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Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The weather has been very fine; our "Indian Summer," with its fine skies, fine, airy and hazy horizon, having come upon us earlier than usual. *Montreal Gazette, Oct.* 12.

There is a time just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn, in a reverie lost,
The mellow day-time dreams away;
When Summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense, ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland's shade;
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his sceptre and his throne;
With boisterous hands the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles and thinks it's all for him.

Selected Miscellany.

THE BOX-TUNNEL—A FACT.

A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READE.

The 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly-marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose, for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck—so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *soupcon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pigtails, on which soul is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke the color of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick or hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in his proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have none; in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women.—Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis*, and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going with us to Bath, and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done!" "Done!" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but "nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford, one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger, and returned to it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day; he bought a *Times* and a *Punch;* the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and wood-*cuts*. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now, laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon, it was a talking match—at Swindon, who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chikened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to their carriage, one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader had it been you or I, the beauty would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downwards on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained *tete a tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how empresse, how expressive, he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer. Presently our Captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn. "We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" inquired the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it's a gentleman's joke."

"Oh! I don't mind it's being silly, if it makes me laugh."

Captain Dolignan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: A lady and her husband sat together, going through the Box Tunnel. There was one gentleman opposite, and it was pitch dark. After the tunnel had been passed through, the lady said: "George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!"—"I did no such thing!" "You did'nt?"—"No! why?" "Why, because somehow I thought you did!"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done.

The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. "Ah!"

Dolignan. "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn. "I am frightened."

Dolignan, (moving to her side,) "Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss Haythorn. "You are near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan."

Dolignan. "You know my name!"

Miss Haythorn. "I heard your friend mention it, I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignan. "I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorn. "Nonsense."

Dolignan. "Pweep!"

(Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty girl you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss Haythorn. "Ee! Ee! Oh!"

Friend. "What's the matter, dear?"

Miss Haythorn. "Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer, with all the insolence I can command at present, "Hit boys as big as yourself." bigger, perhaps such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost a part of its effect, because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath, our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot, a look of gentle blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentleman like word or action, as to brush his own trowsers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the Major. "but fortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he is thirty-five; you, I presume, are thirty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: "It can't be!" "Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name;) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful, and almost twice as large, as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely, she made him ill, and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing; but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him. She did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence.—Dolignan at last found himself injured:—"Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so?" "He had never kissed her, I swear!" "I believe [illegible]" as the demure reply.

Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt somehow that the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit, and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insult her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the term. The lady's name, however, was at least revealed by this untoward accident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crest fallen hero lay in wait at her door—and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest parade. Dolignan did the same; he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment. For all this she walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone. Then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous, for the first time besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was; and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been commenced in her name.—She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime?

"She did not know!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where *everybody was to be*." They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and, in the usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, "It was all right, and his visiter might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room.—He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness that encouraged him; that consciousness deepened into confusion; she tried to laugh; she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of Captain this and Miss the other.

A reasonable time after this, (for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays,) these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before, duck-like and delicious, all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time, instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from under her long eye-lashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then! you remember the Box Tunnel?" (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10, with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies; and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

"I know that, George; I ove heard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet? How singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did, you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then, who brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you was forgetting me!"

"Sweet angel! why here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now, reader—fie! no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time you come to a dark place; besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people; no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

WORK.—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, ever so mammonish or mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth; to nature's appointments and regulations which are truth. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S THOUGHT. — Jem — "Spos'n you was to be turned into an animal, what would you like to be, Bill?"

Bill—"Oh! I'd like to be a lion, because he's so—"

Little Tom, (who has had some recent painful experience at school, interrupting eagerly)—On! no, don't you be a lion, Bill; be a wasp—and then you can sting the schoolmaster!"

WHAT IS MAN?—A young lady answers—"A thing to waltz with; a thing to flirt with; to take one to places of amusement; to laugh at; to be married to; to pay one's bills; to keep one comfortable." Not far from the truth.

"Do you profess religion?" "No, sir; I profess my faith, and paactice my religion."

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

FARMING AS A FINE ART.

Edward Everett, who touches nothing that he does not adorn, delivered the address before the New York Agricultural Society, on the 9th of October. We take pleasure in transferring the closing portion to our columns:

"One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well-situated, well-cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with unwearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a selection of the most fertile land in the West would not purchase a few square feet of the canvas on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene.—But Nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows, never mingled on his pallet.—What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye, or gratify the taste, than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the northwestern winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which imparts variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges round three fourths of the horizon or a fertile expanse, bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or a gleaming lake—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire—and if the farm lies in the vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse, from the high grounds, of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be easily accessible to the church, the school-house, the post office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a travelling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden.

