

Poetry.

A PARODY.

BY TIMOTHY.

We were crowded in the tavern,
Not a person dared to slumber,
For on each sheet and counterpane
Were insects without number.

'Tis a fearful thing, in winter,
When you jump beneath the spread,
To feel a something crawling
From the pillow to your head.

We bore it long, in agony;
The stoutest hearts knocked under,
And Deacon Jones, a pious man,
Cried "Drat the knaves, by thunder."

Then out spoke the Deacon's daughter—
She was scarce more than two—
"Don't you live on cows and oxen,
Just like bad-bugs live on you?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we let the critters bite,
For we knew that morn was coming,
And we didn't care a mite.

THE WIFE'S RIVAL

A GOOD STORY.

(Concluded.)

At last, wearied with this unsettled life, for a time so fascinating, Mr. and Mrs. Winters longed for the comforts of home, and announced themselves to their friends as "Homeward Bound." After their departure for America, and the consequent breaking up of the party that had so long continued together, Roland became wearied and felt that his foreign residence had lost all interest. He grew restless and unhappy, and thought by changing place, to fill up the void caused by their departure; but in vain; every spot was associated with them; and he found himself listening for the musical laugh that used to ring in his ears; and wishing for the tiny hand that was wont to greet him with such sisterly, heart-warm welcome. After a few weary months he followed them. He knew that Mrs. Reed had resided with her cousins who were as brother and sister to her, ever since her widowhood, and eagerly did he seek their home on reaching New-York. How he rejoiced to find himself warmly welcomed by them. It is so pleasant to find ourselves remembered by absent friends, when one has to contend with the renewing of the dearest domestic relations as rivals.

"You see," he said to them the morning after his arrival, as he took his seat at their sociable homelike breakfast table, "I could not remain abroad after you all left. I felt lost."

"And the children fretted so after cousin Roland; indeed, we all missed you," said Mrs. Winters, whose mother's heart always warmed towards him; for the children were exceedingly fond of him.

Roland cast a hasty, earnest glance at Emily but the same joyous sunny smile beamed on her face; and her blue eyes shone with the same frank open look, full on his as she united in their friendly greetings, and she said playfully, as the children clung joyfully around him:

"I am right glad cousin Roland has returned to keep you little elves in order; you are many times too boisterous for cousin Emily and mamma."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed inwardly "she is free! I am yet at liberty to be with her," and he was not happy. At times he would feel vexed and wretched, when he contrasted her cool, unimpassioned manner with his own "Unreasonable creature that I am," he would say, after such moments of unhappiness, "to wish her otherwise would be to separate us—I would be forced to fly from her so soon as her heart warmed towards me. Ah! why did we not meet when we were both free?"

A gay season followed, and with Mr. and Mrs. Winters, by the side of his "Cousin Emily" as the children had taught him to call her, was he to be seen at parties, balls, and operas. And what did the world say? Just nothing at all. Many had forgotten or had never heard of his marriage, and almost every one imagined from the close intimacy that existed between

him and the family, that he was a near relative.

On the following summer he was again their companion, as they traveled through the beautiful northern scenery of their country. Together he and Emily lingered around the romantic scenery of Lake St. George. They visited Canada—the walled city of Quebec seemed to carry them back to Europe; and they lived over again, in fancy, the first days of their acquaintance, when they had met on the Rhine. They breathed the fresh breeze from the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, gemmed with lovely isles; and as by moonlight they sat on the deck of the vessel, heart speaking to heart watching the foaming, glittering waves, that seemed to follow the pale moon's course, they both gave themselves up to the dangerous luxury of the present. He gazed on her beaming beautiful face, and as her rich voice swelled out in lovely melody upon his ears, he felt that friendship was too cold a name. With what rapture did he hail the falling of Emily's soft, blue eyes, when he first noticed their sinking under his ardent, loving gaze. He forgot the high, honorable resolves he had made, to leave her as soon as he could detect the slightest alteration in her manner towards him—no! he only now pined for the certainty of her love and in wild anxiety hung around her.

"I will be free—I will annul my marriage," he at last said. "My wife may, like myself, love another," and in this spirit he wrote to her the first letter he had addressed to her since their separation. He frankly confessed his love for Emily, and threw himself upon her generosity. "Our marriage," he wrote, "was but a ceremony. I was forced upon you in your childhood. I always considered you free; and have been ready at any time to annul the tie between us, whenever your own heart should make a choice. The retiring delicacy, which I remember so characterised you in your childhood, may have deterred you from requesting this. I therefore ask it first. Your answer will decide my future happiness or misery."

