## Boetru.

Does he Love me.

Pretty robin, at my window, Welcoming the day, With thy wild and liquid piping, Read my riddle, pray, I have conned it, waking, sleeping, Vexed the more for aye: Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin, Does he love me, say ?

Little violet, blooming meekly By the brooklet free, Bending-low-thy gentle forebend, All, its grace to see, Turn thou from the list'ning water, Whisper low, I pray, For the winds might hear my secret, Does he love me, say?

Star, that through the silent night-time. Watches over him, Write it with thy golden pencil On my casement dim. Thou art skilled in Love's Cabala, Tell me then, I pray, New, so none but I may read it, Does he love me, say ?

## Seleet Cale

[From the Boston Evening Gazette.] "WHY" vs. WIDOW McSLAM.

BY H. RICH.

Jacob Tree was a queer man. We use the adjective " queer ' in this connection, because it is worth a Falstaff regiment of its compatriots. Jacob Tree was also an unmarried man. His native village had known it for years, and the Widow McSlam had been thinking of it ever since she put on her weeds and appeared at church so becomingly, charmingly dressed, the Sunday after the rat tling of the gravel upon the coffin of her late lesser half or third, Timothy McSlam.

But then, as we have said, it was no secret that Mr. Tree was not married; the whole plague of his life lay in the little word "why." And this word, this unconquerable, perverse "why," seemed to him omnipresent, -it was anywhere and everywhere. At church, when ever he cast his eyes towards the cosy, velvet cushioned pew, occupied solely by the widow, every careless finglet, every softened feature, even the last new bewitching frill on her dainty bonnet, seemed to ogle him, and utter imploringly the dagger-painted interrogation "Why?" - Every schoolboy whose ruddy face was upturned innocently to his, every romp ing, laughing, sunny-hearted girl, too, seemed to say, "Why, Jacob Tree, why?"

The sweet violet that he met, springing lonely by the roadside, in the glad springtime, seemed to him a companion, not because he was flower-like or slender-his average weight, reader, was two hundred poundsbut he was alone, and the busy stream of life flowed by his door, as it went unconcernedly by the temple of the violet. It is true, Mr Tree had a housekeeper, is no more a wife than a stack of wood is a cheerful fire, or a sun-flower a delicate lily. Ask somebody, doubters.

oubters.
To resume—this "why" was an evil spirit. " It grew and flourished more intense in its character, more phantom-like in its visits to his mind, It had wings, that were black, cold shadows; they put out his sunlight with their coldness, cramped his energies, weakened the backbone of his manhood, and darkened the light of his evening fire; playing all - the while the most fantastic tricks upon his :. imagination and feelings. The flames that flickered and balked each other in the oldfashioned fireplace seemed to make wry faces, and point their fingers at him as he sat in his lonely arm-chair; and they, too, mute, it is true, but none the less distinctly traced out on the wall the ominous and dismal "Why?" It had no respect for his feelings-that fire; it had no reverence in its soul, though he had built it with his own hands, and lent his own precious breath to kindle it into existence.-It cracked, and panted, and finshed, too, human-like enjoying its brief hour of mimicry; it clapped its red hands, spit and roared as though it would tear and burst the side of the old, black chimney.

Now and then the flames would puff out into the room, flinging smoke, ashes and cinders into the bosom of the suffering, secretbearing queer Jacob Tree. What did they ever care for the white linen and saffron colored crayat? What business had those two purblind eyes to be ever staring them: out of countenance ?. What wonder they got mad, and spit and blustered with such hearty good will that it sent the dreamer staggering up and down the room, with his crasy eyes winking and blinking as though they had been

It had been a chilly day in April, like all other April days, sunny and showery, like a woman. Poor tree, tired at evening, drew his cosy chair into the cosier corner and fell asleep: There he sat nodding, nodding like a ship in a lazy sea. He did not see the fire nor the fun it had been making of him. It. at last, apparently vexed at his inattention, of something like coutempt, and, finally, drawing around itself a white veil of aslieb fell asleep, too.

All at once the bachelor, started from doze, clumsily kicked over the fire-irons. they in turn kicked and scattered dead and alive coals, which fanned them into momentary life and warmth. "Yes, I'll do it," he said,-" I will-I'll be hanged if I don't, and to-morrow too." He put his heel to the floor in no gentle way as he pronounced the word "to-morrow."

Reader, do you know what he had resolved to do ? No. Neither do I. Let us wait. Perhaps he dreamed that night after his head touched the pillow. Yes, he did. He imagined himself in a great desert. There was not a bird or flower; not a living green thing, on equal terms. Sometimes the was astride of the Camels hump, and then the camel was across his shoulders. The animal drank allthe water, and then put out his lips for the famished man to suck or kiss, which so disgusted the dreamer that he spit in his companion's face and-awoke. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that Mr. Tree had partaken, previous to retiring, very heartily, of oyster, pie, salad, cream, and their accessories. Beside, he pulled a very tight cork from a very dusty bottle, which was very distinctly marked-Otard." We do not mention this last circumstance thinking it had any thing to do with Mr. Tree's singular dream. Far from it. He could not have mistaken the contents of this 'very musty bottle,' for it was definitely marked in black and white, best O-t-a r-d. If the render supposes otherwise, the supposition is altogether gratuitous on bis or ber part. We have said he awoke .-The sun was peeping through the window curtains. Arousing himself, he shook off his recollection of his adventure in the desert, and went out into the morning air. The birds song to him, the flowers held out to him their golden palms; but his eye was instantly caught by the bobbing up and down of a neat dimity cap beyond the fence which separated his premises from these of the wicow, Mrs. MoSlam: His heart deat a double quicktimed pit-a-pat, his throat was full, ay, full of that same old 'why;' it clung to him as closely as the camel of his last night's dream. However, he succeeded in choking it down. and the ghost that had haunted him for years was at last defunct; never to torture him again, unless there be such a thing as a guest of a ghost. He felt no terror in approaching the fence, not he: his nerves were suddenly braced. Fear-it was not now in his dictionary, unabridged or otherwise.

Sure enough, terhe was the widow, as he peeped over the fence, looking as bright as a queen bee, and chirping like a young robin. If her form looked to him rounder and more ethercal-like than ever before: if she scomed at that moment like a wild rose, just opening and blushing into bloom, what business is it of ours? We may suppose it was owing to the lazy morning, or the fact that Mr. Tree had left his glasses at home, on the left arm of his easy chair.

No doubt he thought her a peg above hu man, for his heart, which at first only went pit-a-pat; now swung and thumped and thumped and thwacked, backward and for-

"Mrs. McSlam," he said nervously; his lins twitching in spite of his teeth, his voice dying away in echoe unheard, and, of course unanswered by the lady.

"Mrs. McSlam," he ventured again. This time the tub which he had mounted suddenly gave out, and Mr. Tree was precipitated unhappily to the ground, a great deal quicker than accorded with his ideas of propriety.

Mrs MoSlam had heard his last only, and as, upon looking around, could not perceive any one, she rather snappishly bawled, "What is the matter?" No answer. The widow crept to the fence cautiously and looked over. Instantly her face flushed with surprise, sorrow and disgust-(if the three ever mingle).

If mankind in general, and Mr. Tree, of Crabville, in particular, are watched over, or in any way governed, by good and evil stars, the latter which presides over the destinies of imagination, through the unfortunate cocurthe aforesaid Jacob, must have had its weye pealed" and advanced to its full power and zenith, just as the rosy widow pasped over that identical fence. The treacherous tubwhich, by the way, was the first time in that tub's life that it was not standing on its, own bottom-bad tumbled the unfortunate lidelielor into a bed of roses," interrupts a reader. What. Onions, perhaps, sugnewly made mortar ! The hapless victim had things work together for good," but at that pre-oup of water, but his pressing necessity reats tell chapters. moment be profinely routed out the belief

just us nuturally, too, had opened his mouth, when he found he was loosing his equilibrium. His hands were uplifted, and as they came down, there were ten fingers and thumbsthey could be distinctly counted sprawled in the position of the model. If a half smothered oath escapes from his lips, 'outward through the olluging morian, we sincerely

peculiar aggravating circumstances of the case, would it not have been pardonable? Mrs. McSlam, as has been said, was a horror struck spectator of the mishaps Rallying except himself-and the camel. They lived her senses and condjutors-in the shape of a mop and pail of water, she called " Mr. Tree." No answer. "Mr. Tree," again she screamed

" are you hurt ?"

