

Poetry.

HE WILL NOT WOO AGAIN.

'Twas but a word—a careless word, In pride and passion spoken: But with that word the charm that bound Two loving hearts was broken.

Alas! that love, long tried and warm, Should wither in an hour: Alas! that pride o'er human hearts Should wield such fearful power!

Select Tale.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn'g for life In its most subtle luxury. The air is like a breath from a rarer world;

The delicious morning which is glowing and me, and which has called forth the exquisite description of our gifted country.

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you wife, before you leave me! You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you by a ring that sacred name in Heaven.

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer," she replied, "it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven; you must not be my husband, and hear me, dearest, you must no longer be near me—your love is precious, but it is earthly, and comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world to which I hasten.

"With heroic and martyr-like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who is love."

"William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes.

"He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbed like a child as she leaned upon his bosom.

"No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow of the soul's great deep was broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart."

"At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispering prayer—he unwound his arms, would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast! A smile of joy irradiated his face, and his arms once again enfolded her.

"She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest bursts of grief—'Are you not stronger, dear William?'"

"Ah, I fear not, my love." "This is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than strength! I must never leave you, Annie!" "Never!"

The morning of the wedding day had come and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress—a beautiful muslin, guileless of ribbon or lace, I wished to twine in her hair a small string of pearls, which was once her mother's, but she gently put it from me.

"What, no ornaments?" I inquired. "None," she replied; "but—yes—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him; bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair!"

"I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom, glittering in jewels dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful as that dying girl, with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek.

"You remember, Grace, I promised that you should be my bridesmaid."

"As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

"It was morning, a morning born of bloom and beauty, so soft, so glowing, it seemed like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth, and melting in a covenant of love."

roy, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the cough which shook her fragile frame. We knew that she must die, and she, like many consumptives, knew it also; yet she was strangely averse to acquainting her absent lover with the fearful truth.

"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side, The repose in its bloom, his beautiful bride."

At length May came around again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed down to earth by the great and unlooked-for affliction which awaited him—yet meekly drank the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place.

It was morning, a morning born of bloom and beauty, so soft, so glowing, it seemed like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth, and melting in a covenant of love."

Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

"Pray once again my beloved, it will plume my spirit's wings for its upward flight, but place your hand upon my heart that you may know when I am gone."

William Gordon lifted up his voice in a prayer, all saint like submission and child like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister and the friend, to her Savior and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourner the ministrations of the blessed spirit.

"She has left us; oh! our Father, she is with thee now!" "Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh! dear sister, come back to us, come back!"

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked. Let us perhaps for the last time eat together.'"

"For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy bank, she gasped out, 'Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if we remain here.'"

"And the fritters?" inquired the gentle Eloise. "They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with a receipt for making them, together with a lock of his hair. Two hours afterwards he was on his road to London, and the Reform Club. But to this day even the sight of an apple makes me tremble—Alas! such is the love of poor fond woman!"

"That night Eloise slept but little. She was thinking over the story of the 'Apple Fritters.'"—London Diogenes.

The man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

The lady who 'took it coolly' threw it up again somewhat heated.

The lady who 'stuck to her point' was soaked off with warm suds.

The man that 'struck a bargain' was fined for the assault.

The person that 'raised an objection' had his shoulder put out of joint.

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Miscellaneous.

APPLE-FRITTERS—A ROMANCE.

Soyer the great cook, has written a novel in which the art of the kitchen is set forth in a rather novel manner. The two heroines go among the poor and impart the receipts of the chef.

Although this book ought to be in every gentleman's kitchen, still we do not think that Mr. Soyer has made the most of his subject. Could he not in his second edition give us a few scenes something like the following?

It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by, laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising from nature's kitchen! The moon shone brightly as a bird's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, seemed silvered and pure as a wedding cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said chere Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the noble and enthusiastic girls were 'neath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to repress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then turning her large pale grey eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added, in a disappointed tone. "They are baking apples if I mistake not!"

"They are! they are!" cried chere Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

"Poor girl! they remind her of her home—Some moments elapsed before chere Hortense could resume her wonted calmness.—At length with an effort, she said, 'forgive me, dear Eloise. I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple, I always think of him.'"

"You must indeed have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! ay, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted, I remember, we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear the first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring it with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted for my heart was breaking."

"Dear Hortense," exclaimed Eloise. "Ah! how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," sighed the brave girl.—Then resuming her story, "when the whole formed a smooth consistency to the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with the batter. I could endure my agony no longer. 'Alexis! I cried 'beware how you trifle with me!'"

"Proceed! you interest me greatly," remarked Eloise. "What was his answer?"

"Hortense with an effort, continued:—"When the mixture was hot, he put the apples in one at a time, turning them over with a slice as they were doing. Suddenly he turned towards me, his face glowing with passion!"

"Nay say not so!" interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl; "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked. Let us perhaps for the last time eat together.'"

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In a recent work of Hugh Miller's, the geologist, we find the following view of the antiquity of the world: Along the cliffy shore near his native town, as in other parts of the coast of Scotland, there is a line of dry caves in the face of the rock, about twenty feet above the line of similar objects which the sea is at present engaged in hollowing out.

Surveying this set of objects impresses on Mr. Miller the "fact of the awakening antiquity of the globe. I found," he says, "that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five and twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps rather say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coastline during the historic period. The ancient wall of Antonius, which stretched between the Firths of Fourth and Clyde, was built at its termination with reference to the existing levels; and ere Caesar landed in Britain, St. Michael's mount was connected with the mainland, as now, by a narrow neck of beach laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then it must have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated a passage third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand five hundred years.—And both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does the epoch of the old coast-line form!"

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"Why people of rank?" "Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! What makes you talk so smart?"

"The butter's taking the skin off my tongue, mother!" "Ziba don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify."