

Literature.

SNOW.

Silently down, gracefully down,
Over the forest and over the town,
Robbing the earth in a pure white gown,
Wafting to and fro;
Drifting, circling, eddying round,
Comes the feathery snow.

Gently it falls, quietly falls,
Covering huts and covering halls,
Building its miniature cities and walls
Over the earth below;
Spreading in sheets, rolling in balls—
Dancing, frolicing snow.

Cold and bleak, frozen and bleak,
Flying about in a merry freak,
Twirling around the mountain peak
Down to the valley below;
Losing itself in the rippling creek,
Fickle and fleeting snow.

Over the ground, the frozen ground,
The crystal flakes chase each other round,
Forming a valley or building a mound,
When the north winds blow,
With its icy breath and mourning sound,
Drifting the virgin snow.

Clinging to trees, the evergreen trees,
Forming fantastic images,
Scattered as the merry breeze
Rushing onward dot to go;
Losing itself in the snowy seas,
Fair and fragile snow.

Sweeping away, melting away,
When the sun with its golden ray
Into the arbor creeps to play,
Where the violets grow;
Melting, wasting, hiding away,
Frail and beautiful snow.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a black wintry day. Heavy snow drift lay piled up in the streets of New York, and the whole appearance of the city was cold and dismal.

Seated on the steps of one of the large dwellings on Fifth Avenue, was a boy apparently thirteen years of age. He was liberally clothed in rags, his hands were blue, and his teeth chattered with cold. Lying upon one knee was a newspaper he had picked up in the streets, and he was trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied thus for some time when two little girls, clad in silk and furs, came towards him. The eldest one was about twelve years old, and so beautiful that the poor boy raised his eyes and fixed them upon her in undisguised admiration.

The child of wealth stopped before him, and turning to her companion exclaimed: "Marian, just see that feller on my steps! Boy, what are you doing here?"

"I am trying to learn to read upon this little bit of paper," answered the boy.

The girl laughed derisively and said: "Well truly! I have heard of intellect in rags, Maria, and here it is personified."

Maria's soft hazel eyes filled with tears, as she replied.

"Oh Louisa do not talk so; you know what Miss Fannie teaches in school—the rich and poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Louisa laughed again, and said to the boy: "Get up from here, you shall not sit on my steps; you are so ragged and dirty."

The boy arose, and a blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away, when Marian said: "Don't go, little boy, you are so cold, come to my house and get warm. Oh, do come," she continued, as he hesitated; and he followed her into a large kitchen, where a bright warm fire was shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Marian, who are you bringing home now?" asked the servant woman.

"A poor boy, who is almost perished; you will let him warm, will you not Rachel?"

"Oh, he shall warm; sit here little boy," and Rachel pushed a chair in front of the stove; she then gave him a piece of bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements, and then glided from the room; when she returned, she had a primer with the first rudiments of spelling and reading. Going to the boy, she said: "Little boy, here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never had anybody to teach me. I just learned myself; but oh, I want to read so badly."

Marian sat down beside him, and began teaching him his letters. She was so busily occupied in this work that she did not see her mother enter the room, nor hear Rachel explain about the boy; and she knew not that her mother stood some time behind them, listening to her noble child teaching the beggar boy his letters.

There were but few that he had not already learned himself and it was not long before Marian had the satisfaction of hearing him repeat the alphabet.

When he rose to go, he thanked Rachel for her kindness and offered Marian her book.

"No I don't want it," she said; I have given it to you to learn to read from. Wont you tell me your name?"

"Jimmie," he replied.

"I will not forget you Jimmie; you must always remember Marian Hayes," was the little girl's farewell.

Louisa Gardiner and Marian Hayes were playmates and friends. Their dwellings joined, and almost every hour of the day they were together, for they attended the same school. These two children were differently disposed, and very differently brought up. Louisa was proud and haughty. Poverty in her eyes was a disgrace and a crime, and so thought nothing too severe for the poor to suffer. These views she learned from her mother. Mrs. Gardiner moved into one exclusive circle—the *bon ton* of New York. Without its precincts she never ventured, for all others were beneath her. Louisa, taught to mingle with no children excepting those of her mother's friends, was growing up believing herself even better than they.

The teaching that Marian Hayes received was totally different from this. Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged by Mrs. Gardiner as one of her particular friends; yet though she moved among that circle, she was far from being one of them. Her doctrine was the text that her little girl had used: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." Thus she taught Marian, there was no distinction as to wealth and position; that the distinction was in worth alone. She taught her to reverence age, and to pity the poor and destitute; and that "pleasant words were as sweet as honeycombs, sweet to the soul," a little kindness was better than money. Marian learned the lessons well and was ever ready to dispense her gentle words to all, whether they were wealthy and influential, or ragged and indigent as the boy she had that cold morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were assembled in the city of Washington. Congress was in session, and the hotels were crowded with strangers. It was an evening party. The brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty.

Standing near one of the doors were two young ladies busily engaged conversing together. The elder of the two suddenly exclaimed:—

"Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr. Hamilton, the new member from W.?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly. Mrs. N. is going to introduce him to us. I wish she would make haste, I have no patience."

"Don't speak so, Louisa, I wish you could not be so trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the mouth of a tall, handsome gentleman who was standing near the girls; and as he passed them, he scanned them both very closely.

In a short space, Mrs. N. came up with Mr. Hamilton, the new member, and presented him to Miss Gardiner and Miss Hayes. As they were conversing together Mr. Hamilton said:—

"Ladies we have met before."

But Louisa and Marian declared their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years ago, yet I have not forgotten it, nor a single sentence uttered during that meeting. I will quote one that you may call it to your memory. 'The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.'"

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of Marian, but Louisa still declared herself ignorant as before, Mr. Hamilton glanced for a moment at Marian, then turning to Louisa he said:—

"Long years ago, a little boy ragged and dirty, seated himself upon the steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth Avenue, New York, and was busily engaged trying to read from a bit of paper, when his attention was attracted by two little girls, richly dressed. The eldest of the two particularly attracted him, for she was beautiful as an angel; but as they came near unto him, she lifting up her hand exclaimed:—

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"The boy answered he was trying to read. The child of affluence derided him and said that she had heard of intellect in rags, and he was the personification of it. Her companion's answers, that the rich and the poor shall meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all. The elder girl drove the boy away from the steps, but the younger one took him into her dwelling and warmed and fed him there. When they parted, the little girl said, 'You must not forget Marian Hayes.' And Miss Hayes, he never has forgotten her. That ragged, dirty boy, is now before you ladies, as Mr. Hamilton, the member of Congress; and allow me, Miss Gardiner to tender my thanks to you for the kind treatment of that boy."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louisa knew not what to say or to do.

In pity for her, Mr. Hamilton rose, and turning to Marian, said:—

"I will see you again, Miss Hayes," and he left them.

Louisa would not stay in the city, where she daily met with Mr. Hamilton, and in a few days returned to New York, leaving Marian with the consciousness of having done nothing to be ashamed of, and enjoying the society of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walking together one evening, when the latter drew from

his bosom an old and well worn primer, and handed it to Marian.

"From this," he said, "the man who is so distinguished here, first learned to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Marian trembled, and did not raise her eyes, when she saw the well remembered book. Mr. Hamilton took her hand and said:—

"Marian, Jimmie has never forgotten you. Since the day you were so kind to him and gave him this book, his life has had one great aim, and that was to attain to greatness, and in after years to meet that ministering angel who was I the sweetener of my days of poverty. When I left your house with this book, I returned to my humble home ten times happier, and went assiduously to work to learn to read. My mother was an invalid, and ere long I learned well enough to read to her."

When my mother died, I found good friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W. as his son I have been educated. A year ago he died and left his property to me. Of all the pleasant memories of my boyhood, the one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and dwell upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her. I see all that my imagination pictured, and I ask if the dear hand that gave this book cannot be mine forever."

