

POETICAL.



A late number of the Satinist 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 well fight
Make him victorious,
For pluck notorious,
And well get glorious'

This blessed night.

May it please thee to bless
And comfort the Princess,
With grace anoint
Protect her 'gainst all foes,
Since we must fair suppose
Her pretty little nose

Is out of joint.

O! may we never winne
At cost of our young Prince,
Who comes to the town,
The wretch who dares to say
He'd rather be away,
And won't get drunk to-day,

We'll knock him down!

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

Poetical Similes.
She died in beauty—like a rose
Bewn from its parent stem;
She died in beauty—like a spear
Dropped from some scudem;
She died in beauty—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty—like the song
Of birds amid the brake;
She died in beauty—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty—like a star
Lost in the brou 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 Cocast the Hunchback Philosopher

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

"Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go, I wouldn't best a hunchback."

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the thankful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter headed companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the Miller's orchard, leaving their deformed comate to the vengeance of the despised. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unburdened.

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

"Out you up of deformity!" cried Cocast'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 Cocast 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 Cocast's father took sudden in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stoned after stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very last 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 Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast 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 comings with his book.

Some four years passed on—when old time 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 revolts of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast 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 Cocast 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 thereto by his own high-heartedness, and late, furthermore, urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pale lip; Felicite laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimed 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 Cocast 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 it was otherwise.—The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and limb it worthy of her who had selected it as her own. As for his hump that was gone, yes, vanished and melted into the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar; his vestments now barred and spotted and varnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart and the folks of the village would confidently clasp their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier. Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossete. He looked savage as a snubbed ox, 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 Felicite, and bade heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossete—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 Grossete went to the wars. Fortune that had heaved so much oblique upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fated Grossete for the dignity of a general. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching and perhaps, day-dreaming of pilage and rapine. We know not what struggles Felicite 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, Felicite 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 Felicite were one; and Jacques Cocast—for in the magnanimity of his soul did not withdraw his custom from Pierre, on account of his wife; besides Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tipped a son on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that com in boar's wax. Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognized the voice of Felicite, altho 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 died 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 Cocast; "in the meantime, thank God for my hunch!"

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirits of his past happiness, and in an agony of despair wandered, a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

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some such advice to Jacques Cocast, 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 stinging

Mouths passed away, and the time of

drawing for the conscription arrived.—

Mother's looked anxious—plighted maidens

would sigh frequently and look with

tender gaze upon their future husband

and the young men would laugh, laugh

longer than was their wont to hush the

secret care that preyed upon them. But

what was the conscription with the ban

ishment, the danger, the wound and death

combined in the word of Jacques Cocast?

He was a hunchback. His shoulders

were exempt by nature from a knapsack.

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 bearded

sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, with

out one thrill, 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 spring among the crowd;

and there were cries of despair and sobbing

as among breaking hearts when the new conscripts told the fate that tore

them from their homes.

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ques Cocast, twenty times as he saw the

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From the Saundersville Telescope.

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

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

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

"What! cried Jacques Cocast, looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

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

—

From the Saundersville Telescope.

Murther 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 master being investigated.

A short time since, the brother of the

assumed assassin was arrested and com-

mitted 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 par-

ties 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