

BY JAMES REED. VOLUME IX. NO. XXXVI.

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Vagraries of the Night.

BY GEO. W. CROWELL.

When the hours of night, come stealing

With a muffled footstep slow;

Like the bells of memory pealing,

In the distance soft and low.

With the shades of evening falling,

With their dim and misty light;

Ghosts form the soul appalling,

Break upon the startled sight.

Then the mind will sometimes wander,

Through the present, and the past;

Life, its mysteries to ponder,

Fancies crowding thick, and fast.

Crowding through the silent spaces,

Of the years which long have fled;

Or a sea of upturned tears,

Of the living, and the dead.

And I feel their spirit breathing,

Like the ebbing and the flow;

Like the deep and endless heavings,

Of the Ocean, in its flow.

'Tis their onward swift invasion,

Through the lofty walls of mind;

'Tis the fancies wild creation,

Out of space, and out of time.

Here I meet with silent greeting,

Forms that once have walked in pain;

While my heart in rapture beating,

Thrills my soul with joy again.

One among that passing number,

Dearer far than all the rest;

Wakes my soul from out its slumber,

Wooes me to the land of rest.

In her mild and angel beauty,

Slow she faded from my sight;

Moving up the path of duty,

Left this world of gloom and night.

Oh! how lonely, and how lonely,

Seems this darkened vale of tears;

As I live, but living only,

In the light of buried years.

In its pale unearthly gleaming,

Comes a form to me divine,

With a smile seraphic beaming,

Lights this dreary path of mine.

Thus, when weary and faint-hearted,

In the still and solemn night;

Comes the form of the departed,

Fills my soul with calm delight.

Fills it with a softened glory,

Like some old familiar strain;

Like some long remembered story,

That brings back my youth again.

Thus beats life's dim sounding measure,

To the tread of passing years,

Through the realms of pain and pleasure,

Through the land of hope and fears.

But beyond no more enshrouded,

Lies the empire of the mind,

Where with faculties unclouded,

We, the lost and loved, shall find.

Those in calm and sweet communion,

With the spirits of the best,

In the long looked for reunion,

Shall the soul be soothed to rest.

Foots expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew he could sell the timber.

"Easing a cow for the sake of a cat." This is the Chinese interpretation of going to law.

A Watering-Place Engagement.

I know a young man who found himself engaged one fine morning, without any idea of such an event. True, he had flirted a good deal for a week or more with a beautiful young blonde, whom fashionable pleasure had attracted to Saratoga, Newport, or Sharon, as you will. The name is not of the slightest consequence.

Flirtation, which is not expressly prohibited in the decalogue, is a sentimental coin very current in the United States, and its circulation compromises no one. If the truth must be avowed, it had chanced that our hero one night—one moonless night—enjoyed a conversation at the extremity of a dark piazza; and this young gentleman, by accident, perhaps, dropped his hand at the moment the young lady in question raised hers, the better to hear what he said. But a kiss, half-given and half-received, is not a matter of such moment as to require the sanction of marriage.

Be it known, then, that William (I see no impropriety in calling him William) was petrified rather than charmed, the next day, when his partner of the previous night's interview asked him, blushing, if he thought it best to make known their engagement at once!

He gave her a look from which the young lady inferred that she was not understood, and blushing still more sweetly, repeated the question. William exhibited no discourteous surprise but put on an appearance which indicated that he was deciding whether an immediate public avowal was best, and then managed to have some good reasons for postponing the revelation until the close of the season; and Nelly promised to keep it a profound secret.

That night he retired to his room and meditated various schemes for extricating himself from his embarrassing position. He could admit every plan but one—that of marriage.

He had not decided upon any definite plan, when, next night, at the dance, Miss Susan II—charming person, who honored him with a friendship bordering upon the sentimental touched him lightly on his arm, and said, with a mysterious air— "Sir, I congratulate you."

"Wherefore?" he asked; but she had already glided away in the dance. The matter required an explanation, and during a hiatus in the music they went aside and Susan spoke in a serious mood: "Oh, you needn't blush so at that! It is fact William colored with the idea that his pretended engagement had already been circulated among his intimate friends. He did not directly deny it, however, but took a method of his own.

"Am I really engaged?" he demanded of Susan. "A beautiful question to ask me!" said Susan, with the slightest touch of spite. "You shall judge my case," said William. "Suppose I repeated here what you have heard a hundred times—a thousand time—that you are beautiful, intelligent and accomplished; that your eyes are the deep blue of heaven; your lips the transparent red of the coral; your locks the black lustre of the raven's wing; your neck the grace of the swan, and your shoulders the whiteness of his plummage—would all this, I ask, constitute an engagement between us?"

"Not, certainly!" "And if I should add—The musician loves you for the melody of your voice, the painter for the perfection of your lineaments, the sculptor for the model of your glance, the unfortunate for the goodness of your heart, the gay for your wit, and I love you for all these. I—"

"Is it true that you have said all these pretty things to her?" "Is it not true, I could not have said it without a falsehood?" "And you never tell a lie?" "If I make such an avowal, does it follow that we are to become man and wife?" "I do not think so."

"Neither do I. For example, if upon just such a night as this, I take your hand (the taking of the hand was more than a supposition) and say to you, 'O Susan! do you not know how long I have loved you? Have you not divided it in my words, felt in my silence, seen it in my looks?—Then, do not want; accept the offer of my heart, which beats only for you; and of my life, which has no other object, if I may consecrate it wholly to your happiness?'"

"Oh, shame! shame!" suddenly cried a voice stifled with emotion. The two retreated precipitately, seeing poor Nelly, who also hurried to her chamber to hide her disappointment and her confusion. Disturbed at the disappearance of her affianced, she had walked out on the piazza, hoping to meet him, and arrived in time to hear his gallant speech.

"Heaven! what will she think?" exclaimed Susan. "The truth!" replied William. "The next morning, at breakfast, every one was asking, 'Have you heard the news? William has broken his engagement.'" But they were deceived; for in three months he married Miss Susan II—and the happy pair are now in Italy.

The Female Teacher.

If ever I enquired mortal being upon earth, it was not the queen with realms behind the globe, to whom the mightiest of earth's lords were proud to pay their homage; but it was the devoted, modest female teacher, conscious only of her duties, unconscious of ambition or earthly reward. The scene of her labors may be some obscure rural district; the spot where she gathers her little flock some ungraciously corner between public roads, swept by the bleak winds of winter, and scorched by barrenness by summer's sun; or her house weather-beaten, unshaded by a tree, unsheltered from the storm, open to noise and dust, and gaze of passing travelers; yet there unchained by recognition of the outward world, her fidelity equally requited by the sympathies or by the gaze of men, there she opens upon earth some paradise of light and love. There, day by day, she gathers her little group around her, and hovers protectingly over them, while all their little hopes and fears, and joys, and sorrows nestle beneath her wings—to them the dove of the

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We have not a doubt that a great many people in what are called the 'upper classes' have got the idea that there is something menial and low in certain callings; but we ask where they got it—where, but from the people who follow those callings? These men persistently teach this thing. They practically admit that they are low. They stand aloof from all the higher associations. The fact is that these callings produce this kind of meanness and jealousy, which are degrading, but they do so such thing. It is all based upon a mischievous fiction, a false notion, and the quicker it is got rid of, the better for all men and women. The sooner men learn to respect their callings, whatever they may be, the sooner the distinctions of classes and all unworthy feelings will cease. We are all servants of each other—interdependent, not independent. The poor serve the rich, and the rich serve the poor. The man who drafts a deed serves the man who owns land, and there is no reason why the man who holds the pen should be honored more than he who holds the plough. There is hardly a change in the character of the social life of America which would work more beneficent results than that which would be produced by every man respecting and honoring his own business. It would bring happiness alike to the poor and rich, and give to respectability its only true basis—that of genuine, self-respectful manhood and womanhood.

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"Waiting for God to come for me," said he. "What do you mean," said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in those eyes and flushed face he saw the evidence of the fever. "God sent for mother and father, and little brother," said he, "and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, no body to give me anything, and so I came out here and have been looking so long up in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie." "Yes, my lad," said the man, overcome with emotion, "he has sent me to take care of you." You should have seen his eye flash and the smile of triumph break over his face, as he said, "Mother never told me a lie, but you have been so long on the way." What a lesson of trust, and how his incident shows the effect of never deceiving children with idle tales. As the poor mother expected when she told her son "God would take care of him," he did by touching the heart of this benevolent man with compassion and love to the little stranger.—N. O. Delta.

The Berial-Place.—What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises before us with all its personal reality! Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury the brightest hopes or blasted expectations! How many agonizing sighs will be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathway, and returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!—Everett.

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MOORE RAILROAD.—There is a railroad down South, which runs one train a day, drawn by a locomotive of about a coffee pot power. The conductor is so polite that if a lady shouts out, 'Mr. Conductor, I should like a drink of water,' he immediately jumps off, blocks the train with a stick, and attends to the lady's wants.

How it was Done.—It is rumored that Mr. Rarey, the American horse tamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animal put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour, the quadruped gives in, and promises an entire amendment of morals, and in manner, if he will only stop.

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