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Poetical.

SONG.

BY M. T. CARPENTER.

Give me the drink which nature distils
Deep in the heart of the mountain,
Which gushes forth in sparkling rills,
From its never failing fountain;
There's health in the draught when freely quaffed,
And it frees the heart from anguish;
And it cools the brain, as summer rain,
Cools the earth and flowers that languish.

How sweet to the ear the sound it makes,
Over the precipice rushing!
Or winding gently through meadow brakes,
Or up from the green sward gushing;
Never along it hears a song
Or praise to the glorious Giver,
Who gave to the earth of priceless worth,
The fountain, and rill, and river.

When cleaves to the mouth the parched tongue,
When fever within is raging!
Words have not told, nor poets sung
How sweet is the draught, how assuaging;
Then fancy teems, with glorious dreams
Of waters in deserts welling—
Or green moss that cling to rocky springs,
And of rills to rivers swelling!

Then give me the drink which nature distils,
Deep in the heart of the mountain,
Which gushes forth in sparkling rills,
From its never failing fountain.
Away with the bowl, which brings to the soul
But shame, and disgrace and madness!
And give me the draught, when freely quaffed,
That blesses the heart with gladness.

HAPPY DAYS.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

Come back—come back—thou youthful time!
When joy and innocence were ours,
When life was in its vernal prime,
And redolent of sweets and flowers.
Come back! and let us roam once more,
Free-hearted through life's pleasant ways,
And gather garlands as of yore,
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back—come back—'twas pleasant then
To cherish faith in Love and Truth;
For nothing in dispraise of men
Had sour'd the temper of our youth;
Come back!—and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream romance displays,
Nor trust the tale that men deceive,
Come back—come back—ye happy days!

Come back, oh freshness of the past!
When every face seemed fair and kind,
When sunward every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind;
Come back! 'twill come; true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays!
The secret be it ours to learn,
They come—they come—those happy days!

Miscellaneous.

LOST CHILD ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY MARY IRVING.

"And a little grave they made her,
In the church-yard cold they laid her—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—
Poor little Nell!" MRS. NICHOLS.

One frosty morning in November found us journeying over the prairie. It was past the hour of the sun's setting, though the sullen luminary had not deigned to lift even the corner of his gloom veil to give a parting peep. The cold gusts with a sweep of from twenty miles to the southward, came raving—not—our ears—piercing through every pore of our furs and muffings, and finally died away in the groves skirting our western prospect, as and boats die upon the ocean shore. The roads had been thrown into chaos by "the equinoxial" and its train of attending storms so that we had been dragging through the day at a most unsatisfactory rate of travel, and were far enough from our anticipated haven.

"Dear me! is there not a house on this everlasting prairie?" spoke, at last, one of the company, in a tone half smothered by tippet and buffalo robe.

"Plenty of log cabins in the woods yo der," returned the one addressed. "Would you like to make a call?"

"I mean is there not a public house, a tavern of some kind, where a half-frozen traveller might find fire to thaw his fingers by?"

"Yes—we shall come to ———'s Corners directly. There—there is the house, away beyond that swell—'tis log—two story—d'ye see?"

"That house is the village, eh?"

"I did not say it was a village! It is a point where four roads meet, and clumsey enough roads they are, too, to be sure!"

As we drew near to the house, a curiously huddled together combination of logs, mortar and whitewash, more from convenience than elegance, we took notice of an upright pole in front of it, which once, evidently, held up a grateful invitation to goers by. But now it only creaked most tantalizingly and inhospitably in the wind.

"They've taken down the sign, you see—*oats* are scarce this season," soliloquized our driver, reconnoitering. "But never mind—I calculate we can find accommodation."

After a moment's parley with an old man in a brimless white hat, who sauntered through the doorway at our approach, and nodded assent, with an air of dignified nonchalance, to our eager inquiries, we were lifted from our carriage, glad enough to unbend our stiffened muscles by the blazing fire that had beckoned us through the window-panes.

A supper was soon smoking before us, fit for a hungry traveller—a brace of prairie chickens, fresh from the fences and nooks where they swarm at that season, garnished with minor dishes of onions, sausages and "sour-kraut," the favorite dish of the German immigrants.

The two daughters of the old host had spread the board before us; and after their task was finished, I noticed that both went at once to the window, laid their heads each against a pane, and peered anxiously out.

"They aren't coming, be they?" inquired the father, who sat knocking the ashes from his pipe in the corner of the wide-arm chimney.

