

An Old Poem.

The annexed stirring old poem has the ring of the true metal, and is as applicable now as when written—for its philosophy is sound, and therefore, universal:

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,
Richer, purer, brighter even
Than the founts from sculptured stone.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights by sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up his voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Cousin Ben.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Kate Bennett, impatiently, as she laid aside the book she had been reading, and in which she had been deeply interested, and took the cards which the servant presented.

"Dear me how provoking! Just as I am in the most interesting part of the story—and that pert, disagreeable Emily Archer, too," she added, reading one of the cards; "who else, I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of paste-board, inscribed only with two words, "Richard Warren"? It would truly almost seem so, so instantaneously did her countenance change. The frown that disfigured her beautiful brow disappeared, her eyes sparkled, and without another thought of the book, she hastily assured herself, by a glance at the mirror, that her toilet was unexceptionable, and left the room.

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with all that grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished, Emily Archer surveyed her with one critical glance; but dress, as well as manner was faultless.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennett enters a room like a queen," she thought with a pang of envy and jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl before them.

What casual observer, who had marked the meeting of these two ladies, would have dreamed that, under all their outward friendliness, each hated the other with her whole heart. Yet so it was, Kate and Emily were rival belles, and their claims to admiration were so equally balanced, that it required no little exertion on either side to gain the ascendancy, and be acknowledged the victor.

If Kate with her classic features, queenly dignity, elegant figure and exquisite taste, at first sight threw her rival in the shade, Emily's piquant style, and sprightly conversation were by many preferred to Kate's statuesque beauty. It was impossible to decide which was the loveliest; each had her adherents and admirers; but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable that the season would draw to a close without the all important decision of the question which had been, "par excellence" the belle.

Just at this time Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so undeniably elegant, handsome and wealthy a gentleman was an event—all the fashionable world was in a flutter, and the rivals saw at once that the important epoch had arrived. She whose claims he advocated—she whom he favored with his admiration, would at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of belle-ship, though their tactics were entirely different.

Emily brought to bear on him the batteries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroitly laid the mine of apparent queenly indifference. As yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which one he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims of the rivals, a lively conversation had been going on.—The last new novel and the opera had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends, and in the midst of some wickedly witty remarks of Emily, upon a would-be-fashionable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly understood.

"You no-brained, impudent, jacknapes, I'll teach you manners; I'll make you laugh on t'other side of your mouth!"

The door flung open, and in walked a tall, athletic young man, whose really fine form disguised in an ill-fitting suit of evidently domestic manufacture, and stood for a moment awkwardly looking around him; then hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

She withdrew herself, quickly and haughtily from his embrace.

"Sir!" she said, with freezing dignity.

"Law! don't ye know who I be?" exclaimed the new comer, in no wise disconcerted: "Wall, now, I do actually believe you've forgot me. Don't yer know yer Cousin Ben? Yer see, I don't like farmin' no how you can fix it; so I've quit that, and come to the city. Jim Simpson was down to our place, and he's doin' just rate here. He said 'twas dreadful hard to get a start in the city, but I guess he aint a goin' to slump through where he gets ahead. I'll risk it, any how."

At the commencement of this speech Kate had alternately flushed and paled, for she was deeply mortified that Richard Warren and Emily Archer should have been the witnesses of such a scene.

She caught a triumphant glance from Emily. It restored her pride.

With all the grace of which she was mistress, she turned to the new comer:—

"You must excuse me, cousin Ben," said she, "that I had forgotten you. A few years make the change, and I can hardly retrace in your countenance a feature that reminds me of the lad who went nutting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me, Miss Archer," she added, turning to her, "to present you my cousin, Mr. Adams—Mr. Warren, Mr. Adams," and with perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and scrape.

Emily Archer at once commenced a conversation with Mr. Adams, and was proceeding to draw him out most ludicrously, when Kate came to the rescue.

