! A dacinter man niver drew breath, and a sorra poor crayther niver passed his door without a bit or a sup."

"Troth he was, John."

"Misthress Murphy," pulling a flask out of his pocket, "would you trust me for a half-pint, till I go down to the wharf, and, may the devil fly away with the roof of my jacket, but I'll pay you before the sun goes to bed!"

"Barn the dhrap, John till ye pay for the half-pint ye got yesterday."

"Misthress Murphy!" emphatically, "I knew your mother, and she was an old hod-carrier; and yer father a dirty washer-woman, and I seed him hauled with six roarin' big bulls to the gallows, you ould thief of the world!"

John sloped in double-quick time, as a powter beer-mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

"Sammy, Sammy, my son don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to scratch-a-head.