

Poetry.

Scatter Ye Seeds.

Scatter ye seeds, and flowers will spring;
Strew them at breakfast o'er him and Glenn;
Sow in your garden and time will bring
Bright flowers, with seeds to scatter again.

Select Gales.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"Annie," screamed Mrs. Locke. We are
only to accept so undignified a word for the
first time used by that most fascinating of
beings; but Mrs. Locke was stationed behind
the curtain of the second story front room
window, and her sister was dressing her hair
at the very back of the house.

"Well," inquired Miss Paine, half turning
to the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride; a large
white box, from Glenn. I should say; but I
can't make it out exactly; Harry!"

Miss Paine, catching at the skirt of her
dressing gown, fled through the intervening
room.

"I think it is one of Bailey's men; he's been
there twice already. I noticed that green
coat with the white buttons. Depend upon it
—more silver."

"That's twenty-three parcels I've counted,
said Mrs. Locke. 'I expect she will have very
handsome presents.'

"Oh, some must have been her dresses and
things; but she ought to have—all her relations
are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back par-
lor already. I should not wonder if they were
going to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say; here comes the groom; if it
was me I shouldn't thank him to be so early
every evening. So all that horseback riding
turned out just as you always said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighborly ob-
servation, Harold Welsh hurried along in the
early twilight, thinking only, as he turned the
corner, that it was for the last time. To-
morrow his problem ended, and when they
returned to the city he should have a right
to come and go just as he pleased; the right
of a husband and son, in the house that held
his promised bride. With all sweet dreams
and fancies, far more unselfish and earnest
than young men of four and twenty are apt
to entertain, he sprang up the marble steps,
and rang a quick summons to the servant who
had received the "twenty three parcels;" and
who remarked to the cook, as he turned loung-
ingly towards the door: "That bell seemed
being on wires, and that person could wait
till his hurry was over."

The threat was not fulfilled, however; for
the bride herself, watching by the parlor win-
dow, had saved John the trouble for this oc-
casion.

No wonder at this proof of her interest
and eagerness for his coming. The happy
Harold scarcely waited to place the door be-
tween them and Mrs. Locke still watching
over the way, before he had given her such a
kiss and embrace as you can imagine under
the circumstances. He could not help a feel-
ing of disappointment, though, when his lady-
love's first half-smothered ejaculation was—
"Oh! it's you, is it, Harold?" while she re-
sented her decomposed collar and under-
sleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" in-
quired the slightly piqued, but still devoted
lover.

"Oh, don't get cross—there's a darling. But
I thought it might be Cousin James; gravely,
you know he hasn't been here for a week,
and it's so strange! Not the first thing I
saw from him; not so much as a note or
anything. Oh! Harold, I've so many lovely
things come to-day; all sorts of baskets and
boxes, and ornaments, and silver; all my un-
cles and aunts have sent something in silver
and everything matches so beautifully. I don't
ever get about as rich as James? So rich, and

my guardian, too, and always so fond of me!
It must be something elegant when it does
come. We've been talking it over, and every
time the bell rang, you know, we thought it
must be he, or his present. I told the girls
I was sure it was this time; I felt so somehow
so I ran to the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know
that his bride had been waiting for a trinket
instead of himself; but Harold was too happy
to let that damp the delight he felt in being
near his "little wife"—"almost," as he whis-
pered in the hall, after a separation of so many
hours. He was sorry to hear voices in the
back parlor, so he kept her talking away
while he made a great parade of "unbuttoning
his overcoat, and drawing off his gloves."

"You must not mind how I look to-night,"
she ran on, giving her apron a little stroke;
"people never do look like anything or pretend
to dress, the week before they are married.
Albertina says, and she has been bridesmaid
ever so many times. She was astonished when
she found I had made no difference all the
while, and advised me to keep on my morn-
ing-dress to night at any rate. She thinks
Cousin James intends to send a whole tea ser-
vice, or a very elegant set of ornaments; she
says she shouldn't be surprised if he gave
diamonds. But I forgot you hadn't seen the
things. They are all set out on the sofa ta-
ble in the back parlor, except your mother's;
there wasn't room for that, so it's on the pi-
ano, and by and by we are going to arrange
them in the dressing-room up stairs."

"I'm glad you told me what it all means,"
said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina
Willis, first bridesmaid and Ellen Ward the
third; the intervening damsel had not yet
arrived. "I should say you were getting up a
fancy fair, or something of that kind, if I did
not know. Needle books and cologne bot-
tles! What a collection!"

"Oh, don't," called out the bride, rescuing
an embroidered white satin sachet from his
careless handling; "there isn't a needle book
in the whole, you provoking man. And that
pair of colognes are real Bohemian, and came
from Glenn's; they haven't been in the house
ten minutes; they're Mrs. Jacob's present, and
must have cost immensely, Albertina says;
and she has priced these these things so of-
ten."

"So they are to be ranged according to mar-
ket value. The regard of the giver has nothing
to do with the transaction, only the length
of purse they imply. This is rather pretty."

It was a taper stand, one of those trifling
affairs one sees on every stage.

"Mrs. Grimes"—he read the card attached.
"You ought to put the price down in dollars
and cents, under each, or mark it on the bot-
tom of the article, as they do in the china
shops."

"Oh, you're joking now. I know you think
just as I do, that it's very mean in Mrs.
Grimes, when I made Agnes such a lovely
resent last year. I don't think she would
like to see the price put down very well; I
expected something elegant from her. Isn't
it lace-set beautiful? That's from Aunt
me."

"Rather.—It was plain to see he did not
own one present from another, as he care-
lessly ruffled the *Alenon* chemise—the young
dies had been in ecstasies over.—How many
dolls' worth of affection, Jenny?"

"Oh, it must have been—but I've no idea—
*onsense*," said the future Mrs. Harold in all
good faith.

"Here's the silver all by itself," said Ellen
ard. "See, what a lovely pair of sets!"

"And what are these? Muffin rings? One,
two, three, four; why, there must be nine or
ten. Oh, napkin rings, are they? Well, how
many napkins are to use at once? How tidy
shall have to be to display them all! And
how is that towel there?"

"A pie knife," exclaimed the third brides-
maid, wondering if Mr. Welsh was really as
naïveté as he pretended, but not knowing
in well enough to ask.

"Why, there's two of them," said Harold.
"Then I can always ask for two pieces of pie.
How fortunate!"

"Oh, that's nothing," interposed Albertina.
"Why, Alice Lawton had eight pairs of butter-
knives, I recollect, all marked with her name
a full, so it was impossible to exchange them.
I'm sure it would be nicer if one of these
was a crumb-scraper."

"How long since silver crumb-brushes came
?" inquired Harold.

"Not brushes; a knife something like this,
this more; and she held up a massive fish-
knife, elaborately engraved with dauphins,
hilo the fork was in the form of a trident.
See how heavy this is! Mrs. Frank Welsh
is really been very kind."

"Oh, that's my relation. Why is everybody
expected to shell out on these occasions?"

"Shell out! What an expression, Harold!
Did the bride elect, poutingly. She thought
was not half as much pleased as he should
have been. For her part, she had been in
such a state of excitement all day over her
new possessions, that she could scarcely wait
evening to come, that he would share her
trifles. The very wrapping-paper and
line, and packing-boxes, had a charm for

her. "Mrs. Egbert Welsh sent that pair of pre-
serve spoons," said the matter-of fact Ellen
Ward, on whom the business of this display
would principally fall, and who was losing
no time in getting the catalogue for her ware-
by heart—we believe it is a part of regular
bridal etiquette for the third bridesmaid to
undertake 'the fancy-table'—Mrs. Jones, the
salt-spoons lined with gold, you see, and gold
mustard-spoon. Miss Grant, the tea-strainer.
Mrs. Pyne, the ice-cream-knife. Hannah Rich-
ards, the ladle—no, she sent the oyster-ladle
—this is marked Mrs. Thomas Barker, and
belongs to the family set here. A dozen tea
spoons, desserts, and tablespoons in this case.
Mr. and Mrs. John Barker. Two dozen forks,
breakfast and tea, Mrs. Edward. Sugar,
Mrs. Henry Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins
Barker."