"You forget, Miss Archer," said she, "that my cousin has but just arrived in town, and has not yet had an opportunity to see the lions. He will be better able to give you his opinion of them in a few days, when I shall have the pleasure of acting as his cicerone."

Mr. Warren, like a well-bred gentleman as he was, addressed some remarks to Mr. Adams, on subjects with which he was acquainted, and shortly after, he, with Miss Archer, took his leave. Kate could have cried with vexation, as she thought of the sarcastic and ludicrous description of the scene which Emma would delight in giving, but she controlled herself. She was a kind hearted girl, and could not forget the visits she had paid her dear Uncle and Aunt Adams, or Ben's untiring efforts to make her happy, at his father's house. She resolved to repay him now, and her graciousness of manner quite fascinated poor Ben as she made all sorts of inquiries about the old farm.

No sooner had Richard Warren, with Miss Archer, left the house, than she began, with all her power of sarcasm, as Kate had foreseen, to ridicule the scene they had witnessed. Mr. Warren smiled, but seemed absent.

"I had no idea that the Bennetts had such vulgar relations," continued Emily, well knowing that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection to the woman of his choice.

"Notwithstanding all Kate Bennett's elegance, there is a certain something about the family that betrays low blood."

"Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said, and feeling that she had gained one point, Emily walked on, in the best possible spirits, internally triumphing over the discomfiture of her rival.

That evening, at the opera, who should be at Kate's side but cousin Ben, dressed in elegant taste and evidently much interested in the performance, while Miss Bennett listened with polite attention to his frank and sensible criticisms. At parties too, he was her regular attendant, and this open acknowledgement of her relation quite blunted the point of Emily's satires. Mr. Bennett assisted the youth to a situation and very speedily his rusticity wore off. He had both good looks and sense. Under his cousin's judicious training, he very soon did her no discredit, even among the crowd of fine gentlemen that surrounded her.

Emily Archer saw all, and bit her lip in vexation. She could but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and that she had triumphed in the event which she had hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her constant attendant, and ere long he had openly acknowledged his preference by offering her his heart and hand.

"My dear Kate," he said shortly after their betrothal, "I shall never cease to thank cousin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming, and your reception of him proved that you were something better than a mere fine lady—that you were a true woman, blessed with the greatest of all attractions, a heart. Confess, dearest, that you owe him a debt of gratitude, also—that you are as happy as I am."

Kate smiled one of her most bewitching smiles. "I certainly do not look upon his 'mal apropos' as a misfortune at the present," she said, "what-
ever I may do in the future."

Her glance of loving confidence contradicted her last mischievous words, and she listened with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks to the assurance of her lover, that no exertion of his would ever be wanting to keep her from regretting the event which had given him a glimpse into her heart.

Many years had passed. In the sober matron, Mrs. Warren, one would hardly have recognized the dashing belle, Kate Bennett.

Blessed with wealth, a cheerful home, a fond husband and lovely children, she had led a happy life, and time had but increased the attachment of the wedded pair.

But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband always cheerful, grew moody, restless and unhappy. She tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he only made evasive replies to her inquiries, and she could only guess at his troubles; that they were connected with his business, she imagined. Her surmises were correct.

He entered the room one day, where she was sitting, and exclaimed, flinging himself on the sofa—

"Kate we are ruined. In vain, I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to attempt it any longer. This day I shall be known as a bankrupt—penniless, and worse than penniless. In trying to double my fortune, I have lost all. You and my children are beggars."

"Why should loss of wealth trouble you, dear Richard?" Said his wife, tenderly approaching, and taking his hand. "That is, after all, a trifling misfortune. While we are spared to each other, blessed with heart and good children, why should we repine at the mere loss of fortune?"

The husband groaned.

"Ah, to be dishonest, Kate," he said; "fear to look men in the face; because I am bankrupt—unable to pay my debts. Kate the very idea drives me mad. To avoid this, what have I not done? I have passed sleepless nights and anxious days, but all in vain."

With fond caresses and soothing words, his wife tried to comfort him; but alas, he paid little attention to her efforts.

