

POETRY.

The Quaker Girls.

There's many a lass with blooming cheek,
And many an eye that has learned to speak,
There's many a beauty jewelled out,
And many a wit at ball and rout,
And many a head for such will whirl,
But give me a beautiful quaker girl!

There are those that please and those that charm,
There are those that boast of a lovely form,
Of pearly teeth or a pretty foot,
Or of having sprung from an honor'd root,
Or of heads all deck'd with gems and curls,
But these are unlike the quaker girls!

Have you ever gazed on a pretty face,
By nature deck'd with every grace,
That told of a soul all pure and bright,
Of a mind that glowed with virtue's light,
That spoke of a heart to nature true?
'Tis the quaker girl exposed to view!

Have you ever felt of a lily hand
That shinking gave you a reprimand?
Have you ever chatted, (we all know how,)
And smile at her simple "thee" and "thou,"
Or laughed, when she frankly told you "yes!"
'Tis the fashion you know with the quakeresses.

There is kindness beaming from every eye,
And truth on every look and sigh;
There is honesty breathed in every vow,
And it sounds no worse for its "thee" and "thou,"
So honest if you will, of each lass you see,
But the quakeress is the one for me!

THE REPERTORY.

VILLAGE CHORISTERS.

A pig in a string is rather a troublesome article to manage, two pigs in a string are more troublesome still, to a degree, perhaps, in proportion to the squares of their distances—a ram in a halter is also proverbial for obstinacy—mules are celebrated for their pertinacity, and donkeys for their stupidity; but all pigs, rams, mules, and asses in the world, put together, would be more easily managed than a company of singers in a village church. About four miles from Loppington there is a village called Snatcham. And you cannot imagine a milder and more gentle creature than the excellent clergyman of Snatcham church. He is quite a picture, either for pen or pencil. He is not more than five feet four inches in height, somewhat stout but not very robust; he is nearly seventy years of age—perhaps quite by this time; his hair, what little is left of it, is as white as silver; his face is free from wrinkles either of care or age; his voice is slender, but musical with weakness. The practical principal of his demeanor has always been any thing for a quiet life. The present state of Snatcham choir is as follows. In the first place there is Martin Grubb, the butcher, a stout robust man of about fifty years of age, having a round head and a red face, with strong, straight, thick brownish grey hair, combed over his forehead, and reaching to his very eyebrows. He is the oldest, the wealthiest, and the most influential man in the choir. He sings bass, and is said to be the life and soul in his face, which is about as full of expression as a bullock's liver. Then there is young Martin Grubb, who is a bit of a dandy, with black curling hair, and whiskers of the same pattern, pale face, thin lips, long chin and short nose; his instrument is the violincello. James Gripe is leader of the treble voices, with occasional digressions, as above noticed. And, in addition to the two younger Gripes, Absalom and Peter, who play the two clarionets, there are Onesiphorus Bang, the shoemaker, who plays the first flute; Issachar Crack, a rival shoemaker, who plays the second flute; Cornelius Pike, the tobacco pipe-maker, who plays the bassoon; Alexander Rodolphe Crabbe, the baker, who plays the hautboy; Gregory Plush, the tailor, who plays the serpent, together with divers others, men, boys, and girls who make up the whole band.

This celebrated Snatcham choir made it a great point to obtain leave from their minister for all the abominations and absurdities which they were accustomed to inflict upon the parish under the guise of music; but the arrogant impertinence of their solicitation was such that they seemed to bid defiance to refusal, so that their asking leave was after the fashion of the Beggar in Gil Blas, who held his musket in the direction of the donor's head. At a large town in the county in which Snatcham is situated there had been a musical festival, the directors of which, in order to give eclat to their advertisements, had used all manner of means to swell the number of the performers. For this purpose they had sought every hedge and ditch, and highway and by-way in the country, to pick up every individual who had the slightest pretension whatever to musical talent. In such a search, of course the Snatcham choir could not by any possibility be overlooked. They were accord-

ingly retained for the choruses in consequence of which they underwent much musical drilling; nor were they a little pleased at the honor thus thrust upon them. They of course distinguished themselves, though I must say the wisest thing singers can do is not to distinguish themselves; but the Snatcham choir, it is said, actually did distinguish themselves, especially in the Hallelujah Chorus, and so fascinated were they with that chorus, and their own distinguished manner of singing it, that they resolved unanimously to perform it at Snatcham church. This was bad enough; but this was not the worst, for nothing would serve them but they would have it, of all days in the year, on Good Friday!

