

Poetry.

A POPULAR CREED.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!
If a man's down give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling,
Knock him over, kick him for falling!
If a man is up, eh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale and he's the buyer!
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,
But a maiden will break her vows with ease,
For a wooer comes whose claims are these,
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with whiskey red,
A soul well trained in villany's school—
And cash, sweet cash—he knows the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!

I know a bold, but honest man,
Who strives to live on an honest plan,
But poor is he, and poor will be,
A scorned and hated wretch is he;
At home he meets a starving wife,
Abroad he leads a leper's life—
They struggle against fearful odds!
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealthy, no matter how,
"No questions" asked of the rich I trow,
Steal by night and steal by day,
(Doing it in a legal way),
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker,
Be a hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes!

Tales and Sketches.

BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

Warm and rich came the summer sun, pouring his parting tribute lavishly upon the folds of drapery hanging about the oriel window, till the deep purple which slept in the shadows was burnished into gold; and dipping in the same luxurious radiance the tapestry concealing the rough walls of the apartment. But the same light fell upon a yet more beautiful object, a wavy mass of life-like auburn, and leaving an abrupt dash of brightness on that, stooped down to the tip of a polished shoulder, shaded, but not hidden, by the fold of gossamer which lay across it. The burnished hair and the dainty shoulders were the property of young Blanche de Nouville, the daughter of the governor-general of New France. The rough province over which the marquis presided was a scarcely-fitting abode for so much beauty and brightness, a fact of which the lady seemed aware, for notwithstanding the apartment was luxuriously furnished, she yet seemed restless and dissatisfied. She had bent for awhile over her embroidery frame, then cast it aside in disgust. Next she had examined with careful minuteness, for probably the thousandth time, the figure of a knight in armour, one of whose gallant feats had been immortalised by the needle of some fair dame of the olden time. Then she busied herself with torturing a bouquet of beautiful flowers, till the whole room was filled with the perfume of their silent complainings. None of these enjoyments, however, seemed to afford much gratification, and now Blanche reclined in the embrasure of the window, one small hand interposed between her cheek and the pane, and the other crushing in its careless grasp upon the curtain, a bright-lipped carnation, the wreck of her rare bouquet.

This seemed a more satisfactory employment than either of the others; for, though the lady's manner was yet extremely listless, she found sufficient occupation for her eyes. The mighty St. Lawrence lay before her, broad and smooth like a beautiful lake; the margin fringed with ash, elm, and the everlasting oak; and the dense forest on the opposite shore, subdued by distance into one mass of verdure, borrowing a soft rich haze from the warm sky bending over it. Several batteaux lay in the harbour, rocking now and then to the pulses of the water; and one filled with gay young officers, with colors flying, plumes nodding, and bugle sounding, was gliding along the still surface of the river; while great numbers of little bird-like canoes, trembling on every wave, and gracefully dipping to the hollow beyond, speckled the sun-burnished tide. On the shore, groups of Canadian rangers, their half-wild air and hardy frames betraying the Indian blood that mingled with the French in their veins, lounged in the shade, luxuriating in the fragrance of the Virginian weed, and recounting, with imperturbable coolness, incidents to make the heart quake. Among them mingled freely the partly Christianised Caughnawagas in their half-European dress, muttering in low gutturals, and brokenly, the words, and aping the manners of their politic allies. Black-eyed, bare-footed Indian women were there too, their long black hair passing around their heads like turbans, their children laced to their backs, and their arms loaded with their own manufactures. Here and there a straggler belonging to the king's troops banded jests with a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed Canadian girl, who had chosen that hour to display her native charms and purchased flattery to-

gether, or listened to the thrilling tales of the rangers; and now and then an officer doffed his plumed cap, and bent his head almost to the saddle-bow as he spurred his prancing steed beneath the window occupied by the beautiful daughter of the governor. The brilliant white and gold, the tasteful uniform of the troops of Louis-le-Grand, was well calculated to win for its wearers the admiring glances of bright eyes; but the Lady Blanche scarce deigned to bestow a look of recognition upon the gay gallants so intent on doing her homage. Finally, with a look of weariness, she arose from her seat in the window, and pulling at a silken tassel, dropped the heavy drapery to the floor. She had just thrown herself on the richly cushioned divan, and commenced toying with her embroidery, when a heavy step was heard upon the staircase, and the Marquis de Nouville entered his daughter's apartment.

