

POETICAL.



A late number of the Saturday squibs away at the general fuss and rejoicing at the birth of the young Prince, and says that the following additional verses were sung at various places to 'God save the King'.

Good Lord, how glad are we,
A Prince of Wales to see—
For him we'll fight
Make him victorious,
For pluck notoriety,
And we'll get glorious!

This blessed night,
May it please thee to bless
And comfort the Princess,
With grace mount
Protect her against all foes,
Since we must first suppose
Her pretty little nose
Is out of joint!

O! may we never win
At cost of our young Prince,
Who come to town,
The witch who dares to say
He'd rather be away,
And won't get drunk to-day,
We'll knock him down!

Right heartily we hail
Another Prince of Wales,
A babe of grace,
We'll sell out every rap—
To pay for milk and pap—
God bless that little chap,
And all his race!

Poetical Similes.

She died in beauty—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty—like a pearl
Dropped from some chadern,
She died in beauty—like a lay
Among a mountain lake.
She died in beauty—like the song
Of birds and the breeze,
She died in beauty—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty—like a star
Lost in the brow of day;
She lives in glory—like night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory—like the sun
And the blue of June!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Jacques Cocosthe Hunchback Philosopher.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocost, then eleven years old, escaped from the plying hands of Martin Fleau the miller, who casting a compassionate glance at Cocost's unseemly load, exclaimed:

"Well, the saints have burdened thee enough—go, I would not beat a hunchback!"

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the thankful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter-heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed comrade to the vengeance of the despoiled.

The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocost, the hunchback, went his way unharmed.

Jacques Cocost grew up, the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humor turned bitterness itself into merriment, and with at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

"Out ye up of deformity!" cried Cocost's stepmother at least once a day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would meekly cry:

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocost made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such a friendship. He could read, write and cipher to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocost's father took sudden in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocost's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocost, the notary's wife having pitifully informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocost sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet companions with his book.

Some four years passed on—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the

fair-haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her in her flight her husband's clerk! Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revellings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocost joined in no abuse, but with a fine charity for the experience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables.

"Thank God for my hunch!" Jacques Cocost was now a pains-taking philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shopboard could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart, and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays, lead thereby his own high-heartedness, and of late, furthermore, urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicie, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocost! Fly the sweet portion! You know not the falsehood of those azure lips—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Felicie laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst her poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaunts like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocost knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Now was it otherwise.

The eyes of Felicie had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocost should henceforth be the best and most critical customer to Jacques Cocost. If Felicie had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and hold it worthy of her who had selected it as her own. As for his hunch that was gone, yes, vanished and melted into the sunlight of Felicie's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocost would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar; his vestments now barred and spotted and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicie, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidently clap their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocost the blissful Adam of the fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocost were opened, and he saw his forlornness. It was a day of *adieu*. In the pride of his heart, and in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicie, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving—so complying—so tender! The next dance might be at their own wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming Sunday! He, the hunchback, buoyed by his loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers assembled. The fiddles sound. Jacques Cocost, in all the glory of a new suit, burning like a peacock in a conflict of colors, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Felicie the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger with vice-like power gripes the nose of Jacques Cocost, and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles bursts from the merry-makers. Jacques Cocost, with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet French measure, with fierce eyes and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers, with arms akimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocost is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—on, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickednesses, ye haunted prisons! Felicie, the baker's daughter advanced to Hercule, and courtesying, and putting her hand in his—his hand, yet warm from the outraged nose of her doating lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favor on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocost. He quitted the scene of his past happiness, and in an agony of despair wandered, a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocost! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback! Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by overladen shoulders! What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight-backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, and excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocost, go home. Sleep not in the fields at nights. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain, your head has grown too little for your hat—but up man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shopboard, thread your needle, heat your goose, and busy away!