"No; but it's high time they were back. There's all the cows to milk and fodder yet, and then—"

The near tramping of hoofs cut off the girl's sentence, and in a few minutes a couple of young men bustled in, shook their shaggy overcoats and shaggier locks, and drew up to the blazing logs, to unstiffen their benumbed fingers.

"What's the news?"

"Anything found, Royal?" inquired the sisters, eagerly pressing to his side, while the father thrust his pipe into the corner of his mouth unlighted, in his eagerness to catch the answer.

"No—oh, no!" replied Royal shaking his bended head sorrowfully, so that his long, black hair fell like a veil over his eyes, that were fixed on the glimmering coals.

"The child never'll come to light alive!" exclaimed the father, starting up to face us, in front of the fire, his hands clasped behind his back. "Nev. Not live out on the prairie this bitter cold night! Ugh! it's enough enough to kill a clever coon, much a slim chance of a little girl like her!"

"Poor thing!" responded the sister, feelingly, "it's two nights already she's been out o'doors, and starving the while!"

"T'other night wasn't chill like this. She won't stand it you may depend on that."

"I don't reckon she's out at all," remarked the father, with a deliberate nod. She was a purty child—"

"Pretty as a new pink morning glory, the darling!" interrupted one of the daughters.

"Purty enough to 'tice some of the child stealers that straggles about! I'd lay my little finger she's far enough away by this day?"

"Whose child is lost?" we ventured to put in at a pause of a moment.

"It's little Nelly Waring, ma'am—child to John Waring, that lives over three miles yonder, on the prairie. You see, Miss—

But I will give the short story in my own words, with additions and emendations that I afterwards gleaned from others.

John Waring had come from New England to "the west," with his father's family, to win a subsistence from a more generous land than the home of hills and valleys. The parents remained in the part where they landed; but John, with the helpful, ready witted and ready handed "wife of his youth," resolved to improve the tempting facilities for farming. So he purchased a lot on our prairie, built him a snug "nest," and took home his dove to cheer it.

They were far from any neighbors, but that mattered little to them. Each was a little world to the other—and very happy, as well as very prosperous, were they in their flower girt retirement. Towards the close of the third year, John had laid by enough to build what a thoroughgoing farmer ranks far before a house in importance—a good, capacious barn. Very spacious it was, with bins, stalls and lofts in abundance, where one might, indeed, "lay up much goods for many years." One could not blame his framer, for the thrill of satisfaction that warmed his heart, when the last rafter and clapboard were nailed, and the complete building, in its new coat of red paint, blushed in the blaze of sunset. His busy, cheerful helpmate, with hands tucked up under apron, came out by his side to mingle congratulations with his delight. And she came not alone; a wee blossom, fairer than ever prairie in its wildness bore, had budded in her arms two years before.

Little Ellen Waring was a child of most uncommon beauty. Her eyes had caught their tinge from the violets that open to the eye of Spring, in the edge of the woods—her cheeks were changing as the soft clouds of a July noon, half fleecy, half roseate, cushioned languidly on the light blue sky. Her baby forehead seemed purely radiant with the smile of her guardian angel, half shadowed by curls of mingled chestnut and gold; but a smile, all her own, twinkling in her eyes and dimpling in her cheeks, linked her to earth, and to all hearts *so* lovingly!—Every one marked the child, at first glance, as a pearl of exceeding price.

Cynics may sneer at it as they will—beautiful *is* the "open sesamie" to the universal human heart—and there is no beauty so sweetly winning—so like a dew drop purely fresh from Heaven, glowing in its glory yet, as the beauty of a little child!

When she was carried to the city, the home of her grand-parents, her tottering steps were often arrested in the streets by strangers, who pressed forward to exclaim involuntarily, "what a beautiful child!"—"An angel!" "She's not for earth, long, sure!"

This last foreboding seemed to grow into a presentiment in the mind of the grandfather. In vain did the eyes of little Ellen look into his, mocking all his fears. In vain did he see that she was springing up as healthy and hardy as a wild rose or a prairie chicken; he pressed back her curls always anxiously and looked intently into her face, often pressing her in his rough arms, as though he feared that some unseen hand would snatch her away, even then.

"Little pet! take care of her! don't let anything come to her, John!" was his last parting charge, as he kissed her on both rosy cheeks, and lifted her carefully into the wagon after her parents.

"Never you fear, father; you'll see how she shall spring up in the prairie grass!"

"Well, well, God knows!" replied the grandfather, drawing his left sleeve across his eyes. "Good bye, and God bless you all!"

