

knows the degree of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation. He told her the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders and said, "How stupid they are." Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a lie of discontent, unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his mad acts—his crime.

"She did not know—!"

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had to make some preparations for a ball in the Crescent, where every body was to be." They parted, and Doligan determined to be at the ball, where every body was to be.—He was there, and after some time obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn and danced with her. With the wonderful fact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Doligan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither poke nor smoke—the two capital abominations of the hour.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell on him—when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel, that Captain Doligan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N. whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly popolluted by violent listening to a cutting-out expedition: he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter-Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right and his visitor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth: this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in a complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Doligan saw his divinity glide into the drawing room. He followed her, observed the sweet consciousness deepened to confusion—she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then smiled again; and when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian" instead of Captain this and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays)—these too were very happy—they were once more upon the railroad going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Doligan was dressed just as before—ducklike and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently, from under her long eyelashes—"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no—"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then you remember the Box Tunnel," (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it) "I am ashamed to say—I had a bet £3 to £10 with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies."

"I know that, George, I overheard you was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me? impossible!"

"And did you not hear me whisper my companion? I made a bet with her."

"You made a bet, how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know, but what about it?"

"That if you did, you should be my husband dearest."

"Oh!—but stay—then you could not have been so very angry with me, love; why dearest then you brought that action against me?"

Mrs. Doligan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting!—George you will never forgive me!"

"Sweet angel—why here is the Box Tunnel."

Now reader—go!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place—besides it is not the thing. Consider two married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you took place. No scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.—R. W. M.



Ladies' Department.

BE GENTLE TO THY WIFE.

Be gentle! for you little know
How many trials she
Although to thee they may be small,
To her of giant size.

Be gentle! though perchance thou art
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet
And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle! weary hours of pain
'Tis woman's lot to bear—
Then yield her what she craves most just,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle! for the noblest heart
At times may have some grief
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle! none are perfect—
Thou'rt dearer far than I,
Then husband bear and stand for me,
Be gentle to thy wife.

MY WISH.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Ambition has a thorny seat,
'E'en power is but a brittle rest;
While golden wealth and pleasure sweet
Are evanescent things indeed.

Ask but of Heaven that peaceful state,
Where, free from pomp, from vanity and strife,
All changeful hopes may cease to elevate,
Or fortune's frowns shade o'er the sun of life.

Where hours in sweet and calm contentment spend,
No cank'ring cares of sordid earth invade;
With gratitude receive what Heaven has sent,
Nor waste that little in a vain parade.

When feelings kind and generous may flow,
And sympathy soften in mildness e'er,
Ever in haste to soothe another's woe,
Or draw misfortune from her dreary cell.

Thus may the moments of this transient scene,
Like gladsome sunlight of the summer, glid-
Smiling o'er all that is—or once has been
The rocks and shoals of life's tempestuous tide.

Until at length, by virtuous honor crowned,
We yield our last and unregretful breath;
With one fond look of beaming love around,
Soft slumbering, sink into the arms of death.
Beverly, C. W., July, 1854.

BABY PRIZES.

In addition to the silver pitchers and cups offered in Georgia and elsewhere, the Boston Times proposes the following prizes:

To the baby of three months that speaks "Good" the most plain—a looking-glass and hammer.

To the baby that says "guggle the most distinct—papa's watch, and a mortar and pestle to match.

To the baby of one year who has never drummed all night on the small of its father's back—a set of crockery with a poker.

To the baby of one year who has never caused its father to walk the floor three hours of a cold night—a pair of glass vases.

To the baby that never cries—a free pass for six months to all the toy shops in the city.

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter from Vienna:

"A few days since I called at the Hotel zum Rouschka-Kaas, to my great surprise, I found

Boston friends, I was made doubly welcome. She informed me of her expectation to settle permanently in the United States, mainly on account of her child, a bright little boy. She has been giving concerts in Vienna in a quiet, unassuming way.

"She spoke of a Boston Sabbath as a delightful luxury. Here the Sabbath is made a gala day by all classes. Public persons must keep open rooms on other days of the week, the people go from the church to the theatre as if both were dedicated to the most high.

The Jenny Lind of former days has become the dignified Madame Goldschmidt of the present. She appears somewhat older, but retains the frankness and simplicity of manners which have characterized her above all others."

