

From the New York Mirror.

THE BRIDE.

BY CHARLES JEFFREYS.

Oh take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now;
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart;
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only falsehood part.

The joy of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free—
All these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
In good and ill to share—
And well I know 'twill be her pride
To soothe each sorrow thine.
Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joy's increase,
And may your days glide calmly on,
In happiness and peace.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I have heard a story, somewhere, of a merchant who collected a party together to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark track of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime. It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintance circled round her, and, as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children, who were gambolling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant-maid, an ignorant country wench, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand, without a candlestick.—He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangement with his wife about the supper-table; the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale-bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer. "Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost agitation. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl. "Where did you leave it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs." The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way his knees threatened to give way under him, his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long and red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame. This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon the light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers responded with increased vivacity, the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the emotion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling!—with desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered: but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter. He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every-day life.—*Kaickerbocker Mag.*

EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.—
Overslept myself, could not dress in time, too cold, too hot, too windy, too dusty, too wet, too damp, too sunny, too cloudy, don't feel disposed, no other time to myself, look over my drawers, put my papers to rights, letters to write to my friends, took physic, tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, can't breathe in church, always so full, feel a little feverish, feel a little chilly, feel very lazy, expect company to dinner, got a headache, caught cold last night at a party, intend nursing myself to day, new bonnet not come home, tore my

mnslin dress coming down stairs, got a new novel must be returned on Monday morning, wasn't shaved in time, don't like an extempore sermon, can't sit in a draft of air, stove so hot in Winter always get a headache, mean to enquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as a church and will publish the result.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—The North American says, there is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the author of being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration—

Man is strong—Women is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman taste.

Man has judgement—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—Woman an angel of mercy.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.—I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion, in the west Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern-gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come into the presence of an enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned the hands up, and thus addressed them; "So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.—*Captain Brenton's Naval history of England.*

The following lines, says the Christian Witness, were found written in pencil on the "fly leaf" of a Sunday school book, called "Early Impressions." They refer to events related in that entertaining narrative. It is not known whence they are derived, but it is supposed they are original. Are they not worthy of a publication?

THE WISH.

AUGUSTA.

I would shine in diamonds, in coloured gems be dressed;
The rainbow for my mantle, the stars upon my breast;
Feathers, fringes, flowers and lace, all rich and gay attire,
Should make the humble know their place, and all the world admire;
And I would lead the rox, by wealth's commanding power;
Thus joy should fill my golden cup, till life's last lingering hour.

HELEN.

I would be a beauty, and flash my brilliant eye;
My cheeks should opening roses show, my lips a vermil dye;
My alabaster brow and neck should dazzle all who gazed—
My dimple smiles should win all hearts, where'er my beauty blazed:
Thus would I charm the world, by my bewitching power,
And thus fill up my cup of bliss, till life's last lingering hour.

ANNA.

Give me not wealth nor beauty; I ask a spirit keen;
A wit that sparkles while it burns; that cuts as soon as seen.
Like a blazing comet, I would trace a bright protentious path,
And all should worship at my shrine, or tremble at my wrath.
Thus I would sweep the world, by wit's subliming power,
And fill my joyous crystal cup, till life's last lingering hour.

EMILY.

These tempting gifts I dare not ask, they blight the soul when given:
Ah! rather grant me a pure heart, that guides me safe to heaven;
A gentle spirit from above to lead in wisdom's ways,
To make me humble in my youth, and useful all my days;
That if I always rule my life by virtue's holy power,
My cup of bliss will overflow beyond my latest hour.

SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE TO THE LATE LORD CASTLEREAGH.—Lord Castlereagh, when commanding, in early life, a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large, desolate countryhouse, and his bed was at one end of a long dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared in a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up, and a naked child stepped from among them on the floor. The figure advanced slowly towards Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow, and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed, and confronted the figure in an at-

titude of defiance. It retreated before him, and gradually diminishing as it withdrew. He followed it, pace by pace, until the original child-like form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed; and was disturbed no more. This story Lord Castlereagh told with gravity at one of his wife's supper parties in Paris in 1815, when Scott was among the hearers.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

FAITH.—It is in sorrow or sickness that we learn why faith was given as a soother to man; faith, which is hope, with a holier name; hope that knows neither deceit nor death. Ah! how wisely do you speak of the philosophy of belief! It is indeed, the telescope, which leads our vision to the stars. And to you, my beloved, comprehended and known at last, to you I leave, when I am gone, that monitor, that friend; you will know yourself what you teach to me. And when you look not on the heaven alone, but on all space, on all the illimitable creation, you will know that I am there! For the home of a spirit is wherever spreads the universal presence of God. And to what numerous stages of being, what paths, what duties, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds, may we not be reserved; perhaps to know and share them together, and mount, age after age, higher in the scale of being. For surely, in heaven there is no pause or torpor; we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose.

Bulwer.

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