

You will perceive that if Love is, indeed, the law of the school, it is not always so in gentler manifestation, and that rod and rule are not to be banished. The scorpions are under the stones, and in a sudden accession of warm weather will surprise us by their activity. Our master's nerves are easily subject to irritation; and it is not strange if, under accumulated provocation, he should make vigorous self-assertion, to our discomfort. He has lacked the restraints and refinements known to a more disciplined and polished society,—albeit the barbarian concealed under the smoothness of many a polite skin is quaintly alleged,—for the wilderness has been his academy, and rude Nature his preceptor. He has had rubs himself, and has known little of coddling from his babyhood; and if he is of explosive material, his composition has not gone without stirring up. The light of a sudden passion sometimes fires his eyes; he has not the cold inflexibility of a Rhadamanthus. One day he was confronted by a bully, and felt the sting of insult. He leaped from his seat;—there was a forward lurch,—a dreadful movement of punitive resolution,—a snatch at the big offender's shoulder, and a sounding smack of the open palm upon his mouth, followed by a rain of stripes that caused him to cringe and exclaim. There is great difference between the days of brightness, when the teacher is in gleeful and sprightly humour, having a smile or a facetious remark for all; and the shady times when excitement and alarm are rife, when harshness and violence dominate and overhush precinct, and when the lowering brows and voice of angry impatience make every heart throb tremulously. He might sit for his portrait to Goldy, or have his alternate reigns of terror and delight sketched by the genial pencil of Hood:

"And so he sits, amid the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack.
The quiet smile foretelling gracious boon;
But when the mouth droops down like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing that infant showers will follow soon,
And, with forebodings of near wrath and storms,
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms."

* * *

The boy enters, and announces he has carded the cow. It is a proper action, and fit subject for a villanelle, a rondeau, a triolet, a—, which almost any poet can turn off, at short notice. We bespeak the lenient judgment of the watchful critic, as we have no model at hand, and may not conform. But if, indeed, we shall be amenable to rule, and succeed in saying nothing quite elegantly,—and, especially, if we shall not belie the manner of the Troubadours,—we trust to be let off, with loss of a bit of our scalp, by the "sairious" and rampant Sagamore, on condition that we will not repeat the offence:

It is well, I'll allow,—
You're a nice little sonny!
You've carded the cow;
And so you must, now,
Have some cake, that's called—"Johnny."

You have carded the cow?
—But, pray, tell me how
You have carded her, Onnie!

It is well, I allow,
To have carded the cow,
If you've carded her bonny.

You have carded the cow,
And with hay from the mow
You have fed her, my honey?
Here's the "Johnny-cake," now,—
You're a nice little sonny!

* * *

To vary our rural types we advance a woman's sketch of a woman,—the kitchen drudge who is suddenly outraged to the point of self-defence with that very efficient weapon, her tongue. As may be conjectured, the authoress is capable of resenting abuse administered to her less brilliant sisters, and can be quite inhospitable to grave nonsense. We have heretofore endeavoured to describe her: On the Maine border, (and so near the bridge that she can speedily walk into St. Stephen from her father's door,) we know of a highly gifted spirit, an imaginative mind, a lyrist of considerable power. Her "Down, boys, to the sea!" and "My heart goes round the world sailing," are songs not cheapened by the best of Proctor, Cunningshame or Dibdin. A figure slender, and frail as the aspen, and inwardly as tremulous; a face expressive and changeable as the sea she sings about, and loves, whether under the cloud or sunshine; these are seen by the neighbours every day, many

of whom, knowing her not as a poet, regard her as an *outré* being, notable for humours and singularity. To this may be added these points from another pen: "She is wonderfully diverse, and the very antipodes of formalism and commonplace. Her singularity appears variously and startlingly. There is an intensity about her that reminds one of Charlotte Brontë. She has something of Heine's keen irony and unconventional scorn... She is now thirty-six years old, of slender figure, a thin, eager, expressive face, with flashing blue eyes." This may be taken as an outline portrait of Mary Ellen Blanchard.

SAL.