Two evenings previous to the one of our stay at the log tavern, John Waring went out to his barn, to secure his cattle for the night, and go through that indescribable routine of duties which the farmer comprises under the convenient name of "chores." Little Ellen pleaded to go with him. She had been building cob castles before the hearth till a peony flush bloomed on one hot little cheek; and then, tired of her play, she had been toddling around in the wake of her busy mamma's footsteps, clinging restlessly to her dress.

"Stay by papa, Ellie, pet!" said the mother, as she tied the little blue hood under her chin, and pinned a warm, white blanket over the bare dimpling shoulders. "Ella go with papa!" laughed the little fairy, dancing gleefully under her mother's hands. "Come, Ellie," called papa, reaching out his hand, as he fastened the last button of his working frock. She sprang to him, and swung her little self out of the door by his strong fore finger. The barn was just across the road from the house. Skipping up the platform, through the unfolding leaves of the great barn door, she clapped her baby hands to the scampering chickens, shouting to the echoes, climbed up to peep through the rails at the "red calf" and scrambled down in terror of the cow's nervously shaking her horns. At last she trotted out quite demurely, in pursuit of hen's nests, tossing and tumbling on the new-made hay, warbling like a merry barn swallow all the while. The father was in and out, here and there, occupied with his varying business.

The sun went down, and the shadows of the long, dimly-lighted rafters began to deepen and blacken. With half a sigh of weariness, the little one rolled off the soft hay mow.

"Come in house, papa, Ellie tired," she besought, looking up, coaxingly into his face.

"Is Ellie tired? Ellie may go to mamma, then

He stooped to kiss her cheek, swung back the door, opened the gate, and saw her toddle through it, and turned again to his unfinished work.

Half an hour passed, and he walked, whistling carelessly, towards the house, the duties and toils of the day all over. His wife turned hastily toward him as he set down the brimming milk-pail upon the well scoured pine table.

"What have you done with Ellie? It's late for her to be out."

"Ellen! why I sent her in half an hour ago!" he exclaimed, startled.

"You sent her in! She has not been here! I have not seen her!" returned the mother—and, flinging open the door, she called, quickly, "Ellen!"

The sound rang shrill over the prairie, and echoed loudly and lingeringly from the blank walls of the barn—but no Ellen's voice gave answer. The mother clasped her hands, and a quiver of agony trembled on her compressed lips.

"Don't be frightened, Mary—she's strayed a bit down the path, it's likely! I'll bring her in a minute or two."

John Waring sprang over the steps as he spoke, and rushed out of her sight, around the corner of the barn.

"Ellie, Ellie, my pet! Ellie, dear!" he called and called again, and he listened for an answer until his ears ached and his brain reeled with the utter stillness. Then he plunged into the long, wild prairie grass, trampling down the purple and golden flowers like weeds.

"Where is she? *Where is she?*" breathed the mother, with a suppressed shriek, as her husband burst open the door again, in the gathering night.

"Mary," he uttered, in a tone of agony, "she is not to be found! Give me the bridle, quick! I must go for help before it grows too late? Oh, God! there is no moon to-night! Mary, dear Mary," he added, catching one look of her anguish frozen face, "we shall find her yet! God will keep her—don't lose heart!"

"Oh, John! she is our only one! God could not take her away!" whispered the mother, huskily.—A quick, sympathizing glance was all her husband's reply, as he opened the door and rushed forth.

Mary Waring listened till the last echo of his horse's hoof-beats had died away on the still prairie, and there was only the beating of her own heart to break the strange, heavy silence. She still stood in the doorway, heedless of the cold, damp night breeze that played among her locks. Her hands were clasped tremulously, in that attitude half of hope, half of hopelessness, which sculptors have so often striven to portray. There seemed scarcely a ripple of breath to flow from her parted lips, and her eyes were intently piercing the darkness, to where a lone star, the evening star had arisen, red in the cloud mists of the horizon. Starting, with a quick sob, from her reverie, she called, with a half despairing cry.

"Ellie! Ellie! my child!"

She listened. The echo muttered back her call confusedly, and died away in silence.

"Ellie, darling, come to mamma!" she called, more gently, as though fearing to have frightened her little one by the former wild cry, but all was unheeded.

She took two wavering steps from the door; then the sudden crackling of the fire log called her back, and aroused her to a second thought.

"No, I must not go out!" she exclaimed throwing herself down upon the hearth, "I could not trace the dear creature where he has failed, and I must even wait! "Oh, God! give me patience and strength?"

That prayer was never raised in vain. Mary Waring grew calmer as she sat, with her head buried in her apron, moveless as a statue, save the convulsive quivering of her lips and chest. How many minutes that thus passed, she knew not; but a hand on the latch string startled her to her feet in an instant. It was the wife of her nearest neighbor, who came in with a checked blanket shawl folded round her head and shoulders.

"Dear me Miss Warin' ain't you dreadful lonesome like? Mr. Warin' came thunderin' up to our steps, and I says to Humphrey, says I, there's somebody took sick on a sudden, and they have sent for me! I hadn't more than rolled the words off my tongue, afore John burst the door nail; and, says he, 'Mr. Humphrey will you do a neighbor a kind turn? My child is astray on the prairie!' Sorry coots we would ha' been, if we hadn't help a neighbor in time o' trouble! Humphrey fetched up old Sorrel in a twinkle, while John drove ahead to Warner's. Says I to Humphrey, it's distracted like Mary Warin' will be, poor body, takin' over her baby; and it being all she had, and the beautifulest creature, too, that ever—"

"Oh don't Mrs. Humphrey!" exclaimed Mary, breaking, for the first time, the tangled string of her well meaning visitor's would be consolations.

"There! well, I didn't mean to rake up your feelin's dear! but, all is, says I to Humphrey, I'll slip on my shawl in a jiffy, and trot across to Mary's.—She ought'nt to be alone this while, and I'll cheer her up to hoping a bit, may be."

Some less garrulous comforters would have been more congenial to poor Mary, in her hour of silent sorrow. But she was grateful for the good will that prompted her neighbor's visit; and she knew that it is not always good to be alone. So she strove to smile thankfully, and even to converse with her chattering guest, though every sound grated on her nervous ears, that were aching to catch the slightest echo of a footfall without.

The coals crumbled low on the hearth, and Mary's hope went down with their gleam. Like the hum of a spinning wheel, her companion's low, monotonous tone was ringing in her ears; but she took no note of her words, as she paced heavily across the boards, or by a violent effort, forced herself to sit calmly a few moments in her rush rocking chair.—At intervals, a distant call startled both to the door, and they heard the name of "Ellen" swell and die over the dry, whispering grass, while dim lanterns, like shooting stars, glanced and swayed in the distance. Not until morning did one of the anxious searchers enter the house, and then he brought no tidings.

That day, fifty men mounted on horseback, and as many on foot, tracked the prairie up and down; back and forth, for many miles. They pushed into the woods that skirted one edge of the farm, leaving not a stone or log unturned, frightened every timid squirrel and partridge from its nook, with the one cry of—"Ellen-little Ellen!"

That day and the next night passed by pitilessly. On the second, which was the day of our arrival in the vicinity, one hundred and fifty horsemen, (you would not have supposed that the thinly dotted prairie could have furnished that number, unless they had sprung up, like the armed men from the sown dragon's teeth,) followed in the traces of the others,—and, like them, came back at night with the full conviction that they had not left a bush nor a sod untried or untrodden.

A message had at first been sent to the grandparents—and coming with all possible speed, they arrived on the morning of third day. The poor father of the lost Ellen, worn out with fasting, watching and agony, fell down in a swoon at his mother's feet, as he rose to receive her. Mary was more calm; and they said she felt the pang loss keenly. Woman like, she had learned to hide the thorn that was piercing her heart, and to smile while that heart was bleeding. That the child must have been stolen, seemed now to be the opinion of every one.

"Oh! I could bear to know that she is dead," were almost the first words of John Waring, on recovering from his fainting fit; "but this uncertainty, this suspense, it will kill me."

Who could have stolen the child, and with what motive, were questions not to be satisfactorily answered. Perhaps some stroller, who had caught a sight of her sweet face in the city—and the parents' hearts thrilled with new terror at the thought—an old Indian, wandering off in the neighborhood, who had sometimes been provided with a supper on their hearth, and a bed in their barn.

An advertisement was inserted in all the papers of the region, describing the lost child, and offering a large reward to any person who would bring tidings of her.

Still the search was kept up near home, though almost hopelessly. The neighbors could not rid their minds of the impression that some trace, shred of her dress, some little shoe or shoe track, might yet lead to the discovery of her body—the spirit must long since have taken wing.

One morning, it was nearly a week after the little one had left her home, one of those gleaners of a forlorn hope was pacing the prairie slowly, thinking of his own beloved children, and of the anguish stricken parents in their loneliness, when his eye caught the sight of a dark object, dimly seen through the waving meshes of the prairie sedge. He took one bound forward—and the veil of mystery was rent from little Ellen!

