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Poetry.

A METAPHOR.

BY E. J. DOBELL.

There stood an oak—a strong one,
But the winter of his soul
Was chilly and a long one.

His arm was strong; strength could not bring to it
The warmth of love;
No fondling vine grew yet to cling to it.

Comely, and straight, and stern, and high,
He stood indifferent,
Feeling no gentle, trusting one was by.

Feeling no leaning, loving one was there
Upon his brawny arm,
Fondly her timid, twining weight to bear.

And his brow wrinkled, and his heart grew stone.
He longed for love;
But there in the wide world he stood alone.

There came a vine—a leaning, loving vine,
Bending and weak;
And round his arm most gently did entwine;

And leaning there, in a most sweet embrace,
Trusted him all,
With purities alone and mild, sweet grace.

Gone is the wrinkled brow and heart of stone,
He stands no more alone,
But loves the vine, his beautiful, his own.

From the Louisville Journal.

Died, on the 2d inst., ROBERT W., infant son of Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Hunt.

His little life is o'er,
And very bitter are the tears we weep,
That Death's cold hand has sealed forevermore
His blue-veined eyelids' sleep.

He lies, our lovely bud,
Untimely blasted by the tempests power,
Yet he will bloom, beyond life's troubled flood,
A bright and glorious flower.

Alas that he should die,
Yet we can still behold his spirit form
A bright star through the cloud-rifts of the sky,
A rainbow in the storm.

His little grave will be
An altar where, though chastened by the rod,
Our thoughts like incense, will go up to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

We bless thee that our child
Is a young angel in the angel-host,
A spirit beautiful and undefiled,
Departed but not lost.

Miscellaneous.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.—No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, "Can I afford this! Can I endure hereafter to look back on this?"

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind; for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened and elevating. Thus the mind hath in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thought—if they only realized how frightful were the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affections that power of adhesion to whatever is pure, and good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities of exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow-men, are so many and great that it is really worth while to live. The heart that is truly, evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises offered are inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action and reaches forth for things that remain for us, to the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his intellect and all aspiring themes for the heart.

A friend that you buy with presents may be bought from you.

PLYMOUTH ANECDOTE.

When has a man enough? Never, till he gets a little more. A very good story of old embargo times and the war of 1812, was told us the other day. Under the impulse of the removal of embargo, there was a sudden rise in the value of property, and such a demand for it that merchandise was sometimes carried off from vessels before the owners arrived at their place of business; and the parties taking it came in afterwards to say that they were at the owners' mercy, and must pay what they choose to ask. A brig was lying at Boston harbor which had come up from Plymouth just before the embargo was laid, fit for sea. The Plymouth owner thought it was a good time to sell the brig, and sent up his son for the purpose, telling him to demand eight thousand dollars for her, and not take less that six.—John went to Boston, found how things stood, sold the brig in a moment, and hurried home, clated with his bargain. As he neared the house, he saw the old man marching up and down the piazza, and presently he rushed out to meet his son and hear the result of the sale.

"Have you sold the brig, John?"

"Yes, father."

"For how much, John?"

"For ten thousand dollars!"

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried the old man, with starting eyes, at hearing a price more than double what the vessel cost.—"Ten thousand dollars! I'll bet you've sold her to some swindler, who don't care what the price is and never means to pay his notes."

"Notes, did you say, father? Why, there are no notes in the case. I got the money and put it in the bank. Draw, and you will get it."

The old gentleman's excitement was suddenly cooled, and as the ruling passion rose in its place he said:

"I say, John, couldn't you have got a *leetle more?*"

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

THE SNAKE CATCHER.

When the great Napoleon was in Egypt, he determined to ascertain as much as possible about the habits and customs of the people, and among the rest, interested him Egyptians, of snake-charming or snake-catching. One day he sent for one of these snake-catchers, and said to him, by means of his interpretor, "There is a serpent in this house; if you find it, you shall have two sequins for yourself, and two for your men."

