Original Poetry,

LINES Written one day after the Decease

Female Friend. BY S. W. T.

Tears fell when thou wert dring, From eyes unused to weep, And long where thou art lying

And long where tho cold earth sleep.

Halleck.

Fair queen of the valley, the Monarch of Ter Too early hath spoken thy doom. And plucked from its casket a radient jewel

To deck the insatiate tomb. When late I beheld thee, thy step was elastic-Cheeks blushing as roses in May; Thy lustrous eyes sparkled, and voice sweet! Affections melodious lay.

But, oh! in the grave robe thy form is eachrone

Thy spirit its prison bath fied, And soon will they bear thee from sorrowfe kindred To sleep with the sepulchered dead.

Oh why did the shall of the crael destroyer Thy bosom thus vengefully smite, And plunge, while was joyous, a blooming ex etence

la Lethe's caliginous night!

Weep not stricken friend's o'er the lost one departure, She's gone with celestials too dwell; Herself a plumed scraph, ahe thrids the bright

Where heavenly symphonics swell.

You glorified maiden ! thy sudden doom teach That youth like the aged decay :-Kings, princes, and boggars, exalted and lowly

The summons of DEATH must obey. Sanay Glen, Feb. 5, 1857.

From Arthur's Home Magazine. THE RICH MAN'S CHOICE.

" And he was sad at that saying, and went O had he known that harps were hushed

Amid the angel throng. Or heard the pealm that would have rushed Their shining chord along: Or seen when hung on boughs of light, With pearl and ophal fair. The crown that ages should not blight, Would be have lingered there?

That fearful hour that silent kept The seraphs of the sky! But oh! what georgeous visions swept Of earthly grandeur by! With mountains tall and meadows green With shining heaps of gold: Alas! for all that glittering scene

Oh! soft on Judah's hils to-night, Rhyme out the winds of yore; And still to mortal gaze as bright That vision rises o'er; And ye who earthly honors hold,

Per hance a soul sous sold.

And heritages fair, Oh! barter not for fame or gold Your priceless treasures there!

THE LIGHT AT HOME The light at home! how bright it beams When evening shades around us fall; And from the lattic far it gleams.

To love and rest and comfort call. When wearied with the toils of day, And strife for glory, gold or farre, How sweet to seek the quiet way, Where living lips will lisp our name Around the light at home.

When thro' the dark and stormy night, The wayward wanderer homeward hier, How cheering is that twinkling light, Which through the forest gloom he spies It is the light at home; he feels That loving hearts will greet him there, And safely through his bosom steals The joy and love that banish care

Around the light at home. The light at home! when ere at last It greets the seaman thro' the storm. He feels no more the chilling blast ... That beats upon his manly form. Long years upon the sea have fied Since Mary gave her parting kies, But the sad tears which she then shed Will now be paid with rapturous bliss

Around the light at home. The light at home! how still and sweet It peeps from yonder cottage doo:-The weary laborer to greet-

When the rough toils of the day are o'er. Sad is the soul that does not know The blessings that the beams impart, The cheerful hopes and joys that flow And lighten up the heaviest heart Around the light at home.

A CANADIAN IN LUCK-ROMANCE A Toronto paper tells of a young man who was formerly a clerk in a banking house in that city, and who so pleased a gentleman from and by the glastly flickering of a lamp at one of the Southern States by a single hasiness interview, that the latter offened to increase his slavery three-fold if he would accompany him to the South and act as a clerk in a banking-house there. The offer was no of his. cepted after a consultation with his friends The young man had been at the South but a short time when he made an offer, in his turn, to the bankers daughter. His proposal was accepted and sealed by the performance of so many satin fined gate ways leading to perhis markage ceremony. The clerk was dition. He felt as if a thousand strong custhen made a partner in the banking estab-rents of air were blowing him towards them ! lishment, and received on his wedding day. He could hardly keep from stepping into one; among other presents, what the Canadian and it required all his strength to reach the dred and fifty-negroes.

From Knickerbocker's Magazine for Jahuary. WHAT JEDDY PALLFRY FOUND does it!" IN THE COFFIN.

A CHRISTMAS ST(RY.

BY B. T. ALDRICH.

CHAPTER 1. CRIMES OF MEMORY.

