

Poetry.

TO THE NORTH WIND.

Intrude not yet, while Beauty sits
Enthroned on Southern hills with Summer,
Nor come to fright with gusty fits
Midsummer's pet, some tardy comer.

Haste not to pinch with naughty nips
The trustful aster's open bosom,
Nor chill the bee's saluting lips,
That he fall, palsied, from his blossom.

Withhold thy sacrilegious breath
From consecrate arcade and alley,
Nor smite the rose with sudden death,
Nor stain the lily of the valley;

Choke not the chafer with his song,
But let his slender pipe endear him
To all the chirping choral throng,
Meet in the clover path to hear him.

Unsparring spoiler! hold thy hand,
Content among the eaves to linger,
Lest summer's half-extinguished brand,
Mayhap should burn thy meddling finger.

Thou hast thy holly and thy snow—
Leave us our holidays in reason;
When time has touched my temples so,
My heart, attuned, shall hail thy season.

Select Tale.

THE FAMILY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll not live in this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyon passionately. "Such disorders, wrangling and irregularity, rob me of peace, and make the house a bedlam, instead of a quiet home." "Tom!" she spoke sharply to a bright little fellow, who was pounding away with a wooden hammer on a chair and making a most intolerable din, "stop that noise this instant! And you Em, not a word from your lips. If you can't live in peace with your sister, I'll separate you. D'ye hear? hush! this instant?"

"Then make Jule give me my pin-cushion. She's got it in her pocket."

"It is no such a thing, I have not," retorted Julia.

"You have, I say."

"I tell you I haven't."

"Will you hush?" The face of Mrs. Lyon was fiery red, and she stamped upon the floor as she spoke.

"I want my pin cushion. Make Jule give me my pin-cushion."

Irritated beyond control, Mrs. Lyon caught Julia by the arm, and thrusting her hand in her pocket drew out a thimble, a piece of lace and a pen knife.

"I told you it wasn't there. Couldn't believe me?"

This impertinence was more than the mother could endure, and, acting upon her indignant impulses, she boxed the ears of Julia soundly, conscious at the same time, that Emily was chiefly to blame for all this trouble, by a wrong accusation of her sister, she turned upon her, also, administering an equal punishment. Frightened by all this, the younger children whose incessant noise, for the last hour, had contributed to the overthrow of their mother's temper, became suddenly quiet, and skulked away in corners, and the baby that was seated on the floor, between two pillows, curved her quivering lips and glanced fearfully up to the distorted face in which she had been used to see the love light that made her heaven.

A deep quiet followed this burst of passion like the hush which succeeds the storm. Alas for the evil traces that were left behind. Alas for the repulsive image of that mother, daguerre-typed in an instant on the memory of her children, and never to be effaced.—How many, many times, in after years, will not a sigh leave their bosoms, as that painful reflection looks out upon them from amid the dearer remembrances of childhood.

A woman with good impulses, but with scarcely any control, was Mrs. Lyon. She loved her children, and desired their good. That they showed so little forbearance, one with the other, manifested so little fraternal affection, grieved her deeply.

"My whole life is made unhappy by it!" she would often say. "What is to be done? It is dreadful to think of a family growing up in discord and disunion. Sister at variance with sister, and and brother lifting his hand against brother."

As was usual after an ebullition of passion, Mrs. Lyon, deeply depressed in spirits as well as discouraged, retired from her family to grieve and weep.—Lifting the frightened baby from the floor, she drew its head tenderly against her bosom, and leaving

the nursery sought the quiet of her own room.—There in repentance and humiliation, she recalled the stormy scene through which she had just passed, and blamed herself for yielding blindly to passion, instead of meeting the trouble among her children with a quiet discrimination.

To weeping, calms succeeded. Still she was perplexed in mind, as well as grieved at her own want of self-control. What was to be done with her children? How were they to be governed aright? Painfully did she feel her own unfitness for the task. By this time the baby was asleep, and the mother felt something of that tranquil peace that every true mother knows, when a young babe is slumbering on her bosom. A book lay on a shelf near where she was sitting, and Mrs. Lyon scarcely conscious of the act, reached out her hand for the volume. She opened it without feeling any interest in its contents, but she had only read a few sentences when this remark arrested her attention.

"All right government of children begins with self-government."

The words seemed written for her, and the truth expressed elevated instantly into preception. She saw it in the clearest light, and closed the book and bowed her head in sad acknowledgement of her own errors. Thus for some time, she had been sitting when the murmur of voices from below grew more and more distinct, and she was soon aroused to the painful fact, that as usual when left alone the children were wrangling among themselves. Various noises, as of pounding on, and throwing about chairs, and other pieces of furniture were heard, and at length a loud scream, mingled with angry vociferations smote upon her ears.

Indignation swelled instantly in the heart of Mrs. Lyon, and hurriedly placing the sleeping babe in its crib, she started for the scene of disorder, moved by an impulse to punish severely the young rebels against her authority, and was half way down the stairs when here feet were checked by a remembrance of the sentiment: "All right government of children begin with self-government."

"Will anger subdue anger? When storm meets storm, is the tempest stilled? These were questions asked of herself, almost involuntarily. "This is no spirit in which to meet my children. It never has, never will enforce order and obedience," she added as she stood upon the stairs, struggling with herself and striving for the victory. From the nursery came louder sounds of disorder. How weak the mother felt! Yet in this very weakness was strength.

"I must not stand idly here," she said, as a sharper cry of anguish smote her ears, and so she moved on quickly, and opening the nursery door, stood revealed to her children. Julia had just raised her hand to strike Emily, who stood confronting her with a fiery face. Both were startled at their mother's sudden appearance, and both expected the storm which usually came at such times, began to assume the defiant, stubborn air with which her intemperate reproofs were always met.

A few moments did Mrs. Lyon stand looking at her children—grief, not anger, upon her pale countenance. How still, all became. What a look of wonder came gradually in the children's faces, as they glanced one at the other. Something of shame was next visible. And now the mother was conscious of a new power over the rebels of her household.

"Emily," said she, speaking mildly, and yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice she could not subdue, "I wish you would go up into my room, and sit with Mary while she sleeps."

Without a sign of opposition or even of reluctance, Emily went quietly from the nursery, in obedience to her mother's desires.

This room is very much in disorder Julia.

Many times Mrs. Lyons said, under like circumstances "why don't you put things to rights? or I never saw such girls! If all in the room was topsy turvey, and the floor an inch thick with dirt, you'll never turn over a hand to put things to order" or "Go and get the broom, this minute, and sweep up the room. You're the laziest girl ever lived."—Many, many times as we have said, had such language been addressed by Mrs. Lyon, under like circumstances to Julia and her sisters, without producing anything better than a grumbling, partial execution of her wishes. But now the mild intimation that the room was in disorder, produced all the effect desired. Julia went quickly about the work of restoring things to their right places, and in a few minutes, order was apparently where confusion reigned before. Little Tommy whose love of hammering was an incessant annoyance to his mother, ceased his din on her sudden appearance, and for a few moments stood in expectation of a boxed ear; for a time he was puzzled to understand the new aspect of affairs. Finding that he was not under the ban, as usual, he commenced slapping a stick over the top of an old table, making a most ear-piercing

noise. Instantly Julia said in a low voice to him—

"Don't Tommy, don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache."

"Does it make your head ache mother?" asked the child, curiously, and yet with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looked at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly, "and it is always unpleasant.—Won't you try to play without making so much noise."

"Yes mother, I'll try," answered the little fellow, cheerfully. But I'll forget sometimes.

He looked at his mother, as if something more was in his thoughts.

"Well dear what else?" said she encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But don't scold me mother, for then I can't stop."

"Mrs. Lyons, heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her face down to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

"Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more," she murmured gently in his ear.

His arms stole upwards, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek, thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to the mother's taste were those first fruits of self-control. In the effort to govern herself, what power had she acquired. In stilling the tempest of passion in her bosom, she had poured the oil of peace over the storm fretted hearts of her children.

Only the first fruits were there. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children, and just so far as she was able to overcome evil in them. Often very often, did she fall back into old states and often, very often, was self-resistance only a slight effort, but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warned her of her error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it to be said that she had abundant reward?

HOW THEY READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a proof of the great variety of human development to notice persons reading a newspaper.

Mr. General Intelligence first glances at the telegraph, then at the editorial, and then he goes into the correspondence.

Mr. Sharper opens with stocks and markets, and ends with the advertisements for wants hoping to find a victim.

Aunt Sukey first reads the stories—then looks to see who is married.

Mrs. Prim looks at the marriages first, and then reads the stories.

Mrs. Marvellous is curious to see the list of accidents, murders, and the like.

Uncle Ned hunts up a funny thing, and laughs with a will.

Madame Gossip turns to the local department for her thunder, and having obtained that, throws the paper aside.

Mrs. Friendly drops a tear of sympathy over the deaths, and then over the marriages; for says she, one is about as bad as the other.

Mr. Politician dashes into the telegraph and from that into the editorial, ending with the speeches alluded to.

Our literary friends eager for a nice composition from the editor, or some kind correspondent. After analyzing the rhetoric, grammar and the logic of production, he turns a careless glance at the news department and then takes to his Greek perfectly satisfied.

The pleasure seeker examines the programmes of public entertainments, and decides which will afford him the greatest amount of amusement.

The laborer searches among the wants for a better opening in his business, and—but enough; an extension of the list is useless. There is just as much difference in readers as in anything.

But the worst is yet to come. If each does not find a column or less of his peculiar liking, the paper is good for nothing.

What is there more beautiful than to witness the child-like devotion of our "little ones," in the expression of their love to Him who said "Suffer little children to come to me." A little friend of ours upon retiring a night or two since, said to his mother. "Shut the door, Mamma, for I want to pray a good while to God to-night." Is it not true, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

NEWSPAPERS.—Their Benefits. Of all the amusements, says Herschel, that can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after a day's toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining newspaper. It relieves his home of dullness and tedium, which in nine cases out of ten is what drives him to the ale-house, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into gay and livelier and more diversified and interesting scenes; and while he enjoys himself thus, he may forget the evils of the present moment full as much as if he was ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in necessities and comforts for himself and family without the headache. Nay, it accompanies him in his next day's work, and if the paper he has been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him some thing to think of besides the mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation, something he can enjoy whilst absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. The history of the world for one day is given to him; the follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes, are so many admonitions and warnings; the acts of jealousy and anger; the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel; the cautions against gambling and profligacy:—"Talk they not of morals?" Take a good newspaper, read it, and it will give you better advice than all the moralists in the universe.—Exchange Paper.

Too Good to be Lost.—The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case in point occurred yesterday on Front street. The children of two neighboring families had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been sadly mal-treated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the differences between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired, in a threatening tone, for the "man of the house." "I am here, sir," said a personage upwards of six feet, and weighing some 220, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor. "Did I understand you that you were the gentleman of the house?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your raw hide."—Statesman.

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.—Judge A., a celebrated duellist, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humour and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready, he replied, "no." "What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge A's second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!" The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation: "Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can."

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you." "Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than one coffin." No one ever troubled the colonel after that.

SHREWD WEIGHING.—A pedlar in the Highlands of Scotland, having run short of butter, applied to a farmer's wife for a supply. "How much do you want?" said the woman. "One pun' will do," said the pedlar. "I canna make you a pun," replied the woman—"I have na a pun' weight." "Well, what weight have ye?" said the pedlar. "Two pun' said the woman. "And which is the weight," said the man. "O, it's just the tangs," (the tongs.) "Well said he, 'put ane leg in the scale, and the tother out, and that'll be a pun.' The woman did as requested, but when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said: "It looks a pun."—"Oh, it's all right, woman," said the pedlar, "how much is it?" "A saxe-pence," was the reply, which the pedlar paid, and departed rather hastily, lest the woman should discover that 'ane leg in and ane leg out,' was not the exact way of weighing a pun of butter.

An Amateur gardener and joker sent to a seedman in town the other day, for some seeds of the "pie-plant," which he had advertised—requesting precisely six parcels of custard seeds and two of mince pie. The seedman promptly sent him him half a dozen goose eggs and two blind puppies. The humorous gentleman admitted that the joke was rather against him.