There she lay—cradled in a hollow between two hillocks of the prairie, so narrow as to be unobserved except in one direction, within one short half mile of her home; there, while her friends, in tenderest tones, were calling her—trampling all around, and almost upon her, sweet Ellen had lain, silent and cold, five freezing nights.

The man for one moment, stood transfixed by surprise and grief; and then, with a deep breathed groan, springing to the spot, he lifted up the stone-like form of the child, and looked into her face. It was like a waxen statue in its pure beautiful whiteness. The angel of the frost, who had opened the gate of death to her spirit, had transfigured cheek and brow, when he breathed his chill blast upon them. She had dreamed a sweet dream before she awoke in Paradise, for a smile was frozen on her still face, like the first flush of a sunbeam after a shower. Her eyes, like half opened violets blighted by the storms of an early spring, lay weighed down with icy dew. She had fallen upon her face, probably in her weariest hour, and the angels had looked down in pity—they had taken in the poor benighted little wanderer. The lips, when life had ebbed away, were parted, as though, in a gentle, sweet surprise, she had heard the call—"Little Ellen, come to Heaven!"

He untied the little blue hood, and parted back the curls, heavy with hoar frost and icicles. He tore away the blanket, and felt where the heart had throbbed, but life had frozen at its spring long before. The touch of the round, hard arm chilled his inmost nerves—but he lifted it, for it grasped something tightly in its palm. He unclenched the stiffened fingers, and took away the treasure—purple and white flowers of the prairies, wild asters and daisies; frozen, like herself, in her dying grasp.

Poor little thing, they told her story well enough. She had always loved flowers, bud of Paradise that she was; and when she had left her father's side, they had beckoned her, waving their bright heads among the tall grasses. She loitered to pluck them—wandered on—growing weary, lay down to sleep—and awoke in Heaven.

Suspense had nerved the parents' hearts to endure certainty. They looked on the shattered casket that had enshrined their treasures, and bowed to the dispensation of Providence. But when the thought of that first night—the agonizing realization that she had been almost within hearing of the beating of their hearts came over them, it broke the seal of calmness, and the fountain of grief poured forth its deep bitterness unchecked.

The blighted blossom was bedewed with tears of many an honest eye that had seldom opened its sluice of sympathy. Rough men, who had almost forgotten how to weep, in the hardness of their life's rugged path, looked into her coffin, and drew their sleeves quickly across their brimming eyelids.—Warm-hearted Irish women touched the golden curls, and ejaculated—"The darlint! Rest her soul with angels—avourneen!"

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said the Saviour, "and he hath taken her," whispered one stooping to give the last kiss to the waxen lips, before they were sealed up till the morning of the resurrection.

Ellen was buried near her home. The snows rest lightly on her grave now; but in the summer time the grass waves whisperingly over her, and the daisies she died to gather, dot her little mound. It was fitting that she, the fairest, purest, heavenliest flower of all should sleep under the flowers of Prairie de la Fleur!

A KISS ON DEMAND.

We believe the following excellent story originally appeared in the New York Spirit of the Times. If it did not, we credit the author, the "Old Un," for it and serve it up for those of our readers who are fond of the "feast of reason and the flow of the soul."

It was a very peculiar sound, something like the popping of a champagne cork, something like the report of a small pocket pistol, but exactly like nothing but itself. It was a kiss.

A kiss implies two parties—unless it be one of those symbolical kisses produced by one pair of lips, and wafted through the air in token of affection or admiration. But this particular kiss was genuine. The parties in the case were Mrs. Phœbe Mayflower, the newly married wife of honest Tom Mayflower, gardener to Mr. Augustus Scatterly, and that young gentleman himself. Augustus was a good hearted, rattle brained spendthrift, who had employed the two or three years which had elapsed since his majority in making "ducks and drakes" of the pretty little fortune left him by his defunct sire. There was nothing very bad about him except his prodigal habits, and by these he was the severest sufferer. Tom, his gardener, had been married a few weeks, and Gust, who had failed to be at the wedding, and missed the opportunity of "saluting the bride," took it into his head that it was both proper and polite that he should do so on the first occasion of his meeting her subsequently to that interesting ceremony. Mrs. Mayflower, the other party interested in the case, differed from him in opinion, and the young landlord kissed her in spite of herself. But she was not without a champion, for at the precise moment when Scatterly placed his audacious lips in contact with the blooming cheek of Mrs. M., Tom entered the garden and beheld the outrage.

"What are you doing, Mr. Scatterly," he roared.

"O, nothing, Tom, but asserting my rights; I was only saluting the bride."

"Against my will, Tommy," said the poor bride, blushing like a peony, and wiping the offended cheek with her checkered apron.

