### HIS LOVE.

My love is a rose, a red, red rose,
Whose beauty all may see—
A smile and a blush for each she hath,
But only a thorn for me.

My love is a violet, tender and true,
Whose fragrance pure and free,
Perfumes the air like the breath of prayer,
Yet never a thought for me.

My love is the sun, the radiant sun,
Whose glory all may see—
She sheds her beams on all around,
And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile!
How quick my cares will flee,
When one day Love shall lead my love
A captive home to me.

### THE BOX TUNNEL.

The 10.45 train glided from Paddington May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized, delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with her book in her hand and a *soupcon* of her wrist just visible as she held it.

Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the most to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pigtails on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick and black as coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in the proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none—in one word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman.

He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to—woman. Our friend, clearly, did not wish to be overheard; for he cast ever and anon a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book and that reassured him.

At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told), the man who got down at Slough and was lost to posterity bet £10 to £3 that he who was going down to Bath, and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road.

"Done, done!"

Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five and twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his goods looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a lamb. Two or three words were interchanged on this occasion.

At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day—he bought a *Times* and *Punch*, the latter full of steel pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by *Puck*. Now, laughing thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking march—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan!—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt sugared the other. On their return to the carriage one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included. Not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward upon the carpet. But this was a bit of fop, Adonis-dragon—so Venus remained in *tete-a-tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown one of his species, how handsome, how empresse, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer. And you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed. This elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the box tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the box tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why—hem!—it is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Dolignan then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady friend and her husband sat together going through the box tunnel; there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark. After the tunnel the lady said: 'George how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.' 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No, why?' 'Because, somehow, I thought you did.'"

Here Captain Dolignan laughed and endeavored to lead his companions to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—Ah!

Dolignan—What is the matter.

Miss Haythorn—I am frightened.

Dolignan (moving to her side)—Pray, do not be alarmed; I am near you.

Miss Haythorn—You are near me—very near me, indeed—Captain Dolignan.

Dolignan—You know my name?

Miss Haythorn—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Dolignan—I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, my dear lady.

Dolignan—Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means).

Miss Haythorn—Ee! Ee!

Friend—What is the matter?

Miss Haythorn—Open the door! Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door shut, and the blinds pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sound in a dialogue, as above, I answer, with all the insolence I command at present, "hit boys as big as yourself," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. They began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost much of its effect because the engine whistled 40,000 murders at the same moment, and ficticious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by the delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible. They must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted redhot draggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be a friend of Major Hoskyns, of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the major was too apt to look cold upon billiard balls and cigars. He had seen cannon balls and linstocks. He had, also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That's nothing," continued the major; "but unfortunately, he deserved to lose it."

At this blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added:

"I mean to say he was thirty-five; you I presume, are twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing. Will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it, for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that the dragoon, capable of a blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with a violent reluctance; and this was his first damper.

A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in a state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision, a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look. "It cannot be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn, (not that he knew her name) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful, and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He loved her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he alone must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance in the usual way it might have ended in kissing; it must end with nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around but him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him.

Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill-taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured. "Who was this man, and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I supposed," said he. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he could never encounter her again

At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyer's clerk paid him a visit and began a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked: endeavoring to soften the lawyer's clerk, that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of that term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this awkward incident: from her name to her address was but a short step, and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in waiting at the door, and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were retired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her.

She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her of the action that had been begun in her name. She gently shrugged her shoulders, and said: "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretended devotion would, after a lapse of years erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

"She did not know! She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be."

They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manners was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have begun the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all the lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident where she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the box tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by patiently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartments by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "it was all right, and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose."

My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjection to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead,—and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door, it was "George" and "Marian," instead of "Captain" this and "Miss" the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful, and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy. They were once more upon the railroad going to enjoy the honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—duck-like and delicious, and he sat beside her this time, instead of opposite, and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me, if I own to you; no——"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then, you remember the box tunnel. (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it). I am ashamed to say that I bet £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies." and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within."

"I know that, George, I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! Impossible!"

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet? How singular. What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then you brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me, George, you will never forgive me."

"Sweet angel! why, here is the tunnel box."

Now, dear reader—no! no! no such thing! you can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider two sensible married people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream of hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

### Independence in New York.

In the possession of Mr. Thomas Wiley, one of the oldest residents of the Ninth ward, New York, who was born in that section of the city some three score and ten years since, is a curious relic of antique furniture with a revolutionary history. It is a stout, high back chair, which has been in the service of the Wiley family for over two hundred years. Its distinctive merits, however, consist in its having been used as a rostrum from which was publicly read the Declaration of Independence in 1776 for the first time to the citizens of New York. Alexander Wiley, the present Mr. Thomas Wiley's grandfather, was by occupation a tailor whose store was located upon Broadway one door below Wall street. Intelligence of the action of Congress touching the severance of allegiance having reached that city anterior to the messenger bearing an authenticated copy of the anticipated declaration, great interest was manifested by the citizens to learn the precise nature of the national manifesto. The governmental courier from Philadelphia reached Paulus Hook (Jersey City) at an early hour in the morning, having ridden hard all night. He landed at one of the North River slips, and was proceeding up Broadway to turn into wall, where was situated the Old Stadt House, temporarily tenanted by the Provisional Provincial Council, when he was intercepted by the impatient burghers, who had gathered in a crowd at the head of the street while awaiting the opening of the council's session.

An eminent lawyer, ascertaining the messenger to be the bearer of an important despatch acting as spokesman for the assemblage, vehemently urged the horse man to dismount, so as to allow him to read aloud the declaration of the national will. The courier complied, and to afford the orator a more prominent position, Mrs. Wiley brought out into he street one of her chairs, and upon it the lawyer mounted and read to the crowd in stentorian tones the decree of American liberty. As it might prove dry work to decipher a legal document of this important character, patriotic Dame Wiley thoughtfully produced one of those old fashioned square bottles, filled with genuine Holland gin, and two of the peculiar gilded glasses, so highly prized by Knickerbocker burghers, and filled them to the brim, that they might be drained by messenger and orator as a reward for their popular services. This bottle and the accompanying glasses were ever treasured as invaluable relics by the Wileys until, during the Centennial year, they were incautiously loaned for exhibition at some patriotic gathering and were never returned to their owners.

### Flying Pigeons.

A friend says I know many people in this country who have as their special hobby the breeding and flying of pigeons in a private way, quite independent of clubs—people who never go very far from home without taking a pigeon or two along with them to send back the news of their arrival or their success or non-success in matters of business. I had the following told me by a friend and have no reason to doubt the truth of it: A gentleman of rather shy disposition came down from London to a town not a hundred miles from Warwick, bent on proposing to a young lady with whom he was greatly in love. She was the daughter of a well-to-do landowner and a fancier of Antwerp carriers. The Londoner, however, lacked the courage or opportunity of popping the question. He was bold enough, though, before taking leave, to beg the the loan of one of his lady-love's pets, just "to tell her of his safe arrival in town." The bird returned from London the same day, and in the little quill it bore to its mistress a message—that, after all, might more simply and naturally have been conveyed by lip—to wit, a declaration and a proposal. A more artful though innocent way of getting out of a difficulty could hardly have been devised. It was successful, too.

### Early Rising.

There are certain people who seem to believe that early rising constitutes the whole difference between the enterprising and the idle, the virtuous and the indifferent good, and who resemble the bishop who, when he rose early, "was proud all the morning, and sleepy all the afternoon." As a rule, we find that those who rise with the lark make amends by snatching a nap during the day—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; and why, may we ask, is it any wiser, healthier or more virtuous to sleep at one hour of the day than at another, to take it piecemeal than to do it all up at once, while you have your hand in, so to speak? The early riser is often dropping off to the land of Nod in her chair, over her books or work, making up for lost time, when it would seem better to be wide-awake, with one's wits on the alert; and she invariably speaks with disdain of those who do not share her habit as "shiftless people," to whom a sunrise is a rare exhibition, and who pretend to say that a sunset is more to their taste. No doubt there is something to be said in favor of early rising; when it has been tried occasionally by its opponents, the earth has seemed so fresh and dewy, the air so sweet, the sky so deep and luminous that they have decided never to waste such precious hours between the sheets again; but the next morning as they turn on their pillow for that last delicious nap, they confess that early rising has been overestimated, that it is only the old, who cannot sleep or the laboring classes, who must rise betimes or starve, who recomemend it, because they would fain believe that what they are obliged to do is the best and pleasantest. Although Boswell wished that some medicine might be invented which would make one rise without pain, it is doubtless easy enough to get up early if there is sufficient inducement for such a rash step; we can all muster for an excursion; we can rise with the lark, if there is only a lark in view; but the habit of it is to be discouraged as fostering self-conceit and an unchristian idea that we are better than our sleepy neighbors. It is seldom that we meet an early riser who is not puffed up by his own exceeding superiority, as if the custom proved him one of the elect. It may be urged that at least he has more time to devote to business or pleasure; but if it is true, as most physicians assert, that mankind demands eight or nine hours, sleep, he must go to bed earlier and thus abridge his time at the other end of the day, or, by taking too little sleep, shorten the days of his life.