"See, how heavy they are!" added the bride
who, running to the window, another ring
having announced the arrival of a disappoint-
ment in the shape of the baker's boy with
fresh loaves for tea, had returned in time to
take pride in this display of liberality on the
part of her own family.

"Very," said Harold gravely, balancing a
fork which he had taken from the velvet-lined
purple morocco case. "Your Uncle Edward
loves you so many ounces, warranted genu-
ine." Your Uncle and Aunt John so many
more. Well, I have heard of 'weighing affec-
tion,' but I always considered it a figure of
speech till now."

"Oh, you may say what you please, Harold,
it's very kind in them; and mamma says, ev-
ery young couple ought to have their silver in
readiness."

"Particularly, after her stipulation that you
should always live with her; and she has ev-
ery thing in this line all ready."

"But how should I manage if Cousin James
should send a whole tea-service," said the bride,
"so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle
Tompkins? I wish they had chosen anything
else, something entirely useful, silver egg-hold-
ers, say."

"He will, you may depend upon it," said Al-
bertina Willis. "The winter I was in Savan-
nah, there was Georgia Berrin's uncle, just
like your Cousin James, only he was a planter
instead of a merchant, and a very old gentle-
man; her uncle instead of her father's cousin;
but he was her guardian, I mean. He did not
come to the wedding, but two weeks before,
the most enormous packing box arrived from
Charleston by the steamer. Well, all rushed to
see it opened; and what do you think it turn
out to be? A dressing-bureau! (Georgia was
too mad to live, and I didn't blame her at all,
knowing how rich Le Roy Pickens was always
considered. It was rosewood, to be sure, and
elegantly carved; but only think of a *dressing
bureau* for a bridal present!"

"Look out for a wash-stand from Cousin
James," said Harold, highly amused at the
story, with its marked emphasis; "a wash-stand
and towel-frame to match."

"Nonsense!" returned the bride, to whom the
story was tolerably familiar, this being the
fourth repetition. "Hear the rest of it. Be
quiet, or I shall pinch your arm severely, Har-
old."

But Harold continued his bantering.

"I imagine her emotions when her guests
took up the tickets so: 'Le Roy Pickens, one
dressing-bureau, forty-five dollars!' Am I to
make out the tickets for these things? You
must have a catalogue, a catalogue by all
means, Miss Ward. That will save quantities
of trouble. I am to page the third. 'Lot No.
19, two dozen tea spoons, Mrs. Tom Barker,
valued at how much, Jenny?'"

"Uncle and Aunt John sent the spoons. Lis-
ten now. Go on, Albertina."

"Well," said Albertina, "after a while, we
thought we might as well have the bureau set
up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you
may be sure, with ten bridesmaids, seven of
us staying in the house! I remember, there
wasn't a nail that would have held another
thing! And what do you think? When we
came to open the first drawer, there was a set
of linen cambric handkerchiefs—it was a small
side drawer—and half a dozen French collars;
and a whole piece of Valenciennes lace; and
dear knows what all! You should have seen
us tearing out the things after that; the most
elegant dresses; and a white watered mantle-
—I recollect, it was the year they first came
out—a craps shawl, and elegant fan, and even
a sunshade, a whole wardrobe complete, that
he had sent North for, it seems. You never
saw such a looking room as it was when we got
through. Every chair and table, and the floor
piled up with things!"

"Dear Jenny, I hope your cousin James
won't copy that remarkable fashion."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because the house certainly would not hold
any more dresses, and bonnets, and things
Oaly recollect how many times I've escorted
you to Miss Wharton's. And it must be three
months, at least, that I've walked over the
unfortunate's semstress in the bent bonnet
who is always going home just as I come!"

"Oh, one can't have too much," said Al-
bertina, emphatically. "If I was going to be mar-
ried, I should make it a point to have a differ-

ent dress, and lace set, for every party, and a
bonnet for every walking-dress. I can't see
the least use in being married without having
plenty of new things!"

"I dare say," said the bridegroom. "Where's
your mother, Jenny?"

"I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day;
she's so busy about the collation. That puts
me in mind; she wanted to see you, when you
came in, about the wine. I guess you'll find
her in the dining-room."

"Suppose you go with me, to show me the
way."

"Why, if Cousin James should come, or send
—for, you see, I am sure, being my guardian,
it will be something superb—I shouldn't like
to be out of the way?"

"Yes," said Albertina, "after watching ever
since one o'clock."

"But," suggested Ellen Ward, "we could
bring it right up, you know."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," said Harold.
He was only mortal man, and could not help
being a little vexed. "I can find your mother,
I dare say."

"Oh, don't be disagreeable, Harold." And a
lover's quarrel would certainly have ensued,
if the bride had not thought better of it, and
followed him into the hall. "You're not an-
gry with me?"

"No, darling; and he smoothed the half
frown away from his face, as she nestled close
in his arm going up the broad staircase. "But
these pomps and vanities seem so unsuited to
all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I
suppose I have got over my disappointment in
not finding you alone to-night."

"But you will have me all to yourself after
to-morrow."

"True, my little bride; and his heart gave
a great bound at the thought.

"And, you see, if we did not have at least
one rehearsal—most people have three or four
—there might be some disagreeable mistake,
and that would spoil all."

"All?"

"The wedding, I mean."

But it was a very irksome evening notwith-
standing. The groomsmen would not under-
stand the precise order of *entree*—Harold per-
sisted in calling it "learning the figure"—and
the second bridesmaid had a cold, and was ob-
liged to stay at home, and nurse herself for
the next day. Her place was supplied for the
time being by Mrs. Barker, the mother of the
bride, who, being constitutionally nervous,
and especially flurried when so many things
still remained to be looked after, went wrong
continually, and was called off as soon as she
began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue
of her long experience, was in despair every
five minutes; and it was wonderful how she
managed to survive at all. The door bell rang
continually, and the bride as often broke a
way from her partner, and flew to the hall,
to receive the head waiter engaged for the next
day, or some band-box, or parcel, or message
from the milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel
from the delinquent guardian, who was so
strangely forgetful, considering that he had
heartily approved of the engagement at the
first, and was the wealthiest of all Miss Jenny
Barker's well-to-do relatives.

"I wouldn't mind so much, at any rate, only
every one will talk so," she said to Harold,
who felt himself compelled to leave without
having seen her alone ten minutes; yet when
he came, it had seemed as if he could not say
half that was in his heart for a month at least.
It was so full of bright hopes, and the new
duties he was to take upon himself, and fears lest
he should fail in making that dear girl as hap-
py as she should be.

"What should we care for any one, Jenny,
when we have each other. And really, I don't
see what more a woman's heart could wish
than such a shower of beautiful things. I was
only teasing. I think your presents very
handsome, dear, and it's very kind in our
friends."

Just then, at the very latest possible hour,
the messenger so watched for was heard ascen-
ding the steps.

"I shan't turn my head this time," said the
bride, despairingly. "I know it's too late for
Cousin James now."

Very likely it was, for he was a middle aged
gentleman of very regular habits, who had
dispatched his office boy with the parcel and
note a few delivered early in the evening. Why
they had just arrived was best known to the
messenger himself, who did not wait for ex-
planations.

It seemed as if that string would never come
untied. Harold took pity on the impatient,
fluttering little fingers, and out it with his
knife finally. One, two, three wrappers!

"And it's so heavy. What can it be?" said
the bride, eagerly.

Then a strong pasteboard packing-box edged
with blue. Harold began to comprehend the
mystery; but nothing was further from the
young girl's excited imagination than the plain,
substantially-bound Oxford Family Bible,
which presented itself when the cover was rais-
ed.

Tears of disappointment and mortification
sprang to her eyes as she looked up to Har-
old.

He was sorry for her, though, to him, it
seemed a very wise and proper gift from the
judicious guardian, who had always had her
best welfare at heart. He wondered that a
one, not even his own good mother, in all their
circle of relatives, had made the same choice.

"Read the note, Jenny," he said, soothingly,
as he would have done to a grieved, disappoint-
ed child, putting it into her hand.