"And I'll make you pay for it, if there's law in the land," said Tom.

"Pooh! pooh! don't make a fool of yourself," said Scatterly.

"I don't mean to," answered the gardener, rather dryly.

"You're not seriously offended at the innocent liberty I took?"

"Yes I be," said Tom.

"Well, if you view it in that light," answered Scatterly, "I shall feel bound to make you reparation. You shall have a kiss from my bride when I'm married."

"That you will never be."

"I must confess," said Scatterly, laughing, "the prospect of repayment seems rather distant. But who knows what will happen. I may not die a bachelor after all. And if I marry—I repeat it my dear fellow—you shall have a kiss from my wife."

"No he shan't," said Phœbo, "he shall kiss nobody but me."

"Yes he shall," said Scatterly. "Have you got pen, ink and paper, Tom?"

"To be sure," answered Tom. "Here they be, all handy."

Scatterly sat down and wrote as follows:

"THE WILLOWS, Aug. —, 18—.

Value received I promise to pay Thomas Mayflower, or order, one kiss on demand.

AUGUSTUS SCATTERLY.

"There you have a legal document," said the young man, as he handed the paper to the grinning gardener, "and now, good folks, good bye."

"Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," and it so chanced that in the autumn of the same year our bachelor met at the springs a charming belle of Baltimore, to whom he lost his heart incontinently. His person and address were attractive, and though his prodigality had impaired his fortune, still a rich old maiden aunt, who doted on him, Miss Persimmon Verjuice, promised to do the handsome by him on condition of his marrying and settling quietly to the management of his estate. So, under these circumstances, he proposed, was accepted, and was married, and brought home his beautiful young bride to reside with Miss Verjuice at the Willows.

In the early days of the honey-moon, one fine morning, when Mr. and Mrs. Scatterly and the maiden aunt were talking together in the garden, Tom Mayflower, dressed in his best, made his appearance, wearing a smile of most peculiar meaning.

"Julia," said Augustus, carelessly to his young bride, "this is my gardener, come to pay his respects to you—honest Tom Mayflower, a very worthy fellow, I assure you."

Mrs. Scatterly nodded condescendingly to the gardener, who gazed upon her with open eyes of admiration. She spoke a few words to him, inquired about his wife, his flowers, &c., and then turned away with the aunt, as if to terminate the interview.

But Tom could not take his eyes off her, and he stood gazing and admiring, and every now and then passing the back of his hand across his lips.

"What do you think of my choice, Tom?" asked Scatterly, confidentially.

"Oh splendiferous!" said the gardener.

"Roses and lillies in her cheeks—eh?" said Scatterly.

"Her lips are red as carnation, and her eyes as blue as larkspure," said the gardener.

"I am glad you like your new mistress; now go to work, Tom."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Scatterly, but I called to see you on business."

"Well—out with it."

"Do you remember anything about saluting the bride?"

"I remember I paid the customary homage to Mrs. Mayflower."

"Well, don't you remember what you promised in case of your marriage?"

"No!"

Tom produced the promissory note with a grin of triumph. "It's my turn now, Mr. Scatterly."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to kiss Mrs. Scatterly."

"Go to the dence, you rascal!"

"Oh! what is the matter?" exclaimed both the ladies, startled by Scatterly's exclamation, and turning back to learn the cause.

"The fellow has preferred a demand against me," said Scatterly.

"A legal demand," said the gardener sturdily, "and here's the document."

"Give it to me," said the old maiden aunt. Tom handed her the paper with an air of triumph.

"Am I right?" said he.

"Perfectly, young man," replied Miss Verjuice; "only, when my nephew married, *I assumed all his debts, and am now ready myself to pay your claim!*"

"Fairly trapped, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Scatterly, in an ecstacy of delight.

"Stop—stop!" cried the unhappy gardener, recoiling from the withered face, bearded lip, and sharp nose of the ancient spinster; "I relinquish my claim—I'll write a receipt in full."

"No sir," said Scatterly, "you pressed me for payment this moment—and you shall take your pay or I discharge you from my employ."

"*I am ready!*" said the spinster, meekly.

Tom shuddered—crawled up to the old lady—shut his eyes—made up a horrible face, and kissed her while Mr. and Mrs. S. stood convulsed with laughter.

Five minutes afterwards Tom entered the gardener's lodge, pale, weak and trembling, and sunk into a chair.

"Give me a glass of water, Phœbe!" he gasped.

"Dear! what has happened?" asked the little woman.

"Happened? why, that cussed Miss Verjuice is paying Mr. Scatterly's debts!"