On the evening of the day before, the whole body of the choristers, vocal and instrumental, went up to the vestry room, and demanded an audience of their worthy pastor. The good man trembled at their approach, and his heart sank within him at the announcement that they had something very particular to say to him. He thought of harp, flute, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and all kinds of music, and his ears tingled with apprehension of some new enormity about to be added to the choir, in shape of some heathenish instrument. It was a ludicrous sight, and enough to make the pastor laugh, had he been at all disposed to merriment, to see the whole choir seated in his parlour, and occupying, after a fashion, every chair in the room; for they were never harmonious in any thing else; as to their mode of sitting, they were all precisely in the same attitude, and that attitude was—sitting on the very outward edge of the chair, with their hats carefully held between their knees, their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed upon vacancy. At the entrance of the clergyman they all rose, bowed with simultaneous politeness, and looked toward Martin Grubb as their mouth-piece. Martin Grubb, with his broad heavy hand, smoothed his locks over his forehead, and said—"Hem!"

"Well, Mr. Grubb," replied the minister, "you and your friends, I understand, have something particular to say to me."

"Why yes, Sir," said Mr. Grubb, "we have called upon you by way of deputation like, just to say a word or two about singing and for the matter of that, we have been practising a prettyish bit of music out of Handel, what they sung at the musical festival, called the Hallelujah Chorus; and as our choir sung it so well at the festival as to draw all eyes upon us, we have been thinking, sir, with your leave, if you please, and if you have no objection, that we should just like to sing it at church."

"At Church?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please, at Church, to-morrow. The Hallelujah Chorus, you know, Sir, being part of the Messiah, we thought it would be particularly appropriate, and we are all perfect in our parts, and there's two or three chaps out of the next parish that are coming over to Snatcham to see their friends, and they'll help us you know, Sir, and every thing is quite ready and rehearsed and all that; and we hope, Sir, you won't have no objection, because we can never do it so proper as with them additional voices what's coming to-morrow, and there will be such lots of people come to church on purpose to hear us, that they will be all so disappointed if we don't sing it."

Here James Gripe, somewhat jealous of his rival's eloquence, and taking advantage of Martin's pausing for a moment to recover breath, stepped forward, saying—"No, Sir, we hope you won't refuse your leave, because all the people so calculate upon hearing it, that they will go away in dudgeon, if so be as they are disappointed, and mayhap they will never come to church again, but go among the methodishes or some of them outlandish sexes; and it would be a pity to overthrow the established church just for the matter of a stave or two of music."

The minister sighed deeply but not audibly, and replied, saying in a tone of mild expostulation—"But to-morrow, my friends is Good Friday, a day of extraordinary solemnity, and scarcely admitting even the most solemn music in its service."

"Exactly so," interrupted Martin Grubb, "that's the very thing I say, Sir, and therefore the Hallelujah Chorus is the most peculiar appropriate: it's one of the most solemnest things I ever heard—it's quite awful and grand—enough to make hair of one's head stand upright with sublimity."

"'Tis indeed, Sir," added James Gripe, "you may take my word for it, Sir."

"Perhaps," returned Martin Grubb, your reverence never heard it; now if so be as you never heard it, mayhap you don't know nothing about it, in which case we can, if you please, with your permission, sing you a little bit of it, just to give you an idea of the thing."

The poor persecuted pastor looked around upon his tormentors in blank amazement, and saw them with their ruthless mouths wide open, and ready to inflict upon him the utter penalty of their awful voices. In tremulous tones the worthy man exclaimed—"No, no, pray don't—pray don't—don't trouble yourselves—I beg you will not. I know the piece of music you refer to very well, and I think if you could perform it on any other day than Good Friday—"

Singers are a peculiar irritable class of persons, and the slightest opposition or contradiction irritates and disturbs them, so that at the very moment that the minister uttered a sentence at all interfering with their will, they all surrounded him with clamorous and sulky importunity, and set to work with all diligence to demolish his objections.

"Please, Sir," said Martin Grubb, shaking his big head with a look of dogged willfulness, "I don't see how it's to be done. The Hallelujah Chorus requires a lot of extra voices that isn't to be got every day; and if we tells them chaps as is coming over here to-morrow to help us, that we don't want their help, they may take tiff, and never come over to Snatcham again."

"But, perhaps," the pastor meekly replied, "they may assist you in the grave and sober singing of some serious and well known psalms in which all the congregation may unite."