AFTER THE MANNER OF RALPH HOYT—WITH VARIATIONS

In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow,
Stood a weary maiden fresh from crying,
(Woman's pastime in her day of woe),
On a handkerchief her eyelids drying,—
Sally Slow,

In the kitchen where the doughnuts grow.

Faded gown and apron long and neat;
Boots as ancient as the times demanded;
Hose of blue upon her little feet;
Lines of grief upon her visage branded,—
All complete!

Faded gown, and apron long and neat.

Seemed it natural she should be there,
None to intermeddle, none to question,
Or to guess the cause of her despair,
Whether it was love, or indigestion,
Age, or care;—

Seemed it natural she should be there.

It was summer, when the mosquitoes thrive;
Busy hens were scratching up the barley,
And the goslings had gone down to dive
In a stream unknown to Peter Parley,—
Chat and dive;

It was summer, when mosquitoes thrive.

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim,
Calmly reading, sat her noble brother;
(Sally's troubles never ruffled him,
Though 'twas said they "worshipped" one another),—
Lazy Jim!

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim.

I can see the picture to this day,
Through the lapse of time and change of weather;
On the floor two kittens were at play,
Worrying a ball of yarn together.—
Far away,

I can see the picture to this day.

Lying gravely at his master's toes
Was the house dog, with his paws before him,
Snapping at the flies that hit his nose,
As they buzz'd and vacillated o'er him.—
Icy nose!

Lying gravely at his master's toes.

Jim was strong, and of a comely height,
Sandy was his hair, and blue his eye, sir,
And his moustache was as black as night,
For he used the very best of dye, sir;—
Thrilling sight!

Jim was strong, and of a comely height.

He could prate of virtue and of truth,
Prate of woman's sphere, and right, and duty,
Teach the aged, lecture erring youth,
Stare and smirk at any passing beauty,—
Ay, forsooth!

He could prate of virtue and of truth.

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life;
Drudgery for me is never ending;
Go abroad and bring you home a wife
Who can do the ironing and mending."—
(Tone of strife.)

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life"

"She can fry the fritters to your taste,
Be 'correct,' and smile to be corrected,
Do your bidding with a loving haste,
Nor complain to find herself neglected;
Meek and chaste,
She can fry the fritters to your taste.

"List to me, my brother, I am old;
When her cares have brought her to dejection,
Never cheer her with your niggard gold,
Or a glimmer of your tame affection,
She'll be sold!

List to me, my brother, she'll be sold!

"When the children vex her with their play,
Or the soup is burnt beyond repairing,
Tell her freely 'twas a sorry day
When you met—and intersperse the swearing;—
Say your say
When the children vex her with their play.

"Twit her of a step she took amiss
In the olden days when first you courted,
And expatiate upon your 'Miss'
Since she came to you to be supported!
Think of this,
Twit her of a step she took amiss."

In the kitchen where the doughnuts grow,
Her philosophy the maid expounded,
Till the milk-pans, shining in a row,
Groaned for Jimmy, as he sat confounded,—
Jimmy Slow,
In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow.

With such a champion of her sex, pots and pans and
hungry husbands will be settled into their places, and put
on good behaviour.

PASTOR FELIX.

HER GRAVE'S GREEN SIDE.

When standing by her grave's green side,
Methinks I see the patient face,
And hear the voice that gave no trace
Of suffering in th' unequal race,
And hear her sigh and say, "Good-bye!"
When standing by her grave's green side.

The gay-hued flowers have lost their pride,
The lily droops its weeping head,
The erst bright rose has paled with dread
And sadly sways above her bed,
While moans the breeze thro' crimsoned trees,
When standing by her grave's green side.

Why should the grave, O Lord, divide
Two loyal hearts? Ah, why not take
Both to their Home and soothe the ache
Of one that mourns for her dear sake?—
Comes no reply save a deep sigh,
When standing by her grave's green side.

As strives a bark 'gainst wind and tide,
E'en so doth strive this struggling heart
Against the throbs that thro' it dart
And leave behind their piercing smart,
While chill winds blow, and sad tears flow,
When standing by her grave's green side.

When standing by her grave's green side,
And o'er her form the drear winds sweep,
A solace to my heart doth creep—
To His beloved He giveth sleep,
And tak'th above where all is Love—
When standing by her grave's green side —KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.