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SELECTED POETRY.

FIRMNESS.

BY PHEBE CARY.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try.
He thought to frighten me with frowns,
So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly beside:
I won't forget him after that—
I wouldn't if I died.
If I was wrong, what right had he
To be so cross with me;
I know I'm not an angel, quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once;
And now, when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she did not pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear,
I wish that other girl of his
Was—well, I don't care where.

He thought that she was pretty too—
Was beautiful so good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could?
I know she would—and there she is—
She lives almost in sight,
And now, its after nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to night!

I'd almost write to him to come—
But then I've said I won't;
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him, if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
I wish he'd come to-night.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

EFFIE AND THE SHOEMAKER'S APPRENTICE.

BY OUR FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Not many years ago, in one of the principal streets of our city, and directly opposite where, one spring and summer, I was boarding, standing between two stately edifices, occupied by people of consideration in the commercial world, was an old hovel of a building, a tumble-down affair, such as are allowed to stand as relics of old Knickerbocker's prime, which interested me much.

Supported by its strong neighbors, or rather jammed in between them, though seeming in constant effort to rest its rickety frame upon the earth, the building still consisted of four stories, the various floors of which reveled in various inclinations from the horizontal.

Its interest, however, lay, not so much in the poverty-smitten dwelling itself, as in its ostensibly more poverty-smitten occupants.

The first floor presented an unostentatious shop where tins of all sizes were exhibited for sale, and the second floor was occupied by what appeared to be the family of the tinner.

A sign on the front door proclaimed the fact that boots and shoes were mended and made by John Keenan, and those who wished their understandings repaired or refitted, were directed to the third floor. From the high window of my sleeping apartment I could see pretty much all that transpired in the cobbler's den; the cobbler himself a savage monster, whose inhuman acts made the blood curdle with pity and horror within my veins. Two poor, pale, and somewhat crippled lads, whom I judged to be of the respective ages of sixteen and nineteen years, toiled away at the thread and the last from the first dawn of the day until far into the night, rarely ever getting an opportunity to go into the street, were the especial objects against which the fury of the "boss" shoemaker seemed most enkindled. In spite of their incessant industry, I often saw the monster, the white Algerine tyrant, their master in the fits of semi-intoxication which daily overtook him, beating with a leathern strap the almost bare backs of the poor famished slaves under his control, and frequently sending them, with his clenched hand, measuring their length upon the floor.

I was scarcely sorry to guess, from the appearance about the place, and upon observing one morning a vacant seat in the workshop, where the youngest of the boys had sat, that one of the lads was at length free from his bondage, and forever beyond the reach of the monstrous inhumanity to which he was subject

The funeral was over, and the other young man worked on the same as ever, but it seemed to me the savage master had grown somewhat tamer, his conscience probably reproaching him as having been the means of a human being's death.

But of all that interested me most in this poverty stricken abode, were the occupants of the fourth floor: or rather, one of its occupants, I should have said, The floor seemed to be inhabited by several small families, and their evidences of meager poverty were in keeping with the rest of the establishment. At the low open window of one of the small rooms in front, I often saw the rather unromantic spectacle of an old woman sitting with her bare feet on the window sill, and sipping her tea. But it was at the window of the other small room in front that the object of my chief speculation appeard, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, partly behind the rude and meager apology for curtain. Early in the morning, for a short time, she appeared, and always with a small book in her hand, as though reading; and late in evening, also, through the folds of the curtain, I often saw the shadow of her graceful form flitting across the room. Occasionally she approached close to the window, and the dim tallow candle that lighted her room gave me a glimpse of one of the sweetest, saddest face I remember ever to have seen.

How a young, beautiful creature, who seemed by nature so well fitted to grace the highest walks of life, should have come to make that old hotchpotch hovel her home as seemed to be the case, standing out in such marked contrast, in all things save poverty, from all around her, was to me a mystery of no small importance. Yet such was the case. I saw her day after day.

