



The of Spring.

The minstrels of spring have returned, To gladden the woodland and grove...

The blue-bird, the robin and lark, Ere morning's bright flashes appear...

How oft have I wandered along, Or stood 'neath the blossoming trees...

I love the wild minstrels of Spring, Rapt feelings their wood-notes impart...

The Way to be Happy.

Some think it a hardship to work for their bread, Although for our good it is meant...

An honest employment brings pleasure and gain, And makes us our troubles forget...

And if we had riches, they could not procure A happy and peaceable mind...

It signifies not what our stations have been, Nor whether we're little or great...

We only need labor as well as we can, For all that our bodies may need...

The Bachelor.

A bachelor sat by his blazing grate, And he fell into a snooze...

And a rosy boy came to his side, And louted on his knee...

Then clear rang out his merry voice, He shouted loud, "Papa, I don't love anybody else..."

Of the father's heart o'erran witjolly, So long by love unlit, And from its unseen depth poured out Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn, He hugged the old house cat, Which, as 'twas wont, when master slept, Had leaped upon his lap.

The Temptations of Social Life.

"What war so cruel, or what siege so sore, As that which strong temptation doth apply."

How fearful are the temptations of social life, especially to the young in years, the buoyant in disposition, the confiding in spirit, the evolutions, the sanguine, and the self-confident!

HUMAN NATURE.—Whoever wrote the following has read one page of the book of the human heart to some purpose:—"There is, after all, something in those trifles that friends bestow upon each other, which is an unfailing indication of the place the giver holds in the affections."

WHO IS THE TRUE LADY.

An Interesting and Instructive Story.

We once knew a "young lady," who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing, the chamber-work.

Now take a walk with us. In that workshop, do you see that lard-working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardening upon his face, and the gray hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head.

She moves in a circle above her parents, and in short, is ashamed of them. They live in the kitchen, she is in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit.

Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times No? We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter, who nestles herself lovingly into the heart of hearts of her parents—who makes her mother her companion and confidante—who not only works with that mother but takes the heaviest burden upon herself—is the true lady.

There are many "young ladies" whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manners, accomplishments, all are external. They are "outsiders."

The true lady cultivates the higher nature.—She is religious, but not fustian—courtless but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arm of her Heavenly Father, and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy.

Conversation.

If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and have patience and curiosity to understand me.

There is a man whose hair is turned into bristles, in consequence of his having purchased a pot of hog's lard, sold to him for bear's grease. Surely the government, which interferes in matter of less moment, ought to look after this, or the vendors of such things may take it into their heads to sell goose grease, and feathers become the fashion of the day.

Boy Love.

One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life is "Boy-love."—No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature than he begins to imagine himself a man; and to ape mannish ways.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. He is the very type of magnanimity and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go thro' fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka; swim storm-tossed oceans; scale impassible mountains; and face legions of bayonets, but for one sweet smile from his dear lips.

Happy! Happy! foolish Boy-love, with its hopes and fears; its joys and its sorrows; its jealousies and delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors, and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness, and its protean termination.

How a Lady Should Wash Herself.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in the Saturday Visitor, has a long article to young ladies upon the necessity of cleanliness. In the article she gives the following directions as to the modus operandi, which to the bachelors who have no idea as to the manner in which such things are managed, will be extremely interesting.

"You only want a basin of water, a towel, a rag, and five minutes' time. When you get up in the morning pin a petticoat very loosely at the waist, take your rag well wetted and slap your arms and chest, throw handfuls of water around your ears and neck.

We have read with infinite pleasure, eulogiums on the sex, from Mungo Park, Ledyard, Schillar, and every gallant writer of modern times. But the Macon (Ala.) Republican beats them all—Here it is:

Honor to Woman.

WOMEN AND NEWSPAPERS.—Women are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, etc. We have been editor now going on eight years, and we have never yet lost a single dollar by female subscribers.

When Burchard, the revival preacher was in Lockport, New York, it was his custom to go about the village, and call upon the most prominent of the citizens especially the wealthy, titled & influential in order to invite them to attend his meetings, and give countenance and eclat to his labors.

Retained by the Other Side.

"Good morning, Mr. S—," said the evangelist, "understanding that you are one of the leading men of this town, and a lawyer of high standing, I have called upon you in hopes to engage you on the Lord's side."

The Poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips.

The Climax of Vice.

There is no vice which combines so much wickedness with meanness as slander. Like the pirate, the cold blooded and malicious slanderer is the enemy of his race, and deserves to be treated with the same degree of mercy that one would show a venomous snake that should creep in among a fireside circle.

Where edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of the Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world; kings, queens and states, Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave, This viperous slander enters.

The Physician.

The world appears extremely disinclined to accord any practical success to those endowed with superior imaginations. The injustice of this prejudice has been often refuted in the case of accountants, clergyman, and lawyers, who have been favorites of the muse; but there is, perhaps, no instance to which it applies with so little force as to that of a physician.

"Sally, don't I like you?" "La, Jim, I reckon so." "Don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that dare to look at you for a second?" "I s'pect you would."

Putting the Question.

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The Future Wives of England.

My pretty little dears, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty, and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more making paintings and less piano; more frankness and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less bustle.

The Bible.

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

"The Bible is a book worth more than all the other books which were ever printed."—Patrick Henry. "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."

"A lady had two children—both girls.—The elder was a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected while 'sweet' (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow. One day after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite. 'Is that you, sweet?' she inquired. 'No, mamma,' was the sad, touching reply, 'it isn't sweet; it's only me.' The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour, 'Only me' was restored to an equal place in her affections.

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