"A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience, and nothing for ambition—with the fitting appendage of stable and barn, and corn barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water—occupies upon a gravelly knoll a position well chosen to command the whole estate. A few acres on the front and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give us the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur, never painted, roam the pastures, or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plough walks in rustic majesty across the plain and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels; while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we cannot see, goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells ferment with elemental life; germ, and stalk, and flower, and silk, and tassel, and grain, and fruit, grow up from the common earth; the mowing machine and the reaper, mute rivals of man's industry, perform their gladsome task; the well-piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed-time and harvest, shall not fail."

How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggermen wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicts wished they had tarried! Single or double, life's full of trouble—riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

COULDN'T OBEY THE SCRIPTURES.—Two boys were fighting on Baltimore street a few days ago, when a gentleman seeing the larger one pummeling the other rather severely, seized him and pulled him in his store. The boy in a blubbering tone said "look, he has given me a black eye," and started to re-attack him.

"Stop," said the gentleman, detaining him, "don't you know we are commanded by the Scriptures, when smitten on one cheek to turn the other?"

"Yes," replied the boy, still blubbering, "that would be a d——l of a note; then I'd have two black eyes."—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A GOOD CONGRESSIONAL STORY.

The Hon. T. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, is writing a series of very interesting reminiscences of his Congressional life, which are published in the Indiana *State Journal*. Here is one:

NORTH CAROLINA INTELLIGENCE.—There arose a personal debate during the session, between Judge Dorsey, of Maryland, and Samuel P. Carson, of North Carolina, which became highly interesting to the House, as it was carried on with the utmost good humor on both sides. It was evident, however, that Judge Dorsey had decidedly the advantage of his North Carolina competitor. The debate ultimately turned upon the comparative intelligence of the constituents of these gentlemen. Mr. Carsod had charged that the people of the eastern shore of Maryland were ignorant of the history of the country, owing to their inability to read or write, and closed with a most ludicrous account of the subserviency of the Marylanders to the supposed great men of the country. The good humor of the House seemed to be on the side of North Carolina, when Judge Dorsey rose to reply, his face covered with fun; John Leeds Kerr, afterwards United States Senator, whispered in my ear: "Dorsey says funny things." I give a sketch of his speech from recollection: "The gentleman says my constituents are ignorant and illiterate; I will not retort upon those who sent him here, but relate a few facts and leave the House to judge between us. Dates are important. The late war was declared in 1812, and the British army ingloriously burned the capitol in 1814, to the lasting disgrace of that nation. The whole scene was immediately published in the National Intelligencer, and copied into every paper in the United States.

"The war was over and peace restored by the treaty of Ghent. Just ten years after the burning of the capitol, my business took me into Carolina. I was approaching the principal town when I heard the sound of a fife and drum emerging from a yellow pine woods, near the town, where they were making tar and turpentine. I saw before me the waving plume and the marching, with quick step, of a regiment of men, the stars and stripes borne aloft, with the motto 'North Carolina now and forever," in gilt letters. I rode directly up to the principal hotel, kept by a landlord that evidently lived well, and knew how to entertain his guests if he was pleased with their standing. The moment I was seated on the porch he addressed me: "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" "Why the British have burned the capitol, and our army is moving forward, as you see, to meet the enemy." "When did you get the news? "We got it last night about seven o'clock. That you may understand how this happened, just before the last, we held a great meeting to give information to the people. It was found that there was but one man in the country that could read. He was elected county reader. We then voted to take the National Intelligencer, and that every Saturday afternoon the paper should be publicly read, beginning at the first page and reading it regularly through, advertisements and all; and since then our reader has kept constantly at it every Saturday afternoon. Last night he read the burning of the capitol by the British. We at once flew to arms. The old revolutionary spirit is completely aroused." Dinner was announced, and I took my seat at the head of the table, when out sprang my landlord and in a moment announced that the President of the United States was approaching in a coach and four, with out-riders, and sure enough up drove the coach with four splendid grays, and out-riders in full livery. The distinguished personage stepped from the coach, and was bowed into the parlor by my landlord, hat in hand. Curiosity led me to place one ear to the opening. The landlord bowed to the floor—"The President of the United States, I presume?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of State?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of War?" "Not exactly." "The Secretary of the Navy?" "Not exactly." "The Governor of North Carolina?" "Not exactly." "Joseph Gales, the editor of the National Intelligencer?" "Not exactly." Then raising his voice and stamping his foot, "Who in the thunder are you?" "I am a merchant tailor from Washington City, and have come here to collect some bills." "You can pass on; I have no room for you." The Judge closed amidst thunders of applause; his triumph was complete. Mr. Carson laughed heartily, and the matter ended in the best of personal feeling.

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.