

the dance. On they danced, like the witches in Macbeth, round and round the mystic ring.

"Six and four are ten," shouted out the exhausted Mrs. Wiggins.

"Six and four are ten," echoed the rest.

"Dance it over again," continued the hostess.

"Dance it over again," repeated the full chorus.

But at that moment the clock struck one—a blue flame ran round the circle, followed by a report that shook the crazy inn to its foundation; a loud laugh was heard at the broken window, through which a little grinning countenance was poked, the spot on the forehead of which plainly indicated to whom that phiz appertained, and then all remained quiet. The charm had ended, and sprawling over each other in a complete state of exhaustion, lay the prostrate bodies of the unwilling devotees to Terpsichore.

I may as well add, that never after this circumstance, whatever might have been the length of your bill, did the items of six and four or ten appear on your account at the "Labour in Vain," nor was Mrs. Wiggins ever heard to use the term, "stick it into him, Bob;" indeed it would have been useless, as no persuasion could ever have induced Bob to do so. As for the warden and his crest fallen brethren, they retired, well convinced in whose company they had passed the latter portion of that night; nor did they ever again hold a meeting but in broad day light.

REMEDY FOR THE CROUP.

THIS terrific disease, fatal in so many cases to children, might have been arrested in many instances where it has proved fatal, if parents would have ready at all times a phial, containing two ounces of squills, forty grains of ipecacuana, one grain of tartar emetic; and, when the disease is announced by a hollow ringing cough, resembling rather a bark than a cough, give a teaspoonful of the above mixture every ten minutes until free vomiting ensues. The above prescription was obtained from an eminent physician, and is published for the benefit, especially of parents and others in the country, not within the reach of immediate medical aid.—*Baltimore Chronicle*.

RULES OF HEALTH.

THE celebrated physician, Boerhaave, declared some time before his death, that he had in his library a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf—"keep your head cool and your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians."

THE SONG OF THE PERSECUTED.

"No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."
Deut. ch. 34, v. 6.

Bury me in a deep, deep grave

Where human bones ne'er rested,
Far where the storm midst wild woods raved,
And hills by clouds are crested.

Bury me far from the haunts of men,
Where human voice ne'er sounded—
Where name nor lineage none can scan
Of him whose peace they wounded.

Bury me deep, where none can know
One vestige of my story—

Where rude funereal pomp nor woe
Mock with their empty glory.

Bury me deep, where naught of life
Shall e'er disturb my pillow—
Far from mortal hate and strife,
Beneath a weeping willow.

Bury me—bury me—deep and lone,
Far from a world so weary—
Where my only dirge shall be the moan
Of the whistling wind so dreary.
Bury me far from friend and foe—
From pilgrim and sojourner:
Shed not a tear ye high or low—
Away each false-heart mourner.

Bury me deep and deeper still
From slander's poison'd arrow:
Away, away! my grave quick fill,
And hide my head from sorrow.
Let nor stone, nor tomb, nor urn,
Bespeak my lowly dwelling:
Let no ascending incense burn—
Forbid the dead-bells knelling.

Cover my grave, and strew it o'er
With autumn's blighted treasure;
Let man's rude footsteps never more
Its lovely scite dare measure.
Bury me—bury me—fast and deep
Till the closing earth rebound:
Here let me softly lie and sleep
Till the trump of God resound!

D. C.

WALKING.

WALKING is the best possible exercise, habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans boast themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of that animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white