"What! all alone, my beautiful princess?" he exclaimed, as the girl sprang to his bosom, "and Maria and Angélique?"

"I have sent them away, dear father; their senseless chattering wearied me."

"Ah! and what has employed thine own wise head since?"

"In good sooth, an employment quite worthy of the head—nothing. Truly, dear father, the days are very long here."

The governor placed his fingers fondly upon the young forehead, upturned to his, then glanced around the luxuriously-furnished apartment.

"Nay, father," said the girl, "I meant not that—it is beautiful, beautiful—a perfect little *bijou* here in the wilderness; but—"

"But what lacks it, my darling? Anything within the reach of wealth or affection?"

"Oh no! but birds will flutter, even in golden cages, and thy birdie is as unreasonable as the others."

"Thou wilt learn contentment soon, my darling; and when queen of the realm I am making for thee, thy magnificence shall not be confined to one little suite of rooms. There is wealth enough in this new world to make all Europe rich; and when once the sceptre is in thy hand, thou mayest hold a Court that no sovereign on earth can rival. Will that content thee?"

An expression of pain passed like a shadow over the face of the lady, slightly contracting the brows, saddening the eyes, and lurking about the curve of the beautiful mouth.

"Wilt thou be happy, then darling?"

Blanche made an effort, and answered in a tone half of sorrow half of playfulness: "It were wiser to be happy now; for the realm is not mine yet, nor thine to give me; and it may be long before these frightful savages and cold-hearted Englishmen can be driven from New France."

"Not so long, my Blanche; you forget what a force will march to crush them to-morrow—and when these Senecas are once driven from my path—"

"But, father, if this expedition should be unsuccessful?"

"It cannot be. I will explain to thee, Blanche, for thou hast a ready wit, and mayest easily comprehend how thy kingdom is to be won. Never were surer measures—not a single step do we take in the dark. Monsieur Durantage is to collect the Michilimackinac Indians, and repair with them to Oniagra, to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Monsieur de Luth will gather those together about Detroit. We have but to despatch a *coureur de bois* whenever we need assistance, and these tribes will immediately come swarming down, enough of themselves to conquer the whole Seneca nation. We have sent the Chevalier de Fonti among the Illinois, our allies, and he will lead their stern warriors down to wait for us on the south side of the lake, cutting off the enemy's retreat; and, Blanche, thou knowest what thine own countrymen are in the field. Canst thou discern a possibility of failure? The king's troops, accompanied by the Canadians as rangers, and the copper-faced bloodhounds about Montreal, must of necessity gain an easy victory. What sayest thou, Blanche? Wilt lay thy hand upon the sceptre?"

"If the claims of the Senecas were all, perhaps—"

"How, now, my pretty infidel! Must I demonstrate to thee that, when the Senecas are subdued, the whole of the Iroquoise will melt before us, like the snow in the spring-time, and that with them will crumble the whole strength of the Dutch and English of New York!"

"But Pere Lamberville has told me that though the Iroquois act as a shield to the English, by reason of their great numbers, the wise policy of the English is a valuable return to them; and that, altogether, they are far more powerful than we."

"Pere Lamberville puts too much faith in their 'big talk'; but if he should be right, we have another resource. Governor Dougan has disgusted the Iroquois by calling them English subjects; our missionary spies will fan the smouldering embers of pride and jealousy, and if they cannot blow them into a flame, they will, at least, secure neutrality. Our Jesuits have passed all over the province of New York, and carefully measured every foot of ground. Thou dost not attend to me, Blanche."

"I am not a very sage warrior, and cannot understand what is to be effected by securing the neutrality of the Iroquois nations, when it is against them that your efforts are to be directed."

"No, no, Blanche; thou hast but half the story yet. Listen. We may pass with troops down the Sorel river and along Lake Champlain under the pretence of attacking the Iroquois. To the savages themselves we will profess friendship, flatter their vanity by our praises, and their cupidity by our showy presents, and dazzle them by military display. Then we will proceed to Albany. Believe me, my Blanche, it will be mere child's play to take possession of this little palisaded town, with its baby-house fort and handful of soldiers. This and New York are their only places of strength, and are defended but by a few Englishmen and the Dutch merchants whom they have subdued. New York, itself, is the best sea port in all America, and with that in our possession we might defy England herself. We shall attack it from the north, where the town is not even enclosed. The fort, with its four bastions, is but little stronger than that at Albany; and Pere Vaillant says that it is now very much out of repair. I know the number of cannon it mounts, Blanche, the force that protects it, all the weak points, and the temper of the inhabitants; but I must remember that these dry details have little interest for young ears like thine."

"Nay, my father, I believe my tastes well-bent a soldier's daughter. They were allowed to run wild in France, and they are little likely to be refined by the things I see here. When we first arrived I never wearied following Pere Lamberville over Fort Frontignac, with its pretty bastions all covered with soils of green; its solid stone-masonry, so fresh in comparison with the dingy chateau we left behind us; its deep, dark, dismal morass, where I could imagine strange shapes always flitting by bright moonlight; its beautiful harbor, and then the little gems of islands! Why, I could sit in my window and inhale the fragrance of the wild flowers growing upon them, as they were crushed under the feet of the bounding, graceful deer, which you bade the men spare for my sake. Oh, my tastes are not over-refined, dear father, and my ears have not been sufficiently pampered by courtly phrases to give them a distaste for more homely matters. In good sooth, I can enact the soldier's daughter much better than the queen."

"Thou art a brave, sensible girl, my Blanche, and not a timid soft-hearted wench that would faint at the sight of naked steel, or scream like a sea-gull at the barking of thine own lap-dog. And herewith I challenge thee to a gallop along the base of Mont Royal, while I whisper in thine ear a choice morsel of news that—what? forestalling me with blushes? Ah! Blanche, Blanche! I fear me the soldier's daughter would find but few attractions in her homely title, with the splendors of royalty beckoning her. Nay, never droop thy head, child; it is not a preference to shame thee. An old soldier like me must be too vain, if he dare hope to compete with a handsome, and gallant youth, bred up amid the refinements of the gayest and most polished Court of Europe. Private advices inform us that the Chevalier de Croye has already embarked for America. We will greet him on his landing with the glorious news of our victory over the Senecas—a fitting reception methinks for the future sovereign of the province, Blanche."

During the last five minutes a change had come over the countenance of the Lady Blanche. The color, which had at first fluctuated upon her cheek, now left it as pale as marble; her eyelids drooped till their soft fringes rested—an arc of gold—upon the cheek below; and her hands, which had at first been clasped caressingly over her father's arm, gradually loosened their hold, and sank helplessly by her side. The marquis regarded her with a look of surprise.

"How now, my Blanche! what fitful waywardness is this? Is our news of a kind to frighten the color from thy cheek? Ah! now it comes rushing back again. Away for thy riding habit, my pretty bird; Jacques is already leading out the impatient steeds, and I must have a race with thee along the mountain path. Haste thee, darling!"

The pale silver of the twilight was blending with the deeper shadows bordering on the night, when the governor and his daughter, followed by a small train of attendants, returned from their excursion at the foot of the hill overlooking the fort, and entered the gates of Montreal.

"Heaven protect thee, my beauty!" was the parting salutation of the marquis, as he impressed upon the fair forehead of his child the good night kiss.

"God forgive me, that there is a thought in my heart that I dare not tell him—my dear, dear father," Blanche whispered to herself, as she gathered up in her hands the folds of her riding-dress, and hurried away to her own apartments.

"Go, Marie, I do not need you. Send Angélique to look after my bird, and take care she does not disturb me to-night."

"But, my lady, your cumbersome dress, and damp hair—Heavens! she is crushing that elegant plume as though it were a rag."

"Go, go," exclaimed the lady, impatiently. Marie's eyes grew big with surprise, for she had never seen her mistress in such a mood before; but she did not venture to linger longer than to shake up a cushion and change the place of a work-basket; and then, silently and wonderingly, she obeyed.

(To be continued.)

No man who sails by others' maps can make a new discovery.

A HUMOROUS ELOPEMENT.

"I'll tell you what it is, wife," said Peter Smith, and he emphasized the remark by a wise shake of the forefinger, "things have got into a very bad way. The farm is mortgaged to the last cent it is worth, and I owe a heap of money beside—more by a long shot than I know how to pay. What is to be done?"

"I am sure I don't know, Peter," replied the bothered wife, "but it seems too awful had to be turned out of house and home at our time of life. Now, if our son John would only marry Jonas Brown's daughter Sally, it would help us out amazingly. The Browns, you see, are well off, and the connection would be a perfect gold mine to us. Of course they'd give Sally the hundred acres of land and things that they've always said they would."

"That's a good idea, wife," and Peter brightened up amazingly. "You always were a cute woman, and the notion does you credit. But do you think the young folks would take to it?"

"I don't know, but it seems to me that they've always taken a great notion to each other ever since they were children—been more like brother and sister than any thing else."

"But suppose the Browns would object, as most likely they would.—You know we ain't on good terms, thick as the young folks have been."

"I'll tell you what, Peter, is just the thing for us to do—put up John to clope with Sally."

"Agreed. I'll leave it all to you to manage."

Thus the matter was settled, and the scheming couple went to bed to dream of a speedy release from their financial embarrassments.

Coincidences are sometimes of the most curious character—almost surpassing belief in some instances.—About the time of the above conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, their neighbors, Jonas Brown and wife, held an important conference.

"Do you remember that note for six hundred dollars I gave for stock last spring?" asked Jonas.

"Yes," replied his wife.

"Well, it's coming due in about a month, and how under the sun we're going to pay it I don't know."

"Mortgage the farm."

"We've done that till it can't be mortgaged another cent. I'm clean discouraged, and there is Sally wanting a piano. Where the money is to come from is a mystery to me. We're on the verge of bankruptcy."

"I wish Sally would marry John Smith—gracious knows they're together enough to take a notion that way."

"Yes, but I don't see how that would help us any."

"You don't, eh? Well, I do. An't his folks rich? and wouldn't they set him up handsomely? Then we could stand some chance of getting help through Sally."

"That's a good plan," was Jonas' conclusion, after profound meditation; "but the difficulty is, that the Smiths are not on good terms with us, and would be likely to oppose the match."

"Then the best plan is to set the young folks up to an elopement."

So it chanced that the Brown and the Smiths planned to dispose of their children to their own pecuniary advantage. The next step in each case was to mould the young ones to the proper shape.

John Smith was a handsome, brawny country fellow, with plenty of good sense and an ocean of love for Sally Brown. When his parents proposed his marrying her, he informed them that he would gladly do so, but he feared her parents would object. Then his father slyly suggested an elopement, and offered to aid in such an exploit. John said he would think about it.

Sally was a rustic maiden with much redness of cheeks, and rejoicing in the possession of the lasting comeliness which is derived from a bright smile, a sweet temper, and a pair of clear, earnest eyes, made none the less expressive by the near neighborhood of a saucy little retousse nose. Her wavy brown hair had not a ripple out of place, and her plump little figure was encased in a well-fitting dress, which was neatness itself.

When her parents spoke to her about John, she blushed becomingly, and, after close questioning, admitted that she would be "tickled to death" to marry him. She further stated that they were running over with love for each other; that they had long ago settled the question of ultimate union, but they had feared parental objection.

"Now I'll tell you what, Sally," said Mrs. Brown, "you know that pa and I dote on you, and would do anything to make you happy."

"Yes, we would do anything to make you happy," echoed the old man.

"And if you were to hint to John the idea of an elopement, we wouldn't lift our fingers to prevent it."

"No," repeated the old man, "we wouldn't lift our finger to prevent it."

In thus instructing their children, the Smiths and Browns displayed very little knowledge of human nature. They should have known that John and Sally would, upon the first occasion possible, unbosom themselves; for how could true lovers keep a secret, and such a secret? And they didn't. At the next meeting each told the other all he or she had been told by parental lips, but neither could conceive the object of the old folks.—However, they were not overdisposed to question the matter. They were too glad that the consummation so devoutly wished seemed so near at hand, to question

how it had been brought about. Conscious that their progenitors were up to some kind of trickery, they resolved at once to avail themselves of the opportunity to elope before any change in the aspect of affairs should occur. Having thus concluded, they proceeded to lead their parents astray.

