

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your fashion-bred girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And their milliner figures and faces;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Enblazoned with half they possess.
But give me, in place of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She is as plump as a partridge, and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press;
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
My girl with the calico dress,

Your dandies and foplings may sneer
At her simple and modest attire;
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire!
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress;
She is saving all these for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress,

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true,
And kind to her father and mother;
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sisters and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven, and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife—
My girl with the calico dress.

NOT JEALOUS.

Mrs. Clement declared she was not jealous. She had affirmed this so often that she believed it, as fully as she believed that Tom Clement, her husband, was the handsomest fellow in the world. The Clements had been married for several years, and it had been fair weather with them all the time. It was a standing joke with them that nothing ineluctable could occur where both parties were Clement, and all went off smoothly enough. Children were born to them—beautifully harmonious children—born under pleasant auspices, and were models for the world's imitation. Such babies were rarely to be seen, and they were tall feathers in the family cap, and added greatly to the happiness of the worthy couple who boasted greatly of their paternity.

Nothing like jealousy ever entered that happy household. Clement regarded his wife as an angel, and when any visiting friend would joke with him concerning the wickedness of the times, and about standing on slippery places, he would snap his finger, as much as to say, he didn't care a snap, not he, for the suggestion, feeling so confident in her integrity.

While this feeling was at its height, a new family moved into the Clement neighbourhood. They were young people, and genteel, according to the orthodox standing of gentility. Their name was Seville. They had moved into Hopetown from abroad, and brought with them letters to the best families in the town, among the rest the Clements, who took an early occasion to call upon their new neighbours, and proffer the courtesies usually bestowed upon new comers by old settlers. They found the Sevilles very fine people—the one, a gentlemanly and pleasant man, the other, a lady of rare beauty and winning address, and the visit afforded great satisfaction to the Clements. It was renewed afterwards, and a very agreeable sociality sprang up between the families, and mutual and frequent visitations were exchanged.

At these visitations, Mrs. Clement noticed how attentive her husband was to Mrs. Seville, and Clement remarked that his wife seemed very happy at the attentions of Mr. Seville. Still there was no jealousy mingled with the feeling.

'Mrs. Seville is a charming woman,' said Clement, as he was proceeding home with his wife on his arm, 'a charming woman.'

He looked up at fiery Arcturus as he spoke, as if he were informing that luminary of the fact, and the star seemed to wink at him as he spoke.

'Don't you think Mr. Seville a very splendid man?' asked Mrs. Clement; 'such a noble bearing, such tenderness of manner, and such whiskers!'

She spoke earnestly, and bore down heavily upon Clement's arm, looking at a distant gas light, which seemed to glare upon her like a burning eye. And thus they walked home without saying another word.

It occurred to Tom Clement the next day that his wife was strangely intimate with Seville the night before, and he remembered her eulogistic remark concerning him, with a feeling akin to pain. But he was not jealous. The feeling was simply a dread lest she should be deemed imprudent.

'How strangely infatuated Thomas is with Mrs. Seville,' said Mrs. Clement to herself the next day, as she sat alone. 'What attention he pays her. How he looks over her chair, and

turns over the leaves of her music book. It is a year since he has been so attentive to me.' There was a tear in her eye as she said or thought this, and something like a sigh escaped her lips. But she was not jealous. That was an admission that she would never make to herself.

And thus things went on. Weeks passed and harmony was unbroken in the home of the Clements.

'Are not Seville's attentions to you rather annoying?' asked Clement one morning, at breakfast. He asked it carelessly, as though he were indifferent about it himself, and only spoke on her account. She colored up very warmly before she replied.

'I asked Mrs. Seville the same question concerning your attentions to her. I guess if she can endure her affliction I can mine.'

There was a little mustard in the reply, about as much as is found in a lobster salad, rendering it slightly acrid.

Clement was surprised at the reply, He—the model husband, whose irreproachable constancy had long been a subject of admiration—to himself—to be thus assailed, by implication even, was not to be borne without suitable notice. He laid down his knife in order to give due effect to what he was to say, as a rebuke or a moral lesson given with the mouth full of food for mastication, loses in its effect as food for reflection—a fact duly enforced by a recent decision of the Retro-Progressive Unity.

'Do you say, Jane,' said he severely, 'that I pay more attention to Mrs. Seville than is called for by the rules of courtesy?'

'And do you think, Thomas,' replied she, 'that Mr. Seville pays more attention to me than gentlemanly politeness might warrant?'

'I do,' said he, rapping his knife handle on the table.

'Ditto I do,' said she, spilling her coffee in her agitation.

Clement pushed his chair away from the table, and, leaving his breakfast unfinished, left the house. It was the first domestic squall that had ever swept over their home, and, like the received opinion of the effect of the fall of man upon the earth, sorrow followed it—at home the children were cross, the cat had a fit, the clothes horse fell over upon the stove, the maid burst a fluid lamp, and general confusion prevailed. At the store, Clement quarreled with his partner, offended a customer, couldn't raise money to pay a note, took a counterfeit bill, was drawn on a jury, and had his pockets picked.

It was with a sad heart that he proceeded homeward at night, where he had found so much peace and happiness. He dreaded to go home—dreaded to meet the wife he had so long loved—and yet he felt angry that she should treat him thus. He had done nothing wrong, and she alone was responsible for all the darkness that he felt was lowering around his house. And then there arose in his mind dark images of separation and disgrace that haunted him like devils, and the picture of a ruined home and banished peace, and he shut his eyes and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. He entered his door with a moody brow, and like the shadow of his own, his wife's brow was troubled, and she acted as if she felt for the first time, the duty of housekeeping. There was none of cheerfulness in it.

'I have business that will keep me late this evening,' said he drily.

'Very well,' she replied, in a tone of indifference, 'I shall not sit up for you then.'

And thus they parted for a second time. I am a believer in the utility of these little acidities. The mild reactions of temper have an effect to break up the crust that environs a life possessed of too much peace. The iron lying unused dies of corrosion. Gentle rubs are needed to keep us bright. Love grows diviner when emerging from the little clouds which for the moment obscure it. But this quarrel was more serious; it sprang not from matters inherent in the parties, little pettishness or wilfulness that have but a momentary existence, which like Cassio's temper emit a hasty spark and then are straightway cold again. It had its rise in extraneous ground, and jealousy, that snake in the grass, lay coiled at its root. They were not jealous, however, if one were to believe them.

Clement was away every night for a week, on business of course, as he told his wife in the brief conversation that passed between them, and she expressed no concern about it at all, though when she was alone she cried as if her heart would break with her sorrow. She would not let me know she felt so badly for the world, so stubborn is the womanly nature; and he, though he felt penitent, would not make advances towards a reconciliation, so obstinate is the manly nature. As some one has said, there is a good deal of human nature in men and women.

Neither had visited the Sevilles all the while the quarrel had lasted. They had thought so much of each other that they had no room for any other thought.

'I saw your wife last night, Tom,' said a neighbor, 'coming out of Seville's gate. You didn't know his wife had gone out of town, did you?'

If he had received a pretty hard knock on the head, he could not have been more astonished.

But he tried to assume the old confident tone.

'You did, eh? Well, what of it?'

'Why, it's well enough, I suppose, said the tormenter, giving a wink to a bystander, which Clement did not see; 'but I thought it was a queer thing to visit a house, at ten o'clock at night, when the mistress was away. She went three days ago.'

'I'll risk it,' said he, with an attempt at a smile that was a positive failure, and turned away to conceal his emotion.

He was as crazy as a spirit-rapper all the rest of the day. He made entries in the ledger and attempted to strike a balance in the day-book. He drew up a check payable to Seville and put his wife's name to it. He addressed his partner as Seville, and drew up a promise to pay, payable at ten o'clock at night, instead of ninety days. But amidst it all, he came to a great conclusion, that he would watch his wife. What a step this was, when distrust resolved to tiptoe it through the dark, and watch the movements of one his heart told him he loved! Though it has been a madness of mine that jealousy and love were incompatible; that true love expanded itself irrespective of its object, and would lead to sorrow and death, but not to hate; that jealousy is a selfish feeling springing from passion unrequited, but passion is not love, though the dictionary says so. This may be only a craze, so let it pass that he loved her. It was a mean thing to watch her, at any rate.

He informed her when he went home that business would keep him out, but the tone of his voice was so different from what it had been when he had previously made her the same grave announcement, that she was struck by it. At that moment suspicion dropped into her mind, just as she dropped a lump of sugar into her tea, though the suspicion was not so sweet, and the figure of Mrs. Seville became revealed to her gaze plainly in the lump of butter on the table. She had heard that very afternoon that Mr. Seville had been called out of town on business, and her little head at once assumed it to be certain that the treacherous Tom was to spend the evening in the society of the handsome wife. Harrowing reflection—but she said nothing.

Clement went out like a lamp filled with bad oil, and after a little while Mrs. Clement came down stairs dressed in a perfect disguise; she having drawn largely on the servant's wardrobe, and her mother wouldn't have known her from the Milesian Biddy, whose dress she wore. She opened the door softly and went out.

'There she is,' said Clement, 'I know her through all her disguises.'

He stood just across the street, leaning upon a post. His heart beat a quick measure against his ribs, and his knees knocked together as he thought of the perfidy he was about to detect. He moved down the street, with his eyes upon the little figure fitting along before him in the gloom of night, with which his own gloom was in perfect sympathy. She stopped at last. His suspicion was too true.—She entered the gate leading to the Seville mansion. He waited long enough to give her a chance before he ventured to follow.

A bright light burned in a lower corner room, in which room there were two windows, one looking towards the front of the house, and the other towards the end. He hesitated a moment, and then, with Tarquin's ravishing strides, he stole into the enclosure, and took a position beside the end window. There was an indistinct sound of voices inside—masculine and feminine—but whose he could not determine. The curtain, too, was obstinately close, admitting not a single convenient eye-hole, so essential where a criminal thing is to be proved. He listened painfully, but the voices were provokingly indistinct. He thought he would go round to the other window, and see if he could see better. As he stealthily neared the corner, feeling his way along in the dark, he came in contact with another form, that appeared to be groping in the direction whence he came. He grasped the form in his arm. A shriek rang out on the night air. The door opened and Mr. Seville and his wife were revealed, by the light of a lamp, standing on the door step.

'Hallo, Clement,' said he, in a tone of surprise, 'why don't you come in? Who screamed?'

'Twas—'twas—'twas my wife,' replied he, rather confused; 'she struck against something, and was rather alarmed.'

'Well, come in,' said Seville, and they stepped in.

'I declare, said Mrs. Seville, 'I should think you were coming to surprise us, you look so strangely. How queerly you are dressed Mrs. Clement!'

'Twas a whim of mine,' said the little woman with a faint attempt to laugh; please excuse it, do.'

She did not dare to give the reason for her strange disguise, but held her head down, and felt rather ashamed of it, or of herself. As she glanced up into her husband's face and saw the troubled expression it wore, she wished to throw herself upon his breast and explain the mystery to him, and beg to be forgiven, and to forgive him, whether he begged it or not, for the pain he had caused her, but was restrained by the presence of the Sevilles. She saw the

necessity of keeping them from the secret, and so, overcoming the embarrassment of her manner she became the vivacious and sparkling creature, to all appearance, that she ever had been. She laughed at her bonnet, and laughed at her dress, and made fun of herself in every way, but there was a terrible choking in her throat all the time, and she would have much rather cried.

Somehow or other her husband's attention to Mrs. Seville did not seem half so pointed to Mrs. Clement, and the assiduity of Seville to please his wife did not seem in any way offensive to Tom Clement. His thoughts were all with his wife, as her's were with him, and they mutually longed to be together that they might have the mystery cleared up. The feeling became insupportable at length, and bidding good bye, they brought all the hypocrisy and lying of a dissembled pleasure to a close, and went home—a home that had not been a home for a week, that had seemed as long as four common sunless weeks, for the sun of their love was under a cloud.

As soon as they arrived, even before she had taken off her disguise, she threw herself upon his neck and asked his forgiveness.

'Forgive me, forgive me!' said she, sobbing, 'you will forgive me?'

'Yes, yes,' said he, 'anything, everything.—But what particular thing shall I forgive first?'

'Forgive my doubting your love, and for believing that you cared more for Mrs. Seville than you did for me, and for watching for two nights, to see if you wasn't there while her husband was gone, as Mr. Seville said he was.'

Poor Tom caved in on hearing this, and he couldn't trust his voice to answer her, but gave her a hug that had a very long sentence of meaning in it, and a tear or two fell on the up-turned beautiful brow before him, as their lips met in a forgiving embrace. The sensitive reader will forgive me, as forgiveness is here the theme, if I am a little warm in my description. My old blood fires up at the portrayal of such a scene, and my words smack a little of the enthusiasm of a moment.

'And you will forgive my doubt of you,' said he at length; 'I who had so little cause?' who was at Seville's house for the purpose of watching you when we met, set on by that sneak of a Seville, who has been for two years trying to make me jealous.

'Then you were jealous!' said she archly.

'A little,' replied he; 'weren't you?'

'A little,' she confessed.

'Well, here I record my vow,' said he, kissing her lips, 'that I will be no more jealous of you, and may heaven keep me loyal to my vow!'

'And here I register my vow,' kissing him back again, 'reverently asking for the same strength.'

And they were religiously kept, and though Clement was attentive and courteous and friendly and loving to others, she was not jealous, for they both knew however the whole world might worship in the outer temple of their hearts there was a holy of holies within where none but themselves might enter.

PAYING THE PRINTER.

In the days of Mycall, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald (a journal still alive and flourishing) the Sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last one day he told Mycall that he would certainly hand over the next morning as sure as he lived. If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead, said he. The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the Sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored: he was not punctual in paying the printer. Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing-office, to deny that he was dead in propria persona. 'Why, Sheriff?' exclaimed the facetious editor. 'I thought you were defunct?'

'Defunct!' exclaimed the Sheriff; 'what put that idea in your head?'

'Why you yourself?' said Mycall. 'Did you not tell me—?'

'Oh! ah! yes! I see!' stammered out the Sheriff. 'Well, there's your money. And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please.'

'That's not necessary, friend Bagley,' said the old joker; 'it was only printed in your copy. The good sheriff lived many years after this; sell; and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer!—New Orleans Picayune.

Happiness is like a pig with a greasy tail. When a body is lucky enough to catch hold of it, it slips from their grasp.