On hearing this the broad faced butcher expanded his features into a contemptuous sort of grin, and said—"Come, now, that's a good one, as if regular scientific singer's would come all the way to Snatcham just to sing old psalm tunes!"

Mr. Gripe also said—"He! he! he!"

"He! he! he! is a very conclusive kind of argument and so the minister of Snatcham felt it to be, for he could not answer it, nor refute it, nor evade it. He looked this way and that way, up to the ceiling and down to the floor, towards Mr. Gripe and towards Mr. Grubb; but neither ceiling nor floor, Gripe nor Grubb, afforded him any relief from his painful embarrassment. The exulting singers saw that he was posed, and now was the time to push their victory, and overwhelm the minister by their united importunities. So they all crowded round him at once, and almost all at once began to assail him with such a torrent of reasons and argumentation that he had not time to say a word for himself.

"Please, Sir," said Onesiphorus Bang, "I han't got nothing else ready to play."

"Nor I neither," said Issachar Crack.

"Please, Sir," said Alexander Rodolphe Crabbe, "we never like to do nothing without your leave, and we hope you wont compel us to do so now. My wife says she'll never come to church again, if the Hallelujah Chorus is not performed to-morrow."

"And I declare," said Gregory Plush, "that for my part I never wish to touch the serpent again, if we mayn't do that piece of music."

Absalom and Peter Gripe also said the same as touching the clarionets; and James Gripe then looked at the minister with a quaintly interrogative aspect, which, without uttering a word seemed to say—"Where what will you do without Absalom and Peter's clarionets." Now, for his own part, the worthy pastor would have been glad to get rid of the whole clamour of their music, for these choristers were always at loggerheads either with one another, or with the rest of the parish.

The minister thus overwhelmed with argument and eloquence, with pathos and importunity, found himself compelled to yield, which he did with the worst grace imaginable. Away went the choristers, rejoicing in the triumph of music, and full of glee at the thought of the wonderful figure they should cut on the morrow, when assisted by the "chaps from the next village," they astonished the natives with the Hallelujah Chorus.

That night neither the singers nor the minister slept: the former were kept awake by the anticipation of musical glory, and the latter was made restless by the dread of musical absurdity. Good Friday came:—the whole village looked more like a scene of festivity than of fasting. The "chaps

from the next village," as Martin Grubb called them, were as gay as so many larks: there was such a display of blue coats and yellow buttons as never was seen before. The singing gallery was full to suffocation, and the church itself was crowded. The squire of the parish was present, and his family also were with him, and the singers were so happy that they could hardly contain themselves. They did not mind the prayers; they heard them before, and did not think them half so well worth hearing as the Hallelujah Chorus. There was such a rustling of leaves of music books, and such a buzz of whispering voices, that the worthy minister could hardly be heard. The choristers had arranged that the Hallelujah Chorus should be sung immediately before the sermon, and they thought that the prayers would never be over: they were as impatient as young horse in harness.

At length the prayers were finished, and the merciless choristers let loose upon the congregation to inflict whatever musical torture they pleased. Away they burst with relentless and resistless fury. There was such scraping, and blowing, and roaring, and growling, and screaming, as was never heard; the powers of every instrument were exerted to the utmost of their capability;—there was such an infinite variety of articulation of Hallelowya, Halleluyah, Allyluger, and Ahmen, and Awmen, and Ameen; that none but initiated could form a guess what the singers were about. The patient and afflicted minister sat still in the pulpit, waiting till the storm should be over: he knew that it could not last for ever, and that they must soon sing themselves hoarse or out of breath. There is an Irish proverb which says "Single misfortunes never come alone;" this was verified in the present case; for a misunderstanding occurred which produced a double infliction of the music. Messrs. Grubb, Gripe, Crabbe, Bang, Crack, and their friends, when performing at the cathedral; had observed that one or two parts of the performance had been encountered.

Now, unfortunately, just as the band was bringing its mighty performance to a close, the squire of the parish most innocently drew his handkerchief out of his pocket; but happening to draw it forth with a peculiar grace, or with what Mr. Grubb and his friends thought a peculiar grace, they were most graciously pleased to take it for granted that it must be a signal for a repetition of the chorus, and therefore, just at the moment when the good minister, was pleasing himself with the thought that the absurd display was over, they all burst forth again with renewed vigour. He thought that they were absolutely mad; he looked, but he was only answered by Halleluyah, Allyluger; and when they had finished the second time, he was half afraid that they would begin again, and sing it the third time. When the service was over the good man took the liberty to hint to his musical parishioners that he thought they had performed a work of supererogation in performing the chorus twice. They themselves felt that they had somewhat encroached, but they laid the blame upon the squire, whose slightest wish they thought, should be obeyed. The squire was very sorry when he found what mischief he had inadvertently done, and promised that he would take care, in future not to pull out his handkerchief again in singing time.

