

THE VIOLET.

Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride—
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom: what plant I tried,
And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower;
I placed it in the sun;
And ever at the evening hour.
My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread the small buds grew,
How slow they seemed to be,
At last there came a tinge of blue—
'Twas worth the world to me!

At length the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three—they seemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fair
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's word has been long o'erthrown,
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.

The Misadventure of Pat Rooney.

Pat Rooney, a good, honest specimen from the Green Isle, had been scarcely a week a resident of his 'adopted country,' when he came to the conclusion that it took 'devil's own clever chap' to get along in it. He was completely bewildered by the bustle which surrounded him on all sides.

'Great country,' said he, 'be me sowl ye may say that with a clear conscience, at any rate, it takes a mighty cute fellow entirely to elbow himself into the crowd here, an' the streets, too, *och navrone*, they're as long as Nelly Grey's conscience and Father Regan—God be wid the dear man, rest his soul—said there was never an end to that.'

'Wal,' said a bystander, who overheard Pat's remarks; 'wal, stranger, the streets are long, are they? Guess they ain't nothin' shorter.'

'Troth, an' I wish they wor,' ejaculated Pat, with a very earnest nod of the head.

'You do—do you—eh?'
'Are you troubled with a deafness, mister?'

At what?'

'A deafness,' roared Pat, accompanying his shout with an indication of his hand to his ear.

'A deafness?—well, no—guess not.'

'Well, thin, efver not, what are ye axin me over agin fur; didn't I tell ye the streets wor too long?'

'I know you did.'

'Blur an' ages! is it humbuggin my yar—taking advantage of a poor boy—musha bad luck from ye, but it's aisy seein what yar, ye spaldeen—'

'Take it easy, Pat.'

'If I had ye on the Galtee mountains, be dad, I'd take ye aisy, but these streets—purshuin to them—they've bent my legs into sally switches, and two as good looking legs they wor as aver kept time on ould Keeley's chaunther; not all as one as your pipe-stoppers iv shanks—the Lord be betune them an all harm—for devil a much lainer they could be any how,' and Pat scanned his neighbor's legs with a droll look of pity and humor and, after a slight pause, resumed:

'Och! I wish I was at forty-second street, an' I'd be in dacinter company than howlin a palaver wid me infarors than I know nothin about—yis, faith, an he's the lad, too, that wouldn't see an innocent boy med fun ov to the skin ov his own good lookin face, by any ill lookin lanthorn jaw with whiskers—'

'Then you have a friend in Forty-second street, have ya?'

'No, I havn't divil a friend.'

'I thought you said you had.'

'Do you mean to tell me afore my very eyes that I'm asleep? I never said I had a friend, but it's my brother, if you want to know—my own brother Ned Rooney.'

'Wal, why in thunder don't you go to him and fetch him along?'

'G'd to him, indeed—it's ever so far; an I was all day yesterday walkin an couldn't find it; this Bowery—as yez call it, an niver a shrub in it aither—is so straight I'll niver get out ov it.'

'Why don't you take the stage?'

'Is it turn play actor, and have my sow! wandherin about the next world like a will-o'-the-whisp, or maybe have my head bruk wid a clout av St. Fathers boys—glory to him—whin I be peepin into heaven. Play ahor! but ye must be a haythen—didn't Father Regan tell me they wor all as one as bad characters an my be worse.'

'He did, heh?'

'Didn't I tell ye this minnit he did, what are ye dhramain about?'

'Then you won't take the stage?'

'Divil a stage.'

'Then you'll hav to walk.'

'What news ye have—don't I know it myself?'

'Well.'

'Be me sowl, tan't well!'

'Then there's a stage will take you near your brother's,' and the speaker pointed to an omnibus just approaching.

'What do ye mane pointin to the carriage?'

'Wal, you are green; that's a stage—an omnibus; it will carry you up to 42d street. Hello, driver!' said he beckoning the omnibus. Then turning to Pat, he said—

'Get in thar and yer all right.'

Pat looked at him in astonishment; but appearances favoring the words of the stranger, a light flashed across his brain and he concluded that he must be a ninny-hammer to be argyfin wid a man that must know the ins and out of it.

'Excuse me, mister,' said he, 'faith you're the right sort afer all; you see I thought you wor joking. I'm oblaeged to ye—give us yer phisit!' and Pat shook the stranger mightily by the hand.

'Drop him at 42d street,' said the latter to the driver, as Pat was getting in.

'Niver mind dropping me,' shouted Pat and turning a laughing face to the stranger, he said, 'Och ye theivin blackguard ye must be up to yer thricks!' then shouting to the driver, 'I'll git out meself, widout dropping,' he went in amid the laughter of folks inside, and edged himself to a forward seat.

'Troth, this is mighty convenient,' remarked Pat, after a silence of a few minutes, which he employed in a silent inquiry into dimensions, pictures, and other 'fixins' of the stage and the people there congregated.

'God save ye!' said he to a genteel young man, whose eye Pat caught fixed upon him. The person to whom Pat's salutation was addressed occupied a seat near the door, and upon the opposite side. 'God save ye, sir!' said Pat again, and louder, thinking that the distance between them prevented his hearing.

'Thank you,' responded the young man with a smile.

'Thank ye kindly,' resumed Pat, 'may be yer goin' to Forty-second street?'

'No, I am not; don't go so far.'

'Then ye don't know my brother, Ned Rooney?'

'I havn't that pleasure,' replied the interrogated, humorin Pat.

'More's the pity, then for he's as clane and decent a lad as ivver stept out in shoo-leather.'

'I don't doubt it, and so is his brother, remarked the young fellow, who was rather a wag.

'Thank ye kindly,' says Pat, quite awake to compliment; 'faix, it's aisy knowin' a gentleman.'

Here Pat was cut short by his new friend pulling the strap. As the omnibus hauled up the young man handed the fare to pat to the driver; but Pat not quite up the usages of stage life, thought it was meant for himself, and in a most eloquent manner offered his thanks for the donation.

'Thre for me indeed; aye, faith, its aisy to know the gentlemen. Thank ye, sir. You must be of the rale ould shtock.'

Sure you know what a poor boy wants in a furin country. Long life to yer honor! And he tipped his hat with one hand, as he was about putting the sixpence in his pocket with the other, when a naturalized fellow-countryman undeceived poor pat, amid the shouts of the party.

'I would do anything to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you, said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. 'Well, sir, go there and stay, and I shall be pleased.'

The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop!

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