"Yes, sir-ma'am-no-so-some-I-tha -think-ye." stuttered the victim of too. much motrar, who was endeavoring, with but little success, in digging the "raw material" from his ears; for his head, had been in her eye; she was in earnest, he thought. submerged as far back as his combattveness.

A son of Erin-the only one the village bonsed-har pening by at that moment, comprehending the "fix," saluted Mr. Tree with a broadside. "Bedad, there's a tree wud the mire. whole ov one side covered with frost. Och! be jabers, and it's the biggest sticking plaster Lever saw."

"Begone, you impudent blackguard," yelled the widow, in a voice scarcely a key note below thunder. Pat moved on but turned just ran over his features at this juncture could in season to avoid a brickbat which the wra- pot be concealed by the whitewash pr any thy widow hurled at his cranium. &

"Come down here where the fence is broken and permit me to help you," said Mrs. M'Slam, in a gentle tone of voice, a smile on boots, perhaps. The widow stood her ground, her lip, and the pail and mop still in her

His was an elegant plight for a lover to woo in. However, he thought, any bargain we May be pleased to commence may be easily cemented. After this joke to himself, which was a good-sign, he maved-down to the aperture in the fence.

Mrs. M'Slam began the task of scrubbing the unfortunate in good carnest, and after a few moments of assiduous application her labor was partially rewarded. The task was finally completed; at least, as well as circumstances would permit.

"A thousand thanks, my dear woman, a thousand thanks; how kind," said the bachelor, with a sigh as deep almost as the bottomless pit.

Mr. Tree began to think of the errand which had resulted in the ludicrous predicament described. He began, even, to notice the sparkle of the widow's eyes, and the little ruffled cap, which, like an ignus fatuus, had led him to mount the still unpardoned tub. He thought to himself, how would the little white hand look in mine? and her chair opposite mine in the cosy corner?

"A-liem, your flowers grow up finely, Mrs. M'Slam." Do you refer to those in the corner, sir ?

"Those are early cabbages, Dutch; I am raising them from seed brought home over the sea by my late husband;" and as the widward, like the pendulum of the old Dutch ow said this, the smallest, brightest tear imclock that stood so firm in the corner of his aginable, trembled in her upturned eye, and trickled across-it could not trickle downher turned up nose, and fell calmly to the earth. Poor soul, it was evident that her heart was not with the cabbages!

Recovering from her emotion, she resumed -" They mature early—are you partial to

cabbages?". "Very, indeed, may I be so bold as to beg a plant ?"

"You shall have one with the utmost pleasure." The plant was whisked out of the ground and placed in the bachelor's hand in a twinkling.

"Thank you, it shall slways, be worn next my heart-beg pardon-well watered, tended. bring forth hundred fold," said the bachelor, rather confusedly. For a moment his head was cast down, his eyes rested on the cabbage plant which had already began to wither, and in that short period he again went in rences of the morning, ... Instantly, as it were by magic, these lines of the paet occurred to himite and lines from war waterman warmiteduc

"Oh I woman, in our hours of case, Uncertain, boy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light, quivering sapen made; When pain and anguish wring the brow A ministering angel thou!"

What wonder that these words did flash up. selfish conduct says "no." Bah! he was fallest extent, and received accordingly.

now occasionally only threw on him a gleam It wants have been an immortal study for souring suddenly hedropped to this mundane a sculptor that model in plaster, after Mr. sphere ("This is a sing little home of yours, Tree hand recovered his wig feet land senses my dear Mrs. M'Slam," and he Naturally enough, he had shut his eyes and "It is, I prize it a great deal," rejoined the

widow, and I like your situation almost as well. But do you not think the fence between mare the beauty of the landscape ?"

