

### THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.

A worthy Squire, of sober life,  
Had a conceited boasting wife;  
Of him she daily made complaint;  
Herself she thought a very saint.  
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,  
And on their errors built her fame.  
Her favourite subject of dispute  
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.  
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,  
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died.  
I still had kept the orders given,  
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;  
To gratify my curious mind  
I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;  
Nor from a vain desire to know,  
Entail'd on all my race such woe."  
The Squire replied, "I fear 'tis true,  
The same ill spirit lives in you;  
Tempted alike, I dare believe,  
You would have disobey'd, like Eve."  
The lady storm'd and still denied  
Both curiosity and pride.  
The Squire some future day at dinner,  
Resolved to try this boastful sinner;  
He griev'd such vanity possess'd her,  
And thus in serious terms address'd her,  
"Madam, the usual splendid feast  
With which our wedding-day is grac'd,  
With you I must not share to-day,  
For business summons me away.  
Of all the dainties I've prepared,  
I beg not any may be spar'd:  
Indulge in every costly dish;  
Enjoy 'tis what I really wish:  
Only observe one prohibition,  
Nor think it a severe condition:  
On one small dish, which cover'd stands,  
You must not dare to lay your hands;  
Go—disobey not on your life,  
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."  
The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,  
The murm'ring lady din'd alone;  
She saw what'er could grace a feast,  
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;  
But while she rang'd from this to that,  
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat:  
On one small dish she chalk'd to light,  
By a deep cover hid from sight;  
"O! here it is—yet not for me!  
I must not taste, nay, dare not see:  
Why place it there? or why forbid  
That I so much as lift the lid?  
Prohibited of this to eat,  
I care not for the sumptuous treat;  
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,  
To know what's there I merely wish.  
I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,  
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favour.  
I own I think it vastly hard,  
Nay, tyranny to be debar'd.  
John, you may go—the wine's decanted,  
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."  
Now left alone, she waits no longer,  
Temptation presses more and stronger,  
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,  
For tho' I peep, I will not touch;  
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover  
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.  
My husband's absent, so is John,  
My peeping never can be known."  
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,  
And rais'd the cover from the dish:  
She starts—for lo! an open pie,  
From which six living sparrows fly.  
She calls, she screams with wild surprise,  
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she  
cries;

John hears not, but to crown her shame,  
In at her call her husband came.  
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke,  
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke?"

Self-ignorance led you to believe  
You did not share the sin of Eve.  
Like her's, how blest was your condition!  
How small my gentle prohibition!  
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,  
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;  
This dish, thus singled from the rest,  
Of your obedience was the test;  
Your mind, unbroke by self-d denial,  
Could not sustain this slender trial.  
Humility from hence be taught,  
Learn candour to another's fault;  
Go, know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,  
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

HANNAH MORE.

### THE MERCIFUL.

When the French under Bonaparte were marching through Germany to Russia they were quite regardless of the rights of the poor people that fell in their way. And the Germans of his army were still worse, and particularly unmerciful to their own fellow-citizens. On one occasion a party of them rushed into the hut of a poor weaver and demanded bread, meat, and beer. The man really had nothing in the house, and when they found that they could not get what they wished they began to rave and storm; they broke up an old table and stool, which was all the furniture the room contained, and threatened the weaver with a beating if he did not supply their wants. Just at this moment one of the weaver's little children, a boy of six years, crept timidly close up to his father, and kneeling prayed aloud: 'O thou merciful Saviour, make these soldiers merciful that they may obtain mercy of thee.' The soldiers were awe-struck.—'Comrades, come away,' said one of them, 'for God dwells in a house where there is prayer. We did not really mean to harm you, weaver. Here's a three-penny-piece for you.' And with that they went away.

### PREVENTIVE FOR MALARIOUS DISEASES.

This short article may save the lives of a thousand men. The valley of the James is a malarious region. North of the tropics the three months in which malaria is contracted, are August, September and October. Of all the facts in the science of medicine, the one best established is, that Peruvian Bark is a preventive of malarious disease. Three years ago the surgeons of some of the regiments in the army of the Potomac administered Peruvian Bark, or its extract, quinine, to all the soldiers in their regiments every day during the three sickly months, and the published statistics showed a remarkable exemption from disease in those regiments. Let every person who has a friend in the army send him a dollar's worth of quinine, with instructions to put as much as will lie on the point of a penknife in his coffee every morning, and the probability is that he will escape chronic diarrhoea, fever and ague, and bilious fever.—*Scientific American.*

### THE INEBRIATE.

BY JULIA MELLUS.

The inebriate stands on a giddy height,  
Where peace withdraws her radiant light;  
He has curstained his heart; and with trembling hand  
He is wielding the demon's magic wand.

On the busy street, with manners bland,  
A gay friend clasps his willing hand;  
"Ah! it is you I have been wishing to meet:  
But O! I am thirsty! come, let us treat!"

He heeds not the moments hurrying on,  
As wildly he mingles 'mid revelry's throng;  
Those hours are moments on delusion's bright wings:  
"Fill the goblet again!" he merrily sings.

Midnight hour has passed; yet still he lingers  
Amid those ruined souls—his yielding fingers,  
With eager grasp, still clasps the tempting bowl,  
Which (he laughingly says) gives a flow to his soul.

The bright earth awakes, all trembling in light,  
And leaps from her star-spangled cradle of night,  
While the pale moon vanishing, seems to say,  
"Roll peacefully on, bright orb of the day!"

All nature without is joyous and bright;  
And peacefully revels in breathless delight;  
But let us look within the inebriate's home!  
Alas! its clouded walls are draped in gloom!

Upon his couch we see him lounging now,  
With frenzied thoughts marked on his haggard brow;  
His fevered brain reels dizzily awhile  
As though his guilty conscience to beguile.

The slumber of intemperance is brief; too soon  
Undying conscience breaks that stupid swoon,  
And he awakes! but, mark that frenzied eye!  
And listen to that wild despairing cry!

"No cessation? O! must this last forever?  
Awful death! I wish yet fear to clasp thee!  
But, come to my relief! in mercy sever  
These wild and varied agonies from me!"

"This crowded brain knows not one hour of dream-  
less sleep!

O! dear and blessed Peace! why dost thou  
Thy blissful shroud of vestal purity  
In low dungeons and cheerless penury?

"Sweet yet sad memory recalls my early days,  
Ere I had wildly roamed from virtue's happy ways;  
My heart found rest beneath thy gentle care,  
Sweet Peace! for thou hadst reared thy palace there.

"Sacred Peace! O visit this lone heart once more!  
Smile upon me, as in happy days of yore!  
Look upon my withered soul, and pitying, impart  
One drop of balm upon this bursting heart!"

Vain man! why do you drain the dregs of wine?  
arise,

Let fall the curtain that enshrouds thine eyes!  
Return to virtue! in quiet bliss she will enfold thee.  
Sweet Peace, on rapid wings, will then return to thee!  
—From *The Rescue* (Stockton, California).

### FAULT-FINDING.

There is a disposition observable in some to view unfavourably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighbourhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in this unworthy science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dillness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy, with a handle of reproach.—*W. Jay.*