"Well?"

"Well, I presented my promissory note—he handed it to her—and—O! murder, *I've been kissing the old woman!*"

Phœbo put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his, and Thomas Mayflower then and there solemnly promised that he would never more have any thing to do with *kisses on demand.*

A GEM.

Beside the stream that gently flows,
At morning dawn I saw a rose
In modest beauty blushing;
More fair than all on earth beside,
It bent above the crystal tide,
And listened to its gushing.

Beside the stream that gently flows,
At eventide I saw the rose,
But all its leaves were faded;
Such is thy fate, oh man!—an hour
Thou liv'st in home, but like the flower,
Thy hopes and joys are shaded.

HINTS ON SLEEP.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Make men healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"An hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after it."

In what sense is "an hour's sleep before midnight worth two after it?"

It is the order of nature that men should go to rest early. The birds cease their singing as the sun goes down; the sheep and the deer go to their resting early, and throughout nature quietness and repose are the order of the night. It is *natural*, then, *to sleep early;* and for this reason it may be truly said, "it is twice as good to obey nature's law as to break it." It is twice as good to sleep regularly and habitually *before* midnight as to wait until after it.

Sleep is one of the greatest of Heaven's blessings. When fatigued and careworn how grateful, how refreshing its influence. Were it not for sleep, how dull and monotonous would life become. The poor man who labors hard the livelong day, and the student who toils no less in his healthtrying enjoyments—what would become of these were it not for the overpowering influence of sleep? Without it life might not possibly be sustained for more than a few days.

But, necessary, refreshing, and invigorating as is this provision of nature for restoring the system, people know very imperfectly how to use it.—They generally know almost nothing of the real *how* to eat drink or sleep. It would seem as if their whole study were (if they may be said to study at all) continually to get the cart before the horse. Many kinds of the most unhealthy food are, by almost every family in Christendom, eaten merely from habit; and tobacco, tea, and coffee are used as if they were the most friendly and healthful substance in the world.

So too in sleeping, the room must be almost hermetically sealed, *to keep out the night air*, and the softest feather beds with down pillows are everywhere used. People do not know, or even seem to care to know that breathing the air continually over and over again, renders it a perfect poison; that feather beds and feather pillows are among the greatest causes of physical debility, horrible dreams, nightmares, and the most unrefreshing sleep that can be. Who does not remember of being put in those best rooms with a feather bed so high as almost to need a ladder to enable one to mount it; and how one almost loses himself in the smothering envelopements of these "best beds?"

Remember, too what a stench there is coming from the feathers and the impure air when we enter in the morning such a sleeping room, and having just come from the fresh air. Will people generally heed any admonitions on this subject? Not one in a hundred, we fear; but now and then the seeds fall on good ground; and this encourages us to work on. One of the most pernicious customs in regard to sleep, is the practice of sitting up late at night, and losing the best and most delightful "hours of early morn." Studious persons particularly are apt to contract this habit of sitting up late at evening. The solemn stillness of night is supposed to be more favorable for study and reflection than the day. And when a person makes a change, and undertakes to observe the proper hours, he finds that he is dull in the morning, and cannot study so well as at late hours. Soon, however, if he will persevere, he will learn that by rising early and retiring seasonably to rest, he will accomplish more with less exhaustion of the nervous power, than by sitting up late. It is, too, an important fact, that artificial lights, of whatever kind, are much more trying to the nerves than the natural light of day. Oculists tell us that the former often injure the sight, and sometimes produce disease of the eyes, very difficult to remove.

What are we to say of theatre-going people, and those who frequent balls, parties, &c., habitually, and late at night? They are living continually in opposition to nature's laws, and must receive the penalty. Such people never enjoy good health. See the fashionable young ladies of our cities who remain in bed late in the morning and sit up late at night. How feeble, pale, sallow, and nervous they are; crooked-backed often, and not more fit for a wife than a doll-baby. But it is fashionable; therefore, they must be up late at night to show off in society.

Shall we sleep at all during the day? It is natural, evidently, for infants to sleep much of the time, day as well as night. Nature demands it. We think, too, that some feeble persons are the better for a "nap" before dinner. Farmers, who rise at daybreak, and toil hard during the long days of summer, have a habit of sleeping after dinner. This may on the whole, do good, since they, in such cases, need more sleep, than they get at night; but if they will make the experiment, they will be astonished to find how much more refreshing the sleep will be before dinner than after.—Fifteen minutes sleep before the meal is better than a whole hour after it. We do not see the animals going to sleep immediately after. Sleep during the day, should be in the forenoon, so that it be not disturbed at night. If a person sleep in the afternoon, he will be much more liable to wakefulness at night.

