



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

As the sun now glows on earth,  
Ages have beheld it glow;  
As the flowers now spring to birth,  
Sprang they thousand years ago!  
So each day must pass away,  
Braving smiles or sending sorrow;  
As the world was yesterday  
So 'twill be to-morrow.

Wherefore should we own our pain,  
Since the pain, like all things, goeth?  
Where's the wisdom to complain,  
Since our feelings no one knoweth?  
Hearts may bloom, yet show no flowers;  
Eyes may mourn, yet hide their sorrow;  
As the world went yesterday  
So 'twill go to-morrow.

Life is like the wind that blows  
When the clouds of morn are breaking,  
Life is like the stream that flows—  
Something leaving—something taking,  
Better cherish what we may,  
Than recall the past with sorrow;  
As the world roll'd yesterday  
So 'twill roll to-morrow.

THE POOR LAWYER—A TALE OF EXPERIENCE.

The Knickerbocker Magazine some years ago, contained Washington Irving's "Early Experience of Ralph Ringwood." His exciting story was well termed by the editor "a species of outcopy of the West," for lovers of Ralph Ringwood are scarcely less poetical than those of Mountjoy himself. Here is the first introduction to the lovely maiden who was to have so great an influence on his after life—

I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, when, passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl, seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond; at that time I was so much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so bright and dainty looking, so different from the hute, waxen, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! it was so sparkling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was to account her? I had grown used to the woods, and the lowly, and the habitation of paltry life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or My Pigman, or any other of my leather-dressed boys of the green-roast, I should have approached her without dread, nay, I should have been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass cheeks, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and the auburn tresses, and blue eyes and delicate nose, quite dazzled while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought, all at once, I would kiss her. I would wait long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just slip in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and run off. She would not be the worse of it, and what kiss—Oh! I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for thought to cool, but entered the house and slipped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I stepped her chair and she turned and looked up. I saw her as ever a kiss as ever was stolen, and I vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping home ward, my heart beating at what I had done. After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of law, in an obscure settlement, in Kentucky, where he lived night and day. Ralph parades his talents, occasionally goes at a debating society, and at length becomes a quite a pet, and a favorite in the eyes of the married ladies of the village. He called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found with her identical blue-eyed beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. She formally introduced me to her, but neither of us betrayed any remembrance of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. The tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of

the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heavens and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the deepest delirium in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse of my former rudeness; I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a single word. Every moment matters became worse. I felt at one time tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight, but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, seeing her equally embarrassed with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed, "I have been trying to muster up something to say, but I cannot. I see that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me and help me out of it!" A smile dimpled about her mouth and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy but arch glance of the eye that expressed volumes of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well. Passing the delightful description which succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and the settlement.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple—she not much more than sixteen, and I not quite twenty—and both almost without a coin in the world. The establishment was well suited to our circumstances; a how house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons—everything by the half dozen—a little delph ware, everything in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty five miles distant. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business—out now was I to go! I had expended all my means on our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we would soon have the wolf at our door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off on my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, a mere young clerk, was to make way in such a crowd, and to get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country who were gathered on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough looking fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and chuckled me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had had a dozen rough swabs of the land and invited to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage. The next morning the Court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any real business to be done. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity to consult any. He was told to choose one from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the Court, and selected me. I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beginner, a beginner, unpracticed at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt different, yet delighted, and could have hugged theascal.

Before leaving the Court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retainer fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, I seemed like a dream. The goodness of the fee spoke not lightly in favor of his innocence—but this was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and married from him all the particulars of the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I so unable to do as I wished. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing through my mind, the specter of good that had so unexpectedly been thrown into my lap, the sea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune! But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak, for the first time, in a

strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents, all these and a crowd of similar notions kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court. I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his hundred dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down hill. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness and bitterness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable power, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful glow, carried the cause triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and heeded the Attorney General at the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless skin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other cases, and by Saturday night, when the court closed and I had paid my bill at the inn, I found myself with an hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse which I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his pelf and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, and walked around it; sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No; I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued; but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air castles. As soon as morning dawned I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of the surprise I had in store for my little wife; for both of us expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and should return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of an Indian hunter, when, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a very little rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected money for.

For myself, to be sure, replied I, with affected coolness; I made it at Court.

She looked me for a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My trousers began to twitch—my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted for money.

ABDUL MEDJID,

THE SULTAN OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Abdul Medjid was born on the 30th of April, 1824, and was but sixteen years of age when called to succeed his father, whose death was announced on the 1st of July, 1839, though it is supposed that he occurred some days before. The ceremony