ANNA MARY HOWITT.—This daughter of everywhere known and loved Mary Howitt, has recently achieved a brilliant success in London as an artist. She is the author of the finest painting in the whole collection of the Academy of Fine Arts for the present year, and it was bought up amid brisk competition, at a fine price. Miss Howitt, a couple of years since, published a fine book in London, entitled "An Art Student in Munich," which Ticknor has recently republished, and it is creating quite a sensation in this country. The authoress—a fine, healthy English girl, or rather woman (for she is nearer thirty than twenty,) as we once proved by a ramble of half a dozen miles with herself and father, through the New Forest. We were ready "to faint" while the "Art Student" was fresh, vigorous, and ready for another six miles of peripatetic exercise! Her devotion to Art is enthusiastic, but while everything bends to this her master-passion, she is gentle and lovely as her own mother. Her looks are rather prepossessing, she is a little short in stature, has a pale face, auburn hair—and eyes of soft beauty.—We think that twenty years hence she will have achieved a reputation surpassing her mother's.

A POOR COTTAGER.

A lady, who had just sat down to breakfast, had a strong impression on her mind that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man's who lived about a half a mile from her house by the side of a common. Her husband wished her to postpone taking it till after breakfast, or to send it by a servant; but she chose to take it immediately herself. As she approached the hut she heard the sound of a human voice, and wishing to discover what was said, she stepped unperceived to the door. She heard the poor man praying, and among other things he said, "O Lord, help me; Lord, thou wilt help me; thy promise cannot fail although we have no bread to eat, I know thou wilt supply me, though thou shouldst again rain down manna from heaven. The lady could wait no longer, but opening the door, "Yes," she replied, "God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon Him who can do for you, and when ever you want a loaf of bread come to my house."

A NOVEL REMEDY FOR SWEARING.—The California Christian Advocate, commenting upon the great temptation to the sin of profanity in that country says,

"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning this strange talk, anxious to express to the child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soapsuds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy under stood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath and the taste of the suds which together produced the desired result."

WOMAN IN OREGON.—The Portland "Times" publishes the following account of a revolting murder in that vicinity on the 13th of May:—Mr. A. J. Lamb returned from the field, and his wife spoke to him kindly and set him some supper. While at the table, she stepped up behind him with a heavy axe and struck him on the head. Wishing to make sure of him she struck him again, breaking his skull so badly, that he cannot possibly survive. After committing this inhuman deed, the monster took to the woods, but was brought back the same night. She and her daughter are now in custody at Oregon City. Lamb had his senses perfectly the next day, and gave his deposition in the matter. As near as we can learn, the cause for this inhuman act is as follows:—It seems that this woman and her daughter had determined on eloping with a man of the name of Collins, who last Summer lived in that neighbourhood. He is supposed to be in California, and they had become impatient in wait-

ing for him this Spring, and consequently was not forwarded. Lamb was an industrious and quiet citizen, and had a good claim, which he improved considerably.

FOR COQUETTES.—There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore strolled along the bank with a piece of iron to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change on the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But alas! he had become so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others and lost to him forever. I think this story well allegorises the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

THE WHITE VEIL.—A beautiful but strange custom prevails among the Japanese by which the bride receives a disguised sermon as a present from her friends. In our land the bride frequently receives presents of jewelry and dress, but in Japan her friends give her, on her wedding day a long white veil. This veil is large enough to cover her from head to foot. After the ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside that veil, among the things not to be disturbed. That wedding veil is at her death to be her shroud. What would our females think of having their shroud around them to partake in the dancing and other foolish revelry of a marriage in this land of pulpits and sabbaths?



Youth's Department.

How beautiful are the thoughts suggested by these lines!! How true it is that the heart may be made and should be an everlasting and overflowing fountain of love and goodness.—Ed. Son.

SONG OF THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

BY PROF. UPHAM.

One day in the desert,
With pleasure I spied
A flower in its beauty,
Looking up at my side:
And I said, O sweet flower,
That bloomest alone,
What's the worth of thy beauty,
Thus blooming alone!

But the flower gave me answer,
With a smile quite divine,
'Tis the nature, O stranger,
Of beauty to shine,
Take all I can give thee,
And when thou art gone,
The light that is in me,
Will keep shining on.

And, O gentle stranger,
Permit me to say—
To keep up your spirits
Along this lone way—
While the heart shall flow outward,
To gladden and bless,
The fount at its centre
Will never grow less.

I was struck with its answer,
And left it to glow,
To the clear sky above it,
And the pale sands below;
Above and around it
Its light to impart,
But never exhausting
The fount at the heart.

THE OLD SWAMP MISER.

There is now living in the swamp of the Little Pee Dee River, South Carolina, an old man of the most singular character. He never owned but one pair of shoes in his life, and he says they were so hot he never wore them but once. He never cultivated the soil; nevertheless, he has accumulated a large sum of money, which he deposits in hollow