

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST.

SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WILLIAM my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you now we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."

"Well, then, Harriet, suppose we go—that is, if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

"Why my love, you will enjoy yourself there, I am sure; and wherever you are happy I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace; you always no better than I about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be to-night, and you must promise me not to leave me there for a moment, for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee!
No! by yonder star I swear!

"Oh, William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall be many years happier than this, for will not our love be stronger and deeper every year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh, how miserable I should be without her—she has weaved a spell around my heart, and one that never, no, never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me on to virtue and

happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her? can I ever speak of her in less than terms of praise? Oh, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure, happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.

SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar; you didn't give me but one lump."

"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hogshead of vicegar: James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still bawling: I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there, take that, you little wretch."

"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are rather too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business; you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right than I have—you are always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up."

"Thomas come here—how dare you abuse—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, Sir, how does that feel—now go to bed?"

"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch—how can you strike a child of mine in that way, come here, Thomas, poor fellow, did he get hurt, never mind, here's a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—it's strange that a woman can never do any thing right."

"Can never do any thing! Faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did any thing right in the house but yourself, what would become of us?"

"Let me tell you, ma'am, this is improper language for you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer. You're as snappish and surly as-a-a-she-dog, and if there's a divorce in the land, I'll have it—you would wear out the patience of Job"