

hearts. One little mound only broke the even surface of the section—the violets and the hyacinths were there, and we imagined they distilled a more delicious perfume on the "desert air" than the rarest essences cultivated by the horticulturist. No stone told the name, age or sex of the sleeping child, but its resting place has been indelibly stamped on our memory.

SETH HAWKIN'S LARCENY.

There is a tradition in Hantown, and very generally believed to be true, which, though true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkins's courtship—a courtship not otherwise remarkable for incidents other than the common sort, viz suspicion of intention, accredited attentions, and happy consummation—"as every body does it."

This little incident, so the talk ran among the neighbors, was a jewel in its way, and shook with laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very toe-mill of the local body politic.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly devours, as Mrs. Horoby would say; and his road to neighbor Jones, whose daughter, Sally, was the object of his particular hopes, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son, gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, "in best bib and tucker," and dirkey, and all that, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it, but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning, and, taking the light which gleamed from former Jones' cottage in the distance, for a guide, he rushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, urging occasionally to right or left as some obstruction rose in his path, until he ran stem on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled inconsistently over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then restarted on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fantastic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had breached his oh-fie-for shame, and that the seven-and-sixpenny cassimeres were no more to be the particular delight of his eyes in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house, his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by any unwonted display; but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt reassured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

While conversing with the farmer about the weather, and with the dame upon the matter of cheese, he glanced at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance, but again catching her eye upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens! was it his shirt, oozing out of a six-inch aperture in the inside of one of his inexpressibles? He instantly changed position, and from that moment was on needles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched the first opportunity to push the garment in a little, could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable, (like the Doctor's tapeworm,) and the more he worked at it the more there seemed left.

In the meantime his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of the Songs of Solomon does to the melancholy burthen of "Old Marm Pettingill."

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance towards Sally. One look sufficed to show him that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his eye she could contain herself no longer, but screaming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room, and poor Seth, unable to endure the last turn of his agony, seized his hat and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer, in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew how or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked every where for a clean nightgown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was, she couldn't conceive.

"Sally!" cried the old lady, from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes em," echoed her voice, as if in the last stages of suffocation, "yes em, Seth Hawkins wore it home!"

It was unfortunately the case, and poor Seth had stowed it away in the crevice of his pants. It was returned the next day with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally, but many years afterwards, if an article of any description was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trousers.

How the story got about, nobody knew. He never told it, and Sally never told it, nor the farmer, but every body knew it and laughed gloriously at it too.—*Boston Sunday News.*

THE PRESIDENT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

A most affecting scene was witnessed at the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. On entering the Chapel where some two or three hundred unfortunates were quietly seated, the overseer introduced the President of the United States, when all rose respectfully bowed and resumed their seats. Each member of the party was then introduced by name, when the same ceremony was profoundly repeated. Dr. Marthy, a wise lunatic, then arose and welcomed the President in a strain of graceful and touching eloquence that drew tears to every eye. He is a tall, thin, pale man, with penetrating eyes, a fine voice, and gestures belonging to the polite oratory of "gentlemen of the old school." The President's reply was also very happy and affecting. So orderly and so well behaved a company surely has not greeted him in all his travels. In one of the female wards the whole party was then formally introduced to an elegantly dressed and most accomplished lady, the daughter of one of the most distinguished lawyers New York has ever produced. She had the right word ready for every one who addressed her and presented the President with a sweet little bouquet of her own arranging, in the most tasteful and graceful manner.—We saw the same "act of presentation" performed a hundred times, but in no instance with such exquisite simplicity and grace, as marked the offering of this accomplished lady. She is about forty years of age; and in mentioning the names of some of the distinguished men she had entertained at her father's house, added,—"but for the last seven years I have been—very much out of the world."

There was a young girl in the asylum, who also attracted much attention by her beauty of person and elegance of dress. She did not appear to be over seventeen years of age, and there was not the slightest indication of lunacy or even of "irregularity" about her. She stood in the door of her room which was adorned with flowers, gracefully acknowledging the bows of the visitors, though no one presumed to speak to her. She wore a beautiful wreath of peach and cherry blossoms in her dark hair; the only ornaments appropriate to her rare and touching beauty. Thinking of the "fair Ophelia" and the heart-breaking "Bride of Lammermoor," and all the delicate feminine harp-strings that were ever broken by sorrow or sin, we left the beautiful lunatic, and for hours afterwards every sound seemed a moan, every breeze a sigh, and even the "drops in the morning" which glistened in the flowers, looked more like tears of sadness than gems of joy.

MRS. PARRINGTON ON THE NEW DRESS FOR LADIES.—"A new costume for ladies" said Mrs. Parrington, when a friend spoke to her about the proposed innovation in dress. The sound of "costume" came to her ear indistinctly, and she slightly misapprehended the word—"A new custom for ladies! I should think they had better reform many of their old customs before they try to get new ones. We're none of us better than we ought to be, and—"Costume, ha! ha!" cried her informant, interrupting her. "They are thinking of changing their dress."—"Well, for my part, I don't see what they want to make a public thing of it for, changing the dress used to be a private matter, but folks do so now!" They are always a changing dresses now, like the caterpillar in the morning that turns into a butterfly at night, or the butterfly at night that turns into a caterpillar in the morning. I don't know which."—"But," again interrupted her informant, "I mean they are going to have a new dress."—"Oh! they are, are they?" replied the old lady, "well I'm sure I'm glad of it, if they can afford it, they can't! But did you hear of the new apparel for women that somebody is talking about?"—"Why, my dear Mrs. P.," said she, smiling, "that is just what I was trying to

get your opinion about."—"Then," returned she, "why did not you say so in the first place! Well, I don't know why a woman can't be virtuous in a short dress as a long one, and it will save some trouble in wet weather to people who have to put their dresses and show their ankles. It may do for young critters, as sportive as lambs in a pasture, but only think how I should look in short coats and trousers, should not I? and old Mrs. Jones, who wears three hundred pounds, would not look well in 'em neither. But I say let 'em do just what they please as long as they don't touch my dress. Like the old way best and that's the long and short of it."

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn—since we think his reputation may be considered as tested—is certainly a character well deserving attention. In many respects he was perhaps the most famous member of the Quaker community, and that body may well be proud of his virtues and his name. Living in an age when society was cast between a dark fanaticism and a courtly irreligion, Penn presents the example of earnestness without frenzy, and enthusiasm without self-deception. The supposition that he was a mere rationalistic religionist—the *philosophe of Quaker principle*—is belied by his actions and his writings; between his religious ardour and the sanguine dreams of perfectibility in the last century it would not be difficult to draw some analogy. His character furnishes a good study for psychologists. He united in his own person the capacities at once for moral enthusiasm and intellectual speculation, and for affairs, which are rarely found combined in one and the same person. His feelings influenced him more powerfully than his understanding, as is the case with most men of action; and his character is not strongest on its merely intellectual side. As a moral character in action—a human agency animated by a vivid sense of the supernatural,—it is from this critical point of view that his character should be seized. With much of the sanguine temper of the speculating projector, he had none of the faults of that type; his careless indifference to detail,—its too great confidence that instruments would have the same zeal as their director.—*London Athenaeum.*

Curious Customs of the Japanese.

The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Neylan saw growing a fir, a bamboo and a plum tree in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however, small as are adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment. An act of taste? Oh, dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place, make the nossegay talk, and say "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put.

One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nossegay, in a manner suitable in every case. It is in the Japanese "use of globes" to ladies schools. The boys and girls, after reading and writing; which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. The