

Written for the Educationalist.

### VACATION.

Come, boys, we've passed the ordeal now,  
The dread examination;  
So let us well consider, how  
To spend this long vacation.

Some of us will be employed;  
Others spend their time in play;  
Some will lounge and be decoyed,  
Others spend, as best they may.

A way with books and study, O!  
For cricket now must be the game,  
The glorious game—we love it so—  
Of good repute—of noble fame.

Yet should we not our books desert,  
But we should ever bear in mind  
Lest we, do, *now* ourselves exert,  
We certainly will lag behind.

We studied hard the last half year,  
So we must have, a little sport;  
Away to sport with happy cheer,  
The cricket ground must now be sought.

We shall be men, the day is nigh,  
When we shall take our fathers' place;  
So we should set our mark up high,  
That we may run a noble race.

Then when our long vacation's o'er,  
We may again our books peruse;  
And pry into the ancient Lore,  
Of Classic, Greek and Roman muse.

These are the studies which delight,  
And make the mind's perfection;  
To follow up the Poet's flight—  
These teach the mind reflection.

Berlin, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1861.

ETON.

### MATTIE'S SMOKING CURE.

A wild girl was Mattie Lee. I knew her when she was fifteen; she was the first in every frolic; a favorite with the master; yet the scholar, who oftener than any of the rest, caused a shade to rest upon his brow. I knew her when a grown up young lady; she was first in every party of pleasure; a favorite with all the gentlemen, yet a coquette, who oftener than any other caused a shade to fall upon their hearts. I knew her, too, when a true hearted woman, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Richard Forrest, the editor of one of our village newspapers. Now, Richard was a fine fellow, but, like a good many other "nice young men," he had one habit—he would smoke. This habit annoyed Mattie quite as much as it would most young ladies, but she did not commence curing him of it as they would have done—with prayers and tears entreating him for "the love he bore her, to give up the noxious weed;" not she. Mattie took a plan less threadbare, and it was this wise:

They were boarding, and had a nice room, second story front. On a certain evening, just before dark, Mattie busied herself with putting the room in perfect order—placed every chair where it belonged, arranged the books on the table, and the manual ornaments in the most

tasteful manner. After taking a careful survey of the room, and satisfying herself that everything was as it should be, she went to the bureau, and took from one of the drawers a small package, neatly wrapped in tissue paper; some jewel, probably, you will say. "with which she intends adorning herself to meet her lord." She carefully unrolled the paper, and took from it a new, spotless tobacco pipe; then opening at one end a little roll of carefully sealed silver paper, she commenced stuffing the pipe with fine cut tobacco. How strange her little white fingers looked, diving into the hateful stuff! The pipe, well filled, she laid it carefully on the table, placed a match beside it, to await the coming of her "better half."

Soon she heard the street door open, and a well known footstep in the hall below. Quickly lighting the match, she applied it to the herb in the pipe, seated herself, and when her husband entered, sat, quietly, by the stove, with wreaths of blue smoke curling gracefully over her head, which was thrown back in that peculiar position of enjoyment which gentlemen assume while inhaling the weed.

Mr. F. had opened the door with visions of Mattie's smiling face, looking lovingly on him, floating through his mind. How different the picture that met his astonished gaze! On hearing the door open Mattie looked up, and taking the pipe deliberately from her mouth, bid her husband "good evening," as though nothing unusual had happened, then quietly resumed her smoking. Richard regarded her with a mixture of surprise and horror for a few moments, and then gave vent to his feelings in words:

"Why, Martha, what am I to think? Have you suddenly lost your senses?"

"I do not see any very strange evidence of such being the case," answered the lady addressed; then, as if just comprehending the cause of his astonishment, she immediately asked:—"It is possible, Richard, that you are astonished, merely because I am enjoying a comfortable smoke? Has no one ever informed you that I smoked?"

We would here state that one of Martha's faults was that she would not stick to the truth as closely as she ought to have done. Like thousands of others, she would occasionally "do evil that good might come."

Each particular hair seemed to stand on end, in contemplating the tale unfolded by that reply. The only outward manifestation he made of the state of his feel-

ings, was an emphatic "impossible!" accompanied by a look of horror.

"Why impossible, my dear? If I had taken to smoking only lately, I am but following in your footsteps, thereby showing a willingness to be guided, as a dutiful wife should be, by the inclinations of my husband, and a laudable design to consult in all things, his tastes; since it adds to your enjoyment, and you have told me how much all your pleasures are heightened by being shared by me, I have concluded it my duty to keep your company in this delightful enjoyment, instead of each of us enjoying it separately. How delightful it will be to sit together during the long winter evenings, and thus taste the thoughts of social intercourse. Come, sit down; I have here a cigar in readiness for you; I prefer the old fashioned pipe."

By this time Richard's brain was well stupefied.

"It cannot be possible that you would so degrade yourself! Am I dreaming, or is this real! Tell me, Martha, tell me that you are not in earnest."

"Why, Richard, it seems to me that you are making a great ado about a small matter. I do not think it so dreadful to enjoy a harmless, innocent pipe, here in my room, occasionally, where no one can possibly know it but yourself. Beside, if there is any degradation in the practice, as you hinted a moment ago, I am only coming down to a level with my husband. You expected me to love you notwithstanding the habit, why not vice versa? And if it makes no change in your feelings towards me, I care not what others think," and Mattie now looked up in his face with such an expression of veneration for him, and all his actions, that he almost laughed, annoyed as he felt.

"Come Mattie," said he, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken, "let us make an agreement. If you will leave off smoking, I will use but one cigar a day, for a week, and then give it up entirely. What do you say?"

"I do not see why I should not have the same privilege as yourself," said Mattie, pretending to be offended, "it is probably quite as difficult for me to give up a long established habit;" then, after a moment's consideration, she added, "However, since I consider that proviso in your favor, an acknowledgement of the superiority of the strength of woman's will over that of the stronger sex, I will accede to your proposition."

If Richard ever smoked that "one cigar a day for a week," Mattie never knew it. On that eventful night he had seen himself as others saw him, and with the sight vanished forever his love of smoke.