THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By mild, mysterious

By the soft, green light in the misty shade,
Or the bustle of noon when the city clattering day is,
By the household tree through which thine eye
First looked in love to the summer sky,
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell,
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
Which has lulled thee into many a dream;
By the murmur of the ivy leaves
By the wind at noon or thy customed eaves—
By the hum of busy insects in the lines
By the music of the Sabbath chimes—
By every sound of thy native shade—
Stronger and deeper the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
When twilight hallows unto household mirth;
By the fairy tales or thy legend old,
By that ring of happy faces told;
By the quiet hour when hearts untie
In the parting prayer and the kind "good night;"
By the smiling eye, and the loving tone,
Over the life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—is hath gentle might,
A guardian power and a guiding light,
It hath led the freeman forth to stand
In the mountain-battle of his land;
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the wave,
To die in the hills of his own fresh breeze;
And back to the gates of his father's hall
It hath led the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when the heart in its pride would stray
From the pure first-loves of its youth away;
When the sullying breath of the world would come
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home
Think then again of the woody glade, (hour
And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
Think of the tree at thy father's door,
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

VARIETY.

A STORY PATENT SERMON.—Old Lorenzo Dow was a very sensible reformer. He is said to have shown his people good sense at one time, by preaching the following excellent words in behalf of the printing fraternity:

"Perhaps it may not be amiss to remind you of the Printer in my discourse. He is in a very disagreeable situation. He trusts everybody, he knows not whom, his money is scattered everywhere, and he scarcely knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his type, his journeyman's labor, his living, etc., must be punctually paid for. You Mr. ———, and you Mr. ———, and a hundred others I could name, have taken his paper, and you, and your children, and your neighbors, have been informed and improved by it. If you miss one paper you think very hard of your printer—you would rather be without your best meal than be deprived of your paper. Have you ever complied with the terms of your subscription? Have you ever taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with his paper? Have you paid him for his type, and his press, and his hand's work? If you have not, go and pay him off."

A BROKEN HEART.—Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing to his pupils upon the disease of the heart, narrated an anecdote in proof that the expression "broken-hearted" was not merely figurative. On one occasion, in the early period of his life, he accompanied, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports.—The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed Dr. Mitchell some costly jewels, ornaments &c., which he intended to present as bridal presents. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on board his vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

THE PATENT PETTICOAT LIFTER.—The latest notion from the land of shoe pegs and wooden Cooks, is an apparatus whereby ladies can manage their skirts, while stepping into or out of a carriage, going up or down stairs, and in the streets, and all the while keep their hands in their pockets. The plan is perfectly, and the inventor exhibited, at the Fair of the American Institute, now open at the Crysta Palace, a female figure, with the machine attached, to a large and admiring crowd of both sexes, the other evening. There are four small pulleys fastened to the waist underneath the dress, over which are tove small cord, one end of which is attached, with diaper pins, severally to the front, and sides of the skirt at about the height of the knee. The other ends terminate in loops, which are led into the pockets on either side. If a lady wishes to go up stairs, she pulls loop No. 1 in the right pocket, and instantly the dress rises in front, so there the ascent is made with perfect grace. No. 2 in the left hand pocket elevates the rear in the same manner, and all pulled at once lifts all the skirts knee high! This manœuvre is intended for very muddy crossings.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—An American paper says,—Jean Blanc, of New Orleans, represented to be an agriculturist of considerable scientific attainments, has secured letters patent, from the United States, for the discovery of a process of converting thirty different variety of plants, which grow wild in enormous quantities in various sections of the Union, into flax of great strength and beautiful texture. Among the most interesting of the of the specimens are the flax made from the stalks of the cotton plant, large quantities of which are burned on the Southern plantations to get them out of the way; the castaway stem of wild Manilla, which grows in abundance in Florida, the wild hemp stalk, with a fibre as fine as finest flax tow; the gold bearing of nettles in Southern Georgia; the species of nettle, the undressed fibre of which is as fine as silk, and so tenacious, that the line can be sold at prices far below that at which the article is now sold.

A HARD TIME FOR THE GENTS.—By an ancient act of the good old Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Margaret, about 1296, it was "ordained, that during the reign of her most liberal Majestie like manner ladies of baith high and low estait shall have liberty to spend ye man they likes; gif he refuses to take her to be his wife he shall be mulct in the sum of an hundred pounds or less, as the staitt may be, except and always gif he can make it appear that he is pathetically in anither woman, then he shall be free."

WHERE TO FIND A WIFE.—In one of the fine streets in Boston, remarkable for its elegant dwellings, there resides a merchant of wealth and fashion, who has a daughter of marriageable age. Among the many admirers that have sought her hand, there is one young man who has been particularly favored by the lady's father. He is a young man of good habits, and has a fair prospect of success in business, but he is not rich. The father has told him that he will not consent to his daughter's marriage with him, unless he can show that he is worth fifty thousand dollars. The young man has gone to work with a will, and has already made considerable progress towards the amount