

Poet's Corner.

DASH DOWN THE CUP.

Dash down the cup! oh, look no more
Upon the tempting ruby wine;
By all thy hopes of future years,
Forsake it now, and bliss is thine.
Thy pleasure seems with dazzling light,
To shine around the sparkling bowl,
Yet 'neath its brim a serpent sleeps,
That soon will sting thee to the soul.

Dash down the cup! oh, drink no more,
Ere reason leaves thy raging brain,
For poison, deadly poison, lurks
In every drop thy lips would drain:
For oh! the wine cup can but prove
A dagger through the human heart,
That sinks thee down to sin and shame,
And rends life's sweetest joys apart.

Dash from thy lips thy tempting bowl,
For thou hast drank too deep ere now;
Earth's fairest hopes, alas! have flown,
White shame is branded on thy brow.
Canst thou give up fame, friends and all
The sacred pleasures of the soul,
For that bright, false, deceitful gleam
That lurks around the cursed bowl?

Touch not again the sparkling wine,
It drowns thy soul's exalted powers,
While sweeping manhood's bloom away,
And blighting all love's fairest flowers.
Renounce it, then, while youth is thine,
Oh! let not friendship plead in vain;
By all thy hopes of Heaven, lift not
The wine cup to thy lips again.

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

HOW HE SHUT HER UP

"Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household.

"In the first place you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c.; then you will make a fire in here. That done you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me."

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

"Make the kitchen fire! Yes, I'll do that. Then make a fire in the bedroom! I'll see to that too. Then take the breakfast to his bedside! Just see if I do!"—And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when, apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to her business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with great relish; and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. He labored under the impression that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry.—Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove.—Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then sat down to wait for Mrs. P.; she was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While sitting there he thus soliloquised:

"That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and by a woman too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she

shan't escape that's certain; if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone! for haven't I told Solomon Simpleton all along that I was going to make my wife stand round, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?"

"A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper," said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

"Sit down in that chair, madam," he said, pointing to the one he had just vacated, "while I have a little conversation with you."

"Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?"

"Where I have been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you: I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them," said she holding them up demurely for his inspection, "I only paid a dollar a piece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?" she added.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said—

"Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers, until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes.

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P. ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet and say—

"Dear Philander, won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!"

And he was going to say, "Betsy Jane, you'd better not;" but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathful. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said—

"Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet while you are going neither. You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you to know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs."

"Well, really Mr. Pepper, it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not so deaf as all that comes too; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objections to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before."

"But you must, Mrs. Pepper."

Then all I have got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk!"

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself

"She thinks I won't do it, and hopes to get off in that way; but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I have to carry her; so here goes, and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locked her in; he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door steps to attend to callers and also see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office, and was soon engrossed in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office, and said, never stopping to take breath—

"Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she be tearing around there and rattling things the distressingest kind, and if she beant splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most undignified pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eyes to the keyhole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fireplace, reading his love letters. The one she was engaged in perusing at that particular moment was from a Miss Polly Primrose, who it appeared once

looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveller in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room where he had confined Mrs. P., and she got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle-axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love-letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P., was a beautiful flat China dish, filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire, was Mr. P.'s silver christening bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle-bow, meanwhile, occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the key-hole, until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper more fiery than he. He shook the door, it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper departed down stairs like a madman.

"I must put a stop to this," he thought, "or I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back."

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew he had left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire; so, hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

"Jezebel, come forth."

No answer.

"Jade, do you think to escape?"

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy and hastily commences to search the room; but had not proceeded far, when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment and it is repeated. Darting to the door, he attempts to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance, he thinks, and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper, his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up a few fragments of a letter which is lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls on his daguerreotype, which is lying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face. All the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely phiz is the missing curl, and the walnut meats are carefully stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

"Good!" thought Mrs. P., "when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then. A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I am fully prepared to administer it."

How long Mrs. Pepper kept her liege lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed, but of this we are sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bed-room, and heard say in a meek manner—

"Betsy Jane, I have made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea-kettle; wont you please to get up and get breakfast?"

Cider drinkers are anxious to learn whether under the new liquor law, apples may be deemed "original packages."

THE LOST, FOUND, AND REFORMED.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"You have just returned, friend Manson, have you not?" said Livingston, "from your western journey?" "Yes," he replied, "I have; and there was a circumstance attending it which will make it to me the most memorable event in my whole life." "Indeed, what is that, my friend?" "Ah, it would take more time than either you or I could now spare," said Manson, "for me to relate and you to listen to the particulars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch of the substance:

When I went to school in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and school-mate, named John M'L—d. He was one of the brightest and most beloved pupils in the school. He grew up, paid his addresses to a beautiful and excellent young lady, a member of the church. At length he was married to his Mary, and they prepared immediately after that event, in pursuance of a previous plan, to emigrate to a Western State. The evening before the day we were to separate, perhaps for ever, I had a tender interview with my bosom friend, and his lovely wife; it was deeply affecting to all of us.

The next morning they departed with the affectionate farewells of many old friends and neighbors, in the town where they were born and reared, and with a handsome provision made by the parents of both, who were in competent circumstances. Ten years elapsed, during which I was called to the Methodist ministry, in distant places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not a word concerning them reached my ears in all the time. The course of my duty called me then to the vicinity of the place my friends had settled, and I resolved to go out of my way considerably to give John and Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and inquiring for their residence, I was told they lived some distance from the centre of the village. At length I found the place. At the first glance my mind misgave me. The sight of the miserable cabin made me sick, and after hitching my horse, I hardly dared to enter. Knock, I could not; there was no door—nothing but a blanket stretched across the passage. Removing this, alas! what did I behold! There was Mary sitting on a stool with an infant on her lap, and another child in the corner on the ground, for the cabin had no floor.

O sight of woe! How altered was the lovely Mary T—n! "Do you remember me, dear Mary?" "Oh! Mr. Munson, is it indeed you?—We are ruined; John is lost; and I and the children are starving here. We have not had a morsel to eat since yesterday morning." "Great Heavens!" said I, "and where is John?" "He is at the store;" "I must see him," I replied. "Better not, sir, he is savage now, and will ill-treat you." "I must and will see John." I started immediately for the store, according to her directions.—There was no time to lose, for I was to be at the Conference, whither I was bound, at a certain time appointed. I readily found the store, and entered. The first sight disclosed four men playing cards at a table. The next glance discovered a man stretched out along a whiskey hogshead. The landlord was sitting by, but instantly hopped up, and ran behind the counter, to wait on me, supposing I was a customer. Says I, "is John McLeod here?" They all looked at me, on hearing the question, as if I had been the old one, or a sheriff. "What is that to you?" he sullenly replied. "I want to see him."

While I was speaking, I took another sweep of the room with my eye, and saw something like a man asleep in the corner. "Is that John?" "None of your business," answered the sullen bar-keeper. "If it is that unhappy man, you will find it some of my business." So I went to recognize him, though in this shocking beastly plight, and began to wake him. This was no easy job; and while I was about it, the rum-seller and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement, and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, and am not inferior, you know, in point of wiry, muscular power; and tho' a man of peace, I confess that, in the whole of the twenty-seven years I have been in the ministry, I never felt so strong a disposition as at that moment to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded at length in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homeward. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hovel he was in his right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up, affrighted, running to her mother exclaiming, "Is he going to carry us to jail, mother, where father was?" And that poor mother sobbed upon my hand, as if her heart would break. Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in