

MISCELLANY.

Some irreverent wag has been executing a most sinful parody on one of Longfellow's poems. Hear him!

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

BY PROF. SHORTFELLOW.

Tired of reading, tired of writing, tired of copying and inditing,
And the bed looked so inviting, as if courting me to sleep,
That I folded up my paper, and extinguishing my taper
Without cutting up a caper, softly to my rest I did creep.

Soon I fell into a slumber, and had dreamings without number,
With no nightmares to encumber, the blessings of my rest,
When a sound beneath my 'winders,' burnt my visions to cinders—
Knocked my sleep all into flinders, so that I got up and dressed.

Such another horrid squalling, and confounded caterwauling,
Never could be so appalling, as to me it seemed that night,
The Thomas cats of all creation, were let out upon probation,
And were scratching like the 'nation,' in an everlasting fight.

Hastily throwing up the sashes, I made divers frantic dashes,
Of shovels full of fire and ashes, on the maddened brutes below,
Quick the fiends began to scatter, and to cease their ternal clatter,
Having settled thus the matter, I again to bed did go.

But if I should live forever, it were all a vain endeavor,
And I'm certain I could never forget the horrid fright,
Which came o'er me through the sashes, when I threw the fire and ashes,
In some half-a-dozen dashes, on the 'voices of the night.'

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—Poetry is everywhere. It is the finer spirit which God has breathed over all his creation. Wherever he is, there it is. The angels feel and worship. The world rolls on through space with all its lands, its seas, its forests and mountains, its cities and innumerable people, one great mass of poetry before God. The stars have been beautifully termed the poetry of heaven; the flowers the poetry of earth. Where the ocean swells and gloams around the globe, throwing its billows on all shores, from the frozen north to the fair island of the south, all is full of poetry. The mountain top and all its eternal snows are steeped in it; the deep valley is hushed in its enchantment. The great river rushes along in the might of poetry; the little lowland brook, with the flowers dipping into it, hears its still and small voice. The forest has it in its murmuring boughs, and its silent, shadowy heart. Where the clear blue air sweeps over mountain and moor, and brings to your gladdened heart the sounds of solitary life, there is poetry. Where the summer luxuriates with all her deep grass, her birds, and flowers and humming bees, there broods the spirit of poetry. And where man dwells, poetry dwells. It dwells with poverty, and calamity, and ruin; these are the materials of great souls for great themes. Where armies strive, and men drop weltering in agonies of death, there is poetry, because man dares destruction, and is sublime even in his sins. Where men strive in solitary places, or in the desperate contests of civilized life, for power, for wealth, for the very lust of conquests, and in the violence of deadly hatred, there is poetry; for passions and powers in their greatness have a grandeur, however perverted; and out of these elements tragedies are created. Love, jealousy, revenge, cannot be divested of their atmosphere of poetry. Where the widows weep and the orphans droop in neglect, poetry weeps with them. It becomes divine often in sorrow—and generous sympathies have a poetry of tears. The past has its poetry of consecrated deeds and names—the future of magnificent hopes. Religion is poetry, and poetry religion. In our veneration, in our wonder over God's works; in our gratitude for his goodness, poetry is upon us, and about us—bears us into the infinite; gives emotions and words. It is the higher tone of the mind which brings it into sympathy with the best and most beautiful of everything in the universe. For, pervading all things, it is at once in us and around us, and finds alike in the interior and exterior nature, food inexhaustible.

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN.—What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil?—What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Harken to these facts! One of the best editors the *Westminster Review* could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter on the *Times* was a

'A bargain, and my hand and word upon it. And now for the means.'

'Hark you,' said the soldier. 'Do you see this soil and blood upon my clothes, and this wear and tear upon my body? We have had a battle and won it. You know how that will affect the money market!'

'Ha!' exclaimed the stock jobber, staggering back for support against the stone baluster. 'I see! I see! You are not mad! not an enthusiast! not a fool!'

'I told you I was getting worldly wise,' replied the soldier. 'Now do you see how the way lies! how the stakes must be played? Is it not a glorious game?'

'Does any one know? does any one know?' breathlessly exclaimed the stock jobber. 'Are you sure?—sure?'

'As sure as my own existence! We left the battlefield while its smoke had barely rolled away. I accompanied the express, not officially, but by permission, and yesterday I invented an excuse to leave it—talked of home—of love—I know not what—was sickly and sentimental. They thought I was branching off into the country, while I did but leave them to outstrip their speed and hasten to you. Not a soul in this vast metropolis knows a syllable of the matter, and cannot until night, at the soonest. You cannot guess what exertions I have made to outstrip the news. I got here riding express like a madman but an hour ago, and posted myself in front of your dwelling, intending only to wait until the morning fairly dawned before I roused you. I trusted that it was your good genius as well as my own that sent me there, for I saw you, and—'

'No more of that,' said the stock jobber, who was already ashamed of his own cowardly purpose. How wonderfully different men both feel and reason under different circumstances!'

'Stocks have been fearfully depressed,' said old Ellison. 'We must buy to the largest amount. We must buy! buy! buy! How gloriously they will run up to-morrow! Lincoln, we shall make princely fortunes.—We will drain the market to-day, and to-morrow we shall be the richest men in England! There has been a panic over everything. Had Napoleon won his game we should have lost ours!'

'We fought like mad!' said the soldier.—'You will almost smile when I tell you that the commander-in-chief and poor Lieut. Lincoln had everything at stake on that battle field—he all that he had, I all that I hoped for; and we fought accordingly, like frenzied men. When I saw that we had won, I was half wild with hopes and fears, and if they had not permitted me to accompany the express, I should have deserted. I have accomplished my purpose, and now I almost think that I shall die of fatigue. I shall hardly be able to carry these poor limbs away from this spot.'

'You shall go home with me,' said the stock jobber—'you shall go home with me and rest, while I do my day's work. You shall rest whilst I labour. Ah, how I shall labour! To-morrow we shall be rich men?'

'I cannot go home with you,' said Lincoln. 'I could not see Isabella in this guise; I should frighten and disgust her. No, I will drag myself into the nearest hotel, and sleep away the hours, whilst you are sweeping our treasury of gold.'

'Promise me one thing,' said the stock jobber—'promise me that you will never hint or breathe a word to Isabella or any other person of the wild madness that possessed me this night.'

'On my honour,' said the soldier. 'And now go and buy up everything before you.'

'Never doubt me,' replied the stock jobber. 'I will buy! buy! buy! To-morrow we shall be two of the richest men in England. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!'

Everybody thought the old stock jobber mad on that day which came ushered in as apparently the last of his credit and the last of his existence, buying up the market to such a vast extent as he did. Very cunning men looked knowingly at each other, winked, and shook their heads, and whispered together, and then offered to do business with him. And old Ellison accepted all their offers, so that at the close of the day there was a general opinion current on the Stock Exchange, that the old jobber had turned out an old fool.

A week after this, great wedding festivities were celebrated in Bedford Square. Isabella made the prettiest bride in the world in her blonde and white satin, and Lieutenant Lincoln one of the most gallant of bridegrooms. Everybody said how handsome was the one, and how fortunate was the other; but the great wonder was at old Ellison's extreme disinterestedness and generosity. It was little less than miraculous that a city stock jobber should give away his daughter and a hundred thousand pounds to a mere lieutenant, who had not a farthing in the world besides his pay. Yet so it was; and the world declared that the old stock jobber was the most liberal man that ever was born, and the young lieutenant the most lucky; and as this was never disproved, the world of course must have been quite as right as usual in its own opinion.

VARIETY OF CHARACTER.—All is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond—yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower—yet it is valuable. So different persons have different grades of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.—*Wilberforce.*

weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herdboyc in Rhyndia; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler at Huntly; the leading mechanist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clarke, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a labourer at the pestle and mortar at Montrose; Mr. M'Gregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire, and a poor Schoolmaster in P. E. Island; Mr. Wilson, the member for Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

A GENTLE HINT.—A country parson who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the Church one Sabbath morning met one of the most wealthy of his flock and asked the loan of a dollar. 'Certainly,' said the man handing over the coin. The parson put it into his pocket and preached his sermon in a capital style, and on coming down handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it.—'Why,' exclaimed the lender, 'you have not used the money at all.' 'It has been of great service to me, nevertheless,' replied the parson. 'I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket.'—The hint was taken and the balance of his salary made out the next day.

A HINT WITTILY GIVEN.—'Does your arm pain you sir?' asked a young lady, of a gentleman who had seated himself near her in a mixed assembly and thrown his arm across the back of her chair and touched her neck.

'No, Miss, it does not; but why do you ask?'

'I noticed it was considerably out of place, sir,' replied she; 'that's all.'

The arm was removed.

GOT NO FRIEND.—We were travelling through Canada, says a contemporary, in the winter of 1839; and after a long day's ride, stopped at the Lion Inn; and the contents of the stage numbering about nine persons, soon gathered round the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the room we observed an ill looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few minutes, the landlord entered, and observing the specimen of the canine species, remarked,

'Fine dog, that! Is he yours, sir?' appealing to one of the passengers.

'No, sir.'

'Beautiful dog, yours sir,' addressing himself to a second.

'No!' was the blunt reply.

'Come here, Pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?'

'No,' was the reply.

'Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?'

'No, he does not,' was the answer.

'Then he is yours, and you have a treasure, (throwing the animal a cracker.)'

'Nothing of the kind.'

'Oh! (with a smile,) he belongs to you as a matter of course?' addressing himself to the last passenger.

'Wouldn't own him as a gift.'

'Then, you infernal, dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, get out,' and with that the host gave the poor dog such a kick, as sent the animal yelling into the street, amid the roars of the company.

SPEECH MAKING.—Who has not known a pleasant party, utterly done for—every element of its pleasantness extinguished by the demon of speech-making throwing its wet blanket over it. The interesting conversation—the smartly maintained argument—the quick repartee—the good-humoured badinage, all paralysed in a moment by some unhappy speech-maker, who rises from his chair, like a ghost through a trap-door, and in an unflinching stolid voice asks permission to propose a toast. It is granted of course. You know that all is over—the blow has been struck—enjoyment is lying sprawling under the table, dying or dead. You may as well take your hat and go home disconsolately in the rain; you know what will follow. You know that the wretch is going to propose your host's health—you know all that a creature of the kind says—he is always sure the toast he is about to give, requires no comment—that its object requires no eulogium from him to make them all do that toast due honour. They all know their friend—their excellent—their valued friend—and that as surely as he is known he is esteemed—that they all can and do appreciate those many excellent qualities which have so generally endeared him, either as a husband, a father, or a friend. Knowing this, and feeling this, he did believe himself called upon to, &c. &c. &c. All the common place cant of compliment is duly gone through; and the deuce of it is, that the matter don't end there. The toastee (there is no law against coining words as against coining half-crowns) is in duty bound to return thanks, which process he performs by disclaiming *seriatim* all the flattery lavished upon him, and too often winding up by plastering it more upon another, who in his turn repeats the interesting operation. And so it goes round: the mania is as catching as the small-pox. Everybody proposes everybody else's