The scene at his father's death-bed rose in fancy before him, as he despatched this letter—that delicate girl whom he had sworn to love and protect; his father seemed to his imagination, to gaze reproachfully upon him; and gentle Aunt Esther looked sadly. But the joyous voice of Emily rang out with sunny glee, and those heavenly, blue eyes no longer beamed coldly upon him, but they fell, as if overpowered with the weight of loving consciousness, and these reproaching memories faded. How he could imagine the deep and hopeless grief that the cold letter might cause to the isolated girl, who had allowed no rival to interfere with his cherished image in her heart more dangerous than a bird or flower.

The summer was well nigh past, but our merry party, though with faces turned homeward still lingered around the beautiful scenery of Trenton Falls, as if bewitched with the lovely place, and unable to break the spell which Nature had thrown around them. One day Emily and Roland rambled, unconsciously, far beyond the rest, in following the succession of the falls. There were moments when Roland, with fearful jealousy, doubted the certainty of her love; but it was when her joyous laugh rang out merrily, and playful bandinage fell from her rosy lips. On this day she had seemed in one of her wildest moods, and with reckless glee, she had chatted, sung aloud and laughed, as if independent of all feeling.

"These rocks remind one of castles, do they not?" she exclaimed, and without pausing for an answer, she continued, thinking her cousin close behind her; "I could almost imagine at times, that I see flying buttresses—Ah! Mary, do you remember those fine old ruined castles on the Rhine?"

She turned for an answer and found herself with Roland—the rest were far behind. To break the awkward pause, she said carelessly:

"Do you remember our visits on the Rhine?"

Associated as that portion of their intercourse was, with the dearest recollections in his mind, he felt impatient at her indifferent tone, and answered passionately—

"How could I ever forget the place or time where we first met?" But his impatience was

calmed, as he saw her face crimsoned with blushes, turn from him, and he felt her hand tremble in his, as he held it, while guiding her along the narrow footpath—the reckless, gleeful spirit vanished, as the consciousness of love transformed her into the gentle, trembling woman. In silence they continued their walk. A bend in the stream just above the fifth fall, shut off the lower view, and as they turned the bend, Emily stood entranced; they had never gone so far in their wandering up the stream, the waters being too impetuous. The mountains rose on both sides, with trees towering to heaven; the dark, fearfully deep waters rolled quietly at their feet, while behind them from the topmost light of one of the rocky constellated mountains, a tiny stream came playfully dashing and foaming down, as if in mimicry of the glittering impetuous fall beneath. No sound could be heard, but the rushing dash of waters—they seemed as though they stood alone in creation. "Ah! ever thus," he exclaimed with passionate earnestness—"Life has no greater happiness than this." Then impetuously he poured out his tale of deep, wild love, and besought the shrinking Emily, who with anguish buried her face in her hands—to give him one look of love.

"Mr. Lee—Mr. Lee," she at last said: "your wife—you surely forget your situation—can you love me and seek to render me miserable by this avowal?"

"Not so, dearest," he replied, "I hope to be able to approach you unbound by any ties."

"How so?" asked Emily, in surprise—"is not your wife still living?"

With the accents of pleasing love, he told her all the events attendant on his marriage, of which he had never spoken to her before—and his late proposition made to Elen for a divorce. Mrs. Reed shook her head doubtfully, as he concluded and said in sad tones:

"Ah, we have been very wrong to give ourselves up to this infatuation—But," added she, seriously, as her lover endeavored to pour anew his expressions of devotion—"until you are indeed free, Roland we must part. Nay, do not urge me to alter this determination. This avowal of yours—our mutual knowledge of each other's love, thus confessed, would render us guilty in her heart—"

He implored, but in vain; Mrs. Reed was immovable; and they parted. In a neighboring city, he awaited with anxious impatience an answer from Elmwood, and eagerly he broke the seal of a letter, which at last reached him, directed in aunt Esther's well-remembered hand.

"I do not upbraid you, Roland," she wrote, "for your conscience surely will at some time, when too late to repair the wrong you have done. For years has your isolated wife looked forward for your return; for your approval has she studied and trained her mind—worshipping the very recollection of you. Imagine, then, how the proposition of divorce must have affected her gentle, loving spirit. Fowed to the earth, as she is, she wishes to see you once more, and entreats with all the earnestness of a fond heart that cherishes no anger, to have the poor comfort of dying your wife. Selfish as you must be, you cannot deny her this little request. A few months you can surely wait, to be freed from the ties which you are unworthy of being bound. Little as I desire to meet with you, under present circumstances, Roland, yet for my adopted child's last comfort, I urge you to hasten to Elmwood."

He was filled with the deepest remorse, as he hastened to comply with his aunt's request. He reproached himself, again and again, as the image of his pale, dying wife, and the beautiful Emily rose before him; and he felt almost distracted as he thought of the double misery he should be the cause of inflicting on these two lovely beings. Grieved and disheartened, he felt as his carriage drove up the long avenue leading to Elmwood; and in the shadow of the evening the tall elms seemed to bow in mourning over the old house. All was dark and quiet, around and within; the very servants that greeted him seemed stifled with sorrow.

"She is dying," murmured the sorrowing Roland; and anxiously he gazed into his Aunt Esther's face, as he met her in the hall. "Take

me to her instantly," he exclaimed. The stately old maiden lady led him to her apartment, and left him at the entrance. In silent anguish he knelt beside the fragile, delicate form extended on the couch, and dreaded to see that pale, weeping face, which lay buried in the cushions—he trembled to behold this struggle in a woman's breast, between deep, deep love, and woman's pride. "I have deeply wronged you, dear Ellen," he at last murmured. "Pardon me, I beseech you; with your last words lighten the wretched burthen of remorse, that will hang over me to the grave."

She raised her head from the cushions, and as she turned towards him, he saw instead of the dying wife, the joyous sunny features of Emily Reed. She burst into a merry laugh as she exclaimed:

"I have won you, dear Roland, may I not die your wife, dearest?"

The laugh was re-echoed, and Roland almost imagined himself in a dream, as he saw himself by Mr. and Mrs. Winters and aunt Esther, who had been anxiously awaiting the denouement to enter. They all explained merrily the ruse that had been so successfully played on him, and Roland no longer reproached his father as he gazed on his lovely, bewitching wife, who looked up lovingly while his arms encircled her.

"You are surely pardonable," she said mischievously, "for wishing to be relieved from a shy, stupid, ugly wife."

"I have been well punished, dearest, for those treasonable words," he replied; "and on your lips will I impress my earnest prayers for forgiveness."

Song and laugh swelled out, and a happier party never before encircled the supper table at Elmwood.

Remember the poor—printer.

How to Ruin a Neighbor's Business.

Some time since (so runs the current narrative,) the owner of a thriving mutton-pie concern, which after much difficulty he had succeeded in establishing with borrowed capital, died before he had well extracted himself from the responsibilities of debt. The widow carried on the business after his decease, and thrived so well that a speculating baker on the opposite side of the way, made her the offer of his hand. The lady refused, and the enraged suitor determined on revenge, immediately converted his baking into an opposition pie-shop, and, acting on the principle, universal among London bakers, of doing business for the first month or two, at a loss, made his pies twice as large as he could afford to make them. The consequence was that the widow lost her custom, and was hastening fast to ruin, when a friend of her late husband, who was a small creditor, paid her a visit. She detailed her grievance to him, and lamented her lost trade and fearful prospects. "Oh, oh!" said her friend "that ere's the move is it? Never you mind my dear. If I don't get your trade again, there ain't no snakes, mark me—that's all!" So saying he took his leave. About eight o'clock the same evening, when the baker's new pie-shop was crammed to overflowing, and the principal was below superintending a new batch, in walks the widow's friend in the costume of a kennel-raker, and elbowing his way to the counter, dabs down upon it a brace of huge dead cats, vociferating at the same time to the astonished damsel in attendance, "Tell your master, my dear, as how them two makes six, and thirty this week, and I'll bring the t'other four tomorrow afternoon!" With that he swaggered out and went his way. So powerful was the prejudice against cat-mutton among the population of that neighborhood, that the shop was clear in an instant and the floor was covered with hastily abandoned specimens of every variety of segments of a circle. The spirit-shop, at the corner of the street, experienced an unusually large demand for "goes" of brandy, and interjectional ejaculations, not purely grammatical, were not merely audible but visible too in the district. It is averred that the ingenious expedient of the widows friend, founded as it was upon a profound knowledge of human prejudices had the desired effect of restoring the "balance of trade." The widow recovered her commerce; the resentful baker was done as brown as if he had been shut up in his