She seemed not more than sixteen, and was always dressed in neatly fitting clothes, very tastefully arranged, and though of the cheapest fabrics, also of most modern patterns. In fact she appeared an angel among wretched mortals; and, with her lovely face and form, she seemed like one who was gradually being spirited away to avoid the rudeness and harshnes which surrounded her. Her features were finely turned and distinctly marked; her eyes large, dark and full, speaking out from beneath her noble forehead, to tell of intelligence of nature, of a great soul and a warm heart, swaying the impulses of a form that seemed too celestial in its mien to endure long among the coarse, rude clay around her.

The weather had become very warm, and my patients for the most part being out of town, and the city being provokingly healthy, I had very little else to do than to sit at the front window of my office below stairs,, or at my front chamber window above stairs, and read books and humanity.

For several days I had missed from her window the beautiful occupant of the fourth story, also the regular out-going and in-coming of the beautiful girl. I had for weeks observed that she always left the house just after her appearance at the window with her book in her hand, early in the morning, and returned again long after dusk in the evenings, though in the street she was so closely veiled that I could not catch a glimpse even of her pale, sweet countenance.

It was the fourth day after I had missed the fair object of my particular study, that the surviving apparentice of the shoemaker rang my effice bell, to request me to call over the way. His "boss" wanted me to see "Effie"—that he thought she was dying.

I arrived in the rickety house, and in the small fourth story room, in time to see the pure spirit of the object of my manifold speculations breathe her last; and so transparent and unearthy she looked, in her matchless beauty, that I could scarcely rid myself of the impression that she was a spirit in truth, and not a piece of clay hat must yield to the crumbling of corruption.

But what had the brutal, demi-savage—the coarse, hard, druken shoemaker—to do with her? He accompanied me up into her room, saw her gentle spirit depart, and offered me a fee for my call, which I shudderingly declined.

"He cannot be her farther," mentally ejaculated I, as I pulled off my boots, prior to encasing myself in my bachelor bed. The mystery was greater to me than ever; but of one thing I felt certain, that beautiful, spiritual girl could not be the daughter of the beastly man.

On the afternoon of the next day I repaired up town to Dr. ——'s who was giving a course of private lectures on anatomy, to a favored few, at his own private residence. He had a succession of subjects for dissection, which he made an especial point to obtain; and after the lecture was over this day, and all the students had departed, Dr. —— took me into an inner office, to show me what he called a "remarkably fine subject for dissection," which he was going to offer to the class on the succeeding afternoon.

As soon as I laid out smoothly and decently upon the table, I recognized it at once as that of the young girl I had seen die, and in whom I had taken such a deep interest.

"How did you come be this body?" exclaimed I, suddenly grasping the arm of the worthy doctor.

Seeing my strange earnestness, he asked me in a mysterious manner if I had known the subject when alive.

"Yes; now tell me where you procured it."

"Well, to satisfy your curiosity, I bought it of the sexton of the—church, who sold the body in the name of the father of the girl. It appears he (the father of the dead girl) is very poor or very miserly, and to avoid the expense of burying his daughter, sold her body, sharing halt and half with the sexton who assisted him. All things lawful in a fair trade, you know.' And the doctor gave what seemed me a very heartless laugh. But so accustomed was he to "trade" of like nature, that he looked upon a dead body very much as he would a finely elaborated maniken.

I still continued to gaze upon the vision before me. Not a feature of the beautiful girl had altered. The same heavenly smile irrndiated her countenance which I had seen at the moment of he death. I bent over her more closely. The resemblance to one sleeping was so strong, that I could not fancy her in aught but a gentle sleep.

"Dr. ——," exclaimed I, as with a conviction, "this girl is not dead. See the faint tinge of pink suffusing her cheeks. And mark, also, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, here is not the slightest sign of decomposition about her."

"I believe you are right," uttered he in reply, after some moments silence, during which he had carefully felt the skin of the girl and examined her in other ways.

"There is even a slight moisture on this looking-glass," continued he, as he held a pocket-glass before her halt-parted lips. "Whatever she may become, she evidently is not yet dead."

All the united skill of which we were master, was however, exhausted in endeavoring to restore her animation.

It had grown to be dusk, and finding all our efforts unsuccessful we bore the slender body of the girl into a room still further within and laying her on a spotless couch, Dr. —— lighted a small lamp and placed it upon the mantle. He then deposited a glass and pitcher of water upon a stand near the bed, also a small decanter of light wine, and some fruit and biscuit, saying. "She may awake in the night and want a drink." Then leaving the room together, he turned the key of the door, and withdrawing it placed it in his pocket.

With a promise to call next morning, I left for my own lodgings.

I had been in my office but a short time, when a ring at my bell proclaimed a visitor. It was the pale apprentice who had called me in the day before to see "Effie."

"If I tell you something, doctor, will you promise that my 'boss' shall not beat me? Will you get me another if I run away?" demanded the young man, with frightened looks.

"That depends upon the importance of what you tell me," I replied.

"It is about Effie."

"Yes," answered I, thoroughly interested. "Go on, I will make the promise you ask."

"You will get me another place?"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"And the the boss shall not touch me!"

"Not a hair of your head."

"Well, then, Effie was not his daughter."

"Just what I supposed; go on."

"He stole her when she was a little girl from the nurse, who was carrying her out to walk. He stole her for the quanity of jewelry and lace she had on. I found out all obout it. His wife took a fancy to the child, and brough her upt as her own. She was taught the drees-making trade, and for the last few years has brought in boss and the old woman a pretty penny from her earnings."

"How do you hnow all this?"

"I have heard boss and the old woman talking it over many a time."

"Do you know who the parents of Effie are?"

"Yes; they are Mr. and Mrs. ——, who are monstrous rich, and live in Union Place."

"Can you prove this?"

"Yes, for another person knows all about it."

"Who!"

"The old woman in the fourth story, who sometimes binds shoes for boss. This old woman has one of the little shoes that belong to Effie, and a locket with her name engraved upon it. Boss and his wife don't know that the old woman has the locket."

"How do you know?"

"O, I know all that goes on in the house;" and the young man smiled significantly.

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I was afraid."

"Why do you tell me now?"

"Because you looked so kind and compassionately at poor Effie, when you came to see her. And then her parents ought to have her to bury her, for I overheard boss tell his old woman that he had sold Effie's body to the doctors. It is not horrible?"

"You can sleep in my office to-night. The old tyrant across the streets can't do anything with you, for I can silence his claim by avowing his cruelty to you. You can go with me early to-morrow to see a friend up town. I must get the deposition of the womon on the fourth floor as soon as possible. Do you think she will be willing to tell all she knows of this affair?"

"O, yes, for old Lucy hates the boss for his wickedness to poor Effie and to his boys."

The next morning early, after dressing the apprentice, who was tall, or rather long, for his age, in a cast-off suit throughout of my own, and brushing his fine, brown hair, and placing a respectable beaver upon his head, I bid him to accompany me to Dr. ——'s

His own mother would not have known him in his metamorphosis, much less his boss over the way. He looked really handsome.

The first thing Dr. —— said to was:

"She lives."

"When did she return to consciousness?' asked I.

"About daybreak. I felt so uneasy about her that I watched more or less with her the night through, and this morning early she opened her eyes—two of the most beautiful and soul-stirring eyes I ever beheld. My wife is with her now, for I told her of the strange circumstance of her suspended tife, and her recovery."

"I have found the girl's real parents. They are the ——s, of Union Place."

"She does not look like the daughter of clodhoppers," replied Dr ——

I went into the room where the young girl was lying. She recognized me at once, and also the apprentice, who was mute with astonishment, and she smiled sweetly, but said nothing. She had not yet spoken, and seemed like one in a delicious dream. Her eyes wandered from the white linen of her bed to the beautiful pictures upon the walls, and the many marks of taste about the room, and then they would glance upon the benevolent, handsome face of Dr. ——'s good wife, who was chafing Effie's pale hands with cologne, and performing various other gentle offices. And then the lustrous brown eyes would turn upon me, and then upon the apprentice, with a look half of inquiry and half dreamy content.

Dr. —— went with me and the apprentice to the abode designated by the latter as belonging to Effie's parents.

To make a story of much circumlocution and length short, the old cobbler was brought to justice. The old woman of the fourth story (whese feet I had ofien seen out on the window sill) was the main testimony against him.

The young apprentice, whose name was Ludwig, I took in my office. He was the son of a poor widow woman who "had once seen better days;" who belonged, in fact, to a noble family in Germany, but, marrying imprudently, was left in most indigent circumstances in this city, and had no alternative but to apprentice her son out. He is now (so strange are fate's chances) a physician of more than ordinary skill, his industry and application being tireless, and his natural capacity being far beyond the gifts allotted to the generality of persons.

He is also the happy husband of the beautiful Effie, whose grateful heart remembered the many little acts of kindness he lavishen upon her when he was the poor 'prentice boy, and she the hard-stitching dressmaker's girl.

Proud as Effie's parents are of their daughter and their wealth, they are just as proud of their handsome, gentlemanly, learned and successful son-in-law. The whole family, with the newly married pair, moved several years since to the Far West and happy in themselves, they rejoice in the goodness of that mysteriously working Providence who restored the lost daughter to her parents,and the bereaved parents to their long looked for daughters.

FUNNY SCENE ON A NEW YORK FERRY BOAT.—The terry boat between New York and Jersy city some time ago, was the scene of an occurrence not very often witnessed.

On Friday week, at noon the day being particularly pleasant, and the lady passengers, which by the way, comprised only about a dozen, were seated upon the benches enjoying the scenery. Pretty soon a shout was heard.

"Mien Cot! Mien Cot! vife is going to be schick."

Instanter the ladies all rushed into the ladies cabin, and sure enongh, there sat a florid specimen of parturition with great patience. The husband was speedily turned out of the cabin by the ladies, one of whom kept watch at the door while the others made preparations to receive the expected stranger. Of course we cannot enter into the details of this subject, for we were on the outside observing the husband, who begged lustily for admission.

"Oh, mien Cot!" he shouted through the door. "Keep a stiff upper lip. Katrain; ton't be schairt. "O, mien Cot!" and he danced around the deck in a perfect fever of excitement.

It was impossible to quiet him, until in a few minutes, one of the ladies informed him, though without granting admission, that "it was all over."

"Ish it a poy or gal?" he shouted.

"It is a girl," said the lady sentinel, anxious for a little amusement.

"Oh! dunder!" was the vexed reply.

"No matter, a gal is petter as nofin."

"It's a boy," again said the lady.

"Vot, is it changed—vos it a gall vonst, and now a leetle poy?"

"No."

"Thousand tnyfels! vot is it den?

"There are two—a boy and a girl. You had better procure a carriage when the boat lands."

"Oh, dat 'ish goot! Dat is better as goot, a poy and a gal mit one job. Katrain is some pumpkins and I always knew it."

And the happy husband disappeared in search of a cab to conduct his family homeward.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.—About the time of the election in one of the Eastern States, and while party spirit ran high, an energetic Know-Nothing canvasser had, in a very fiery speech, worked the foreign population up to a point of indignation past all endurance. The day following, as a crowd of Irishmen were collected in the street, brooding over their fancied wrongs, a gentleman, noted for his eccentricities, advanced among them, and to their great delight, commenced a violent denunciation of the new party.

Beneath his magic influence his audience became, in their own estimation, the pillars of the republic, and as he warmed in his subject, cheer after cheer burst from the excited throng.

"Who," asked he, "build our railroads?"

"Irishmen!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"Who dig our canals?"

"Irishmen!"

"Who build our State prisons and almshouses?"

"Irishmen!" loudly thundered a hundred voices.

"Who *fill* them?"

Waiting in vain for a reply, their whilom champion, clenching his fists, shouted:

"IRISHMEN—YOU DEVILS—IRISHMEN!"

.... A gentleman who has been courting a lady for ten years, says the reason he don't get married is because he shan't have any place to spend his evenings.

.... "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said a gentleman, who was about hiring a boy the other day, "but you were born in Ireland."—"Och your honor, if that's all," said the boy, "small blame to that. Suppose your cat was to have kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread."

THE RACE HORSE "FRANKFORT" SOLD.—P. Swigert, Esq., has sold his fine four year old colt, "Frankfort," bo imported "Glencoe," out of "Mary Morris," for sum of five thousand dollars, to Calvin Green Esp., praprietor of the Broad Rock Course near the city of Richmond, Virginia. Frankfort has already started for his new home, where he is soon to run for a large stake of eight entries, four mile heats,

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GREEK.—ae osog arths*oecüöeaambaü rthp eelitsürt*eric— roua Tito—Pl.