Merry Christmas ! Ah! but it used to be. It used to be, be fore the dreamy mood of boyhood melted away like a silvery misst. Merry, merry musically. I can hear them trembling vet,

in memory, like that faint jingling of sleigh

bells which steals up from the street and

through the snow-muffled casement. It was fine, then, to loiter in the crowded streets, gazing in the shop windows—the El Dorados of Fancy articles," the Austrian lands of bon-bons and rock candy! What sterectyped visions I had of kind St. Nick, with his reindeer equipage on the house top, and his huge pack filled with trumpets that wouldn't blow well, and carts that wouln't go well, and dear old Hans Christian Anderson's story books, which never failed of being Arcades of delight. Then at home when the apples and nuts were disposed of, my grandsire, God love his white hairs! would take me on his knee, and read about "Christ in the Manger," with such quaint pronuncia-

louched with these memories, and sitting once more, as it were, in the happy sunrise of life, I am moved to write a Christmas story for Ida May, and little Carrie, and tiny fingered Matel, who are sleeping in the next room. I will put it in the most diminutive of the three mimic stockings-it is all the poor artist can give to the dreamy angels! And some of these days, when this weary pen is quite tired out, when there is nothing left of me but two or three old volumes in some out of the way book case, their mother, some Christmas eve maybap, will call the darlings to her side, and read the time worn, vellowed manuscript to them. And Ida May will listen though:fully, with the long ebony lashes resting on her cheeks; and Carrie's roguish eyes will laugh outright. Though the story is a sad one, and Mabel will clap her

little hands together like two sweet, white

rose leaves. All this may be.

But before I write, I will steal softly into the next room and look at their sweet young faces. Oh! but they are newly from heaven, their tinny mouths are made up for prayer! An infantile glory is only half shrouded by the drooping eye-lids, and those sweet faces light up the shadowy room as the tulips do some shady nook of the summer woods. I kneel at the bed side-perhaps I shall be weeping, for to morrow night, when the children dance round the Christmas tree, a little boy, with wonderful blue eyes, will not be there! and in all the presents hung upon the emerald branches, in among the red and blue candies, there will be none found for "Charlie!" And when we think of "the little bor who died," our lips will quiver, though laugh and jest go round, and the music be as gay and wild as the melody of Shelley's Queen Mab !

CHAPTER II.

. THE ANCIENT UNDERTAKER. Old Jedd Palfry turned down the gas little, glanced nervously at the sombre row of Coffins on each side of him, locked the shop door and stood in the street,

It was Christmas eve, and the snow flakes. like tinny white birds from paradise, were lighting on the chimney tops and roofs, and in the long streets of the city.

Every night at the same hour, eight o'clock, for ten years the undertaker had turned down the gas, locked the door, and placed the same key under the same mat, and stood in the same position for a moment by the window before turning into the narrow zig zag street which, to him, ended at the supper ta-

· But this time he was not going home. The antique Mr. Hans Spuyton Duyvel, whose death his amiable relatives had been impatiently awaiting for the last quarter of a century, had died that day; and old Jedd had been sent for to put the habiliments of the grave on Mr. Spuyten Duyvel's body and two bright half dollars on his eyes, the which small change was afterwards transferred to the pocket of the ancient undertaker.

Now old Palifry had made coffins ever since his youth, and for thirty years really had more intimacy with the dead than dealings with the living. There was nothing in the whole world so beautiful to him as a cofan-unless it was an order for one. He had worked at his trade all hours of the night. he had made little coffins-O such touching little coffins!—and fat ones, and alim ones : midnight, he had laid the cold white dead in the varnished boxes without feeling one throb of sympathy in that old fron-bound heart

But that Christinas wer he shuddered as he urned down the gas, and the long wooden tecements, with their covers off, seemed like

saw nothing at first but the accustomed uglier. number of coffins, and the velvet pall folded on the counter, and those two slim black stools which we all have seen in our homes, God pity us! But as he looked, his dim, almond shaped eyes grew suddenly to orbs.tiny emerald spears of grass shot out of it in boxes, I guess not!" every direction; then it was dotted all over with yellowed-eyed dasies, and a rose-bush, with a single white bud, sprang up from the

Jedd rubbed his eves as well he might.-When he looked again he saw the shadow, then the skeleton of a tree; then this took miraculous form, and a willow trailed its green lengths over the mound. And he saw the moted sunshine falling upon the place and heard the robins singing-singing in his grasping the leg of a stool, and one foot in a

· Jedd looked and looked; but when the grass and the davies grew tremulous as in a sudden wind, and the grave began to open, Jedd could look no longer; and he shut out the strange sight by placing two lank, bony sleep. hands over his eyes.

