

Ladies' Department.

STANZAS FOR

THE WIFE

My dreams are of thee in the night—
Mid gleaming stars and in beams of light
And midnight's sable hour reveals
A charm more dear than day or seal—
While silence hovers round—to me
A trumpet voice—still speaks of Thee!

'Mid day, and all its busy glare,
Sweet thoughts of thee are harbor'd here
Amid the ceaseless hum of men,
Or in the wild sequented glen,
By placid stream or swelling sea,
My thoughts still ever turn to thee!

To thee, whose charm most truly lies
In gentle heart and loving eyes,
Whose fond affection, truth and power,
Are proven by each act and hour;
As seeks the flow' the tireless bee,
So turns my constant heart to thee!

Beverly, C. W.
November, 1854.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—Mr. Brook, of
the New York Express, in his agreeable
"Thoughts Abroad" from Europe, thus describes
a meeting which he had with the youthful Em-
press of Austria:

"I had a full good look at this little Kaisarian
of all the Austrians. She will pass for pretty, if
for no other reason than that she is an empress.
Her figure is petite, and she has all the look of a
school girl, in the beginning of her teens, and not
yet free from the age of "bread and butter." Just
a year ago, the Emperor met with her at a little
watering place in Upper Austria, called Ischill,
where her mother, a Bavarian Duchess, and cousin
of the Emperor had gone to try to bathe. The
Bavarian mother brought her two daughters there
to the imperial market, intending the eldest for the
emperor, if she could get him. The Emperor's
mother (the Archduchess) gave a ball, and in-
vited the Bavarians, the mother and two daughters.
The Emperor instead of opening the ball, as every-
body expected, with the eldest sister, invited the
youngest to dance, in violation of all etiquette, and
all expectation, whereby a great commotion was
created at Ischill, and he then presented his dan-
cing partner with a bouquet, which was construed
into a mark of signal favor. In a few days after-
wards he offered her his hand and empire, she be-
came what in Germany is called a "bride;" but on
account of her extreme youth, she was not married
until a few months since."

MARRIAGE "A LA MODE."—A "spiritual marri-
age (so called) came off at Painsville, Ohio, on the
15th Oct. The bride was one Julia Hurlburt and
the bridegroom a Dr. of the same name. The
ceremony consisted of a matrimonial declaration
made by themselves in the presence of the friends
about fifty being present. The services consisted
of the following poetical announcement: "Have
you seen the morning sunbeam kiss the opening
blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet
at the first interview; and as the invisible elements
of nature unite and blend in one harmonious im-
pulse, so are our spirits affinized into one accord-
ant living force. Whoever are thus united by the
eternal laws of affinity naught has the authority
to separate. We thus introduce ourselves unto
you in the relation of husband and wife."

THE WONDERFUL PLANT.—Mary and Kate were
both travelling up to the next market town laden
with heavy baskets of fine fruit and vegetables.
Kate murmured and sighed at every step, while
Mary joked and laughed as she plodded steadily
forward.

"How can you laugh so? your basket is fully
as heavy as mine, and I am sure you are no
stronger than I," said Kate.

"Why," replied Mary, "you see that I took care
to put on the very top of my basket a certain
little plant, and I can scarcely feel any weight at
all. You should have done the same."

"Oh," cried Kate, "that must be a wonderful
plant, indeed! I would gladly lighten my load
with it; do tell me what it is."

Mary answered—
"The precious plant which lightens every burden
is Patience!"

attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation
A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some
miles distant in the neighborhood, hearing of the
lawyer's propensity—that his character was unex-
ceptionable, and his situation in life was tolerably
good, resolved upon making him her husband.
She hit upon the following expedient: She pre-
tended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for
the man of law to prepare her will. He attended
for that purpose. By her will she devised £10,
000 in bank stock, to be divided among her three
cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a
niece, and a vast landed estate to a favorite ne-
phew. The will being finished, she gave the law-
yer a very liberal fee, and enjoined on him secrecy,
for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him
from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need
I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady
thought proper to be again restored to health.
The lawyer called to congratulate her on her
restoration—beggd permission to visit her which
was politely given. After a short courtship, the
desired offer was made.—The bargain was con-
cluded, and ratified by the wife, whose whole es-
tate consists of an annuity of sixty-five dollars.—
[English paper.]

The famous Brigham Young, the Governor of
Utah, and Grand High Priest of the Mormons
came near having an inglorious end put to his
career, in August last. He went down his well to
recover a lost bucket, when the carbing tumbled
in, the earth followed, and Brigham Young be-
came, for the once, a subterranean Saint. But
the zeal of his followers would not permit any
such finish to the life of their most faithful shep-
herd. Spades and shovels were brought into
requisition; the harem of the buried governor
assembled in force to aid the saving efforts of the
male members of the flock, and, in about two
hours, they had the gratification of pulling him
out, like a forked radish, from his subsoil bed.
He preached that night from the text—"It is
well with me."

A FRUITFUL EDITOR.—Thurlow Weed, the ed-
itor of the Albany Evening Journal, is now father
of 18 children—his valuable helpmate having pre-
sented him with one every eleven months since
their marriage.



YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

MY SYLVAN MUSE.

BY SYLVICOLA

She sat beside a silvery brook,
Which flowed thro' lands of wildness,
And yet the scene around partook
From her soft glance its mildness.

Her feet hung o'er the crystal tide,
Which 'neath their shade seemed crouching,
The wild flowers almost twin'd amid
The harpstrings she was touching.

A wreath of flowers was round her head,
The loveliest she could gather:
No bloom from their soft folds has fled,
For there they could not wither.

And fondness fills her dark blue eyes,
Soft as the dawn of morning;
Her cheeks were like the opening rose,
The virgin snow adorning.

Her brow was Beauty's softest throne
Where flowers its snows were shading,
And on whatever her fond eyes shone,
It ceased the while from fading.

Amongst her hair of auburn hue
The summer beams were sporting,
The radiance of her eyes soft blue
The forest flowers were courting.

The fragrant flowers were dropping

The rosy bloom of woodland joy,
The breeze, the birds and flowers,
With whispering streams that glided by
And cedar shaded bowers.

All carol'd to their sylvan queen
Their hymns of gladness blending,
And sunbeams gambling thro' the green
Their golden glories lending.

"OH! MOTHER! I'VE LOST MY KNIFE!"

There's a lump in his throat, and hot tears in
his eyes, and his little heart is full to overflow-
ing. It was a real "Rodgers," and the "big blade"
was as sharp as a razor; and he wouldn't have
"swapped" with any boy at school.

Your fifty feet on State street is not so valua-
ble to you, sir, as that "Whamcliffe" was to him—
and it is lost!

Children have greater capacity than we have for
joy and sorrow. When Willie found that knife
under his plate, just after father had come back from
New York, there was more pleasure in his boyish
heart, as he examined the bright blades and tri-
ed the clicking springs, than the imposition of an
"Hon," or a thousand dollars could give a grown
up man. And when he searched his pocket, turned
out the treasures of strings and slate pencils the
top which that sharp knife whittled so easily from
the end of a spoon, the peg which he had made
Johnny "mumble" yesterday, and all the other
things which go to fill up the deep right hand
pocket of a boy's trousers, and that knife was not
among them,—as he came to the sad conclusion,
that it was lost, a grief filled his heart much hard-
er to bear than yours was when you lost the elec-
tion, or failed in that last speculation.

"You are a careless fellow, and don't deserve to
have a knife. You shouldn't have wrestled with
Charley—tearing your clothes and losing things
out of your pockets. Go and wash your face!
O, these boys!"

Mrs. Smith, boys will be boys. They are care-
less, enviably careless and lighthearted—Willie
didn't stop to think that he had any clothes on when
Charley "stumped" him to throw him; even that
cherished knife was forgotten in the last moment of
strife. You don't understand a boy's heart. You
never was a boy yourself, unfortunately, and girls I
believe, don't "rassle." But take an older boy's
advice and don't add to the sorrow which is more
than heart-felt now. Cheer him up a little, if you
can; offer to give him another, if he will bring home
a good report from school next Saturday. A boy
can't exist without a knife, any more than you
could without your scissors, and a boy can't be

"A bold, free-hearted, careless one,
without wearing and tearing his clothes, and some-
times your patience; and he must lose a peck of
knives before that merry heart of his gets tamed
down to anything like quietness. Keep your lec-
ture on carelessness till another time; he won't
profit by it now; you only aggravate his sorrow.

"O, would I were a boy again."

For as Holmes says so truthfully;

"O, what are the pleasures we periah to win,
To the first little shiner we caught with a pin."

YOUTHFUL SLEEP.—A well informed medical
writer says that immediately after eating, if children
incline to sleep, they should be indulged in that
propensity. The stomach makes large demands
on the circulation of the blood for the purposes of
digestion, and as it and the brain are like two mills
on one stream, when the one is engaged to the full
extent, the other must suspend its operations. Very
much of dyspepsia and bowel complaint that pre-
vail among our business men is attributable
to the violation of this law. After eating a full
dinner they keep the brain at work, and let the
stomach take care of itself. At evening new mat-
ters are added to the half-digested contents, and if
a turn of the cholera morbus does not clear out the
offending matter, they may accumulate to a bilious
colic or pass gradually away, making dyspepsia.

ALL VICE stands upon a precipice; to engage in
any sinful course is to run down the hill. If we
once let loose the propensities of our nature, we
cannot gather in the reins and govern th em as we
please; it is much easier not to begin a bad course,
than to stop when begun.

The King of the Sandwich Islands has a new
cloak; and no European monarch has got a better
or more costly one. It has cost about a million
dollars. There is a good deal of "fuss and feather-
ers" about it, for a considerable portion of it is made
of rare feathers, produced from birds difficult to
catch, and which have each of them, only two feath-
ers of the kind. The cost of procuring the feath-
ers is nearly half a dollar each, and it takes a vast
quantity to make such a cloak.

How true it is of too many preachers, that
which Sidney Smith says of Bessel, "that he is
too apt to put on the appearance of a holy bully;
as if he could carry his point against infidelity by
big words and strong abuse, and kick and cuff
men into Christians."