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SELECT POETRY.

STANZAS.

Let us love one another;
Not long may we stay
In this bleak world of mourning—
Some droop while 'tis day;
Others fade in their noon—
A few linger till eve;
O there breaks not a heart
But leaves some one to grieve.
And the fondest, the purest,
The truest that met,
Have still found the need
To forgive and forget,
Then though the fond hopes
That we nourished decay,
Let us love one another
As long as we stay.

There are hearts like the ivy,
Though all be decayed,
That it seemed to clasp fondly
In sunshine and shade—
No leaves droop in sadness,
Still gaily they spread,
Undimmed midst the blighted,
The lonely and dead;
But with leaves closely round it,
The roots in its heart
Exists but to twine it—
Imbibe the same dew,
Or to fall with the loved oak,
And perish there too.

Then let's love one another
'Midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond,
As we loved at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure
May change and forsake,
And the bright sun of wealth
Into particles break,
There are some sweet affections
That wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer
When sorrow draws nigh,
And remains with us yet,
Though all else pass away—
Thus we'll love one another
As long as we stay.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE NEW CALICO.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

I.

"I can't afford a new dress," said Jane Oakes, "but I wan't to go to the ball."

"One thing is certain, you cannot go without one," replied Mary Trevor, her friend.

"How foolish it is to dress one's self like a doll. Why can't we go to balls with such dresses as we wear to church?"

"Because it is not the fashion."

"But we can make it the fashion. We hear of calico balls in the city, why not have them here?"

"It would do very well for rich folks; they can afford to be independent."

"Why would it not do for us, who have the more need of it?" asked Jane, thoughtfully.

"O, it won't that is all I know about it."

"I have a great mind to go, with such a dress as I have."

"How foolish!" replied Mary, with apparent disgust. "You would not wear that old berage would you?"

"I will wear my new calico."

"Are you crazy? Go to a ball with a calico dress on!"

"Just to show my independence, you know;" added Jane, with an arch smile.

"It would be independence with a vengeance! Would not Sam Vincent crow then!"

"Let him crow," replied Jane, blushing deeply.

"You will prove then, that what he said was correct—that he was reasonably ashamed to be seen in a public place with you."

"I dress as well as I can afford. If I dressed any better, it would deprive my poor old father and mother of many of the comforts of life," *continued Jane.*

"But certainly you will not disgrace your uncle's family and your friends by going to the ball in a calico dress?"

"Disgrace them?"

"Yes, disgrace them, Jane."

"Uncle often says he should like to see a little more independence in the girls. I mean to go, Mary, and go in my new calico too."

"You must not be surprised if your friends 'cut' you then."

"Not at all."

"And then, think too of the intention of the ball."

"Don't care for that."

"It is to be given in honor of the rich and gallant Frank Huntingdon, and I suppose he will feel mightily honored by your calico!"

"You may say what you like; I will wear the calico."

"I don't believe you will! You cannot find any one to go with you in such a plight."

"My uncle."

"He won't."

"I am sure he will."

"Even if you get there no one will dance with you."

"I can't help it. I cannot afford a ball dress—yours cost at least twenty dollars."

"Twenty-four."

"So much the worse; I want to go to the ball very much."

"But it is too bad to go in such a plight as that."

"If my uncle consents I will go."

This conversation occurred in one of our large New England villages. Jane Oakes was a beautiful girl—some said the handsomest in the place, if she would only dress better! Her father and mother were very poor, and resided in an adjoining town. Jane, by the exercise of a great deal of energy and perseverance, had obtained an excellent education, and was assistant teacher in the village High School, and received a liberal salary. But the filial devotion of the noble hearted girl would not permit her to spend her money in the vanities of dress while her parents wanted anything which she could procure for them.

She was naturally gay, and fond of amusements, especially of dancing, when indulged in at seasonable hours. The approaching ball was a sore temptation to her, but she bravely resisted the inclination to purchase a ball dress, and join in the festivities,—her conscience would not permit her to do so. It would wrong her parents.

Mary Trevor, her friend, was also a teacher, and both of them boarded at the house of Jane's uncle, who was quite an influential person in the village. He was a plain-spoken, common sense man, and thoroughly detested the vanities which were year after year introduced into the place from the city. He had pressed Jane to go to the ball with such a dress as she had. It was literally true, however, that a common calico was the best she had.

Samuel Vincent, a young clerk in the village, who had imbibed a great many extravagant city notions, had for some months been pointedly attentive to her, and apparentedly with her good wits. He had suddenly withdrawn from the lists only a few weeks before our story opens; and the reason he assigned to his friends, and the reason which was rumored through the place, and which even reached Jane's ears, was that he was ashamed of her—she dressed so shabby!

