

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields  
The humble and the poor,  
Whose is the patriarch of the fields  
Before his cottage door;  
The lark is singing in the sky,  
The swallow in the eaves,  
And love is beaming in each eye  
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fingers bowers,  
Supplies unperfumed health,  
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,  
More dear to him than wealth!  
Pens like a blessed sunlight, plays  
Around his humble cot,  
And happy nights and cheerful days  
Divide his lovly lot!

And when the village Sabbath bell  
Rings out upon the gale,  
The father bows his head to tell  
The music of its tale—  
A fresher venture seems to fill  
The fair and dewy soil,

And every infant tongue is still,  
To hear the word of God!

Oh, happy hearts—to Him who stills  
The ravens when they cry,  
And makes theilly hew the hills  
So glorious to the eye—  
The trusting patriarch prays, to bless  
His labors with increase—

Such ways are ways of pleasure,  
And all such paths are peace!"

There is a little simple truth—  
I repeat it ye who can—  
'Tis not old age or lively youth,  
But mind that makes the man.  
This is a happy truth to view,

The happiness of the clan  
Of those which to us are not new—  
'Tis mind that makes the man.

VARIETY.

"If ye're comin', why don't you come along?"—So "Mo' o' was want to say aforetime, and it sounds like a good hit' of practical philosophy. Even now, however, in this year of grace, we have a sort of it—every now and then—when the telegraph illustrates it. The saying originated in the "Boswell," but it is destined to become a commonplace. It began with nations; it will end with the world.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along?"

It is uttered in almost all countries, in almost all languages, by almost all Christians; the iron bedstead of Procrustus has been left behind, with the torch and the fagot. It has sounded like a slogan through the political world, and the "old togies" are among the baggage-wagons, and the wounded.

It has elicited the rustics of literature; prose is poor, but the living voice of humanity, and poetry is its echo. The old Rime-Poem has given way to the cylinders whirled by the panting engine; and though that moved at funeral paces, now dashes on in a tremendous charge—"The old guard," and "Marion's men" were nothing to it.

"If you're coming, why don't you come along?"—the peasant that is the word to everybody and everybody that wants to be listened to or looked at.

"If you have anything to say, say it; if you have anything to do, do it; if you wish anybody to see anything, show it!"—If you're coming why don't you come along?

It used to take six men to make a pint; now one boy, a pull, a clip, and two strokes, do the business.

Owes, crabs rocked the grain for the garner; now, a whirlwind on wheels cuts, threshes and bags it in a breath.

Once fathers and mothers had the precedence; a few years ago, sons and daughters, and beats it in a breath; the old folks at home, and take up the cry of the world, "If you're coming why don't you come along?"

Once, they crossed the Atlantic in a hundred days; now, let them exceed ten, and they have in sight, "If you're coming, why don't you come along?"

Didn't RECOLLECT HER NAME?—A Farmer residing within a short distance of this city, says a Lancashire, Pa., paper paid us a visit a few days ago, and was much astonished to find that the old Court House had been torn down, and that a new one was in course of erection. He came to town on business, having disposed of a farm, and stepping into the office of the conveyancer, requested him to prepare the necessary title papers. When asked by that gentleman for the Christian name of his wife, he gravely replied:

"Well, indeed, I don't recollect what it is. We have been married for upwards of forty years, and I always call her man."

The conveyancer, left a blank in the deed to be filled when "man's" name was ascertained.

This Golden Kiss!—Edward the fourth, to raise money for a war with France, set Sunday hours every day to receive contributions from his subjects, who subscribed freely liberal in consequence of their animosity to the enemy. Among others, a rich yet niggardly old widow brought £20 (a sum rare in those days) to him. This so highly pleased the king, that he not only returned the sum, but told her, "for her kindness she should kiss a king," which being done, the old woman pulled out another big bag, saying—"Indeed, if kings sell their kisses so cheap, give me 'other touch of the lips, and here is another £20 for you." The king smiled at this and took her by the word, and thought his kisses well sold.

An Instant Idea.—A Criminal Judge was about to pronounce a punishment, when the King, who sat in a high chair, said, "I am sorry to see you have to sit so long; but I have no time to wait for your answer." The King then said, "I have no time to wait for your answer." The King then said, "I have no time to wait for your answer." The King then said, "I have no time to wait for your answer."

A Little Family of FOOLS.—Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion would be slow to ask the fox for a loan, and the fox would be slow to hit her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and made him. He said, "No, and he tore him to pieces for a dexter. At last, he called for the fox and said, "Truly," said he, "I have a cold, and cannot smell."

Marevian's Proverb, FORTUNE.—After me the deluge, and Metternich, prescient of the future. And accordingly, after that comes Lord Aberdeen pouring cold water on every honest and rational council of the European powers.

CONFIDENT TO THE LADIES.—A vicious companion say:—"A lady's face, is a bonnet of a coat, next; now it shall be torn from her bosom like the rose burning from the bush."

I will have the notion that no wise could ever well know more right, than when being a common reader of the titles, and an adviser of the plausibility and facility of its language.—Fisher Ames.

Say, Cross Augustus, why on your legs like a mean grader?—Don't you know Mr. Sugar, and why is it?—Cos they carry a monkey about the streets.

The WINNERS.—The race was won by Time on the course of human events, has been fairly won by the Telegraph.

RMOVAL.

JAMES LEITCH,  
Tanner and Draper.

DEGS to inform his friends and customers that he has removed his business to the premises in Newgate Street recently occupied by Mr. Miller, where he has opened a Repository of all kinds of West of England CLOTHES, Bedding and Single MILD COTTONS, OXFORD Mixed COTTONS, SOFT TWEEDS, WAISTCOATS, and other materials in his line of business, all of the finest quality and newest style, which he will be happy to make up in a substantial English manner, after the most fashion able.

In returning thanks to his numerous friends and customers for the liberal encouragement received since his commencement in business, he begs to assure them that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit a continuance of their favors.

To the Officers of M. J. ARDEN,

J. L. would beg to state that having been for years employed in the CUTTING DEPARTMENT of M. J. ARDEN, he has now, in his new place, the power to execute in a superior style all orders with which he may be entrusted.

St. John 12th May, 1854.

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