Louisa felt deeper grief than ever, when Marian told her she was to become the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from her door, and derisively called "intellect in rags." But she learned a severer lesson, and one that soon changed the whole current of her life. For awhile she shunned Mr. Hamilton, but by persevering kindness he made her feel easy in his presence, and she the acknowledged friend of the Congressman and his noble wife.

Years have passed since then, and Louisa is training up a family of little ones; but she is teaching them to despise not intellect in rags, but be guided by Marian's text: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

RUSSIAN DESIGNS ON CHINA.—The London Times of the 18th favors the eastern extension of Russian power, and thinks the recent treaty between Russia and China should not meet with the disapprobation of the English:—

"There is no special reason why we should be jealous of Russia's development in the Eastern ocean. It cannot be expected that so vast an empire will submit in perpetuity to be cut off from the sea. She is ice bound in the Baltic, she is treaty-bound in the Black Sea. It would be hard to prevent her from bursting forth into the Pacific. Under proper treaties and with a proper understanding, she must be a better government to trade with even than the government of our new Tartar friends. Her outposts on the north and west of China have for a long time been engaged in a sort of work that sailors witness in remote seas when a thrasher fixes itself upon a whale. The impotent and unwieldy monster has made a few unavailing efforts, but they were quite vain; Russia, having access to the sensitive part, has long since thrashed China into submission. The Sino-logues who watched the Pekin Gazette frequently met with imperial groans over the ill success of the war with the Russians, and the embezzlements of ammunition which had been intended for that purpose. We knew that something was going on up there in the north. There was a private victimization; but now, when France and England are upon the spot, it is necessary for Russia if she intends to pursue her policy; to come forth boldly, and to hunt her prey under the eyes of Europe. This new treaty is certainly a bold step in this direction. If the frontier line which it settles be traced upon a very good map, we shall find, after reconciling the difference in names, and identifying the rivers and lakes it mentions, that it takes a very thick peel off the west and northeast of China. To us China is the oyster which by our sword we open; to the Russians China seems to present itself under the image of an onion, which peel by peel they propose by themselves to devour."

A GIGANTIC PROJECT.—It is said that the Emperor Napoleon has given his sanction to the project of building a railway between Calais and Dover. This undertaking, probably the most stupendous in the history of the world, contemplates the tunneling of the British channel between the points above named—a distance of nineteen miles. It is intended, we believe, to build a number of stations or islands along the route. The bed of the channel along the proposed route has been ascertained to be solid rock, which will render the proposed tunnel, when completed, impervious to water. Contractors are busy preparing their estimates of the probable expenses of the work.

HEAVY DAMAGES FOR THE LOSS OF A LEG.—The New Orleans Picayune states that Mr. Arthur Choppin, who lost one of his legs in a collision on the Carrollton Railroad, has obtained in the Sixth District Court, a verdict of \$25,000 against the Company.

The Governor of South Carolina has given notice that the war expenses of that State already amount to a million and a half of dollars.

It is said that the list of shipwrecks kept at Lloyd's reveals that five vessels were wrecked upon an average each day of the past year.

A grand cock fight was announced to take place at a sporting house in New York a few days ago. Twenty-one Troy birds were matched against twenty-one New York birds at \$50 on each battle, and \$500 on the old match. John Morri-oy, the bruiser, backed the Troy, and it was said that the President of the Board of Aldermen backed the New York cocks, although he declared he came only as a spectator. After the arrangements had been completed and the main announced as between 21 birds on one side, and 21 birds on the other side, weighing between 4 lbs. 6 oz. and 5 lbs. each side to furnish one cock of the highest and lowest weights, the crowd proceeded to the pit. The *Tribune* says there were Aldermen, Councilmen, representatives of the Federal Government, bank Presidents, butchers, gamblers, merchants, prize fighters, rowdies, horse-jockeys, stable-boys, and other fast men, nearly all of whom were smoking, and all of whom had paid \$3 for admission. Some delay had caused great impatience until it was explained by a police captain, who suddenly presented himself and forbade the sport in the name of the law.

At the Augusta (Maine) bridge, a novel mode of transit for winter teams has been adopted. A track is laid the entire length of one carriage way and a large platform car placed thereon, so constructed that a loaded sled can be driven upon it and easily drawn over.