Just then a servant entered, saying that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren.

"Tell him that I cannot," replied his master; "I will see nobody."

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice; and a gentleman who closely followed the servant, entered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; "you are in trouble, and did not apply to me. That was not right."

"And what use would it have been?" returned Warren. "I am weary of borrowing of one friend to pay another, day after day. Even that has failed me at last and I have come to hide myself from the prying gaze of those who will too soon be talking of my disgrace."

"I had heard rumors of this, Dick, and went to your office to see you, and as you were not there, I followed you here. You have two hours yet before bank hours are over. Here is a blank check, fill it up yourself, and it shall be duly honored. Repay at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well, and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right again."

Totally overcome, Richard could only grasp his friend's hand, while his eyes filled with an unwonted moisture.

"How can we ever thank you, though, dearest cousin Ben?" cried Kate. "How can we ever repay you?"

"Tut, tut, Kate, I am only discharging a part of a debt which I owe you, my dear girl. I owe all I possess—all I am—to you. When I first came here, a raw, ignorant, country booby, you were not ashamed of me. You took me cordially by the hand, influenced your father to assist me, and more than all, by unvarying kindness, offering me a home and innocent amusements in your society, kept me out of the many temptations that beset a lonely inexperienced lad, such as without you I should have been. I thanked you for it then, even when I did not appreciate the sacrifice it was in a lady to have a bumpkin like myself about her; and when I knew more of the world and understood the rarity of such conduct, I loved you the better for it, and felt the more grateful. I had no opportunity to show it before, in any substantial form. But now you see you are under no obligations. I am only getting rid of a little of the heavy load you placed me under long ago. Be off with you, Dick, and hereafter rely on me in all cases like the present. Don't get discouraged so easily—business men of all others—should have elastic temperaments. Good bye, now," he added as Warren disappeared, kissing the tears from Kate's cheek, and he assured that Ben Adams, the millionaire, has never forgotten, and will try to repay your kindness to your poor and awkward cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she muttered. "How little I dreamed, long ago, that twice in my life, I should owe my highest happiness to trifling acts of kindness toward my good cousin BEN."

Spitting.

CHIR! And there goes some of his constitution, spattered in a nasty brown gravy over the sidewalk. A politician might say that he was "elaborating a constitutional solution." He is dissolving his constitution, at any rate.

I awoke early one morning, unrefreshed, in a berth on a canal "packet," somewhere between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. No wonder that my sleep was not very sweet. The atmosphere of the little cabin was fairly thick with putrid animal matter and stale tobacco poison. I'll go on deck, I said to myself, in spite of fogs, raw autumnal air, and colds; so out I jumped upon the cabin floor. Splat! went both feet into a great pool of the "constitutional solvent." The whole floor was afloat with tobacco spit.

That was a very revelation of nastiness.

And, Mr. Curly Hair—"chirt!" again another instalment of our strength squirted out through your front teeth into the gutter. Mr. Curly Hair, let me tell you that you are not a bit better than that unutterably filthy cabin floor.—Into what a foul, reeking, noisome cavern, are you transforming the mouth that God gave you as a passage for cleanly food and sweet breath!—A spit manufactory; a mere tobacco-spit factory. Why, man, you might as well establish a guano depot in your house.

CHIR! There it goes! What a pity that you couldn't be made to carry a mug, and keep the liquor that you brew long enough to see what your

day's work is. You spit, say one in fifteen minutes; call it fifty times a day. About a dessert spoonful each time. Twenty table-spoonful. A tumbler full. That is a very moderate computation. Three hundred and sixty-five half pints in a year—more than twenty gallons of that nauseous brown soup—and just so much withdrawn from healthy muscle, close brain-fibre, elastic bones, and clear complexion.