She was content to let it go so, and one of her sound sense could not waste many sighs over *such* a lover.

Jane consulted her uncle in regard to attending the ball in a calico dress. The blunt spoken old fellow was delighted with the idea, and promised his co-operation in carrying it out.

II.

The long expected day came at last, and the village was stirred to its centre. It was leap year, and the ladies—have hope from no selfish or aggrandizing motives—had got up this ball in honor of a young nabob of the village who had just returned from a tour in Europe. Besides being young, and handsome and rich, he, was unmarried. All the girls wanted him for his handsome face and swelling coffers had not spoiled him. Spite of all the circumstances that conspired to make dim a fop and a ninny, he was just the reverse,—a good, sound, substantial, sensible fellow.

Of course all the young ladies had set their caps for him—and we don't much blame them either. Whether the ball was given to show off by contrast the attractions of an aspiring few, or to give all an equal chance we shall not now discuss.

But Frank Huntingdon made up his min to disappoint the whole crowd. He regarded the affair as an unmitigated "man trap," and he was fully resolved not to "get his foot into it." Of course his vanity was not a little tickled at the idea of being *the* lion of the occasion, and he went to the ball fully prepared to have a good time, and "roar" alike for all.

The ball opened. The band played the introductory march for the revellers to promenade into the hall. Jane's uncle had fortunately succeeded in finding a young man who had the independence to march in by the side of the calico dress, and the brave girl was duly seated, engaged for the first dance.

By some strange mismanagement of the machinery, Jane found herself in the same set with the lion of the evening. She was forced to confess that he was a glorious fellow—she had never seen him before—and just her ideal of what a man ought to be. It would have been easy to love such a man.

Miss Araminta Edmonson was his partner. In her own estimation she was the most considerable belle in the village, besides being the heiress of a handsome fortune. Her friends had played her cards adroitly, and she had thus far won the chief distinction of the evening. She was morally sure of captivating her partner before the dance was finished.

She turned up her nose at the calico dress, and even uttered some disparaging remark to Frank Huntingdon.

"I like her 'independence,'" replied the lion of the evening.

"She is a very absurd girl," sneered Araminta.

"But a very pretty one."

"Do you think so?"

"I do, indeed."

And Sam Vincent was close at hand too. He had selected the most prodigious heap of petticoats, muslins, and ribbons in the bevy of gay damsels, and spent his joyous moments in making fun of the noble girl whom he boasted of having "sacked."

The first dance was ended, and it became a question of momentous importance who should be Frank's second partner. The friends of various young ladies kindly proposed to introduce him, but the lion "played off."

Taking the arm of a friend he sauntered into the drawing room, where some of the old gentlemen and ladies were playing whist.

"Mr. Oakes," said Frank, touching Jane's uncle on the shoulder.

He looked up.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I have set my heart upon dancing with that sweet niece of yours next time."

"But, my near fellow, she has nothing on but a calico dress," replied the old gentleman, bluntly, and with the most profound astonishment.

Frank understood him, though he did not express precisely what he meant.

"I admire her independence."

"You are a sensible fellow! Come along.

Frank was duly introduced, and the envious maidens were duly astonished by the sight of the lion of the evening dancing with the calico dress.

Miss Arminta was in a rage, and declared that the lion ought to be ashamed of himself.

What made the matter still more aggravating, he seemed to enjoy her conversation and her merry, joyous smile. It was provoking to see them on such excellent terms, and half the ladies in the hall began to think it would be a good idea to go home and put on a calico.

The dance ended, and Frank conducted her to a seat; but instead of leaving her, as he had done Miss Araminta, he continued by her side laughing and chatting with her till the call for the next dance.

"You have no partner, Miss Oakes, neither have I. May I have the pleasure of your hand?"

Jane wanted to decline, but Frank insisted, and he led her to the floor. An intimate friend ventured to suggest that he ought not to have danced a second time with the same lady.

"Don't care;" replied Frank, and dropping his voice in a whisper, added—"It's a confounded snobbish affair—a regular man-trap!"

"But they are doing you honor, and you ought not to slight them."

"The devil they are! I'll bet fifty dollars against two cents there is not a girl here, except the 'calico,' who did not come for the purpose of catching——somebody."

The dance went on, and scores of envious eyes were cast at Jane. Sneers and ill-natured, not to say malicious, remarks, were freely indulged; but Jane was too deeply engaged by the attentions of her gallant partner to heed anybody but him, and remained in blissful ignorance of the sensation she had produced. She had even forgotten the calico dress she wore.

Again she was seated, and again the lion seemed chained to her side—a very tractable and obedient lion. This time she would not permit him to forget his partner for the next dance; but he insisted on procuring one for her first, for he fully understood her position and the snobbishness of the party.

A personal friend of his from the South was "too happy" to dance with Jane next time, and Frank led off Miss Sophia Butterphly—the second maiden in "influence at court."

After this there was no lack of partners for the "calico." Jane had more applicants for her hand than she could attend to, and already her card indicated engagements for the next six dances—so much for the lion's patronage!

Frank came again at this juncture, and finding that her card was rapidly filling up, declared that the managing mammas had bribed all the gentlemen in the hall to prevent him from dancing with her.

"But, Miss Oakes, will you permit me to write on your card?" said he.

"Certainly," replied she, with a sweet smile and a blush, for there was something in his earnest glance that stirred up a fluttering and a confusion in her heart.

When he returned the card, she found he had written his name against every fourth dance through the programme!

And he danced them with her too, nor heeded the rage and malice with which his attentions were regarded. In violation of the order of arrangements which Miss Araminta Edmonson's friends had settled, he led her to supper.

And worse than all, when the ball was over, he conducted her home, and still worse, though everybody did not know it, he asked permission to call and inquire for her health the next day.

Of course it was granted, and of course he went. Jane blushed in his presence, and had nearly fainted when, as he took his leave, she very distinctly felt quite a generous pressure from the hand that held hers.

To make a long and romantic story short and practical, he came every evening after that—said sweet things—pressed her hand—popped the question—kissed her blushing cheek—wanted the day named.

The day was named, and the village was incontinently astonished by the spectacle of the rich, handsome, and gallant Frank Huntingdon leading the poor, but beautiful and noble hearted, independent Jane Oakes to the altar of Hymen—posted for the time being at the head of the broad aisle in the village church.

Sam Vincent's sneers didn't amount to anything, and Frank had occasion to tell him, just before his marriage, that he was not only a snob, but an out and out toady.

Mary Trevor was one of the bridesmaids, and declares to this day that there is a great deal of virtue in calico.

We need scarcely add that Jane's poor father and mother are now in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury which wealth can procure; and though blessings innumerable are showered upon them, they can but realize that a good daughter—a noble, self-sacrificing girl like Jane—is the greatest blessing of all—or at least on earth, for the old folks belong to the church.

THE REFEREE CASE.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

The outline of the following sketch was related to me by an aged and honored member of a large family connection; a man who possesses an almost inexhaustible fund of legendary lore, and whose most interesting anecdotes and most comic tales are but recollections of past scenes, of which he can say, in the language of Ennius, —"*quorum magna pars fui.*"

"Many years ago, Mr. ——, I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed.

"The plaintiff, who was a captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with England and the West Indies, had married quite early in life, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

"After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies.

"His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude.

"Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband; and, after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

"Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment, in order to support her helpless children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress.

"A merchant in New-York, in moderate but prospering circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners no less than her extreme beauty endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

"After some months he offered her his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she soon found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage that wealth and affection could procure.

"Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' sickness, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower had resided with the youngest daughter.

"Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed. He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period of time on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargo; having been careful, also, never to come nearer home than New Orleans.

"Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth.

"Whatever might have been his motive for such conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claim.

"He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjusted by referees.

"It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in Spring that we first met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court-room, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

"The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been better informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth.

"The celebrated Aaron Burr counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory. I had never before seen him, and shall certainly never forget my surprise at his appearance.

"Small in person but remarkably well formed, with an eye as quick and brilliant as an eagle's, and a brow furrowed by care far more than time, he seemed a very different being from the arch traitor and murderer I had been accustomed to consider him. His voice was one of the finest I ever heard, and the skill with which he modulated it, the variety of its tones, and the melody of its cadences, were inimitable.

"But there was one peculiarity about him, that reminded me of the depths of darkness which lay beneath that fair surface. You will smile when I tell you that the only thing I disliked was his step. He glided rather than walked; his foot had that quiet, stealthy movement which involuntarily makes one think of treachery; and in the course of a long life, I have never met with a frank and honorable man to whom such a step was habitual.

"Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his fingers to one of the pages desired the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the *principal witness.*

"We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered, with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance; and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it had happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked, in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

"I do."

"Will you swear to that?"

"I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."

"Can you swear to her indentity?"

"I can."

"What is her age?"

"She was thirty years of age on the 20th day of April."

"When did you last see her?"

"At her own house a fortnight since."

"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickness, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy of the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love or gain, of licentiousness, or self-indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern MEN. Let us ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—let us ask her which of these two has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollection of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of our father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were so poor, for it sometimes happened that our supper was a bit of dry bread, and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not afford to purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, that the change to us was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father."

She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke.

"You are not my father," exclaimed she, vehemently. "The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What! call you my father? you, who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary? Never! never! Behold there my father," pointing to the agitated defendent, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the share of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection, and shares my home; there is *my father.* For years selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, or dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and giving her hand to Burr, moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the voice of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisitions of nature and the decress of justice."

I need merely add that our decision was such as to overwhelm the plaintiff with well, merited shame.

TRICK OF A LOVER.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel —— and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on each side of a delightful hickory fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitate,* without interruption, for at least an hour, and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was very remarkable.

The colonel was sitting cross legged in a great arm chair, with his spectacles on, and his pipe, in one hand and a newspaper in the other—fast asleep.

Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length upon the rug in front of the fire, like his master, fast asleep.

At length the colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, rubbed his eyes, then glancing at a very large pile of papers that lay on the table near him, said—

"I wish Henry was here to help me about my rents."

"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.

"I can't expect him this month, yet," yawned the colonel.

"Hadn't you better send for him?" said his sister.

Upon this the dog got up and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old man.

The dog looked into his master's face, wagged his tail, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door, and as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him.

The colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and joyful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy.

Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.

"Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you!" said the colonel, getting entirely out of the chair and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. "Pray what has brought you home so suddenly?"

"O, I don't know," said Henry, "it's a her dull in town, so I thought I would just step up and see how you all came on."

"Well, I am glad to see you; sit down," said the colonel.

"So am I," said his sister.

"There, aunt, is a bottle of first rate snuff for you; and here, uncle, is one of those capital Marachine."

"Thank you, my boy," said the colonel—"positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits."

"And mine, too," said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cord, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, "what is the news in B——? Anything happened?"

"No—yes," said Henry, "I have got one of the best stories to tell you that you ever heard in your life."

"Come, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.

"Well, you must know," said Henry, "that while I was in town I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a fine old gentleman, as rich as Crœsus—do take a little more cordial."

"Why don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the colonel.

"O, yes," resumed Henry, "but there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in; for it is generally understood that he is to be the gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though very liberal in everything else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention, of being a fortune hunter."

"The old scamp!" said the colonel, "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"

"I think as much," said Patty.

"Well, how did he manage?" said the colonel.

"Why," said Henry, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So what does he do but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."

"Beautiful! intelligent! accomplished!" exclaimed the colonel—"pray what objection could the fool have to her?"

"Why, she is not worth a cent," said Henry.

"Fudge!" said the colonel, "I wish I had been in the old chad's place; how did he get along?"

"Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought it would make the old man good natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket—handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declaring he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her."

"Ha!" shouted the colonel, "the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard; but was she really beautiful?"

"The most angelic creature I ever saw," said Henry, "but you can judge for yourself; he lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at."

Here Henry took it out of his pocket—handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.

Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

"Well, now," she said, "that is a beauty."

"You may well say that," said the colonel. "Shoot me if I don't wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Harry? The most beautiful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I would give a thousand dollars for such a niece!"

"Would you?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.

"Yes, that I would," replied the colonel, "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand—shoot me if I wouldn't!"

"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.

And there was a wedding at the house of the worthy colonel the ensuing week, and as the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

THE WAYS OF THE PRIESTS.

A preacher by the name of Jay, rather more blunt and frank than the generality of his brethren, took occasion to denounce the acts of his craft. Addressing a younger brother in the ministry, during one of his sermons, he said—

"It is to be regretted that many enter the ministry after they have been educated, to whose services the church has a claim; they look round and select a lady for their wife, but they are careful she possesses a fortune. After a time they begin to get weary in well doing. They take cold; it results in a cough; they are so weak that they cannot attend to the duties of their office. They resign, and live upon their wife's fortune. I know five cases of this kind—may it never be your lot."

During the delivery of this keen rebuke, there was a young minister, or rather an ex-minister, who did not seem very comfortable. After the service was closed, the merits of the discourse were canvassed, and the general opinion was that it was only such a one as could be delivered by Mr. Jay. Said one to the ex-pastor—

"How did you like Mr. Jay? It was fine; quite a treat, wasn't it?"

"Well, I liked him very well; but I think he was rather personal."

"Personal, eh? How so?"

"Why, you must have noticed his reference to ministers out of health resigning."

"Yes, yes; he was a little close there, I must admit."

"I shall speak to him about it," said the fastidious ex-minister.

He sought vestry, and found Mr. Jay there. He congratulated him on his health and discourse, but hinted that he was personal in his remarks, and would like to know if he referred to him.

"Personal," said the patriarch, "personal, eh? In what part of the discourse?"

"When you were speaking about ministers resigning."

"O!" said Mr. Jay, "I see; yes, have you resigned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you marry a rich wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have a cough, and become disabled for service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! my friend, yours is the *sixth case,* then."

This young man reaped the reward of his folly, and retired, confused and abashed, from the presence of Mr. Jay.