The man having prostrated himself, called for two buckets of water. As soon as they were brought, he undressed himself, then filling his mouth with water, and creeping on his belly like the reptile he sought, squirted it through his teeth, so as to imitate the hissing of a serpent. Having crept in this manner through the ground-flour, he placed himself before Napoleon, and said, with a savage laugh, "Mafiche, Mafiche;" which means, "there is one." The General also laughed, and said, "How is this? Is the fellow, in good earnest, able to tell?" He then ordered the interpreter to explain clearly that the reptile had been seen. "I know it," replied the fellow, "I smelt him as I entered the House." "Here we are," said the General-in-Chief, "the acting is now going to begin. Well let the serpent appear, and I will give thee two sequins more."

The man immediately recommenced creeping, and squirted water on all sides.—He ascended in the same manner a staircase leading to an upper story, occupied by Bourrienne. A long dark corridor opened into several apartments. It was lighted by a skylight at the further end, which gave a view of the country, and at the bottom of the skylight was placed the water fountain, this spot being the coolest in the house.—The opening itself was sufficiently large to give, from the other extremity of the corridor, a view of the beautiful blue Egyptian sky. On attaining the landing place of this corridor the juggler paused, and betrayed emotion. He was closely followed by the General-in-Chief and a number of officers, attracted by curiosity. The General did not lose sight of the fellow an instant, and was determined, if he discovered the least trick, to take him in the act. On seeing him shudder and close his eyes, "The man is beginning his part," said General to Junot. And in truth, the snake-catcher was in the most extraordinary state. Habitually pale, as all swarthy skins are, he became every moment paler. He called for more water, washed his body, squirted and hissed as before, but produced another kind of hissing.

He looked on each side of the landing place, made a sign with his hand to keep silent, and, still creeping upon his belly, advanced to the outside corridor, which was the darkest part of it. In a short time, after squirting his mouthful of water, he exclaimed, in a low tone, "There he is!" "I should be delighted to do him the honor of hospitality," said the General-in-Chief.—"But my friend, I suspect thou art laughing at us. Do you know that this rascal, with hissing, has been making fools of us for the last hour, in forcing us to run, without umbrellas, after the imaginary serpent?" The snake-catcher continued to hiss and creep. On a sudden, a black and round body, resembling the branch of a tree, appeared in relief upon the pure azure, which was visible through the skylight. It was a handsome serpent, real, alive, and about six feet long. At this sight, the fellow redoubled his hissing and squirting; and the serpent, after uncoiling itself from around the fountain, hissed in its turn, but its note was much more piercing.

The eyes of the reptile shone, in the sombre corridor, with a blood-colored flame. It glided along the fountain, and stopped; then a slight noise was heard; it was the reptile rising upon its tail. The snake-catcher could not do the same because he had no tail; but he raised himself half up and made a slight motion. In an instant the reptile darted at him. He was waiting for this attack, at the very moment it was made, caught the animal with one hand round the throat, which he squeezed with such violence as to force open his mouth, into which he spat. The effect was magical; the reptile seemed to have received his death blow.—The man afterwards extricated its fangs, or rather the venom contained in small vesicles attached to its jaws. He then played with it, made it dance, and put it round his neck. "The snake-catcher," said Napoleon, "is a lucky charlatan."

OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

If we take it first and last all through life, it's really amazing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen, especially in hotels. It has been Mace Sloper's luck to be very frequently quartered in rooms with nothing but a door betwixt his room and his neighbor's; and whenever this happened, he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that wasn't spoken to him, particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips always came from people I couldn't see. Moreover—and everybody'll agree with me if he'll take out his [illegible] people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they'll as soon believe that the've been talking Injun. That's *so!*

Which reminds Mace Sloper of a talk he once heard in a New Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap, such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing somebody enter the next room. Apparently he woke somebody else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

"Hallo thar?" says the man a-bed.

"Wait for your welcome afore you come in," said No. 1.

"In-comes are sways welcome," answered No. II. The mixologist of tipulars directoried me to apartment XC., which, being exceedingly weary, I did uncandelized. Yet if you desire illuminosity ——"

"Stranger!" cried No. I, "hold thar! don't light a match, for the love of God! I know adzackly what you look like without going furder. You're five feet 'leven inches high, got grey eyes, and a coon colored vest, short-cropped h'ar, and a loose over-coat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That's the stripe!"

"How do you cognovit that?" was the amazed reply.

"Cog——*thunder!*" was the response. "How do I know how you look? Why, who ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bar-keeper a mixologist of tipicular fixins, unless he *had* gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short h'ar, an' a coon-clored vest? Don't light a match, stranger, on my account. Drummon' lights would be darkness on your face, arter such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit!' That shows you've got a ca'pet bag in your hand and a whiskey-bottle in it. *Sho!*"

There was a sound like the top of a cork, and a clear case of drinking to better acquaintanceship going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.

It was in a country tavern of a still harder stripe, in Pennsylvania, that I once heard in the next room to mine a talk "with a twist in it." Two fellows, apparently regular city rough scuffs, were having a comfortable palaver, the subject being sour-crout.

"I used for to like crout—once-t," said one, "but I don't keer for no crout now.—No, Sir-ee! I'm down on crout like a negro preacher is on the vices of white folks."

"What fur?" grunted the other.

"Wot fur?" drawled his friend; "I'll tell yer wot fur. Yer know two years ago when the Blood Balls and Murderers lammed the Tormentors and killed Greasy, besides squashing a ba-by under the in-gine wheels? Ha-ay? Well, I cleared out frum town—kase the perlice, Gawd da-a-m'em, were arter me, and I went to Har-risberg.

"There I come across two covies I used to be thick with in Philadelphia, Members of the Legislater.

"Well, we got ter skyfaluting about, and there was licker around, and pooty good rum, too. I got tighter'n a deep, and the legislaters dey was sprung as so many rattles. Yer might have split their skulls wid a spanner, and they wouldn't er known what tapped 'em."

Here the voice of the chap telling the story sunk down so low that I could hear nothing but a dim sort of growling about "fight," "lamming" and "watchman."—All at once he louded up with:

"Yes; dey tuck us to de lock up, *and made us eat sour-krout from 'leven o'clock to two de next morning.*"

"Yer got sick er crout that time—*h a ay*, Jakey?"

"Well, I did, hoss fly!"

I heard nothing more of their talk. Some folks would think that the aforesaid sample was enough, in all conscience. But I'm 'cute sort, the allusion to sour-crout has been one of the great marvels of Mace Sloper's lifetime. Is it one of the legal punishments in Harrisburg to make offenders swallow sour-krout for hours together? If it is, Mace Sloper sincerely prays that if he ever visits that virtuous village he may remain virtuous, and never be tempted into doing any thing which will bring him into the power of its police.

I remember another queer dialogue which came within my experience at a hotel in Boston. I was going to bed, rather late, when all at once I heard one of the sweetest voices in the world, with a sort of English ring in it, say, in the next room:—

"Clara, dear."

"Well, dear?" answered another, just as sweet, and just in the same English chime.

"Is it the lobster you want?"

"Yes love," answered Clara. "And I want the ham, too; and you may open the oysters—and the sardine box."

"Well," though I, "Mace Sloper, if those angels ain't going in for a pretty substantial supper I'm mistaken." But I had more before me to astonish me.

"While you're about it, Clara dear, you may as well open the Yarmouth bloater.—I'm going to take all there is in it. And [illegible]

All at once Clara, who, as nigh as I could judge from the sound, was poking about very industriously, cried out with joy:

"Oh! I've found the Strasburg pie! the dear little putty de for graw. O I must go to the bottom of the Strasburg pie!"

"Tha'll *do!*" thought I, as I rolled back. I've heard of English appetites, but I don't want to hear any more. I've heard Hiram say that Byron didn't like to see a women eat; and I don't blame him, if they all eat like this. Whew-w!"

There was a rattling sort of a going on for a while, until, by-and-by, Clara cried:

"I declare there's my white satin dress in the lobster!"

"And here's my diamond-ring in the cheese! Oh! how odd! Why, I expected to find in pie as much as could be."

A dim suspicion began to come into my head, that the evening meal of the young ladies wasn't limited to estables, and that one of the effects of their refreshment was to make things lie around loose in a very promiscuous manner. But what was my utter amazement when the soft silvery voice of Clara again cried:—

"Oh! dear; I'm so hungry! Lucy, love, we've got nothing here of any consequence; let's ring, and make them send us up *something to eat!*"

"*You'll do!*" thought I. "Wonder if you're rich. There'll be a famine in Boston if you stay long, *that's so!* Ham, lobsters, herrings, pies! *Jee*—WHILLIKENS!"

Here I fell asleep, and the next day found me bright and early at the Fitchburg depot, and rattling off to the ancient shades of Chippetty Whonk, where the bones of the Revolutionary Slopers lie burried. And it came to pass that a while I forgot all about Clara and Lucy, especially as it was a story I did'nt dare to tell.

About a year after, I was at the celebrated "Bed-Bug and Bible" Temperance Hotel, situated in a well-known city on the North River. While a-staying there, I got acquinted with two as nice English girls as I ever knew, travelling with their "Pa," a plump old fellow who had been in the fancy victualling business in London. The girls wore the names, too, of Clary and Lucy, but somehow I never thought of the other couple in Boston. Leastways, *this* pair didn't eat much to speak of, and nobody who ever saw their dear clear cream and rose-leaf faces and beautiful eyes, which sparkled spry with common sense, or else swum about in wonder at the scenery as we went down the river, would have accused them of eating too much, let alone drinking.

I offered, being as I was a single man, to attend to their luggage. They went forward with me to point it out. As we got near the city there was considerable of a jam and flurry, and the girls were in rather a flurry too, not being used to travel.

"Well, Miss Lucy, says I, "only point out your traps, and I'll send 'em up to the hotel, and fix you off as square as a box.—Which is it?"

"O Mr. Sloper! Pa has a queer way of marking his baggage. He was terribly afraid of losing it, and so he put on marks he was sure there could be no mistake about. There, those trunks and boxes with such queer little pictures in white paint under the handles are ours!

There was an awful hurry and skurry going on around; porters, firemen, passengers and everything rushing and crushing about like mad; but as Lucy spoke, and as I looked at her baggage, something came into my mind, a light broke over me like a sky-rocket into midnight, and I burst into the loudest laugh that ever stirred me up since I was born. None of your little town garden grins, but a regular hundred-thousand-acre guffaw—a laugh by the square mile—a whole Western prairie laugh. The old gentleman, wanting to distinguish his baggage, had stencilled little store marks under the handles, such marks as you, reader, can see at the groceries on boxes of imported preserves and potted meats. On one trunk was a lobster, on another a herring, on one a cheese, on another a pie. Yes, it was in that identical "lobster" that Clara has kept her white satin-dress, and in that very "cheese" that Lucy had discovered the diamond ring.

Moral.—All is not gold that glitters, and all lobsters and pies were not made to be eaten. Neither is it always possible to judge of a young lady without seeing her, though old folks tell us that wives should be chosen by the ears and not by the eyes.—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

LOOK UP.—Here is a moral under the guise of a fable:

A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up, at different times, a goodly number of coins gold and silver. But all these years while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road.

POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men in every department of life who guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what was their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth?

CUTTING OFF ARGUMENT.—Lately, Judge Whiting of the Supreme Court of N. York, being about to hold a special term of chambers, was somewhat frightened at the array of law books by one of the counsel engaged in a case.

"What," said he, "is the amount involved in this suit?"

"Two dollars, may it please pour honor."

"Well, I'll pay it myself. Call the next case, Mr. Clerk!"

NATIONAL REFORMER.—"Bill," said one loafer to another, recently, "I'se a National Reformer, I is."

"Vy, is that our party?"

"Vy, yes, hossy, it is that. Iv you put in a vote for that ere party, you votes yourself a farm."

"Vell, I don't go that unless they'll go a little further. I vants a farm, and somebody to vurk it besides."

"A belle," writing from Newport to the New York *Mirror* says: I haven't seen any of the horrid abolitionists yet—but I heard a gentleman from St. Louis, (a very pious one (say, that they would'nt let him eat at the sacrament a week ago Sunday, because he owned slaves. Isn't that awful?

A taste for trees, and flowers, is a peculiar attribute of woman, exhibiting the gentleness and purity of her sex; and every husband should encourage it, for his wife and daughters will prove wiser, and happier, and better for its cultivation.

Labor is the great support of good morals. After Adam and Eve were obliged to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, we hear no more of the serpent's tempting them.

"What shall I do, Caroline?" said a sheepfish to a maiden of uncertain age; "I'm almost worried to death—I shan't be able to go into colors this season, for the doctor says that husband can't possibly live long." "Just like them men," replied the other—"there's no depending on 'em."

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired Peter. "It's my deliberate conviction that some one has pulled the rope," answered Joe.

You will never find a friend if you seek one without a failing.

ON THE CHOICE OF BROOD MARES.

A few hints on this subject, we trust, may be found useful. The scarcity of good roadsters among horses, is owing to too little care in the selection of brood mares. Indeed, a selection is seldom made, but every farmer breeds from such as he happens to possess. This is a bad system. We should select well-bred mares, if that is possible—mares, whose progenitors have been well selected, and whose families have been uniformly good stock-getters.

A breeding mare should have size and weight: she should come off with no less than 1,100 lbs., and 1,200 would be better. This weight is sufficient, if the muscular system is well developed. Bones and fatness do not give an animal strength or fleetness. Look well to the shoulder, and to the setting on of the fore legs. A fine shoulder is one of the most essential qualities. We should never breed from a mare with a bad shoulder. A fine shoulder projects out, giving ample room for the collar—is round and full, and standing backward, giving shortness to the back of the animal. You may take a beast wanting in almost every other excellency, and it is of some value, but if she has a decidedly bad shoulder, she never can be worth the rearing, much less be bred from with any safety. The fore legs should be placed well forward, so as to give good support to the animal. If these are well put on, and the shoulder is right, you may be sure of good action, which is equally important in a horse as in an orator.

The head and nose should be fine, not too long or thin—nostrils large. The eyes must be clear, lively and lustrous. The ear rather small and pointing forward. The neck should rise well from the withers, tapering fine to the setting of the head. The carcass should be long, so as to give room for the growing fœtus, with as much compactness of form as may be needed for good appearance, though a little looseness of structure is quite allowable in a breeding mare. There is much said about being "well ribbed up," and you will always see quack judges measuring with outstretched hand the space between the ribs and hips, as though this was a point of the first consequence. Much limit may be tolerated here in brood mares.

[illegible] poses. As before hinted, bone and fatness do not give strength to a horse—there must be muscle well laid on, especiallyabout the fore-arm, thighs and pasterns. Thin, lank thighs are a serious objection. She should have width across the hips or haunches—even if so much as to subject her to the charge of being *ragged-hipped*, it is no serious detriment. Some horses noted for their speed and strength were ragged-hipped.

There is a beautiful principle, (whether observed or not) lying at the foundation of all breeding, good or bad, thus simply expressed: "*like produces like.*" What a simple principle! and how readily its correctness is acknowledged by the common sense of every man. But how little is it regarded by most farmers, who breed from any old broken down spavined, ring-boned, or broken-winded mare they may happen to possess, and employ any itinerant stallion that seeks their patronage, because it saves them the trouble of looking about and a few dollars expense? How can they expect superior colts by such a lottery game as this? Could you get a sporting man to trust to such a course? No, no! horses for the turf are bred with the *nicest* regard to every point.

If a mare is deficient in a single point, a stallion is sought which is particularly excellent in this respect, so that the progeny shall possess the exact conformation. Expense and trouble are not considered. The same intelligent course should be adopted by farmers in breeding horses for the farm or road. The same care in matching or pairing would secure the same satisfactory results, and we should soon boast a better class of work-horses.

The subject of improving our breeds of horses, is one which requires much careful reflection, and a long time must elapse, with well directed efforts, to achieve what those proud of good horses so much desire to see.

"Doctor, kin you tell what's the matter with my child's nose?" "Yes, marm; its probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the epithelium of the echoerian?" "Thar, now; that's jest what I told Becky."

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

THE SECRET OF OLD AGE.—To buy an annuity when you are very ill, and you are sure to outlive the patience of all those who have an interest in your death.

Antiquity, after a time, has the grace of novelty, as old fashions are mistaken for new ones.

There is many a good wife who cannot dance, play on the piano, or sing well.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.