

THE EVENING NEWS.

Friday, July 12, 1852.

GO IT ALONE.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's called euchre; though I've never played it for pleasure or lure. In which, when the cards are in certain conditions, the players appear to have changed their positions.

And one of them cries in a confident tone— "I think I might venture to go alone."

While watching the game, it's a whim of the cards!

A morit to draw from the skirmish in cards; And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife, Some secret of a convert for all of his pains, Wherever the strife be a ribbon or thorn.

The winner is he who can "go it alone."

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world, In a regular orbit, was carelessly whirled, He gave up a convert for all of his pains, But only desision, and prison, and chains,

"It moves for that," was his answering tone;

For he knew, like the cards, he could "go it alone."

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar, Discovered the law of this great planet and star; And doctors who ought to have learned his name, Derided his learning and blackened his fame;

"I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you shall own."

For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone." Alas for the player who idly depends In the struggle for life upon kindred and friends! Whatever the value of blessings like these, They can never attain for inglorious ease, Nor comfort the coward, who finds with a groan, That his crutches have left him to "go it alone."

There is something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold.

Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold; And the fortunate man may fairly regard, As each in its way, a most excellent card.

For the player may be lost, with all these for your own.

Unless you've the courage to "go it alone."

In battle or business, whatever the game, In law or in love, it is ever the same; In the struggle for power, or scramble for poll, Let this be your motto; "Hely on yourself!" For whether the strife be a ribbon or thorn, The victor's he who can "go it alone."

THE BLESSING.

"How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, On the bread and fiery street.

In the country on every side, Where far and wide, Looks a leopard's tawny and spotted hide, Stretches the plain,

To the dry grass and dry grain, How welcome is the rain!"

POOR JAMES WYMPER.

When he was a child they called him "Poor Little James." He wasn't little, and he wasn't poor, so far as worldly goods went; nor did those who called him "poor" use the word in kindness toward the motherless, neglected boy! He had red eyelids. No power could brush his hair smooth or keep the kindness of his tresses clean. He had a wonderful facility for cutting his fingers and wrapping them up in unpleasant looking rage. However, he had a good heart, and the signs of twelve he could hardly count. His only use in the world appeared to be to serve as an awful example to naughty boys, who would play with knives and disliked soap and water; and for this purpose he was used pretty freely. They sent him to a big school, where he did nothing but get bullied; and when his father died, he left him to the relative in some sense of the word, the distant relative who took him in charge out of charity, could find no better employment for him than to sweep out the office and run errands. By this time he had ceased to be "poor little James," and became POOR JAMES WYMPER.

He could do nothing good of himself, and by some curious perversity set himself to undo the good others had done.

He had a craze for taking things to pieces by no means equalled by his capacity to put them together again. He complained that they did not give him time and did not care that he did, the condition of the victim of his handiwork would be improved. Be this as it might be, every piece of mechanism that fell in his way, from his cousin's sewing-machine to the great hydraulic press at his protector's works, was made to suffer.

He had a fatal facility for always being in the way. It seemed to be all elbows. He could not move ten steps to save his life without knocking some one's toes or upsetting something. When you spoke to him he was always in a fog. "The boy is half an idiot," quoth the worthy cotton-spinner, whose bread he ate.

At the age of eighteen he had made only two friends in the world, a blacksmith and a cat—an evil-minded cat.

The blacksmith was a rascal, and hit them savagely when they attempted to put him through the tricks which poor James Wympere had taught him. Amateur hampering at the forge did not improve untidy Jim's appearance, and his cat—not being in a show—did not increase his income. He ran errands for his cousin like a boy when he had attained a man's estate, until one day when he had come for himself, and did not come back again.

Fears were entertained that he had come to a bad end. The police were put in motion and rewards offered; but his friend, the blacksmith, upon being pressed, said that he had gone to "Mereker"—cat and all.

I do not think that his relations were broken hearted. I fancy that good Mr. Bryce, the cotton-spinner, was rather glad to be rid of his wife's cousin the blacksmith boy. His wife, who was not kind to the forlorn lad in her own—a very cold way it was signed several times apropos of nothing, and murmured, "Poor James Wympere!"

Five years passed, and Mrs. Bryce was left a widow by no means well provided for, and she expected to be by her. Moreover there was a lawsuit about the will, and a squabble in the winding-up of the partnership. She was glad to get "shut" as her defunct lord would have said—of Manchester, and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a widow lady having a house too large for her, pleasant situated on the Thames near Maidenhead, was prepared to share it with just such a person as herself, transposed the widow, and her son, and change of references, and such-like formalities, and found no reason to regret what she had done.

The other widow does not figure much in this story, and therefore it will be enough to say, that she was a quiet lady-like woman, rather afraid of her partner in housekeeping, with a daughter, aged eighteen, who ruled the pair, and made the place very pleasant.

To be continued.

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and Corinne at 8 a.m. and

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50 barrels Daniel Boone whisky,

40 barrels Merton's whisky,

25 barrels Old Chillicothe whisky,

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25 barrels Old Scotch whisky,

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5,000 cases J. H. Cutter whisky.

Also in Store and Sand:

255 1/2 casks assorted brands French brandy

900 1/2 octaves

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125 1/2 casks Port Wine, assorted brand

175 barrels Sherry

250 octaves Sherry

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