"Merry Christmas, sir!" said a hesitating oice at his side.

Jedd started. "Merry Christmas, sir !" repeated the voice

And then Jedd turned his eyes on the speaker. It was a very shabbily dressed lad. He had on a felt hat of no color whatever, a round about jacket, and a pair of white duck trousers, much too well ventilated for the season. His physique was as delicate as a girl's; and if it had not been so dark, Jedd could not have one growing in your bosom. It have seen a face in which there was a strange will show itself. Mrs. MacElegant cannot mixture of the Madonna and the devil-the drape hers with all the silks and brocades in expression of boyhood and manhood contending and a sad experience written all over it-But the snow was fulling heavily, and he

a very shocking bat. "If you please, sir," said the boy plead-

only saw a very little fellow surmounted by

"Humph!" And Jedd was about to bid him go his way, when it struck Jedd that after what he had seen, not even the love of his charming coffins could tempt him to turn on the gas again in his shop; and to leave it burning until morning was a bit of extravagence not shall be better for looking at them. I will to be thought of. It occurred to him to hire this promiscuous wisher of merry Christmas me. to sit in his shop till he should have returned from Spuyten Duyvel's; then he could turn on the gas and turn off the boy at the same time. So he changed his brusque manner and inquired, in a tone which was intended to be extremely conciliatory:

> "What's your name, bub?" "The last one, sir!" asked bub, looking

The last one, sir! repeated Jedd, mimick

ng the lad. "How many have you!" "A good many, sir. In Nantucket they used to call me poor Tommy, and orphan Tom. and Tomtit. But on board ship sailors very often, and made him work a good deal." And the boy shivered with cold, as the north wind swept around the corner with evident rity beside her, and passed on. predatory designs on his tattered incket.

a "very ancient and fish-like smell."

"Well, Tomtit-I like that best, you know -if you will keep shop for me an hour or so, I'll give you a shilling."

"I don't know how much a shilling is," I'll do it, and thankfully." "The key is under the mat. Unlock the

those levely coffies; they might fall on you nette died. and kill you, you know." Jedd never once frightened, you know. I'm not."

Jedd shuddered. "I don't see any grave," said Tomtit throwing open the door.

low had vanished.

won't steal any thing, because there isn't any mice! thing to rteal you know."

very strong.

However, there was no alternative but trust him. Somehow or other and God wills it, so the most apspicious are sometimes obliged to place confidence in a fellow mortal. Not you and I, gentle reader; we would do it willingly, for it is good to believe in buof three score years had not learned this.

Tomtit glanced over the apartment.

rather like it, though." And the boy smiled himself." "To be, or not to be," was a ques ed agure, and wellow, and all colors." But it a sickly smile. "He thought that I'd be tion in the boy's mind; and "not to be" beat only aggravated his coldness. A strip of the flooring had commenced swel- up to his full height-"is'nt likely to be of his beloved mother, Amphitrite, he placed eyes fell on a coffin which he thought would Christmas, then! The very words tinkled ling, and bugling, and warping! Little by scared by two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, his name on the books of the good ship hold him comfortably. It nearly exhausted little it grew into the shape of a mound; fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, empty Maria Theresa," and sailed out of port with his strength to lay the silk padded box on

> ry, for he had no sooner located himself on a true sailor needs. Heaven bless them! one of the tall black stools, than he sank into floated up in heautiful soft folds like the it gave an extra curve, and Tomtit fell. He broke neither his slumber nor his neck-heroes never break their necks, I believe. The

> > bed, and there we will leave him-leave him the web of difficulties which time and fate, pointed to the cabalistic figure XII, sleeping with one of his thin, brown hands the busy monsters were weaving for him.coffin—the first time, I think, that such a fact has been recorded of any body, though we often hear of people having "one foot in the grave."