A friendly Genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocost, for ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated at his work, and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would sigh frequently and look with tender gaze upon their future husband—and the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription with the hunchback, the danger, the wound and death combined in the word of Jacques Cocost? He was not a comely morsel for glory; he was not worthy of the powder and shot bestowed upon prettier men. No, he was seen in his deformity; his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocost, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town hall of the arrondissement and learn the fortune of his fellow-villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms—as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and now their wedding day was certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd, and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts when the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocost, twenty times as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre; and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out, and vowing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid, and Hercule with his fancy listening to the whistling of bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicie, and bade heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocost rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter; but with a gush of gratitude, he exclaimed:

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Hercule Grossetete went to the wars. Fortune that had heaped so much obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocost, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a general. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching; and perhaps, day-dreaming of pillage and conquest. We know not what struggles Felicie endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her general, that she wedded the son of a village grocer, the grocer's father opportunely dying, and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world—that is all the village—believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so gentle, a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again, Felicie was always the sweetest tempered girl; there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumped with the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicie were one; and Jacques Cocost—for in the magnanimity of his soul he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre, on account of his wife; besides Pierre's was the only shop in the village—suddenly tapped a son on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin in best wax.

Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognized the voice of Felicie, albeit he had never before heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute, and Pierre rushed into the shop followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband, demolished an earthen pipkin unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles the grocer.

"What did you want?" asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

"I'll call again when your wounds are dressed," said Jacques Cocost; in the meantime, thank God for my hunch!

Years went on, and Jacques Cocost gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirits of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, he wandered a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking, he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocost was suddenly startled in his reflection by a loud voice.

"For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff!"

The prayer proceeded from a blind soldier, seated on a tree felled near the road side.

"With all my heart," cried Cocost. "Here empty my box."

"Alas! good sir," said the soldier, "look at me again."

Cocost looked and saw that the man had lost both his arms.

"You must indeed give me the snuff," said the soldier.

"With all my heart," I say again," cried Cocost, and with the most deliberate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. "Good Heaven!" suddenly exclaimed Cocost, "why, are you Hercule Grossetete?"

"I am," answered the soldier. "And what have you to say to that?"

"What?" cried Jacques Cocost, looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say:

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocost, thank God for it.

From the Saundersville Telescope.
Murder will out.

About four years ago, a strolling organ player came to this town, and remained for some time, during which time he became acquainted with various persons in different parts of the county, and would frequently go to a house in a neighborhood and remain a week or ten days, following up his profession of organ grinding, and from his social and liberal character, soon became a favorite among the country people. In the meantime it was ascertained that he had a considerable amount of money, in gold and silver.

At Long's Bridge in this county, he became acquainted with a man whose name we suppress, as the evidence against him is altogether circumstantial, but quite conclusive in its character. This individual induced the organ player frequently to accompany him home to play for his children, and on one occasion he took him to his house to stay all night, since which time he has never been seen. The people in the upper part of this county, and a part of Hancock, became much excited on the sudden disappearance of the stranger; but notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence against the supposed murderer, from some cause or other, he was suffered to remove to Alabama, without the matter being investigated.

A short time since, the brother of the supposed assassin was arrested and committed to the jail of Hancock county, as a vagrant and being a troublesome fellow, and not notorious for his honesty, the citizens were zealous in their efforts to obtain evidence sufficient to convict him, and thus rid themselves of one whom they considered to be of a bad character.

During their investigations, various articles of evidence came to light touching the murder of the organ player, and the citizens proceeded at once to bring up a number of the connexions of the supposed murderer, before an examining court, the result of which was that the organ player was known to go to the house of the brother of the prisoner on a certain night to stay all night, that he was seen by a young woman in the house, to go upstairs to bed.

"The wife of the murderer, in a day or two afterwards became insane, her mother hearing of her illness, called to learn the cause, upon seeing her daughter's mysterious situation, she was confident that something serious had occurred to cause it, and accordingly, left no means untried to ascertain the cause of this sudden mental derangement of her daughter.

After looking about the house for some time, and making various wonders as to what could be the cause, the daughter all at once exclaimed, "Mother, I dare not tell what is the matter, or I would," and pointing to the left said—"can't you see for yourself?"

The old lady upon tracing her attention to this part of the house, saw at once the cause of her daughter's trouble—a murder had been committed!

There she saw plainly signs of blood on the bed post and curtains on the lower floor, and upon going up stairs found a great deal more blood. It appears that the individual knowing these circumstances, have kept them secret up to the present time, partly from fear, and partly from a regard for family connexion.

A very strong circumstance against the supposed murderer, was that about the time of the disappearance, a large amount of specie and a certificate of deposit on one of the banks of Augusta, and the organ player was known to have a large amount of specie and a certificate on an Augusta bank.