"Everybody does it!" What if they do? I know it. I remember looking down from my fifth story office upon Broadway, in the emptiness and quiet of a Sabbath afternoon, but immediately after its whole enormous length from Grace Church to Trinity, and especially near the Park, in my vicinity, had been densely crowded with the multitude that waited upon the funeral of Bill Poole. The street was all speckled as far as I could see, with dark spots; as if autumn leaves had been thickly strewn on it. A moment's thought showed me that it was tobacco spit. An American crowd blackened the whole roadway and sidewalk of a mile of street, with tobacco spit, in two hours!

CHIR! My dear fellow, neither vomiting nor spitting are inviting operations. Circumstances may render the performance of either of them before witnesses necessary, or even highly meritorious. But I must say that even ordinarily speaking, the very faintest perception of common decency would teach you to avoid such demonstrations when there is any body in sight.

Spit away, my boy! Smell bad; look dirty; be dirty; weaken your health; and undermine your strength; dim your eyes; unsteady your hand; stupefy your intellect; shorten your life. Do all these things, if you choose; but never say that you had no advice from me to the contrary.—Those are the trifling consequences of your making a filthy mill out of your mouth, munching your constitution into that rosy soup, and squirting it out wherever you go.—[Life Illustrated.]

[From the Cleveland Plaindealer.]

Bennett, Beecher, Greeley, Webb.

The Mariposa claim is at the bottom of all this furor and fusionism of the New York preachers and press for Fremont. There is no doubt of it. The celebrated stock-jobbing firm of "Palmer, Cook, & Co." New York, is composed of Cook, Palmer, and Fremont. Nobody denies this. The principal stock-in-trade is the "Mariposa claim," although the firm have other land claims in California to a large amount. Although this Mariposa claim has been hurried through Congress and the Departments, and settled so far as the title is concerned, yet it is well known that possession cannot be got from the indignant denizens now reposing on that claim, and probably will not be without bloodshed.

It is said that Californians look upon said claim as a humbug, and they do not care about installing in that State a system of landlord and tenantry like unto the patroon estate in New York. It is supposed to contain untold riches in gold mines.

It is estimated to be worth from eight to ten millions of dollars; that is, if peaceable possession can be obtained.

Of course, if Fremont is elected President, with power to fix the heads of departments, and be commander-in-chief of the army and navy, all questions about this grant will be quieted. He can afford to give one-half his interest in it to secure this result, and he has, no doubt, agreed to do that same.

How is it that Greeley, who was a Seward man, Bennett, who was a George Law man, and Webb, who was anything but an Abolitionist, should all jump Jim Crow and go for Fremont? How is it that Beecher, the divine, should suddenly see, as did Saul of Tarsus, a light from Heaven shining upon him, directing him to reverse the preachings and practices of a religious life, and go for rifles and revolutions?

These babblers are all bought—bought with a price—and here is no doubt the consideration:—

Mariposa claim, represented by stock estimated worth.....\$10,000,000
One-half reserved to Fremont & Co. 5,000,000
The balance distributed as follows:
Bennett, in consideration of the Herald's support 250,000
Beecher, for enlisting his paper and the churches 250,000
Webb asks in stock 250,000
Greeley, for dropping Seward, his immense circulation, and lying without stint 500,000
Raymond, New York Times, going it blind 250,000
Evening Post, going it blind 150,000
National Era, going it blind 150,000

Other papers in other cities come in for their share of this Mariposa stock pro rata. A large fund is of course reserved for other electioneering purposes, such as "Lives of Fremont," sold for a shilling, songs, speeches, etc., distributed in car-loads throughout the country.

Does not this look possible, yea, highly probable? Is not Mr. Fremont the largest land speculator in the world? Has he not been to Europe to raise money upon this stock? Is he not the land partner of Palmer, Cook, & Co., and does he not reside in New York among these stock-jobbers and land-brokers? How should such a man be thought of for the Presidency, much less supported by these leading presses, if there were no moneyed Mariposa considerations in the case?

Let him who is wisest penetrate this mystery deepest, and he will find gold at the bottom of it all.

BURSTING OUT OF A WATER CAVERN IN THE BLUE RIDGE TUNNEL.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writing from Staunton, Va., Aug. 14, says:—