But while I whisper in your ear let him

CHAPTER III.

THE SEELETON. There is a curious skeleton in Jedd Pall fry's heart, and every Christmas eve, it turus and twists, and makes, the old man feel quee pains and see strange sights.

These skeletons are very common to the human race generally. They are the phantoms of evil deeds and malignant thoughtsmental frailties that grow up in a single night. like toad stools. Be wary, that you might Stewart's, nor old Three-per-cent his, it goes to the very bed chamber with him and rides in his cushioned carriage, it walks with him in Wall street and sits beside him at church. But to the undertaker's skeleton for the

There was never any body prettier than Nannette Pallfry. Indeed it would be hard to find in any womans eyes a more enchanting light than that which lay in Nannette's .-Her voice, like the poet's western wind, was sweet and low. She was as lovely and natural as a summer wild flower, and so good

that sin in her was no evil. Mr. Theologician, you would interrupt

I will explain; if she had been less wor thy of heaven, if she had been more worldly wise, cautious instead of loving artful instead of sincere in short any thing but the very angel she was Nannette's life would have seemed purer in the world's eyes; but not in God's. I know that.

Nannette's history is an old story, told every day. For shame, man! that it is told every day ! She lived, and loved, and trusted, and that is all of it, or nearly.

One Decembee night she came in the snow to her father's door and he turned her away - Nannette, the only thing in all God's world call me Nantuck-and they called Nantuck he loved with a human love. She did not weep, she did not even murmar; she only pressed the hand of a child who walked wen-

Her life from that time was so full of suf-"Nantuck ?" said his interrogator, turning fering, yet so womanly and true, that the anup his pinched nose with disapprobation, as gels might sit and listen to a narrative of it if the name filled his venerable nostrills with with delight. Nannette went far away from the city, and in a little town by the sedgy sea shore, taught her boy to pray.

Year after year went by. The world rolled on like a great wheel; men, and woman, and children dropped of said Tontit, alias Nautuck, eagerly: "but like flies, and Jedd Pallfry's hammer was so bu-v-oh! so busy! Now while shrouds were being made, and coffins varnished, and door, and don't touch any thing. Don't jar the old world was turning on its axis, Nan-

The night of her death, just as old Jedd looked toward the shop. "If you see a grave was fitting the lining to an infant's coffin, a in the middle of the floor you musn't be grave grew up at his feet-a willow and a rose bush, and he heard the singing of birds! He knew what it meant. He knew that some where-he could not tell where-there was another mound just like the one beside him. The ancient undertaker summoned all his Ohl how blitbely the little birds sang to courage and glauced into the room; but the Jedd. There was a new heaven and a new mound with its dasies and the weeping wil. earth for soembody that night, and how merrily the robbins sang about it! All this hap-"Dev"lish strange," he mattered. "It was pened while the snow flakes were running there." Then facing his clerk protem.; "You nimbly over the house top like little white

Every Christmas eve at the same hour The boy looked wearily around him, and Jedd sees this phantom mound with its sigh seemed to think that the temptation wasn't ing willow tree, and its lovely flowers, and its fairs birds flitting here and there like the "But he might steal a lid, though," thought fragments of a broken rainbow! And at night he has a fearful dream. He fancies that four fever flends are tossing him in his best velvet the silent, invisible lips of the chill-flend pall. Yellow Jack, with his great jaundiced rissage, Brain-fever, shouting deliriously, Scarlet fever, with red hot eyes and putrid lost its hold of the stool, and after one or two lips, and Typhod, still and dreadful—he sees involuntary turns, he opened his eyes to the them all I and they paw him with their dismanity. Among other things, the old man gusting hand, and kiss him on the mouth till

fear.

"It's always so-every Christmas eve; she peopled the room, and the dim blue light, when poor Tom was not catching fish, he dreadful folds. But the death cloth warmed which fell like an imitation of moonrise on was catching some thing else. So between him no more than if he had been dead, win As old Jedd Palfry muttered this between the long, narrow houses of the dead, made boating and beating the child was not so fact it threw a chill over him, and he seemhis thin, bloodless lips, he flattened and whit- them look frightful. A coffin is an ugly- happy as he might have been with more of ed covered with a black frost colder than the life all nature and ened his nose on the window glass, and look- looking thing any way one can fix it, and one and less of the other, or a gentle suffic snowy tracery which grew like magic over ed into the gloomy shop suspiciously. He twenty coffins are, of course twenty times lency of both. Having indulged in four the shop windows! He threw the pall from years' experience of being whaled, he took it him as if it had been a pest, and tiled to into his head to have a hand in the business warm his hands by the jet of gas which burn-

> afraid. A man who has been on a whalling on any more was his decision; so one fine voyage-"here little thirteen drew himself morning, without as much as the cognizance him and out of this grew a strange act. His The child must have been exceedingly weat pect of hard work, which is all the "rig out" self into it without hesitation, and once more

> > But Tom was too delicately made for a But hunger under such vircumstances, like a renewed note, only spares one for a little while. It came back to him with interest, his hunger, and he grew disconsolate.

The city, with all its strange newness, was forgotten in turn. The snow chilled him and the happy children buying toys in the grand shops, and the merry sleighs darting through the street like swallows, gave him an acute sense of loneliness. There were no mother and sisters to put gay presents in his stockings. Indeed, if there had been, they might have brought the stocking too, for never a one had Tom on those cold little feet!

Tom looked in Milliard's window at the rare pastry and confectionary and his hunger grew maddening. He turned from the heaped delicacies, fearing that he might be tempted to thrust his arm through the thick plate glass and help himself. He turned away in gastronomic agony, did Tom, and hearing the children cry "Merry Christmas !" won-Poor Tom, I have been looking for it this

Nantuck passed rapidly up Broadway, and then to avoid the heedless throng, crossed over to the western part of the town. Fate

ed him, for fate deigns even to shape the lives of such estrayers as Tom. Once he paused at a baker's door and lookd so longingly at a waiter of fresh tarts on the counter, that the shop girl gave him one, and her glossy curls shook all over with delight at the ravenous way he devoured it.

"Poor fellow," said the girl, sobering, he must have been fearfully hungry. He was ravenous, and he annihilated two

arts with enthusiasm.

As he turned out one of the cross streets which led into Sixth Avenue, he beheld an old man looking in an undertakers's window, as if he were weary of life, and a desire to accost him and beg shelter, or directions for finding it, overcome his pride, which was but a remnant, of its former self. He approached the man, who took no notice of him whatever, but continued to glare at the window with a wildness that almost startled Tom from his design. Now our humble hero was never blessed, or afflicted, as the case may be, with great colloquial powers, and he was omewhat at a loss as to how he should open a conversation with the eccentric and unique individual before him. In this dilemma the words he had heard spoken a thousand times that night broke musically over his lips;

"Merry Christmas, sir," Then it was that Jedd turned and looked at him, and said:

"Humph!"

CHAPTER IV. POOR TON'S A-COED. We left Tomtit floored, literally, at chapt-

The hours went by like shadows, and he still lay under the charmed influence of sleep

-sleep the little sprite, from the land of so very like a woman! so hard to win, so exquisite and true when won.

ambergris, of Nantucket and fish, and silent "Where calm and deep

The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep!" In the midst of this the fire in the diminutive stove went out; and now commenced a combat between the warmth of the dreamer's fancy and the coldness which was grader to him who "tempers the wind to the fair; I hope you are very well, and the coldness which was grader. ually gaining possession of the room. The alaim of a conflagration in the next street, the muffied sound of the engine, dragged furiously past the door by men who teemed like demons red hot from Pandemonium, and the jubilant clash of sleigh bells now and then, had failed to move the sleeper. But were eating into his slumber, and he dreamel of icicles! His little embrowned hand fact that it was growing intensely cold.

It was in valu that he drew himself togethpoor Jedd is near going mad with agony and er, like a turtle; the cold reached the outer circles of his body, and sleep deserted him,

The idea of freezing to death took hold of a light heart, one suit of clothes, and a pros- the floor. This being done, he settled himmade a coverlid of the heavy pall.

Tomtit fell a sleep again and commenced center. Jedd Pallfry's sight became so scute a profound slumber. His body swaved to whaling voyage, and after wasting three years dreaming of dreary oceans and lonely isles that he could see the perfume of the rose and fro in a very undicided slumber. At last of the golden part of his life, he found him- and fairy lands forlorn," of cross bones and self in our great city, one night, without eyeless skulls, church yards and epitaphs, money, or friends, or a place to die in. He and God knows what! Just then a brazenwandered from street to street so charmed lipped sentinel in a neighboring belfry solcritics, however, sometimes do it for them. I with the mad wrangling of sleigh bells-a emuly tolled out the hour, and, unseen save new music to him-and so dazzled by the by God's own eye, high up the steeple in the Tomit lay at the foot of his perpendicular shop windows, that he forgot his hunger and snow, and wind, and sleet, a ghostly finger

CHAPTER V.

LIFTING THE PALL. Jedd Pallfry was detained at Spuyten Duyvel's longer than he had anticipatedtwo hours longer; and the clock struck welve as he whirled round the corner, and brought himself up against the wind in front of his shop. The long tails of his threadbare overcoat were flying all ways, and he looked like a great hideons owl lost in the night, When Jedd opened the door, he started

There, in the middle of the floor, just where the spectral grave sprung "up yearly, lay a pall covered coffin, the gas going out, and the boy gone! The place seemed chilly and the snow flakes flew from him in every direcand he supported himself against the counter.

Pallfry which happen to us all at times, and I was so nervous, and in a for which philosophy's self cannot account.asiant on Tom sleeping. The strange young face, shaded by tangled curls of nut brown hair, and lacking the soft influence of his closed eyes, was almost wild in its beauty. The parted lips seemed ready to speak, but they moved not; the eyelids twitched, but picture-life and death !

Jedd started, but not with fear. He felt bosom. It was only his heart melting. The that I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt ! nature and humanity of the man had broken their fetters like reeds, and the love which had lain in a trance for a dozen years, reso up within him, and would be heard. His heart knew the little stranger in the coffin and he bent over him with a tenderness that

belongs to woman. "Nannette !" he said softly; "oh, so won-

derfully like Nannette." The boy opened his eyes, and looked about him confusedly. He attempted to rise, but his strength had succumbed to cold and hunger, and he sank back with a sickly smile. "I'm so very hungry, sir!"

"Only speak to me," cried Jedd, hoarse with emotion; "only say if you are Nannette's child." "Nannette, Nannette," said the boy, dream-

"Is some one calling my mother?" story." The old man said not a word to this, but knelt down by the coffin and wept.

The clock struck one as Jedd Pallfry pas sed through the blinding sleet with some thing heavy in his arms-some thing wrapped in a pall. A drowsy policemen, ensconced in a doorway, out of the storm, hailed him, and the drifted snow was more than House of Representatives, is taken from Peter knee deep-but Jedd, heeding nothing, strug- Pariey's "Recollections of his Litetime." gled on with his burden.

Then a brilliant coal fire threw a lurid and pleasant glow over Jedd's sitting room. Nowhere, that sits upon tired eye-lids and The elderly house keeper, complety dressed, Mr. Adams, the elect Mr. Jankson, the defects. weighs them down so kindly. Erratic and with the exception of a night cap which she It chanced, in the course of the evening that coquettish sleep, that will and won't, and is had forgotten to remove—hurried to and fro those two persons, involved in the throng, and in "a state of mind," collecting more jugs of proached each ot her from opposite directle hot water than would be required to warm yet without knowing it. Suddenly, an they Tom lay dreaming of ships, anchors, and the feet of all her majesty's subjects in the were almost together, the persons around, seems Crimes. Close by the grate, in a Daniel what was to hippen, by a sort of instinct, step. Lambert of an easy chair, sat the unconscious ped saids and let them face. Mr. Adams and Tom, with Jedd soothing one of his hands by himself; General Jackson had at large hand. and gazing anxiously in his face. So an to the shorn lamb !"

When I have said that terrible dreams and Mr. Adams took the General himdrend and trange visions never haunted Jedd Pallity after that night, I have said all. So is my story done.

The Buby's Shirt; or Hary Annie

AS RELATED BY MES. JONES. We are all preparing," said live, Joues, "to it was all the more remarkable from go to the wedding. I was going father trus that four hours before the former that he going, the gale was going, and we wan going to feated and the latter had been a girl take the haby. But come to dress the baby, struggle for one of the highest object could'nt find the baby's shift. I'd late, a clean man ambition. The personal character of one out of the drawer on purpose. I know a two individuals was in fact well es jist where I'd put if; but come to look for't that chance meeting: the gallantre

and it required all his strength to reach the There was only the ghost of a fire in a Nannette's child was adopted by a fisherdoor and lock it. Jedd draw a long breath; small stove; all corts of grocesque shadows man's wife, and very hadly adopted; for in a moment he had eveloped himself in its "has any on we seen that baby's shirt!"

Circles or mis body, and sleep descried him.— Itwas gone.

He spied the velvet pall on the counter, and work asked and the hearthless of the one was and the hearthless of the on

git over that shirt ! Twant the shirt shim

prony, what makes ye look so soles fe says

are shirt. One of you must have took it as "Now, ma," says Sophrony, says "she, you need at say that," says sho, and as I'd laid collis

get vexed, and so we had it back and further all about that baby's shirt, till we go to the "Seeing company kinder put it out of my mind, and I was getting good natured avail. though I could not help saying to myself every few minutes, what could a become of that shirt." fill at last they stood up to be married and I forgot all about it Mary Kne was a real modest creature, and was more half frightened to death, when she came into the room with Stephen and the minister told them to line hands. She fust give her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," save the minister, was he, and poor Steve, he was so bashful too, he did not know what he was about; he thoughtwas his mistake and that the minister meant him

so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That would'ne do any way, a left banded marchage all around; but by this time they did at know what they was about, and Mary Ann joined her damp like a vault, and Jedd shivered so, that right, then both their left hands again till I was all of a fidgit, and thought they would no tion like sparks from a scissor grinder's grind get fixed. Mary Ann looked as red as a tanstone. The stiffness in his knees gave out, key, and to make matters worse, she begin to cough to turn it of I suppose and offed for a Now one of those changes came over Jedd drinking and the tumbler stood right them. it all over with, I ketched up the turbles and With resolute and fearless steps he approach- run with it to her, for I thought to goodness ed the coffin and lifted the pall. The light she was going to faint. She undertook to which seemed to brighten up a little, fell drink-I dont know how it happened but the tumbler slopped, and gracious, me if between us both we did'nt spill the water all over her

collar and dress. "I was dreadfully flustered, for it looked as though twas my fault, and the fast thing I did was to out with my hankerchief, and give it, to Mary Ann; it was nicely done up, she took it they were not lifted; and he lay a double and shook it, the folks had held in putty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didnt know what had some thing trembling, throbbing, warming in given them such a start till I looked, and seen

> Here Mrs. Jones, who is a very fleshy, woman, undulated and shook like a mighty with her mirth, and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative. "Why" said she with tears of laughter winning down her cheeks, "Pd tucked it into my dress for a kerchief. That came arom being absent minded and in a fidgit." and rear in the

> "And Mury Ann and Stephen were they married after all!"
> "Dear me, yes," said Mrs. Jones, "and it turned out to be the gayest wedding that I ever 'tended."

"And the baby's shirt. Mrs. Jones Photographic "La, me," said Mrs. Jones, "how young folles do nek questions. Every body agreed Flought to make Mary Ann's present on'the same are "Well, Mrs. Jones!" "Well," said Mrs. Jones, "twan't Jong fore

MEETING OF JACKSON AND J. O. ADAMS AT PRESIDENT MONROE'S LEVEE.

she had use for it. And that's the end of the

The following account of the recentrate tween General Jockon & J. Q. Adams at President Monroe's leves the night after Adam's election over Jackson for the Presidency, to the

I shall pass over other individuals present only noting an incident which respects the said persons in the assembly, who most of all athsome lady on his arm. They looked at sech other for a moment, and then General Jack All this was gallantly and heartly said and dete. with chilling endthere : Very well sie; I have

Gen. Jackson is well!" A new of all specific It was curious to see the Westorn planter the Indian fighter, the storm spidles, who had written his country's glory in the bigod of the enomy at New Orleans—genial and gradiens in the midst of a court, while the old sentile? diplomat was stiff rigid, and sold in a steam