Evidence enough, if we have heard the truth, have been obtained, to condemn the accused; and the citizens in the neighborhood who are acquainted with the circumstances, have no doubt but the organ player was murdered and robbed.

Virginia Eloquence.

A correspondent of the Hartford Review, who is travelling in Western Virginia, gives the following account of a trial at which he had the good fortune to be present:

Arriving at Fayette Court House, we found the court in session, and had an opportunity of witnessing a touch of Virginia jurisprudence. The court consisted of five justices, one bare-footed, one in hunting shirt and moccasins, and a third a little worse for whiskey, wearing whiskers of a fortnight's growth. The case on trial was a prosecution for coining money; a species of manufacture already quite flourishing, and rapidly increasing in this section of the country.

The evidence seemed quite plain; yet the prisoner's counsel, feeling the spirit of Patrick Henry burning in his veins, could not forego the opportunity of piling up a cliff of eloquence as high and more than the Hawk's nest. "Gentlemen," said he, at the close of a two hours harangue, bowing at the top of his lungs, "Gentlemen, convict my client on this evidence—rules as old as jurisprudence itself; rules upon which the superstructure of liberty now rests, and has reposed, undisturbed by the storms of faction, since Julius Caesar landed on the shores of Britain; yes, gentlemen, pronounce him guilty upon this testimony, and you shake the citadel of liberty; sap the foundation of personal security; make the heart of the patriot tremble for the destinies of his country, and swallow up the very tabernacles of my client." He took his seat, and after a pause, a man who seemed to act as presiding judge, recovering slowly from such a tremendous burst, says, "Well, Gilly, what do you say?" "Let him slide, Colonel," "What's your opinion, Jake?" "I don't care, just as you say." "Ahem!" it is the opinion of this court that the prisoner has been making bogus; so we must put him in the jug till Superior Court.

There, the Court's adjourned for we are getting mighty dry.

Western Produce.

We cut the following just and appropriate remarks, in relation to one of our staple articles of produce, from the Baltimore American:

There is one item of Western production which is worthy of attention just now as affording a striking illustration of the disadvantages under which this country labors from the unequal conditions upon which our trade with England is conducted. The article of Pork has become one of the chief staples of the states of Ohio, Indiana and Missouri—and it now sells at \$1.50 per cwt. or at one and a half cents per pound. At this rate the business is a ruinous one to the trader.

The vast quantities brought into market this season are laying in masses in the warehouses of dealers, and consignees both in the West and East, and much of it may rot for want of purchasers. A great deal of last year's supply still remains on hand in the various forms of pork, bacon, lard, &c., which, being added to the production of the present season, has overglutted the domestic market to the extent of a surfeit.

What is wanted to create a brisk demand for this vast store of provisions? Nothing but an outlet abroad. Let our producers have a fair access to foreign markets under equal laws of trade. If this were obtained, the large surplus now on hand would move off at once, and the producing states that furnish pork in such abundance would find the business increasing every year in amount and profit. But this access to foreign markets they cannot get on any fair terms—and here we may see the consequences of that mischievous neglect with which the producing classes of the Eastern and Western and the Middle states are treated for the sake of favoring the particular interest of the cotton growers.

The duty on salted pork or bacon imported into Great Britain is twenty-eight shillings per cwt.—between six and seven dollars of our currency. This amounts to a prohibition—and at this very moment hundreds of thousands of people in that country are suffering for want of proper food. If the British markets were thrown open to American pork, our Western producers of the article would find sale there for two or three hundred thousand barrels forthwith, and an annual demand for a much larger quantity.

But there is no probability that the British restrictions on this article will be remedied—so long at least as this government continues to submit to the imposition which British policy puts upon such of our productions as it does not choose to receive. The monopolizing interest upon which the aristocracy is established continues to hold the power of rule in England—and it shapes the policy of the government to secure its own aggrandizement. What then is left for us? Is it not shameful that a great country like this should rest in servile acquiescence under the inflictions of foreign arrogance—that we should behold our chief articles of export taxed, restricted, prohibited in foreign ports according as the policy of rival nations may dictate without so much as the stirring of a hand to right ourselves and vindicate our fair claims to equal terms of trade? Has the General Government no power to regulate commerce? The Constitution affirms that it has. Is it without power to protect domestic industry? If it is, then it is destitute of a power essential to a Government. But it is not without that power. It possesses it legitimately; it has exercised it often; the policy of the government under the first administration recognized such power fully and distinctly, and to the former salutary exercise of it we are indebted for much of our national prosperity.