GOV. BROWN OF GEORGIA DEMANDS THE ARMS SEIZED AT NEW YORK.—New York, Feb. 5. It is said that Governor Morgan has received a communication from Governor Brown of Georgia, demanding the instant surrender of the muskets seized on board the Manticellier. No reply has yet been given.

Angelina Brown of Wendell, New York, started across lots to a neighbour's house, one mile distant, to be absent several days, on the 21st ult. On the 24th she was found frozen to death about twenty rods from the house she had left. It is supposed from her tracks in the snow that she turned back on account of the cold and perished before she could reach shelter.

A uniform penny-postage scheme for all Italy is among the first measures to be presented to the national Parliament on its next meeting. It is, properly speaking, merely a scheme of reduction of postage from twenty to ten centimes (from 2d. to 1d.), as the former postage is already established throughout all the old and new provinces.

The French Post Office returns for 1860 have been made up, and from them it appears that on an average every inhabitant of France writes eight letters per annum. In England (with Wales) the average is twenty four—just three times the number; it is less in Scotland; still less in Ireland, where the Post Office does not pay its own expenses.

Among the passengers from England by the Arabia, was a messenger from the Court of Queens Bench, en route for Canada, with the writ of habeas corpus in the case of Anderson, the fugitive slave.

In a small village of Illinois may be seen, daily taking his morning walk, a jolly old Frenchman who prides himself upon having built the first house upon the spot where Chicago now stands, with her 111,000 inhabitants.

Last year 33 iron steam vessels were turned out by the Clyde builders, their gross tonnage being 47,700 tons; and there are now on the stocks 46 vessels, with a tonnage of 44,900 tons.

At Colt's manufactory, Hartford, they are now making 300 pistols a day, and about 500 revolving rifles a month. Contracts for 10,000 rifles, to be completed within a year, were concluded at Sharp's rifle factory last week.

The *Saturday Review* and two or three other English newspapers were seized lately in Paris; it therefore appears that the "free circulation," which M. de Persigny professes to accord to foreign journals, is not absolute.

The new Government Map of Canada, says a contemporary, has recently been circulated through Ireland. A pamphlet accompanies it, giving much valuable information for intending emigrants.

FACTORIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.—England and Wales have over three thousand factories, and they pay their operatives \$10,000,000 per annum; their entire trade in the various fabrics amounts to \$525,000,000 annually.

Several vivid flashes of lightning were observed in this city on Thursday evening, about 7 o'clock an unusual occurrence at this season of the year. Friday was the coldest day we experienced during the winter.—*Halifax Paper*.

SNOW! SNOW!—Since the storm of Thursday and Friday last the country is literally engulfed in snow. The Storekeepers in Chatham had to cut their way through Snow-banks some 12 or 16 feet high.

The *St. John Newfoundland* states that the reports of the prevalent distress in the island are greatly exaggerated.

Curious so large and observing so well. Well, boiling grounds, "Sprout claimed, by that? "Not at a then in one. "It will surprise. "Will you when the it just as I. And sure neighbour being present. "Jewell, in low, the onion seed you to. "Very well kettle boiling thus boiling saucer. Le exclaimed, rightly. On I looked, as large as opened end the water of in less than off, the seeds. My lawn would advance three we planting with and farmers pondent D. PAY YOU imitate the this time. A suppose the season. F. men who had pay the little dollars, offer consider the largely on s ability to the merchants s upon the p small parcel makes the r is especially prompt in o a very great and effort is to the comm his small bil Journal. CATTLE I of the Ohio statement; that the "ro He says: "My atte rected to as the cattle fi in the high viction that found at lar persons. I district o the cattle f neighboring merchants, ter-mechani circumstances; will our sympath milk by the The city with water the coal con from vario the assistan has got pip and after m ita' only, es plying the o to come. T for two we almost old citizens thi result, are r houses. A red burners feet of mai to be super oy. What cheap artic A curious Paris: M Prince Jero lia and Jerson by her horit their the Prince, Paris, was and the rea tablish the A man na to death in