

THE LEAF.
They sit curled and tender and smooth, young leaf,
With a creamy fringe of down,
As they slip at touch of the light, young leaf,
From their cradling ease of brown.
Then at last an infant's hand, young leaf,
When it fondles a mother's cheek;
And thy elders thy distant and young leaf,
To shelter the fair and weak.
To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,
There are arms from the east and the west;
And the rich new glides from the cloud, young leaf,
To nestle within thy breast.
The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,
Are round, and thy place for thee,
Come forth! for a friend at thee, young leaf,
In the web-work of mystery.
Thou art full and fringed, green leaf,
Like a strong man upon the earth;
And thou wave a sturdy front, green leaf,
As a shield to thy place of birth.
There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,
And thou makest a bed for the breeze;
And the sun that bends from thy base green leaf,
Is loved by the summer breeze.
The small bird's nest in the bough, green leaf,
How close for an ample roof,
And the butterfly cool their wings, green leaf,
On thy beaming shield of roof.
Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,
And shading the ray of sun;
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,
For the eye of man to trace.
Thou art rough, and shrivelled, and dry, old leaf,
And has lost the fringe of down;
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,
And thou art to colour and brown.
There are stories of thee in clay, old leaf,
And in water rises a dove;
Ah, but thou tremblest now, old leaf,
Looking down to the greedy ground.
The autumn blast, with thy down, old leaf,
Cometh quickly, and will not spare,
Thou art kin to the dust today, old leaf,
And to-morrow thou hast here.
For thy work of life is done, old leaf,
And now there is need of thy death,
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf,
There is love in the falling leaf.

A LIFE SCENE.—How suddenly the scenes change in this great drama of life in which we are acting. The grave succeeds the gay and the dark the light, following each other with such rapidity that they almost seem to blend. In the late fearful equality, the burning of the Austria, Mr. Smith, of Chelsea, informs us he was playing with the children in the cabin at the time of the alarm. Everything was gay and pleasant, when in the midst of the exuberant happiness that prevailed, the curtain fell! The change that followed was appalling in contrast with the recent brightness. In one hour's time the cheerful voices were chilled in death—the pleasant lips that had kissed were cold—the bright eyes that glanced responsive to his own more closed forever, and he was left upon the ocean, with death and desolation all around him, was battling with an impending and threatening doom. There is that for a life time to the one thus placed, and those childish voices must ring in his ears as long as memory holds its sway.

LADIES READ.—Nothing is so fully understood in America as those conventional laws of society, so well understood and practiced in Europe. Ladies complain that they pass them in the street unnoticed, when in fact they are passing their own heads of politeness. It is their duty to do the amiable first, for it is a privilege which they enjoy of choosing their own associates. No gentleman likes to risk the acquaintance. Too many ladies, it would seem, do not know their trade of politeness. Meeting ladies in the street, whom one has usually met in company, they seldom now depart from the rule of good breeding, except by way of experiment his acquaintances do not multiply, but he stands, probably charged with rudeness. A lady must be civil to a gentleman, in whose company she may occasionally be picked; but gentlemen do not, upon this, presume upon the acquaintance the first time it afterwards meets her in the street. It is the same with some ladies of recognition, when the gentleman may bow; but otherwise he must pass on and consider himself a stranger. No lady need hesitate to bow to a gentleman; for he will promptly and politely answer, even he has forgotten his last salute. No one but a brute can do otherwise. Should he stare or rudely, his character is declared, and it is a cheap riddle. Politeness and good breeding is like law—the reason of things.

A countryman was bringing a cock to a road in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he treated his fellow creature. The reason gentleman of the present day stoop to is on account of their being constantly bent upon pleasure. They are so much so that they are not to be trusted by the circumstances. Dr. Hall has recently advanced some new ideas in regard to sleep. He advocates going to bed early does not advocate early rising when one's natural sleep is disturbed by it. He thinks that no person should jump out of bed immediately on waking, but should lie quiet, until the sense of weariness passes from his limbs.

Cork a short time ago, the error endeavored to express the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that but for my eye and the Court." Power of STRAM.—"It is strange," said an Irishman, by the Saintly St. Patrick, but it's a mighty great thing intirely for drivin' things. It puts me through nine States in a day—Divil a word 't'is in it!" "Nine States?" exclaimed a dunder in astonishment.

"Ye aino of them, be japer I as easy as a cat 'ud lick her own." "I've seen now—'t'is married in New York in the morning, and went wid my wife Biddy to the Baltimore the same day—should your 'what now and count the States. There was the state of matrimony, in the state of New York, and I went through New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, into Maryland, where I landed in a beautiful state of John Fec'h.—There is a fine by the holy pocket book, but stama's a scrounger!"

"John," said a vicarious husband, "how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so, Pete?" "I'd chat somebody most shockin' 'ud stare right!"

AN UP AND DOWN REPLY.—During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the station in a house, the witness asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness a noted wag, replied that "One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs."

The learned counsel winked his eyes and then took a look at the ceiling.

TAKE COURAGE.—Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt, for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

By taking a revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over an injury he becomes his superior.

THE LEAF.

They sit curled and tender and smooth, young leaf, With a creamy fringe of down, As they slip at touch of the light, young leaf, From their cradling ease of brown.

Then at last an infant's hand, young leaf, When it fondles a mother's cheek; And thy elders thy distant and young leaf, To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf, There are arms from the east and the west; And the rich new glides from the cloud, young leaf, To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf, Are round, and thy place for thee, Come forth! for a friend at thee, young leaf, In the web-work of mystery.

Thou art full and fringed, green leaf, Like a strong man upon the earth; And thou wave a sturdy front, green leaf, As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf, And thou makest a bed for the breeze; And the sun that bends from thy base green leaf, Is loved by the summer breeze.

The small bird's nest in the bough, green leaf, How close for an ample roof, And the butterfly cool their wings, green leaf, On thy beaming shield of roof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf, And shading the ray of sun; There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf, For the eye of man to trace.

Thou art rough, and shrivelled, and dry, old leaf, And has lost the fringe of down; And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf, And thou art to colour and brown.

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