"I've been talking to John," said Sally, demurely, to the old folks, "and we have concluded to clope—it is all settled, and we're ready just as soon as it can be arranged."

"I saw Sally last night," said John to his parents, "and she agreed to elope with me; so I think that the thing had better be hurried right along."

One week from this time all the preliminaries had been arranged. Sally had been supplied with a brand new dress and all the other fixings, and John had been giving enough money to buy a suit of wedding toggery.—The respective parents were laughing in their respective sleeves at their own cunning. The Browns were overjoyed at outwitting the Smiths, the Smiths were happy at fooling the Browns, and both chuckled over a speedy relief from financial embarrassment.

The eventful night came, and John hitched up one of his father's horses and drove over towards Sally's domicile. When within a dozen rods of the house he gave a signal whistle, and Sally came out. Under the peculiar circumstances they feared no interference, and did not deem it necessary to exercise any great amount of caution. John gave Sally a resounding kiss, helped her into the wagon, and away they went.

Shortly after they departed, two scenes transpired which must be here recorded.

Jonas Brown returned from the village store, and entered his house in a state of great mental and bodily excitement. The latter was caused by fast walking, and the former by—but the conversation that ensued will best explain.

"They're gone!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, exultingly, "and they'll be hitched in an hour or less."

"The deuce they have! I hoped to get here time enough to stop 'em."

"To stop 'em?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"What for?"

"Just this: Old Smith hain't worth a cent—can't pay what he owes—will be sold out within a month—it's the talk of the whole village."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the old lady, "what shall we do?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Sally shan't marry the beggar; I'll follow them to Squire Jones', and get there before the ceremony."

With this he hurriedly hitched up a horse, and spun away toward Squire Jones' house, about five miles distant.

The other important scene mentioned was at the Smiths residence, and was opened by the precipitate entrance of Mrs. S., with the breathless exclamation:

"Has he gone?"

"Who?" inquired the husband.

"John."

"Yes," and Smith rubbed his hands with glee. "He went all of half an hour ago."

"Don't stand there rubbing your hands," screamed the lady, "but harness up the old mare just as quick as you can, and follow 'em. The Browns ain't worth a dollar in the world; Kate Robinson just told me so—and a mortgage on their farm going to be foreclosed. So Sally won't get a solitary cent."

Smith hurried the old mare into her harness, and rattled away toward Squire Jones' residence.

John and Sally had proceeded leisurely about four miles, the former driving with one arm, and holding Sally on the seat with the other, when they heard the sound of wheels a short distance in the rear. They had just passed a long bend in the road, and looking across, they saw, revealed by the moonlight, the pursuing Brown.

"Why, that's pa!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes, and he means mischief, I'll bet," said John.

"What shall we do?" squealed Sally.

"I'll show you," said John.

Jumping from the wagon, he removed a long rail from the fence, and placed it across the roadway. Then he drove on again at a rate that made the horse steam like a boiler.

Brown came on at a fearful rate, only to be summarily checked by the rail. The horse jumped the rail, but the front wheel collapsed under the collision. Brown was tumbled out, and the frightened horse ran away with the wreck of the vehicle.

Just as Brown was picking himself up from the ditch, he saw the accident repeated; this time Smith being the leading actor, and his mare galloping away with the four wheels.

Brown and Smith were inveterate enemies, and neither would speak; but both started on a rapid run for the Squire's, about a mile off, where they arrived very much out of breath. They burst into the house like a whirlwind, just in time to hear the words:

"I now pronounce you man and wife."

"Hold on!" yelled Brown. "I object!"

"So do I," screamed Smith.

"You are a little too late," remarked the Squire.

Nothing but a divorce can fix it now. The parents fumed and glared at each other.

"I am sure, pa," pleaded the daughter, "that you and ma both said—"

"Daughter," hurriedly interposed Brown, turning very red, but striving to appear dignified. "I am not disposed to be tyrannical; now that you are married I shall not refuse my blessing."

"And you, father," said John, "we would never have eloped, if you and mother hadn't said."

"Never mind, my son," interrupted Smith, "I will not be hard with you—I forgive you both."

Brown and Smith thereupon became reconciled, and all rode home in the elopers' wagon.