"I was just on the point of observing the same. I have often wished it away. How out, which was the only objectional feature similar are our ideas, my dear Mrs. M'Slam!" And the bachelor, whose temperament was warmed up under the genial smiles of the blooming creature, was more enhanced than think it was repented of before it could be ever, and actually threw on her a glance, recorded in the Book of Books. Under the mingled with something akin to a smirk of self satisfaction softened and aubdued, per haps, by a remembrance of his recent imprint in plaster.

"Do you not think that a few young trees would add to the beauty and harmony of the landscape?" asked the widow.

Mr. Tree's face reddened a trifle : one could perceive the blood sprending over his cheeks, under the whitewash : he was embarrassed, and turned to her as if he desired her to repeat the question. But there was no smile on her lips, no dancing spirit of mischief "Which do you prefer?" he stammered.

" Which what?" asked she quietly.

"The sex, boy or girl," he replied, feeling as though his gaiters were slumping in a quag-

"Good gracious, sir, are you crazy? Why do you insult me? What do you mean? hurriedly shricked the widow, while the spark of passion kindling in her eyes completely dumb founded the bachelor. The blush that other cosmetic. It crept up around his eyebrows, between the roots of his bair, or wig rather, downward under his cravat, into his her eyes had begun to flush, "There were signs of a storm," as the almanacs say.

"Were you no-not spe-speaking of chichildren ?" stuttered her The blush shone out brighter and redder through the whitewash, a grand triumph of nature over art.

For-mercy's sake, what put that idea into your head? Children, oh! children, indeed!" and the surprised lady sobbed as though, her heart was breaking up.

Mr. Tree was perplexed, terrified; he had heard of woman's tears, hysterics, swoons, ty, fell in love with this charming widow dumorbid conditions of the liver, nervous attacks. &c., &c., and into which of these states the widow was about to plunge he knew not.

Thinking to pacify her and extenuate the matter, he asked "Did you not speak of young Trees?"

Mrs M'Slam answered not, she grew pale as a blanket, and leaned back upon the fence, and closed her eyes.

"The crisis has come," said the affrighted wooer, and grasping the pail of water with which the lady had washed him down, he flooded her from head to foot with the milky substance.

As ice yields to the sun, starch sucoumbs to water, and the stiff starched border of the widow's cap drooped like; grass before the mower's scythe at noonday. Her new gingham wilted like a rag. Never was a transformation more complete, These six, there may have been seven, quarts of water, had added twenty years to her age. \_\_\_

From the beaming, charming woman of the moment pravious, she was changed to a long, lank bundle of wet clothes.

Mr. T. could scarcely credit his senses, and remained motionless. The widow, however recovered herself, and seizing the mop, raised it and brought it to bear with a tremendous thwack across the shoulders of her would belover. Thump, thump, three times it came before Mr. Tree recovered his power of locomotion. He fled—she pursued, Around the well curb, through the garden, over cabbages and roots, around the cottage they flew. Her wet dress dangled around her feet and impedjust as he was chuckling over it he ran into simple a kind as to make me ashamed when her bee hive, and down went bees, hive, and they are discovered by myself or others. Can-Mr. Tree's courage. .. ' I'll teach you to insult you suggest a remedy for this annoyance?" an honest lady, you vagabond "she said, al-

ed the aperture in the fence just in season to ablutions; perfect ventilation of bed room; receive one parting thwack from the mop in the hands of the aroused widow. He did not six-hour's ramble every fine Sunday, total stay his flight until his own door was between abstinence from tobacco, medicine, and intoxithem, barred and doubly bolted. But the cating drinks; plain, substantial, well cooked had no idea of following him beyond the boundary line; she knew the law. Return ing home, she appeared in two hours as fresh

on this middly Was wounded knight, even the blinds upon Mr. Tree's Hobeston the south the evening amusement, and with a young law Marmion, more in need of woman's kid than bra side, are never open; and the duttains at dy went through a mock ceremony, as they been taught by line upon line, precept upon he'll Aud the widow, was not she his lady the windows on the northern side of the precept in his early catechism, that "all Clare!" Marmion's wants were satisfied by M Slam's residence are closely drawn. These, the motions had been gone through with, if

from his bosom, and no amounts of argument which, has I unlike the cruise of oil, could be tween the owners of these two cottages in the knot could not be uptied? The parties are can convince him that that mortar was "wor replenished only by fickle clouds. The days village of Crabville unintelligible to passers satisfied with their bargain, but are consideraked together" by other than "internal" agen. of chivalry are not gone; the widow and by themselves to their bly mettled at the manner in which they were

Mrs. M'Slam, draws a charcont sketch of a figure floundering in a bed of mortar, and hings it upon the branches of a tree in full sight of the bachelor's mansion.

