

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

"EARLY to bed and early to rise;"  
Aye, note it down in your brain,  
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,  
And uproots the weeds of pain.

Ye who are walking on thorns of care,  
Who sigh for a softer bower,  
Try what can be done in the morning sun,  
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day for ever is lost  
By delaying its work till to-morrow.  
The minutes of sloth have often cost  
Long years of bootless sorrow.

And ye, who win the lasting wealth  
Of content and peaceful power;  
Ye who would couple labour and health,  
Must begin at the early hour.

Nature herself ever shows her best  
Of gems to the gaze of the lark;  
When the spangles of light on earth's green  
breast  
Put out the stars of the dark.

If we love the purest pearl of the dew,  
And the richest breath of the flower;  
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the  
sweet,  
Go forth at the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found  
When we start through morning's gate,  
To sum up our figures or plough up our  
ground,  
And weave out the threads of fate!

The eye looketh bright and the heart keep-  
eth light,  
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,  
When ready and brave he claims Time as his  
slave,  
By the help of the early hour!

"Early to bed and early to rise,"  
That you may have time to pray;  
Beneath the glorious morning skies  
Seek blessings for all the day.

There are many who greet the morning light  
In healthful, joyous glee,  
Who are in eternity ere 'tis night,  
And it may be so with THEE!

The purest and best who ere trod our earth  
Arose ere yet it was day;  
While slumber wrapt the sons of mirth  
He ascends the Mount to pray.

Ere the wings of light had chased the night  
He pleads with the God of love,  
And now as a victor, with zeal and might,  
He continues his work above.

And can a mother prolong her rest  
While the early hour goes by,  
And her little group remains unblest,  
With an enemy ever nigh;

And does she profess to follow him  
Who arose ere yet 'twas day?  
Does she think it safe, in this world of sin,  
To sleep when she ought to pray?

From Godey's Lady's Book, for June.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

BY ALLICE P. NEIL.

"ANNA," screamed Mrs. Locke. We are  
sorry to accept so indignified a word for the  
tone of voice used by that most fascinating of  
belles; but Mrs Locke was stationed behind the  
curtain of the second story front room window,  
and her sister was dressing her hair at the very  
back of the house.

"Well?" inquired Miss Paine, half turning  
from the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride; a large  
white box, from Glenn's I should say; but I  
can't make it out exactly; Harry!"

Miss Paine, catching at the skirt of her  
dressing gown, fled through the intervening  
room.

"I think that is one of Bailey's men; he's  
been there twice already. I noticed that green  
coat with white buttons. Depend upon it—  
more silver."

"That's twenty-three parcels I've counted,  
said Mrs Locke. 'I expect she will have very  
handsome presents.'

"Oh, some must have been her dresses and  
things; but she ought to have—all her relations  
are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back parlor  
already. I should not wonder if they are going  
to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say; here comes the groom; if it was  
me, I should not thank him to be so very early  
every evening. So all that horseback riding  
turns out just as you always said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighbourly ob-  
servation, Harold Welsh hurried along in the

searly twilight, thinking only, as he turned the  
corner, that it was for the last time. To-mor-  
row his probation ended, and when they returned  
to the city he should have a right to come  
and go just as he pleased; the right of a hus-  
band and son in the house that held his pro-  
mised bride. With all sweet dreams and fan-  
cies, far more unselfish and earnest than young  
men of four-and-twenty are apt to entertain, he  
sprang up the marble stone steps, and rang a  
quick summons to the servant who had receiv-  
ed the 'twenty-three parcels,' and who re-  
marked to the cook, as he turned loungingly to-  
wards the door: 'That bell seemed hung on  
wires, and that person could wait till his hurry  
was over.'

The threat was not fulfilled, however; for the  
bride herself, watching by the parlor win-  
dow, had saved John the trouble for this occa-  
sion.

No wonder at this proof of her interest and  
eagerness for his coming. The happy Harold  
scarcely waited to place the door between them  
and Mrs Locke still watching over the way, be-  
fore he had given her such a kiss and embrace  
as you can imagine under the circumstances.—  
though, when his lady-love's first half-smothered  
He could not help a feeling of disappoint-  
ment ejaculation was—"Oh! it's you is it, Har-  
old?" while she resettled her discomposed  
collar and undersleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" in-  
quired the slightly piqued, but still devoted  
lover.

"Oh don't get cross—there's a darling. But  
I thought it might be Cousin James; gravely  
you know he hasn't been here for a week, and  
it's so strange! Not the first thing has come  
from him; not so much as a note for anything.  
Oh! Harold, I've had so many lovely things  
come to-day; all sorts of baskets and boxes,  
and ornaments, and silver; all my uncles and  
aunts have sent something in silver, and every  
thing matches so beautifully. Isn't it queer  
about Cousin James? So rich, and my guar-  
dian, too, and always so fond of me! It must  
be something elegant when it does come.—  
We've been talking it over, and every time the  
bell rang, you know, we thought it must be he,  
or his present. I told the girls I was sure it  
was, this time; I felt so somehow, so I ran to  
the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know  
that his bride had been watching for a trinket  
instead of himself; but Harold was too happy  
to let that damp the delight he felt in being  
near his 'little wife'—almost as he whispered  
in the hall, after a separation of so many hours.  
He was sorry to hear voices in the back parlor,  
so he kept her talking away while he made a  
great parade of unbuttoning his overcoat, and  
drawing off his gloves.

"You must not mind how I look to-night,  
she ran on, giving her apron a little stroke;  
'people never do look like anything or pretend;  
to dress, the week before they are married. Al-  
bertina says, and she has been bridesmaid ever  
so many times. She was astonished when she  
found I made no difference all the while, and  
advised me to keep on my morning-dress to-  
night at any rate. She thinks Cousin James  
intends to send a whole tea service, or a very  
elegant set of ornaments; she says she shouldn't  
be surprised if he gave diamonds. But I for-  
got you hadn't seen the things. They are all  
set out on the sofa-table in the back parlor,  
except your mother's; there wasn't room for that,  
so it's on the piano, and by and by we are go-  
ing to arrange them in the dressing room up  
stairs.'

"I'm glad you told me what it all means,"  
said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina  
Willis, first bridesmaid, and Ellen Ward the  
third, the intervening damsel had not yet arrived.  
'I should say you were getting up a fancy fair,  
or something of that kind, if I did not know.—  
Needle-books and cologne bottles! What a  
collection!"

"Oh, don't," called out the bride, rescuing an  
embroidered white satin sachet from his careless  
handling; there isn't a needle-book in the  
whole, you provoking man. And that pair of  
colognes are real Bohemian, and came from  
Glenn's; they haven't been in the house ten  
minutes; there Mrs Jacob's present, and must  
have cost immensely; Albertina says; and she  
has priced these things so often."

"So they are to be ranged according to mar-  
ket value. The regard of the giver has nothing  
to do with the transaction, only the length of  
purse they imply. This is rather pretty."

It was a taper stand, one of those trifling af-  
fairs one sees on every ETAGERE.

"Mrs Grimes"—he read the card attached.—  
You ought to put the price down in dollars  
and cents, under each, or mark it on the bottom  
of the article, as they do in the china shops."

"Oh, you're joking now. I know you think  
just as I do, that it's very mean in Mrs Grimes,  
when I made Agnes such a lovely present last  
year. I don't think she would like to see the  
price put down very well; I expected something  
very elegant from her. Isn't this lace-set beau-  
tiful? That's from Aunt Jane."

"Rather."—It was plain to see he did not  
know one present from another, as he carelessly  
ruffled the ALEXON chemisette the young lad-  
dies had been in ecstasies over.—"How many  
dollars worth of affection, Jenny?"

"Oh, you must have been—but I've no idea—

immense,' said the future Mrs Harold in all  
good faith.

'Here's the silver all by itself,' said Ellen  
Ward. 'See what a lovely pair of sets!'

'And what are these? Muffin rings? One  
two, three, four; why, there must be nine or  
ten. Oh, napkin rings, are they? Well, how  
many napkins are we to use at once? How-  
tidy we shall have to be to display them all!—  
And what is that trowel there?"

'A pie-knife,' exclaimed the third brides-  
maid, wondering if Mr Welsh was really as ig-  
norant as he pretended, but not knowing him  
well enough to ask.

'Why, there's two of them,' said Harold.

'Then I'll always ask for two pieces of pie.—  
How fortunate!"

'Oh, that's nothing,' interposed Albertina.

'Why, Alice Lawton had eight pairs of but-  
ter-knives, I recollect, all marked with her name  
in full, so it was impossible to exchange them.  
To be sure it would be nicer if one of these was  
a crumb-scraper."

'How long since silver crumb-brushes came in?'  
inquired Harold.

'Not brushes; a knife something like this or  
this more; and she held a massive fish-knife,  
elaborately engraved with dolphins, while the  
fork was in the form of trident. 'See how hea-  
vy this is! Mrs Frank Welsh has really been  
very kind."

'Oh that's my relation. Why is everybody  
expected to shell out on these occasions?"

'Shell out! What an expression, Harold!'  
said the bride elect, poutingly. She thought  
he was not half as much pleased as he should  
have been. For her part, she had been in such  
a state of excitement all day over her new pos-  
sessions that she could scarcely wait for  
evening to come, that he could share her rap-  
tures. The very wrapping-paper and twine,  
and packing-boxes, had a charm for her.

'Mrs Egbert Welsh sent that pair of pre-  
serve-spoons,' said the matter-of-fact Ellen  
Ward, on whom the business of this display,  
would principally fall, and who was losing no  
time in getting the catalogue for her wares by  
heart—we believe it is a part of regular bridal  
etiquette for the third bridesmaid to undertake  
the fancy table.—Mrs Jones, the saltspoons  
lined with gold you see, and gold mustardspoon.  
Miss Grant the tea-strainer. Mrs Pyne, the  
icecream-knife. Hannah Richards, the ladle—  
no, she sent the oyster-ladle—this is marked  
Mrs Tom Barker, and belongs to the family-set  
here. A dozen teaspoons, desserts, and table-  
spoons in this case, Mrs and Mr John Barker.  
Two dozen forks, breakfast and tea, Mrs Edward.  
Sugar, Mrs Henry. Cream, Mr and Mrs Tom-  
pkins Barker."

'See, how heavy they are!' added the bride,  
who, running to the window, another ring  
having announced the arrival of a disappoint-  
ment in the shape of the baker's boy with fresh  
buns for tea, had returned in time to take pride  
in this display of liberality on the part of her  
own family.

'Very,' said Harold gravely, balancing a fork  
which he had taken from the velvet-lined pur-  
ple morocco case. 'Your Uncle Edward loves  
you so many ounces, warranted genuine.—  
Your Uncle and Aunt Jane so many more.—  
Well, I have heard of 'weighing affection,' but  
I always considered it a figure of speech till  
now.'

'Oh, you may say what you please, Harold;  
it's very kind in them; and mama says, every  
young couple ought to have their silver in readi-  
ness.'

'Particularly, after her stipulation that you  
should always live with her; and she has every-  
thing in that line all ready.'

'But how shall I manage if Cousin James  
should send a whole tea service,' said the bride  
'so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle  
Tompkins? I wish they had chosen anything  
else, something entirely useful, silver egg-boil-  
ers, say.'

'He will, you may depend upon it,' said Al-  
bertina Willis. 'The winter I was in Savannah  
there was George Berrian's uncle, just like your  
Cousin James, only he was a planter instead of  
a merchant, and a very old gentleman; her uncle  
instead of her father's cousin; and he was her  
guardian, I mean. He did not come to the  
wedding, but two weeks before, the most enor-  
mous packing box arrived from Charleston by  
the steamer. Well, all rushed to see it open-  
ed; and what do you think it turned out to be?  
A dressing-bureau! Georgia was too used to  
live, and I didn't blame her at all, knowing how  
rich Le Roy Pickens was always considered.—  
It was rosewood, to be sure, and elegantly car-  
ved; but only think of a dressing-bureau for a  
bridal present!"

'Look out for a wash-stand from Cousin  
James,' said Harold, highly amused at the story  
with its marked emphasis; 'a wash stand, and  
towel-frame to match.'

'Nonsense!' returned the bride, to whom the  
story was tolerably familiar, this being the  
fourth repetition. 'Hear the rest of it. Be quiet,  
or I shall pinch your arm severely, Harold.'

But Harold continued his bantering.

'I imagine her emotions when the guests  
took up the tickets so: 'Le Roy Pickens, one  
dressing-bureau, forty-five shillings! Am I to  
make out the tickets for these things? You  
must have a catalogue, a catalogue by all means  
Miss Ward. That will save quantities of trou-

ble. I am to page the third. 'Lot No. 19,  
two dozen tea-spoons, Mrs. Tom Barker, valued  
at how much, Jenny?'

'Uncle and Aunt John sent the spoons.—  
Listen now. Go on, Albertina."

'Well,' said Albertina, 'after a while, we  
thought we might as well have the bureau set  
up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you may  
be sure, with ten bridesmaids, seven of us stay-  
ing in the house! I remember, there wasn't a  
nail that would have held another thing! And  
what do you think? When we came to open  
the first drawer, there was a set of linen cam-  
bric handkerchiefs—it was a small side drawer  
—and half a dozen French collars; and a whole  
piece of Valenciennes lace; and dear knows  
what all! You should have seen us tearing out  
the things after that; the most elegant dresses  
and a white watered mantilla—I recollect, it was  
the first year they came out—a crape shawl, and  
elegant fan, and even a sunshade; a whole  
wardrobe complete, that he had sent North for,  
it see us. You never saw such a looking room,  
as it was when we got through. Every chair,  
and table, and the floor piled up with things!"

'Dear Jenny, I hope your Cousin James  
won't copy that remarkable fashion.'

'And why not, pray?"

'Because the house certainly would not hold  
any more dresses, and bonnets and things. On-  
ly recollect how many times I've escorted you to  
Miss Wharton's. And it must be three months  
at least that I've walked over that unfortunate  
seamstress in the bent bonnet, who is always go-  
ing home just as I come!"

'Oh one can't have too much,' said Albertina,  
emphatically. 'If I was going to be married,  
I should make it a point to have a different dress  
and lace-set, for every party, and a bonnet for  
every walking-dress. I can't see the least use  
in being married without having plenty of new  
things!"

'I dare say,' said the bridegroom. 'Where's  
your mother, Jenny?"

'I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day;  
she's so busy about the collation. That puts  
me in mind; she wanted to see you, when you  
came in, about the wine. I guess you'll find  
her in the dining room.'

'Suppose you go with me, to show me the  
way.'

'Why if Cousin James should come, or send  
—for you see, I am sure, being my guardian, it  
will be something superb—I shouldn't like to  
be out of the way.'

'Yes,' said Albertina, 'after watching ever  
since one o'clock.'

'But,' suggested Ellen Ward, 'we could  
bring it right up, you know.'

'Pray, don't trouble yourself,' said Harold—  
He was only mortal man, and could not help  
being a little vexed. 'I can find your Mother,  
I dare say.'

'Oh, don't be disagreeable, Harold.' And a  
lover's quarrel would certainly have ensued, if  
the bride had not thought better of it, and fol-  
lowed him into the hall. 'You're not angry  
with me?"

'No, darling; and he smoothed the half  
frown away from his face, as she nestled close in  
his arm going up to the broad staircase. 'But  
the pomp and vanities seem so unsuited to  
all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I  
suppose I have not got over my disappointment  
in not finding you alone to-night.'

'But you will have me all to yourself after to-  
row.'

'True, my little bride; and his heart gave a  
great bound at the thought.

'And, you see, if we did not have at least  
one rehearsal—most people have three or four—  
there might be some disagreeable mistake, and  
that would spoil all.'

'All?"

'The wedding, I mean.'

But it was a very irksome evening notwith-  
standing. The groomsmen would not under-  
stand the precise order of 'entree—Harold per-  
sisted in calling it 'learning the figure'—and  
the second bridesmaid had a cold, and was  
obliged to stay at home, and nurse herself for  
the next day. Her place was supplied for the  
time being by Mrs Barker, the mother of the  
bride, who being constitutionally nervous, and  
especially flurried when so many things still re-  
mained to be looked after, went wrong contin-  
ually, and was called off as soon as she began to  
enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue  
of her long experience, was "in despair" every  
five minutes; and it was wonderful how she  
managed to survive at all. The door-bell rang  
continually, and the bride as often broke away  
from 'her partner,' and flew to the hall, to re-  
ceive the head waiter engaged for the next day,  
or some band-box, or parcel, or message for the  
milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel from the  
delinquent guardian, who was so strongly for-  
getful, considering that he had heartily approv-  
ed of the engagement at the first, and was the  
wealthiest of all Miss Jenny Barker's well-to-do  
relatives.

'I wouldn't mind so much, at any rate, only  
every one will talk so,' she said to Harold, who  
felt himself compelled to leave without having  
seen her alone ten minutes; yet when he came  
it seemed as if he could not say half that  
was in his heart for a month at least. It was so  
full of bright hopes, and the new duties he was  
to take upon himself, and fears lest he should