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## POETRY.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

BY M. A. BROWNE. Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest; When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds borne. 'Till man resumes his work with blither zest; While the bright waters leap from rock to glen.

Are we happiest then? Alas, those roses! they will fade away, And thunder tempests will deform the sky; And summer heats bid the spring buds decay, And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry, And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,

To tell what it hath been. When are we happiest? In the crowded hall, When fortune smiles and flatterers bend the knee? How soon, how very soon such pleasures pall! Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care

We are not happy there. Are we the happiest when the evening hearth Is circled with its crown of living flowers; When goeth round the laugh of artless mirth, And when affection from its bright urn showers Her richest balm on the dilating heart?

Bliss! is it there thou art? Oh, no! not there. It would be happiness Almost like heaven's, if it might always be; Those brows without one shading of distress, And wanting nothing out eternity;

Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears, And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb: If happiness depend on them alone;

How quickly is it gone! When are we happiest, then? O, when resigned To whatso'er our cup of life may brim; When we can know ourselves but weak and blind Creatures of earth; and trust alone in Him

Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain; Oh! we are happiest then.

## MISCELLANEOUS

From the New York Commercial Advertiser. A TRUE HEROINE.

avoidably, of all those soothing attentions the coffin was screwed down. ance which the alarming peculiarities of his him up forever?

"Are you acquainted with Dr .---, my had rested upon his features.

neighborhood, as nursery maid; but her death. quent insertion. If the number of insertions be Doctor's office, so the affectionate creature only that. liberal deduction made to those who advertise by of being useful to her benefactor, and show-value.

> tendering her services to him as a nurse. | nothing nore." of relief, as if the weight of the world had with my own." tion at the bed-side of the patient.

his weary hours were still farther embitter- hurt me now."

first assuming the duties of nurse, she never self-denying course of life in which her lot you are so hasty, Caudle. How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee! left him, day or night, for a single moment, was cast. unless to bring for his comfort and relief such things as the other girls of the house, mon than a faint hope of ultimate recovery,

agitation in its tone.

forth; a "still small voice" had whispered club jokes? I wish you'd think a little of you'll make of it. I don't want to dress if he isn't snoring!

spoken by the poor girl who had been his you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you tulips? Why, they must think themselves The Irish as a nation are often accused of cared for" her charge—but those who knew And did you see how the children looked up that? Where do you think? I know a insincerity; and it must be confessed that, her better could observe that she never mov- at church to-day—like no body else's chil- great deal more than you suppose—yes! police for stealing a set of silver spoons. judged by the standard of our duller tem- ed from his side—never lost sight of him dren? What was the matter with them? though you don't give me credit for it.— The stolen articles were found upon the perament, their very vehement professions for a single instant. It was she who closed Oh, Caudle! how can you ask! Poor Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty culprit, and there was no use in attempting of attachment do often appear uncalled for the starting lids-bound up the head, and things! weren't they all in their thick me- pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a to deny the charge. Lawyer — was apand exaggerated. Yet where in truth do we prepared him for the cossin. And all in ut- rinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you farthing.

ings with which she did it all.

which none but women can offer in the hour Then indeed a wail of despair escaped you haven't. I'm sure these Brigg's girls fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You of sickness, the young man rapidly grew her lips. She could see no reason for such the little minxes!—put me into such a puck- shan't close an eye until you promise the worse, and the kind lady at whose table he haste—there was time, plenty of time be- er, I could have pulled their ears for 'em twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty: but "spoons," "spoons," "spoons," was all the answer took his meals generously insisted upon his fore them—and what had she done that she over the pew. What do you say? I ought and then you may go to sleep. Twenty instant removal to her own house, that he should not be allowed one look—one last to be ashamed of myself to own it? No, twenty—twenty might be within reach of that careful tend- look-before they took him away and shut Mr. Caudle; the shame lies with you, that "My impression is," writes Caudle, in "let him go about his business."

fever of the most malignant and dangerous the necessity in such cases of immediate comfortable at their devotions; poor things! Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman burial, she suffered the men to depart with- for how can it be otherwise, when they see honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an tapt his client on the shoulder saying: On the day of his arrival, among other in- out further remonstrance—but within the themselves dressed like nobody else? eye before I promised the twenty, and as quirers, there came a tidy, respectably dress- next half hour she had quietly borrowed a Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those man is frail—and woman is strong—she lars." ed girl—an Irish girl—with many, very screw driver—shut herself into the room— children shall not cross over the threshold had the money." many and most anxious questions as to the withdrawn every screw in the coffin lid-next Sunday, if they haven't things for the patient's condition;—and when they had all and gazed, oh! who shall say with what bit- summer. Now mind—they shan't, and Mr. Caudle purchases and sends home a expression, and, winking with one eye, exbeen answered—when every thing had been terness of feeling?—upon the face within; there's an end of it. I won't have 'em ex-

ness; and—now burst forth the pent-up se- that purpose anything she pleased.

cret—he had surely saved her life by his "May I—sure, then, I'll take this"—lay- with something about the church; but that's to be done with the beast? Beautiful speskill and care, and she had come to ask the ing her hand eagerly upon it. It was an old so like you, Caudle.

From the London Punch.

have almost imagined her an uninterested then you may go to sleep as soon as you way to make the world think anything of you. spectator of the scene—"a hireling who like. Pray do you know what month it is? What do you say? Where did I pick a good joke about one of his clients:

don't let your children appear at church his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking

told her of good or bad, connected with his then fastening the lid down again, remained posed to the Briggses and the Browns a-

cimen? It's a nasty, flat-nosed, ugly brute, kind lady—could she—might she, only be handkerthief, soiled and rumpled, which the I'm always wanting money for clothes? it is; and I'm not to be annoyed with fopermitted to stay in the house until his re- young man had worn around his neck during How can you lie in your bed and say that? reign apes-I'm not! It's quite enough to covery, and in her turn watch over, and the last lours of his illness, and which, in the l'm sure there's no children in the world have the care of you, without such monbustle and confusion, had been left on the that cost their father so little; but that's it, sters in the house. Elegant ringtail? She had been living out, it appeared in the bed just where it had been thrown after his the less a poor woman does upon, the less tell you I care neither for his head or tail. ADVERTISEMENTS.—\$1 per square for three insertions—14 lines of small type or 16 of large type to constitute a square—25 cents for every subservice a square—25 cents for every subservice and thought of. Oh, if my time was to come did? I'll fix your "beauty"—now, depend

over again, would I mend and stitch, and on't. Apt to bite? I've no doubt of it. They isked her to take something in ad-make the things go as far as I have done? always thought it just inhuman enough to lished until forbid, and charged accordingly. A and hastened away, delighted at the thought dition, at all events, something of more No-that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well have recourse to such unnatural spite. You for you to lie there and laugh, Caudle-know I hate animals, Caudle, but you can be ing her gratitude for his former kindness by "No, to-nothing but that—she wanted very easy, to people who don't feel. make a pet of an ugly monkey, while your

Now, Caudle dear! What a man you poor wife is neglected and abused—but I'll A look of scrutiny, turned upon her as One gentleman pointed out the possible are! I know you'll give me the money, pisen him, I will! Keep clear of the reach she told her simple story, was met by one danger of her selection, and warned her at after all. I think you love your children, of his teeth? I'll broom him out of the as thoroughly pure and honest in its expres- least not to hold it so near her person. and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only house—that's what I will. It's quite sufsion, that after a moment's pause, a willing "But by this time the poor girl had be-natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, ficient for one woman to endure his masconsent was given to the arrangement, and come impatient at the opposition. "It's ch? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you ter. A pretty nose? I'll flatten it closer When are we happiest? When the light of morn with noiseless tread, but with an expression mine nou-sure, sure I may do what I like have told me. How much money do I want? to his ugly face than nature did originally. Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, Heavens! Caudle, what is that? Mary! been lifted from her bosom, the warm-heart- And with the word, the handkerchief was and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Ann, For pity's sake what has happened? Overed girl bounded up stairs, and took her sta- drawn tightly round her throat, and the two and-What do you say? I needn't count turned the waiter-containing my best Chiends thrust deep within her bosom; and 'em you know how many there are? Ha! na tea set? A pretty pet is this, Mr. Cau-It was a melancholy case altogether. The one who stood nearest her could hear the that's just as you take me up. Well, how dle, to domesticate! A little playful only? mother and the sisters of the young man, almost whispered words, "He did me no- much money will it take? Let me see; And is this the satisfaction I get after the