THE RESERVE

He retaliates by drawing two female forms One is arrayed in goodly garments, profusely flounced, &c., the other lean, long and uninviting. Over them these letters are boldly written, " before and after the flood."

The warfare was at last carried beneath the sacred roof of the church, for the widow upon opening her hymn book one Sabbath morning, found the following aublime effu-

'Oh! widows are variable, treacherous thinge, Tho' the heart's best devotion you bring em, All the love they possess, is for fushion and

They idolize cambric and gingham."

Of course Mr. Tree had to father this leaf. Matters remained rather quiet for a, few lays-ominously quiet-the calm that precedes the earthquake

As Mr. Tree was complacently seated in , dressing gown and slippers in his arm chair? one evening, a delicate note was handed to him, duly scented and sealed. Without the slightest suspicion of its contents, he broke the scal and read:

Oh l. man. woman bows to thee still. And hails thee her lord and her master; But who would bow down to a fruitless old

Or cherish its image—in plaster?"

Mr. Tree read it over twice; his lips quiverared a little, otherwise he was calm; bethen very quietly lit his cigar with the note, and leaned back in his comfortable arm chair.

Three days and months pass away. Time, which heals all things, may cure their batred. It is possible that they may become reconciled again, at no distant day. Who knows? Let us hope this will be but a summer cloud, that the future will be brighter for it, since we remember that "all things work together for good." Selah.

The Detroit Advertiser relates a story concerning the novel manner in which a gay widow-cured a youthful lover of his passion. ne follows:

Mrs. ---was-a pretty widow-of fwentyeight, left rich by her husband, a respectable and wealthy farmer of S-, in the county of Oakland, who judiciously died about the age of fifty. B ....., a sighing swain of twenring a school vacation, and was thereby distracted from study and nearly frantic. His father, who designed him for the ministry," had a peculiar horror for the sweet widow. whom he regarded as little better than one of the wicked. Her black eyes, her heaving hosom, and her elastic tread, were to him only the symbols of old Nick. He was in despair, he visited the widow, and besought her, if she had a particle of mercy, not to ruin his son. In vain the widow protested that she had used no arts-had only seen the youth a few times and was entirely indifferent to him. The father still insisted, and the pretty widow promised that if the boy came again to see her, it should be his last visit. Not-many days pageed, when the enamored youth made arranges ments for a visit, of which the widow hi tice: The few previous interviews between them had taken place under circumstances peculiarly favorable to romance and sentiment, upon moonlight walks, or in the parlor tete a-tetes. This time the timid youth was told, upon his arrival, that Mrs. --- was at the barn; whither he went and found his beau-ideal, with skirts knee high, dressed in a man's boots, and covered with a man's hat -q pipe in her mouth, a mag of cider in her hand, superintending her men-killing hoge, He never came again-it was too killing.

HEALTH AND ARITHMETIC: - Inquirer's writes to us as follows:- "I am engaged in commercial pursuits, and feel myself tolerably well qualified for my duties, except in one particular, which is that I am liable to occased her progress; he had the advantage, and sional errors in calculation, and these of so The complaint is not uncommon. It usualmost breathless.

Scrambling up, he started again, and reach vous system, The remedies are:

Prequent ly arises from an unbealthy state of the nermuch daily inhalation of God's fresh air: a food ; chastity of body and mind.

No Jour The Montpeller Vt., Freeman and captivating as ever. Mr. Tree was not leave that a social gathering in that violation of doors for a week. Tree was not by recently a young gentleman had the task Many days pass away ... If you will notice of "getting a wife" imposed upon him during was discovered that the person who married well high exhausted the widow's little distern; Aut upon set of bitter hostility passed be them was a real justice, and the matrimoplal launched upon the sea of matrimony.