

Written for the "Educationalist."

SPRING.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

Spring is the time for joy—
The hour of bud and bloom;
When Life's reviving rays destroy
The Winter's shades of gloom.
And Nature's voice awakes to birth,
Each tender germ hid 'neath the earth.

Spring is the time for mirth,
When woods and valleys ring;
And all the voices of the earth,
A glad some psalm sing.
While all around—earth, sea and air,
Proclaim that "God is everywhere."

Spring is 'the time for toil,
To plough the fertile field,
To labor for the wealthy spoil,
Within its breast concealed.
And scatter wide the pregnant seeds
From which man's sustenance proceeds.

Spring is the time for songs,
When music fills the air,
And warbling birds and humming throngs;
Make music everywhere.
While field and wood and singing brook,
To Heaven send up a grateful look.

Spring is the time for praise.
Present your thanks to Him,
Who kept you through the Winter days—
The Winter cold and dim.
His wings of love He ever spreads
Around, above, beneath your heads.

All praise to Him whose love
Brings back the glad spring-time!
Let earth below and Heaven above,
Now swell the strain sublime.—
All praise to God—the wise, the good!
Whose wings of love have us brood!

Easton's Corner, May 1st, 1861.

THE MYSTERIES OF TATTLETOWN.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I have never been able to find any record, written or traditional, of the way in which our town came by such an appellation as Tattletown. Whether it was legally christened in its log cabin babyhood, or whether it was only a nickname, bestowed by some neighboring settlement, out of pure spite and envy, nobody can tell. One thing is certain, it has borne the name as far back as the memory of that remarkable personage,—"the oldest inhabitant," extends, and from some natural tendency the people have been obliging enough to slide into the character indicated by it, until it would puzzle a professional linguist to bestow a more appropriate one upon the village. This is all in the strictest confidence, for I pride myself particularly upon my entire freedom from all inclination to meddle with my neighbor's affairs, but I make the remark as introductory to an account of a funny affair that has just transpired among us, which I thought you might like to hear about.

You may have heard of Tattletown Academy, the special pride and glory of the village and all the country around.—Well, the village folk were thrown into quite a commotion by the news that the Principal was about to employ a new assistant in the place of Miss Price, the English teacher. This was, particularly welcome on account of the great dearth of topics of conversation just then. The new minister and his wife had been fully canvassed, and the probable cost of every article of her dress had been settled a week before, from her velvet mantle to her boot lacing. There had been no runaway marriages—no breaking off engagements—in short, nothing of interest for some time, so of course it was natural to look with anxiety for the advent of the new teacher.

In spite of "Vigilance Committees" no body found out how or when she came to town, but one morning Mr. Marsh, the Principal, walked into the recitation-room, where about a dozen of the older girls were collected, and introduced to us our new teacher, Miss Arnold. She was a little creature, no larger than May Edwards, the pet of the school, with a face as fair as a lily, large brown eyes, and hair that clustered in rings and short curls about her forehead, and all over her head—she told us afterwards that it had just grown out after a long sickness. She bowed pleasantly to us, blushing, as well she might, at the battery of eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her, and in a few moments passed out again with Mr. Marsh. Such a buzz of voices as arose in the room defied control—and various were the opinions expressed.

"I don't see what Mr. Marsh wanted of such a little baby-faced thing as that," said the oldest girl in the room, whom the gossips slyly declared to have an eye upon our handsome Principal as a possible conquest. "I don't believe she knows anything at all, and I for one am not going to recite to her—I'll tell Mr. Marsh so this very morning."

"Now, Mary Ward, just confess you are dying with jealousy," claimed in little May Edwards. "She is a regular little beauty, and I prophecy that Mr. Marsh comes to a realizing sense of her charms before many months. Wouldn't they make a handsome couple, girls?—he needs just such a wee little rose-bud to set off his proud face and lordly airs."

We all laughed at May, except Mary Ward, who preserved a dignified silence,

and all seemed to agree in the opinion that, at all events, she was preferable to that vinegar-faced Miss Price whom we almost hated.

In the course of a few days Miss Arnold slipped quietly into her round of duties in the Academy, and as quietly into a warm place in the affections of the scholars. Only two or three persevered in a stubborn dislike led on and encouraged by Mary Ward, whose hatred seemed continually to increase.

If Mr. Marsh came into the room to see how the recitation was conducted, or gave a whispered hint about some matters that he imagined might be better arranged, Mary's eyes spoke volumes of sly meaning as she glanced at some sympathizing spirit. It was not long before strange whispers began to circulate among the Tattletown gossips, and by the middle of the summer the whispers gave place to openly repeated tales of the shocking conduct of the new teacher, and her evident attachment to Mr. Marsh. It was declared, on the best of testimony, that once they took a long ride together, in the evening, and that he called every week at her boarding place; and his landlady's daughter told Mary Ward, confidentially, that he had Miss Arnold's miniature in an elegant case in his writing desk, probably taken some time before, for her curls were long and her cheeks rounder.

It was agreed on all hands that it was shameful in the extreme, for a little upstart of a "schoolma'am" to stop so coolly in, and with so little trouble to carry off a prize for which no less than a dozen fair damsels had exhausted all their arts in vain. Various persons were deputed to approach Mr. Marsh upon the subject, and cautiously to undermine her influence over him, but he avoided the subject of her personal merits with consummate skill, and would only speak of her success as a teacher, which no one could dispute.

The long vacation drew on, and Helen Arnold, as if unconscious of the prying eyes that were watching every movement, commenced making quite extensive additions to her wardrobe. Every item that went through the hands of milliner and mantuamaker was carefully noted, and reported at the weekly Sewing Society.—There was such an elegant traveling suit, and, above all, a white crape dress with rose-colored ribbons, that the widow Simpkins happened to see her trying on, and gave an account of. "I s'pose that is a weddin' dress, isn't it, Miss Arnold," says I. She kinder laughed and tried to turn