though written to, were as yet far away, and thing but good in life and I'm sure he won't and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a crockery is smashed! Break him of such minute. You always love to see the dear tricks? I'll break his neck. Caudle, will ed by the knowledge that if he died they It is unnecessary to say with what feel-things like new pins, I know that Caudle; you send him off directly? You won't? would be left utterly destitute—the proper- ings the relatives looked upon her, when and though I say it—bless their little hearts! Then, Mary, I'll—no, I won't: I'll ty upon which they all lived being entailed they heard of her devotion to the lost son -they do credit to you, Caudle. Any no- not be hasty. Caudle! but I can't endure upon him, the only son, and reverting at his and brother; she was immediately offered bleman of the land might be proud of 'em. this treatment long! I can't—Caud death to the next male heir of the family. | a home among them, but it was gratefully Now, don't swear at noblemen of the land, Caudle! Are you dead? There it goes

But to return to the more immediate sub- declined; her duty was accomplished and and ask me what they've to do with your again! Caudle, don't you hear that crash? ject of this sketch. From the hour of her she preferred returning to the lowly and children; you know what I meant. But You hear nothing but my noise? I tell you, How much? Now don't be in a hurry? his tail round the astral, and is dragging it

Well, I think with good pinchin'—and you up the back stairs? Caudle! Oh yes! you'll know, Caudle, there's never a wife who start now the mischief is all over. Why in their fear of infection, were too much ter- MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES. can pinch closer than I can—I think, with can't you hurry, Caudle? Don't you hear rified to carry up to his room. The symp- Mrs. Caudle thinks it "High Time" that pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.— the cut-glass shade? Aigh!—Ugh! Oh! soon became too marked to leave any the Children should have Summer Clo- What did you say? Twenty fiddlesticks? murder! Skash! Here he comes straight What? You won't give half the money? into the parlor. Catch him! Stop him! but the courageous girl never suffered her There, Caudle! If there's anything in Very well, Mr. Caudle, I don't care; let the Caudle!—Mary! Don't let him in! Shut feelings to overcome her; her manner is the world I hate—and you know it—it is children go in rags; let them stop from the door, Mary! \* described as calm and self-possessed to a asking you for money. I am sure, for my-church, and grow up like heathens and So, you've secured the monster, have

you to let me, but—there, now! there you twenty pounds five months ago? What's five house, and we haven't come to taking Once indeed, and once only, toward the fly out again! What do I want now? Why months ago to do with now? Besides, 'boarders' yet. No? No, sir, and what But they are things of earth, and pessage — they must—they must decay!

They must—they must decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years;

Those voices must grow tremulous with years;

But they are things of earth, and pessage — the things of earth, and once only, toward the my out again! What do I want now? Why months ago to do with it.

They must—they must decay!

What I have had is nothing to do with it.

What do you say? Ten pounds are every dealth of the maller—the man must go out. Do it? You know I have the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, think the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, think the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, think the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, the maller—the man must go out. Then be content? No I shan't, the maller—the man must go out. The man mus But the tears were resolutely forced back - and what am I driving at? Oh, nonsense, think things cost nothing for women; but Caudle. You say you gave but six-poundthe feelings bravely gulped down, and in Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure you don't care how much you lay out upon ten for him? one moment more the devoted girl had turn- if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask yourselves. They only want bonnets and Caudle, you ought to have a guardian. A ed the handle with a quiet touch, and re- you for a farthing: never! it's painful to frocks? How do you know what they pretty penny, surely! Now, Caudle, you're sumed her duties by the bed of death. | me, goodness knows! What do you say? want? And you won't give more than not going to sleep in the chair their! Cau-The poor sufferer was attended by a host If it's painful-why so often do it? Ha! ten pounds. Very well. Then you may dle, I say! I havn't done with the monof medical friends, but the fiat had gone I suppose you call that a joke—one of your go shopping with it yourself, and see what key yet! Caudle! Caud—— I'll be hanged

