



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

[ORIGINAL]
SPRING.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

I come, I come, with joyous tread,
And nature's gems in pathways spread,
On nature's flowers my brooding breathe,
And deck them with a flow'ry wreath;
I breathe upon the lifeless grave,
And there I wake the songs of love,
A thousand feathered songsters sing
With mellow notes they welcome spring.

Then come for me the sylvan lute,
Be not a bard, or birdling mute,
For these I'll trim my sylvan bow,
And to the trees with my fairest bow,
The plaid the valley and the hill,
The cool lake and the mountain rill;
For these a verdant robe I bring,
The fair and bright green vest of spring.

Bring a blush to deck the rose,
A vocal for the peach tree's blows;
A nest for the bee I bear,
A balmy odour for the air,
A peat to deck the lily chalice,
A dew drop pure in emerald shade;
As of ring rich to the sea's king
I raise—the balmy breath of spring.
Cocoona, March 1852.

'Tis mine the husbandman to bless,
Both rich and poor court my caress,
I sow the seed that earth shall bear,
And autumn's brawny arm shall reap,
I swell the flocks that shall afford
The comforts of the festive board,
To each I joy and gladness bring,
Who in their homage welcome spring.

I come, I come, amid smiles and tears,
A witness of two thousand years,
Yet ever young as at my birth,
When Jove declined my home on earth,
I weigh out years, I see their flight,
No traces on my cheek they write,
To me no furrows time can bring,
No wrinkles for the brow of spring.

My girdle is the rainbow bright,
My veil the sable pall of night,
My robe the verdure heart's bestow,
My breath the zephyr's evening blow,
My gems the silver stars and moon,
My braid the glittering beams of noon,
My voice the song that nations sing,
Adorning hearts, the voice of spring.

MARRIAGE IN PRISON.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Lady C. was a beautiful woman, but lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather past extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had but five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds—so with all her wit and beauty she got into the Fleet Prison, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Phelan was a great admirer of the fair sex; and where's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Phelan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it in her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased for lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat?" says she.
"Divil an inch your honour's ladyship," says he.
"And wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.
"Would a duck swim?"
"Is there any one you'd prefer?"
"May be, madame," says he, "you never heard of Kathleen Rieilly, down beyant Doneraile?" Her father's cousin to Donoghue, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—
"Hush!" says she, "sure and I don't want to know who she is. But would she love you if you asked her?"
"Ah, thin, I'd only wish 'd be after trying that same."
"And why don't you?"
"Sure, I'm too poor." And Phelan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"
"Does a dog bark?"
"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?"
"Millia murders! your honor, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."
"Indeed I'm not," said lady C. "So list, n. How would you like to marry me?"
"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor devil like Pat Phelan."
"Well, Phelan, if you'll marry me to-morrow I'll give you one thousand pounds."
"Oh! whist! whist! whist! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," started Pat, dancing round the room.
"But there are conditions," says lady C. "after the first day out nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.
"But remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go and marry her."
"That's true," said he. "But then, the bigamy?"
"I'll never appear against you," said her ladyship. "Only remember you must take a oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never go telling all the story."
"Divil a word I'll ever say."
"Well, then," says she, "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me," and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.
"Have you got the licence?" says she.
"Here it is my lady," said he and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.
"Perform the ceremony," says she.
And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Phelan was the husband, the legal husband of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and bowed respectfully to the five pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.
"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.
"Will you be good enough," said lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."
"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay your forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."
"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband but not me" and she smiled at Phelan, who began to dislike the appearance of things.
"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."
"I tell you I am married."
"Where is your husband?"
"There, sir," and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me sir, one instant at your per." The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Phelan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half-an-hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Phelan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Phelan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when a sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:—
"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power," you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses.

"Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he try to do that same night, and didn't he start the next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And what is more, he took a cottage, within paths, a few miles, or a hundred miles from Breda, in the county of Limerick; and

at last, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but himself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."
So, remember, as it is a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

[ORIGINAL]
I'M RICH IN FAITH AND LOVE.

No wealth have I in flocks or herds,
No corn nor wine in store,
No cyphers—those fluttering birds,
Who hunt the sunny shore,
Yet I have life, and I have health,
Those do my bosom move,
To prove the fact that in my wealth
I'm rich in Faith and Love!

This earth has ever been to me
A world of strife and care,
Its bright and sunny and sunny sea
Were but a tempting snare!
E'en now, full in my darksome hour,
Are mine, yet still I prove
The poor in power and great in power,
I'm rich in Faith and Love!

I may not boast what I have done,
Or what I could endure,
Sufficient this to rest upon—
God's promises are sure!
Whoever works shall surely find—
Who trusts, His power shall prove—
Spencerville, C. West.

The poorest I, of my poor kind,
Am rich in Faith and Love!
Rude are the gales and rough the
shores,
The pilgrim's vessel bears,
Our smiles to-day, to-morrow moans,
Yet still triumphant on I tread,
My hopes are placed above,
The I may meet my duty broad,
I'm rich in Faith and Love!

God grant me grace, and sweet content,
My humble lot to bear,
What is the pilgrim's banquet?
Must still with others share,
With firm resolve may I contend,
Each obstacle to sever,
Nor marry the love of wealth or friend,
Haste rich in Faith and Love!
FRANCIS WATSON.

IS THE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL TRUE?

Horace speaks of a man under hallucinations, who was physicked so vigorously with hellebore that he lost them, and who, therefore, cried out against medical attendants—said they were murdering him, in thus doing away with his most graceful errors, and bringing him down to the blank sobriety of reason. One is disposed to feel somewhat like this painfully benefitted man when disturbers throw doubt upon our most cherished notions of men and things—tell us that General Taylor never said, "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg;" or that Tell never shot the apple from his son's head. This last is very disconcerting. But reading the romantic ballad concerning Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudestry—the spirit and some of the forest incidents of which are discoverable in the glorious romance of Ivanhoe—we find that this shooting the apple from the head was the stereotyped extreme of desperate archery, in the middle ages, and attributed to several bowmen. Saxo Grammaticus, who wrote one hundred years before the time of Tell, tells the story of Toxos, the Dane, who shot an apple from the head of his son and then slew Harold, about the year 980. Reginald Scott writes that a German, named PEMBER, was once ordered to strike a penny from his son's head with an arrow, and that he had another ready to kill the Rheingrass who had commanded the cruel attempt. Indeed, going still further back the Grammarian above mentioned, we are told that Egil, a Norse Archer, shot an apple from the head of his son, Sneh Wayland in the legendary times. We all know how tradition loves to adorn the character of national heroes with such attributes or acts. The history of Rome, so remorselessly denuded of its splendid deeds and personages by the German Nicotini, is an instance of this. What with the growing years that overlay and bury our youth, and the perverse industry of such critics, we see our "prophecies" of poetry and romance diminished about us, as we get along, and begin to grow Phrythical on most matters. We do hope Leonidas really fell with the three hundred, at "the Locran gate of Greece," and that our own brave sea captain actually said "Don't give up the ship!" We remember how Archibishop Whately threw historic doubts on such a man as Napoleon, till we thought; we were pitched into the middle of the next millennium, and looking back through mist! Though we should certainly forgive his grace if he would now begin to throw doubts—good tough ones, such as no one could refute—on the existence of the Napoleon who, they say, is living in Paris at present, and making preparations to increase that mischievous brood of the Napoleons.

It is said that 662,563 slaves are owned in this country by ministers of the gospel and members of the different protestant churches, viz. 219,577 by the Methodists; 77,000 by the Presbyterians; 126,000 by the Baptists; 88,000 by the Episcopalians; 101,000 by the Campbellites; and 59,000 by other denominations.