Some have agreed that sleep during the day, in the case of adults, is always wrong. Persons often feel unrefreshed and feverish after a day-nap. Women when tired, often throw themselves upon the bed, and are surprised to find that they feel smothered, feverish, and worse than before. Now the cause of this often is the lying down with their clothes on. It is natural for the skin to breathe. "But" says one, "the clothes are on while we are up, and why not the harm then?"

Because then the clothing is more loose and the skin is left more free. But when we lie down the clothes are pressed against the skin much more than when we are up. To have sleep refreshing, then, we should remove the external clothing as we would at night. The if we need sleep it will be refreshing. But as a general fact it must be acknowledged that it is the best not to sleep at all during the day; to keep active, and then early at night to rest. Then sleep will be worth the while. Indolent people have a pernicious way of dozing in the morning, taking a second nap. The habits should be so active, and everything in our power so regulated, that we sleep soundly, and on the first awakening, which, with good dietetic and other habits throughout, will be early, we should rise. Do not wait in the vitiated air of your room to sleep more. Rise, wash, drink some cold water, and if possible go into the open air. It will give a good appetite a keen relish for the plainest food, vigor, health, and strength of body, and peacefulness and contentment of the mind.

Try it idlers, regularly for three months, and then tell us if we are not right. Try it ye students, literary men, merchants and ye ladies; it will give you a good circulation, warmth of extremities, and glow of the cheek, natural, healthful and beautiful. Try it all.

Rules for Home Education.

The following rules we commend to all our patrons and friends for their excellence, brevity and practical utility. They are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous position in every household. It is lamentable to contemplate the mischief, misery and ruin which are the legitimate fruit of those deficiencies which are pointed out in the rules to which we have referred. Let every parent and guardian read, ponder and inwardly digest.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you *mean* exactly what you *say*.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.
5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.
7. If they give way to petulence and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little *present* punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the like circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to *appear* good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale bearing.
14. Teach them that *self-denial, not self-indulgence*, is the appointed, and the sure method of securing happiness.
15. Guard them against the indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these simple rules were reduced to practice, *daily practice* by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented—how many in danger of ruin would be saved, and how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented! It is lamentable to see how extensive is parental neglect, and to witness the sad and dreadful consequences in the utter ruin of thousands.

Stormy Women.

The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker discourses thus:

What is more disagreeable than a stormy woman? A friend of ours, who lives in Pearl street, says that he has been on the unfathomed deep, when the heavens, pregnant with the direst vengeance, were delivered of their children of wrath—when mighty Jove rode his thundering chariot over the mountains of the sea, and the red lightnings glared at his courser's feet—when the demons of the tempest bellowed in the blast, and the angel of destruction spread his dark pinions over the mariner's bark; but all those unutterable horrors didn't begin with his wife when out of temper. When she saw the mercury of her husband's anger begin to rise, she'd throw fat into the fire, and in two minutes be further up the ladder of wrath than he could ever climb without taking off his boots; and the way he would catch hot dumplings on his head was not slow.—Some women love to scold, and enjoy themselves best when in a violent passion, and they are as unlovely as lobsters, and as distasteful as stale mushrooms. We'd rather encounter a wild cat in the forest than a petticoated demon in anger.

WIFE—MISTRESS—LADY.

Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for the sake of convenience takes a mistress; who marries from consideration takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and its friends, a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, and your lady will enquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and join parties with your lady. Your wife will share your griefs, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. A year after your death, your wife marries again, in six months your mistress, and in six weeks or sooner, when mourning is over, your lady.

A New Hampshire Farmer, going to a parish meeting, met his minister, and told him that his society thought of increasing his salary. "I beg of you not to think of any such thing," said the minister; "for it is about as much business to collect my present salary as I wish to attend to; if it should be increased, I should be obliged to devote my whole time to collecting it."

A young gentleman asked a lady one day "what she thought of the married state in general?"—"Not knowing can't tell," was the reply, "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could then give you a definite answer."

ADDISON says, I never knew a man of good understanding, a general favorite with women; some singularity in his behaviour, some whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among men has recommended him to the other sex.

RATHER SHARP.—A wag had kept up a continual fire of witticism at a social party, when a gentleman, who enjoyed snuff better than jokes and pun, sharply observed;

"If you keep on you will make every decent person leave the house."

"That would be a *sorry joke*, was the dry reply; "for you would *certainly be very lonesome.*"

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