### Relative Size of States.

The figures commonly employed to indicate the area of the several states of the union have been found to be incorrect, and the census bureau has issued an extra bulletin correcting the prevalent errors so far as it is possible to do so from the date at hand. According to the old estimate the area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 3,026,494 square miles; according to the new estimate it is 3,025,600, of which 17,200 are coast water of bays, gulfs, sounds, etc.; 14,500 are made up of the areas of rivers and smaller streams, and 23,900 of the areas of lakes and ponds. There remains a total land surface of about 2,970,000 square miles. Virginia in the old estimate has a total area of 38,348 square miles, in the new 42,450, including a total water surface of 2,325 square miles. It is of interest to observe the wide contrast in area between, for example, California, with her 158,360 square miles, and Rhode Island with 1,250; or between Massachusetts, with 8,315 square miles, and Texas with 265,780. Arizona has 113,000 square miles of surface, Colorado has 103,925, Dakota 149,700, Montana 146,080. Nevada 110,700, New Mexico 122,580, Delaware has 2,150, and the District of Columbia 70. New York, which has 49,170, is not as large as North Carolina, which has 52,250, and lacks nearly 10,000 square miles of Geogia.

### Imperishable Pictures.

We understand that a patent has recently been granted in London on a process for forcing designs in color through the hardest substances, such as stone, ivory, celluloid, wood, etc. As an example of the manner in which the work is done may be mentioned a portrait of William H. Vanderbilt, recently completed and imported to this country. A likeness of the millionaire was painted on a marble slab, and the block of stone subjected to the process. When completed the portrait presented the same appearance as before, but the peculiarity was that the colors had entirely pentrated the marble. The slab can be sawed in two, and each piece will present a duplicate likeness, or the marble can be dressed down to the thinness of a shaving, and the portrait will still remain in all its beauty.

### Artificial Cork.

Artificial cork is among the recent German inventions. The method of production consists in powdered cork with starch and water, and kneading the mass while boiling hot until it is thoroughly mixed. This substance is then poured into moulds for forming the articles and afterwards dried at a very high temperature. The material is described as quite light and possesses not-conducting properties.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

A countryman may be as warm in kersey as a king in velvet.

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

It requires no small degree of art to know how to conceal it.

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, or your mouth either.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.

Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can.

Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides.

Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have.

The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you can care for them.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.

There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

The charities that soothe, and heat, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

I hate by-roads to education; endeavoring to make children prematurely wise is useless labor.

Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread a solitude around you.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we would be capable of doing before the world.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

There are some who write, talk, and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

The consiences of bad men, if you could get them to speak, would often be on the good man's side.

Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man.

One distinguishing mark of man's steady advancement is the increasing vigor of his warfare against evil.

The strength and safety of a community, consists in the virtue and intelligence of its youth, especially of its young men.

Who is wise? he that learns from every one. Who is powerful? he that governs his passions. Who is rich? he that is content.

There are many who despise half the world; but if there be any who despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.

Oh, strange caprice of fate, that a ship that has outlived the lightnings and tempests of the sea, should be wrecked in a quiet harbor at last!

There are a great many duties that cannot wait. Unless they are done the moment they present themselves, it is not worth while to do them at all.

There scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman that is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature,

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

The brutality that comes of poverty, from half-starved, badly housed, unhappy wretches, is not like the cool, deliberate diabolism of well-fed, pampered men.

Trades unions are a veritable sign of the times, and ought to teach the upper classes that self-love and indifference to the needs of the masses is the worst of folly.

There is nothing more sure, we take it, than that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of genius are the least touched with its beauties.

The days of joy are as long and perhaps as frequent as those of grief; but either the memory is treacherous or the mind is too morbid to admit this to be the case.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes?

There is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

Charity makes the best construction of things and persons, excuses weakness, extenuates miscarriage, makes the best of everything, forgives everybody and serves all.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counter-poises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

True modesty is beautiful because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind, and at the same time gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor and steady application, will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it, to enlarge it without swelling it, to make it more capable and more earnest to know, the more it knows.