"She gave it back to him open; but she could
not make it out through her tears. They were
alone now; so, he drew her head down on his
shoulder, and read in his grave, manly voice—

"I send you an unusual gift, dear child, for
you have always been as dear to me as my
own could have been; yet I can think of no
other so suitable, coming from me, at this time.
A family Bible is not what it used to be in my
young days; not held in such loving reverence,
or consulted with the faith and trust of the old
time. Still, knowing Harold as I do, and how
readily you are won to the right way when it
is set before you, I hope that in your house,
it will never be neglected and unused, as
it is in so many homes."

"I do not approve of bridal-presents in the
light they have come to be considered. They
are too often only vehicles of ostentatious dis-
play, oftentimes ill-afforded, and given grudging-
ly in secret; and the truest friends are wound-
ed by seeing their modest offerings, placed in
glittering contrast with what has cost far less
thought and care, overlooked or slighted by
the recipient for some useless bauble. Envy
and heart burning; every kind of ill feeling
custom, to me, to grow out of this much-abused
system. I had made up my mind to discon-
tinue it in future, before I knew that I was so
soon to be called on to give you away. Har-
old could not ask anything more precious at my
hands; and tell him, from me, that if at any
time my counsel, credit, or more tangibly
proof of the entire confidence I have in him
will be of any service, he must not hesitate to
call on me, as if I was his own father."

The reader's eyes grew misty now, while a
smile of sudden satisfaction and pleasure flash-
ed his bride's upraised face. It was so kind-
ly said, that, in spite of her expectations, she
could not be vexed at her guardian; and the
disappointment began to lose its keenest edge.

"For yourself, my dear child, accept all I
can offer of heartfelt good wishes and earnest
prayers for your future happiness. I doubt
not other friends have lavished more costly
gifts in selecting mine, save, indeed, your moth-
er and your future husband."

"God's blessing be on you both!"

"What more could we ask, darling?" said
Harold, kissing her forehead softly; and at
that moment, free from all external worldly
influences, she was ready to answer "Nothing."

He Would Pee.

Joe Dovetail had a wife, a strong minded
wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of neces-
sary evil, treating him very much as the lady
did her husband on the North River steamer,
who ventured to object to some of her arrange-
ments for travel, when she shut him up sud-
denly by telling him, in the hearing of a dozen
passengers—"Why, what is it to you? If I
had known you were going to act so, I would
not have brought you along." But Joe and Mrs.
Dovetail never traveled. They were always
at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or
elsewhere. She had long trained him to the
habit of retiring under the bed when company
called, and so familiar had he become with that
retreat, it was a question whether, in default
of personal service, a warning to a milita-
ry training would hold him, unless left under the
bed; as being his "last usual place of abode."
During the stay of Mrs. Joe's friends, he occa-
sionally thrust out his head like a turtle, but
one glance of the loving eye of his spouse
would send him, under with cold shivers ru-
ning up his back. One day, as she was ho-
nouring over the fire with a friend and a social
glass, Joe thrust out his figure-head, and de-
fied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till,
growing valiant and desperate, he sang out:—
"My dear, you may shake your head just as
you please, but I tell you, as long as I have
got the spirit of a man, I will peep!"

EMBROIDERIES.—A splen-
did stock of needle-worked collars, in Jer-
sey, flannels, flannels, shirts, from two of
the two of the largest importing houses in New
York, which will be sold at prices truly astonishing at
the cheap store of
CHAS. OULBY.
May, 9th, 1855.

SUMMER HATS.—A large invoice
of men's and boys' Panama, Canton, Rutland, Port-
land and Bunsdale straw Hats, now opening and
selling uncommonly low at the cheap store of
CHAS. OULBY.
May, 9, '55.

BONNETS, RIBBONS AND FLOW-
ERS.—A very extensive and new stock of Bonnets
Ribbons and Artificial, now opening at the cheap store of
CHAS. OULBY.
May, 9, '55.

WATER COOLERS, of various
kinds and of the very best construction, for sale
by the subscriber on North Market street. Also a lot
of first-rate COOKING STOVES, which he is anxious to
sell at low rates for cash.
MORRIS.
May, 9, '55.

FRESH SHAD.—A few
barrels of prime No. 1 SHAD, just
received at
WILLIAMS FAMILY GROCERY.
April 11.