Society.—When neighbors dwell together in peace, visit in friendship, converse for useful improvement, or harmless amusements take part in each other's prosperity and adversity, concur in the government of their families, are candid to excuse and careful to conceal each others trivial or accidental failings; studios to reform real and dangerous faults; when all abide in their calling, and quietly perform their own business, and meddle not with the temporal concerns of others, a blessing will attend their labors, and success will smile upon their designs. Their intercourse will be easy, pleasant and virtuous; and a foundation will be laid for the happiness of succeeding generations.—But if each is bound up within himself and looks with indifference on all around him or beholds his inferior with contempt, and his superior with envy; if every meeting is filled with impertinent and angry controversy, and every visit employed in tattling and backbiting; if neighbor defames neighbor and watches for advantage against the other—if an acquaintance receives you with feigned smiles of pleasure and friendly greeting, but debases your character when your back is turned

ed—if every brother will endeavour to supplant, and every neighbor to walk in slanders, one had better flee to the solitary mountains, and dwell alone in the earth.

Breakfast in Alabama.—The following conversation is said to have taken place somewhere in that State:

"Marm what do you charge for a breakfast here?" "Why, if you have corn bread and common trimmens it will be two bits, (twenty-five cents.) But if you have wheat bread and chicken fixens, it will be three bits." "Let's have the chicken fixens."

A new one.—One day last week, while a cloud was every moment threatening us with a deluge, we saw an honest Irishman carrying water with great apparent haste. "What is the matter, Dennis?" said we, "is the house on fire?" "Och, no sir," said he, "not at all, but it's my cabbages that I'm after getting watered before it rains."

A fellow passing down town the other day, with a shocking bad umbrella, was addressed by a wag—"Look here feller you had better get that 'ere umbrella shingled."

"When I came into the pulpit, and many years after," says an eccentric minister of the old school, "Religion used to be the principal topic preached upon; now, it is all rum and niggers!"

Real refinement of manners will be in proportion to the refinement of intellect and purity of heart—a pale cheek and invisible waist, are no certain indications of a delicate mind.

There is no earthly motive which can stimulate a good mind to such unwearied exertions as the thought that these are contributing to the happiness of beloved objects. And this generous love, prompting to exertion, can give dignity to any honest employment, and it does impart sentiment and delicacy to the character of those who cherish it, elevating the heart and mind of the poorest person far, far above the rich and luxurious, who live only for their own selfish enjoyment.

The applause of the world may satisfy the ambition of man; but woman, pious and virtuous woman, can never be happy, unless she is herself satisfied that her conduct has been regulated by propriety and truth; unless her own heart whispers her cause is right.

There is sound philosophy in the position, that the more a man has the more he wants. It is our nature. But we need not have this propensity directed towards riches: Let the object of desire be liberty, knowledge, virtue, or religion, and the people may go on seeking, gaining, improving, and laying up treasure, as eagerly as they please.

High Fashion.—A New York writer gives the following as a definition of high fashion.

"Tight sleeves to the elbows—long waist—full skirt—sweet smile—curling lip—bright eye—pearly teeth—tongue of music—heart of d—"

How to treat Slander.—The only proper and effectual mode of dealing with malice is invariably to despise it; for it has been justly remarked by an old writer, "malice scorned, puts itself out; but argued gives a kind of credit to a false accusation."

Matrimony.—A little before the revolutionary war, when parsons were scarce in the upper part of Virginia, a certain English parson relates that having to stop there once, seven couples came from a distance to be married at the same time, and accommodations were so scarce, that the seven couples, "did sleep that night in an old barn upon a pile of straw."

Laws.—Paley says: "The care of the poor ought to be the principal object of all laws, for this plain reason, that the rich are able to take care of themselves."

Parson Taylor says, that the first land speculator was the Devil. For, on a certain occasion, the Devil took our Saviour up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, and said to him, all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me; when, in fact, the Devil had not one inch to give!

A Mrs. Durfee has been committed to jail at Buffalo, as an incendiary: