

Torn from the stay by which they live;
 Both sisters had an equal fate,
 And both were young, and both were fair;
 But one seemed fit to cope with all
 The other was not framed to bear;
 Fairest the stately elder seemed
 To him who sang "The Morning Star,"
 But—to the grief-worn man—the one
 Who bowed to grief, was lovelier far!
 Those downcast lashes—that meek mouth,
 Almost too tranquil for a smile—
 A blending seemed of life and death,
 His grave-bound fancy to beguile:
 If she had only raised her eyes,
 That look had chanced the spell to sever,
 But as it was, her beauty won
 And sank into his heart forever.

We hope that the course of true love may run smooth, and that this opulent Indian, when he becomes (as we apprehend he will) the brother-in-law of the young Irishman, may procure him an appointment that in the end may lead to fortune and a happy return to Galway.

The above extracts, taken at random from the beautiful emblazoned pages which do so much credit to the taste of Mr. Chappell, will give our readers some idea of a work which they will thank us for bringing under their notice. Could we also quote the musical accompaniments, they would see that Mrs. Norton has married her fine verses to melodies worthy of their charms.—The dedication to the Duchess of Montrose proves the writer to be as successful in a light and playful style of poetry as in the deep and serious pathos which marked her dedication of a former work to the Duchess of Sutherland—in verses whose glorious burst of genius and feeling might well render both names immortal. Nor is the playfulness of the present address without a certain tenderness of tone—a tenderness inseparable from Mrs. Norton's writing, and which we venture to predict will give this slight volume of ballads a very real value in many homes. Those who have brothers and sons at sea, or friends in foreign lands—who have endured the sorrow of bitter partings, or made obscure struggles in life, will find here an echo of their own feelings; not expressed in mawkish sentiment, but in as earnest and genuine a strain as ever made affection holy. To all such we confidently recommend "Music on the Waves;" neither over-rating nor under-rating the value of ballad music in general, of which, in spite of its simplicity among the more scientific lovers of the art, it will remain true to the end of time, that it is universally welcome.

Manhood loves its martial measure,
 Age its notes would fain prolong;

And the child's first sense of pleasure
 Is the mother's cradle song.

Our favourite among the ten ballads in this collection are the "Prayer for those at Sea," "The Emigrant Mother," "The Friend," and "The Murmur of the Shell." A very clever drawing from the pencil of Mr. Stanfield illustrates the work, and the pages are bordered with nautical emblems. Certainly no ship should put to sea without this pleasant little volume on board, either for the use of the ship's company, or for that of friends in foreign lands.

Gloves and Cigars.

From Peterson's Ladies National Magazine for April, we make an extract, which we particularly recommend to husbands who smoke cigars and grumble at the cost of their wives' gloves and handkerchiefs:—

"I must really have a pair of new gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper, but he laid this down and looked crossly up.

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week that I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said:

"Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves: and I have been out a great deal as you know, in that time."

"Humph!" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on; at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured to remark by way of indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes.