

MIDNIGHT.

I love, when midnight flings her sable garb around,
And shrouds in gloom the beauties of the shining day.

I love the trees, like sentinels that peaceful stand,
And keep long vigils near the silent lonely grave.

I love the friends that creled round her youthful way,
I love the spot she called her childhood's happy home.

I love all these and love to wander far, far back,
To sunny hours of youth, when hopes were bright and gay.

Colborne, July 1853

A FIRST RATE STORY FOR LAWYERS.

Whether Lawyers, Doctors, and other professions, should have
a distinct department in a newspaper, has not been decided by any
of our debating societies or tea-table clubs; but despite of au-

Any lawyer of any note has heard and read of the celebrated
Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of
Anton Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United
States, will not be forgotten.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, Md., to attend the
Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the
stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the
passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from
too much sensibility to the inclement air.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my
career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great
success? If, Sir, you will give me from your experience, the
key to distinction at the Bar, I will—"

"Will what?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Why, Sir, I will pay your expenses while you are at Anna-
polis," replied the young disciple.

"Done," responded Mr. Martin. "Stand to your bargain
now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret of my success as
a lawyer."

The young man assented.
"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole reason of my
success is contained in one little maxim, which I early laid down
to guide me. If you follow it you can not fail to succeed. It is
this: 'Always be sure of your evidence.'"

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back
in a philosophical posture, and gave his brains to the analysis
in true lawyer patience, of "Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out
of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim
learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knock-
ing and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful
words "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student,
took rooms at the best hotel of the city. The only thing pecu-
liar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was the fact that
all the wine bottles and the et ceteras of the living, seemed to
recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating or
drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched,
especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of after-din-
ner, after-supper, after-anything luxury of wine. A few days
were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have
to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin resolved to make
the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young
or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of
the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It
ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was
a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel
ills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject early grew on
the young man. It was all-absorbing to mind and pocket.

A week elapsed, and Mr. Martin was ready to return to Bal-
timore. So was the young man, but not in the stage with his il-
lustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter of the bar-room. The
young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. —,
will settle my bill, agreeably to engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have had a definite un-
derstanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged,
to pay my bill," hurriedly repeated Mr. Martin.

"Where's your evidence?" meekly asked the young man.

"Evidence?" answered Mr. Martin.

"Yes, Sir," said the young man, as he complacently responded.

"Always be sure, Mr. Martin, of your evidence. Can you prove
the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket-book,
paid the bill, and with great good humour assured the young
man, "You will do, Sir, and get through the world with your
profession without advice from me."

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

TO A PIMPLE ON TOM'S NOSE.

Thy forehead that blossoms in a pimple
An etheric redness has been,
Red in the gop—red in the glos—
Red on thy nose, 'tis seen
Ah Tom! at that red, red, red blot
Thy well-wishers bewail;
They say the redness of that spot
'Is makes thy poor wife pale.

THE PEDLER'S BARGAIN.

One day a tin-pedler, with an assortment of knick-knacks, ar-
rived at a village in Maine, and called at one of the houses to sell
his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the
house, who seemed to ave in the midst of children, she declared
her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ain't you any togs?"
"None to sell, Sir."
"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will
you sell me one for tin-ware?"
" What will you give, Sir?"
"Ten dollars for one of them."
" In good tin-ware?"
" Oh, yes, marm, the best."
" Well, Sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the pedler, who, sur-
prised that the offer was accepted, yet convinced that the mother
would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied
the woman with tin-ware the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man being certain that the mother would rather raise
the money than part with her child, seated himself by the side
of the boy, who was much pleased at the idea of having a
pale. The pedler kept his eyes on the little fellow, expecting to see
the woman return to redeem the name one, and redoubt at a slow
pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his
bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with the
tin, when the pedler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better
take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"Oh, Sir, the bargain was fair, and you said stick to it. You
may start off as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the pedler exclaimed:
" Why, marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so
young, to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, Sir, we would like to sell off all our town-paupers for ten
dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the whip cracked, the tin
rattled, and the pedler measured the ground rapidly, and he never
forgot his pauper speculation.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Talleyrand once addressed a letter
of condolence to a lady who had lost her husband, in two words,
" Oh, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again,
and then his letter of congratulation was, " Ah, Madame!" A
Quaker at Liverpool once sent a letter to a correspondent asking
the news by a single note of interrogation, thus, "?" His friend
replied in the same vein, "0."

An amusing colloquy came off recently at the supper table on
board of one of our eastern steam-boats, between a Boston exqui-
site, reeking with hair-oil and cologne, who was darning the
water, and otherwise assuming consequential airs, and a raw
Jonathan, who sat by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning
to his vulgar friend, the former pointed his jeweled finger and
said:

"Buttah, sah."
" I see it," coolly responded Jonathan.

"Buttah, sah, I say," fiercely responded the dandy.

" I know it—very good—a first-rate article," proudly re-
sponded homespun.

"Buttah, I tell you," thundered the exquisite in still louder
tones, pointing with slow, unmoving fingers, like scorpions, and
scowling upon his neighbor, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh-all-Jrusalum, what uv it," now yelled the down-
-caster, getting his dander up in turn; "yer didn't think I took
it for lard."—Ex.

AARON'S CALF.—"William, look up. Tell us who made you."
William, who was considered a fool, screwing his face, and look-
ing thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered,

"Moses, I s'pose." "Now," said Counsellor Grey, addressing
the court, "the witness says he 's'poses' Moses made him—
This certainly is an intelligent answer—more than I considered
him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of
Scripture; but I submit it is not sufficient to justify his being
sworn as a witness to give evidence." "Mr. Judge," said the
tool, "may I ask the lawyer a question?" "Certainly," said the
Judge, "as many as you please." "Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer,
who, do you think made you?" Counsellor Grey (imitating the
witness), "Aaron, I s'pose." After the worth had subsided, the
witness exclaimed, "Wal, now, we do read in the good book,
that Aaron made a calf, but who'd have thought that the carnal
calf had got in here!"

A SIXTY BUT FIFTY SERMON.—"Be sober, grave, temperate."
Thus it is.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always
keep on good terms.

First, your wife.
Second, your stomach.
Third, your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, pre-
serve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

First, domestic misery.
Second, premature death.
Third, infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you:
First, to the Newgate calendar.
Second, to the hospitals, lunatic asylums and work-houses.
Third, to the past experience of what you have seen, read and
suffered in mind, body and estate.

Reader, decide! which will you choose? Temperance, with
happiness and long life; or intemperance, with misery and pre-
mature death?



Ladies' Department.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY THE FOREST BARD

Fare thee well my home of childhood,
If thy scenes be never to be met,
Fare thee well thou green old wild
Wood,
Brighter though thy parting tear
For ye wish ye had been to cure,

For ye wish ye had been to cure,
In the life of home and glad,
Heaven on the heart love has set,
Laid and dearest, fare thee well

Fare thee well my gentle mother,
I fear now I lose thee too,
Childhood's playmates—sisters—bro-
thers,
Sisters—brothers the heart's ad-
vice,
From the heart's own heart to be met

Soft emotions swiftly well,
Round the heart's own heart to be met,
As I will part fare thee well

Mother, now I lose thy wrestling,
Lessons given with mild control,
And thy voice whose gentle breath-
ing,
Once were made to my soul

Yet for thee I'll never forget them,
They shall live in my heart to be met,
They shall live where thou hast set
them,
Thou may say fare thee well.

With a pencil as thou'st graved,
On the stones of my heart,
None of these has my heart saved them,
Less given with gentle control,

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