> to him that he must die. And he did die, people's feelings, and less of your jokes .- the children up like countesses? You often "The last sound I heard that night," concalling upon his mother and wondering how Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money fling that in my teeth, you do; but you tinues the MSS, "was a heavy blow upon she would be able to bear the tidings of his of my own. If there is any thing that hum- know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I the pavement. My pet monkey had jumpbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's only want to give 'em proper notions of ed from the window, and we found him in Amid all the exclamations of sorrow and pockets for every thing. It's dreadful. | themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor the morning lying near the portico, with a consternation around, not one word was Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, things think when they see them as fine as broken neck!" untiring watcher so long. A stranger might shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and nobody—depend upon it, Caudle—it's the old lawyer of the city of New York, tells

plied to by the prisoner as counsel, and,

ever meet with more touching instances of ter silence—not a word of sorrow came say—What of it? What! you'll tell me No, sir, no! I don't want to dress up seeing no escape for his client, except on real, unselfish devotion, than are sometimes from her. The pale cheek and trembling that you didn't see how the Brigg's girls, the children like peacocks and parrots! I the plea of insanity or idiocy, he instructed exhibited by the poor uneducated sons of hand were the only interpreters of the feel- in their noses up only want to make 'em respectable-What the prisoner to put on as silly a look as posat 'em? And you didn't see how the do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds? sible, and, when any question was put to A case in point occurred, not many weeks At length the last sad offices were to be Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at No, Caudle, no! Not a penny will I take him, to utter in a drawling manner, with ago, in this city. A young physician, great- performed. They persuaded her to leave our dear girls, as much as to say 'Poor under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if idiot expression, the word 'spoons.' If sucly beloved by his friends and associates, the room for a short time, and when she re- creatures! what figures for the month of I wanted to waste your money; and I'm cessful the fee was to be twenty dollars. was taken suddenly ill; after remaining a turned the body was removed from the bed, May! You didn't see it? The more shame sure, when I come to think of it, twenty The court proceeded to business; the charge day or two at his own office, deprived, un- and the coffin—oh, bitter disappointment! for you would, if you had the feelings pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give was read, and the question put to the prisof a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, me twenty—no, it's no use your offering oner: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Pet Monkey." The consequences thereof.

"Spoons!" ejaculated the culprit. The court put several questions to him,

"The fellow is a fool," said the judge; The prisoner left the room, and the law-

case demanded. The disease was scarlet Being made to understand, after a time, like other people's children, that make 'em firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning yer followed close in his wake, and when they had got into the hall the counsellor "Now, my good fellow, that twenty dol-

The rogue, looking the lawyer full in the face, and, putting on a grotesque and silly

"Spoons!" and then made tracks.

disorder—she lingered still, still hesitated, tranquil, nay almost happy, in the thought gain: no, they shall know they have a mo- Now Caudle—in the name of all that's A HINT TO THE PASSIONATE.—Dr. Caldas though there was yet a something in her that her hand was the last that had been laid ther, if they've no father to feel for 'm. hideous—what do you intend to do with well, an American writer on physical eduheart that could not find its proper utterance. upon his brow-her eye the very last that What do you say, Caudle? A good deal that ugly ape you sent here to-day? Isn't cation, contends that a well-balanced brain I must think of Church, if I think so much it enough, Caudle, that we should have the contributes to prolong life, while a passionate good girl?" asked the lady. "Do I know After the few valuables of what we go in? I only wish you thought mouths we have to feed already, but you and turbulent one tends much to abridge it him, is it?" Oh yes—she knew him well—belonging to the deceased were collected to- as much as I do, you'd be a better man must squarder money upon zoological —and if persons knew how many dangers quite well-knew him long before he came gether, she was asked whether she would than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but quadruped? What is in life they escaped by possessing mildness from the old country. He had once atten- not wish to keep something in remembrance that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking it then? There, Caudle, now you needn't of temper, instead of the opposite disposided her through a long and dangerous ill- of him, and was told that she might take for about decent clothes for the children for "hem"—you havn't got a cough—its all tion, how eager would be the aim of all men the summer, and you want to put me off a snam; and I should like to know what's to cultivate it.

Caudle-Well, Mary, what now? Wound

singular degree, the features generally mo-self, I'd rather go without a thing a thou-cannibals, and then you'll save your money, you, at last, Mr. Caudle! Now, Caudle, tionless, and the voice without a trace of sand times, and I do—the more shame for and, I suppose, be satisfied. You gave me and you know it—I'm mistress in my own

A fellow had been arraigned before the