



Ladies' Department.

GERMAN SONG.

Listen, fair maid, my song shall tell
How Love may still be known full well,
His looks the traitor prove;
Dost thou not see that absent smile,
That fiery glance replete with guile?
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

When varying still the slight disguise,
Child of caprice, he laugh and cries,
Or with complaint would move:
To day is bold, to-morrow shy,
Changing each hour he knows not why,
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

There's magic in his every while,
His lips, well practised to beguile,
Breathe roses when they move;
See now with sudden rage he burns,
Diadems, iridophores, commands by turns;
Oh! doubt not then—'tis Love.

He comes, without the bow and dart,
That spare not even the purest heart;
His looks the traitor prove;
That glance is fire, that mien is guile,
Dost thou not see that lurking smile,
Oh! trust him not—'tis Love!

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

"Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least notion what he was after. Jobie came to our house one night, at dark, and rapped at the door, and I said, 'Come in.' He opened the door and there was Jobie. I said, 'Come in and take a cheer.' 'No,' said he, 'Lizzie, I've come of an arrant, and I allus du arrants fust.' But you'd better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W."

"No, I can't till I have done my arrant; the fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead this three weeks, and every-thing goin' to rack and ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, and take care of my house, and my children, and my things, tell me, and I'll come in and take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else to."

"Well, I was skeered. I said, 'If you come on this courtin' business, come in, I must think on't a little.'"

"No, I can't till I know, That's my arrant. Can't set down till my arrant's done."

"I should like to think on't a day or tu"

"No, you needn't, Lizzie."

"Well, Jobie, if I must I must—so here's to ye, then."

"So Mr. W. came in, then he went after the Squire (justice of the peace) and he married us right off, and I went homo with Jobie that very night."

Tell you what it is, these long courtings don't amount to anything. Just as well to do it up in a hurry."

PROPAGATION OF FINE ROSES.—It may not be known to many of our readers that the fine roses of the China varieties may be readily propagated by means of slips. Cut from the well-ripened-wood slips three or four inches in length, strip off a part of the foliage, and insert them in clean white sand, placed in pots or boxes. Keep them regularly watered, so that they may not get too dry, and at regular temperature. They strike root very freely. Some practice covering them with a bell-glass, but those of most experience do not consider this practice necessary. Ladies may propagate any of the choice roses desired, by budding in the same manner as fruit trees are budded. It adds much to the beauty of the hardy climbers, to have the main trunk variegated with branches of roses of different shades of coloring. We strongly

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

When asked to sing in company, always hold back and decline at first saying, you are "out of practice," or "huv'nt your music with you," or something of the sort. You will then receive the pleasure of being urged, and will find yourself of some consequence.

It will be well enough to remark, that you "can't sing well enough to please any one," for this will be sure to get you some very pleasant compliments. "Why, Miss Snooks," that handsome Fitz-Noodle, who is so agreeable, and always turns the leaves, will say, "how can you say so; you who sing so divinely!" It requires a little skill to know just how long and how much it will do to refuse. And perhaps they may ask some one else; so you must be governed by circumstances, and yield just before they stop urging. Then, when you are seated at the piano, and turning over the music, hem and cough a little, (but do it gracefully,) and say you have a cold and are sure you shall break down. In case any such calamity should happen you could say: "There; I told you so!" and besides, they will think, "If she sings so well when she has a cold, what must she do when she hasn't any!"—Musical Review & Choral Advocate.

THE HEROIC GIRLS.—The social life of this outlawed race, now numbering about 4,000, bears the impress of great moral depravity.

Under a tent, or in a narrow hut, containing one single room a whole family lives, however numerous without any furniture, even without a bed. In the middle of this room, a fire, their never-failing companion, burns alike in winter and summer, over which hangs the large soup-kettle on two forked sticks. Into it they throw pell-mell all the eatables they procure during the day, consisting of a most curious medley of gipsy dainties—from a rotten egg to a dead cat.

As soon as the boy enters manhood, he seeks for a companion amongst the swarthy beauties of his tribe, and after a short courtship makes his proposals to the object of his choice, the consent of parents being not much cared for by either of the parties. On the wedding day, the bridegroom and bride don their best apparel—the former consisting of a hussar cloak, probably older than himself, of a red or green color, furled and braided; and on which, if the owner be wealthy, glitter large zinc or silver buttons. The bride wears a red petticoat of many folds, and a white skirt full sleeves, her hair and neck adorned with copper coins. If they are not compelled to go to church, the matrimonial ceremony is performed in a hut by the chief, or the oldest father in the band, the bridegroom pledging his faith in the following manner:—"I take thee for my hut-companion as thou canst carry the sazytor a sort of basket—that is to say, till death; for a gipsy woman is never without her sazytor, in which she collects all the odds and ends she picks up during her rambles. Then comes the feasting and dancing in which every member of the tribe shares.

On the third day the merry making terminates, and the newly-wedded couple build a hut—procure the implements for forging, and commence their domestic life, with all its piquant daily occurrences of begging, pilfering, idling, &c.



Youth's Department.

A LIBERAL MONKEY.—Lady Napier relates a rather amusing anecdote of a monkey. It seems that she and Sir Charles Napier, during their travels, on one occasion pitched their tent for the night on a spot which was inhabited by a tribe of monkeys. These beasts were drawn, by intense curiosity, close to the travellers, and Lady Napier sent for some nuts, put them into the pocket of her apron, and fed one that was bolder and tamer than the rest, with them. When they withdrew into the tent, the apish guest likewise retreated. On awaking the next morning, Lady Napier was startled at finding her purse, which was in the pocket of her apron, had been stolen in the night. An inquiry was made, and a search instituted for it, but in vain; and she had come to the conclusion that some of the Indian subjects who were seated

able.—When walking, by chance, into the enclosure of the tent, she found her friend, the monkey seated in grave dignity, with her apron on, imitating her yesterday's action, and supplying the want of nuts with her gold and silver coins which he scattered liberally around him. He was suffered to empty the purse, and then they tried to catch him, but so far as we remember, did not succeed. He returned to his woods, clad in a black satin apron, and doubtless played for the future, the part of the monkey who had seen the word.

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.—It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee is to be rich or no." The advice was right, for it was but Franklin's in another shape. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play some will exclaim. Well, then John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man who wished to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle.

DON'T OVERTASK THE YOUNG BRAIN.—Dr. Robertson says the mind of children ought to be little if at all tasked, till the brain's development is nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years. And will those years be wasted? Or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental capability, than one who is differently treated?

Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is open to the infant's and the child's prying investigation; and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have ever been published. But even supposing those years to have been absolutely lost, which is anything but the case, will the child be eventually a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not.

Task the mind during the earlier years, and you not only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain, not only, it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of the brain, that may one day end in insanity, but you debilitate its bodily powers, and by so doing, to all intents and purposes the mind will eventually be a loser in its powers and capabilities.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—"I never can keep anything," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mama, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easy to keep other things. I dare say now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time, and you have accused somebody, and very unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have mislaid anything, keep your temper, and search for it. You had better keep your temper if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings anything to light except a disordered face; and by losing your temper you become guilty of two sins you get into a passion, and accuse somebody of being the cause. So my dear, I repeat it, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humour, searching for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

"Why mamma, here they are; I might have been sewing all the time, if I had not lost my temper."

This lesson will answer equally as well for children of a larger growth.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

NOT AFRAID OF HOPS.

A big belted fellow named Roff, used to frequent an "up town" clean shop in Philadelphia. He was a few wits and a quantity of mutton head of individuals were wont to congregate. Old Roff was "death on a pale horse" on beer; he could drink equal to a London tapster or a Dutch burghomaster, and had drunk his pint down at a gulp, easy as falling off a log. One day a few jokers being around, doubted the capacity of the old man to guzzle a quart of beer at a draught.

"You choose to pay for 'em," says Roff, "you just pay for 'em an' by thunder you see if old Jake Roff can't swallow a quart of beer without winking!"

"We'll pay for it dabby," says one, "if you'll down with it in one long guzzle."

"Very well, fetch in de beer."

The beer was brought in a large, deep brown mug. Before pouring in the beer, a deft mouse had been quietly noosed; the old man took the mug, foaming to the brim, and raised it to the necessary elevation, and down it went!

"How'd it go, daddy?" was the cry as the old man with bloated visage and distended eye, set down the mug.

"How'd it go? Bah! Good! Dar was von tam pig hop, in de bottom, but tink I care a tam for tam tings?"

THE PULPIT WINDOW AND CUSHION REPAIRER.—Rev. Zabdiel Adams at one time exchanged with a neighbouring minister—a mild, inoffensive man who knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, said to him: "You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition; but I beg of you not to say anything to any people on the subject; they are poor." &c. "Oh, no! oh, no!" says Mr. Adams. But ere he left home he filled a large bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incensed by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful of the rags, and stuffed them in the windows. Towards the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people towards their clergyman, he became very animated and purposely brought down both fists upon the pulpit cushion with a tremendous force. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up; he instantly checked the current of his thought, and simply exclaiming, "Why, how these feathers fly!"—proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society upon the subject, but had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks county, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent, too as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member of the Legislature, and was "no fool;" as he had long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His boy Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon young Peter and old Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady, and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in this State to see the women and girls in the field—and assisted upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out:

"Oh! mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter fader?" answered the son, straightening up and looking towards his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott," again cries the old man.

"Donder," echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man, "Fader, what's de matter?"

"Oh! mine Gott, Peter, de shuako bite mine leg!"

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes, for he had once crippled himself for life by tramping upon a crook-