Slender.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slender. No decent man can get along without it—at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of a business life. Have you a bad fellow in your employment and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you—refuse another some very modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you—

let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—it shows that he is either a milkop or a fool. No, no; earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.—Tattler.

Some men ascribe all their unhappiness to the narrowness of their means; but place them in the immediate enjoyment of all that enters within the circle of their present hopes and desires, and they will no sooner have entered on the enrapturing possession, than new hopes and desires will begin to manifest themselves. You cannot place a man in such a situation that he will not look above it and beyond it, give him the whole of this world, and like the hero of Macedon, he will inquire for another.

Anti wearing thin slippers in bad weather Society.—The Massillon (O) Gazette wishes much to hear of the Ladies forming an Anti-wearing-thin-slippers-in-bad-weather Society, believing as he says, that two-thirds of all the young women who die of Consumption, first plant the seeds of death in their system, by the habit of wearing thin soled slippers in cold, wet weather. He asks the ladies to read the following, and reflect seriously upon it:

Thin Shoes.—A summer bird that has lingered late into the autumn, leaving its timid footprint in the first fall of snow, ever reminds one of that delicate fair one, in the light thin slippers, on a cold ice pavement. The bird, however, can escape to a warmer clime, and in the spring it can re-appear; but the lady is on that journey from which there is no return.—The music of the bird may again gladden its native tree; but her voice will not again cheer the hearth of her home. The badges of sorrow, and the slowly returned hearse, will soon tell what that slipper hath done.

A new mode of raising the wind.—It is related by the gossiping correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis, that a clever man, adroit, disputations and unbeliever, was making a living in Paris by being converted. The process was to go to some ecclesiastical propagandist, agent in the cause, and feigning to be a Protestant, (which he is not), our adventurer professes a desire to be enlightened as to the truth of the Roman Catholic doctrine. Furthwith he is received and argued with; but having prepared himself, he makes a good battle and yields only at the last extremity, having taken care in the course of the polemical discussion, to let it be understood that he has a large family, and little or no means of support. The triumphant priest tells of his success to some of his pious flock, and of the poverty of the neophyte. Collections are made, and in abjuring Protestantism our convert puts some hundreds of francs in his pocket. "He has already," says the correspondent, "been converted twelve times in Paris, and is soon about making a business tour in the provinces."

It is stated that the United States Treasurer has suspended payment to Indiana of her portion of the 3 per cent. fund, in order to secure the interest on certain of her stocks held by the department as an investment of trust funds.

A Miss Charlotte Mitchell, of Georgia, recently appeared on her wedding day dressed entirely in silk of her own manufacture—caps, gloves, stockings and dress—equal to the best pounce.—St. Louis New Era.

The eyes of the whole nation are turned to Henry Clay, as the Hercules of the times. He can haul the pillars of the fabric of corruption to the ground, and set at defiance an army of the minions of power. In him the people recognize their future chieftain.—Oxford Times.

Tight Lacing.—It is said that the French fashionists have discarded tight lacing; and that the Grecian models, which are only the fair and beautiful proportions of Nature, are henceforth to be the standards of fashions for ladies' waists, instead of the wisp, hour-glass, &c.

Sound the loud timber of her bill, valley, and sea, The tape-strings are broken, and the women are free!

The Declaration.—Here is one of the neatest turned epigrams in the language. Imagine, if you please, a sentimentalist most gracefully reclining on the sofa, with the last fashionable novel in her hand, and a heart unfeeling as a pin-cushion, and before her, prostrate on his marrow bones, a perfumed youth of twenty, with eyes upturned in agony sublime, sobbed out, in any thing but dispassion—

"My chame! I would die for thee
If thou wouldst only live for me!"
"Ah! do," replies the dark eyed elf,
"I never want to die myself!"

A Petrified Glove.—We were yesterday, says the Crescent City, presented by Doni Tomaso Manatis, recently arrived from Mexico, with a petrified glove. It was found near Coat-exapadi, while Senor Manatis, with a number of Mexicans, were surveying the route between Quetta and Sucumbi.