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Why Does He Not Come?

Why does he not come? why is it thus
He keeps me in suspense?
When last we met I know he loved;
Can he have altered since?

Can he have seen some other one
That has caused him to delay
Or have my charms grown dull to him
That keeps him thus away

Ah! surely not—he must be sick
For he loves me others say,
When last we met I know he pressed
To name the happy day.

I fainted then—I had not time
To think before he went,
But ah, if he will come back again,
How quickly I'll consent.

ELLEN CAMERON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"Heigh-ho! how lonesome and dull a day is this for me," complained poor Ellen Came on, as she sat at a front parlor window, watching wistfully the cloudless sky.

Poor Ellen sighed very often, as visions of former days, where she had moved queen of the dance, rose to mind; and she almost wished it would rain, just a little, to reconcile her to this impresonment. Along the principal street of the village was hurrying a brilliant throng of passengers, all actuated by one impulse, to celebrate the anniversary of a nation's freedom. The mode of commemoration for the day was a pic-nic, the place a cool, shady grove on the outskirts of the village. Can we wonder then that Ellen fair Ellen, a village belle and beauty, was pining to be with them; that she longed to be dancing on the pic-nic green, or benrath the cool magnolia shade, bandying the gay jest, or witty repartee? But she had promised her father to devote one gala day to higher purposes, and sweet Ellen was not one to hold to the letter, yet break the spirit of a vow.

While we have been speaking of Ellen, the crowd, even to the last pedestrian, has passed but of sight, each and every one intent to enjoy enough of dancing, dining, and speaking, to last them for a twelvemonth.

We have spoken of Ellen's beauty. It was the beauty of intellect and genius linked with the most generous sympathies, pure and elevated sentiments: the light of a glorious soul radiating round her, and flooding home with its sunshine. Yet in society she was gay, and often trifling, as if she scorned to let the world know how deep and holy were her feelings: an often fatal error with the young and lovely.

Emerging from the nun-like seclusion of a country home, and the watchful care of a governess a few months since, Ellen Cameron had assumed the charge of her father's house in town, and plunged at once into the whirlpool of fashionable society. Smile not, exclusive city belle, at the pretensions of a village, for our Southern towns afford as many facilities for thus wasting time, and have as haughty an aristocracy as the more enlarged though not superior circles of the east. Simple in habit, unconscious of her charms, fascinated, bewildered, Ellen yielded to the current, and but for occasional glimpses of a higher purpose, would have been passed unnoticed by the few men in her set, who rose superior to, and disdained, the butterfly crowd.—Her easy grace of manner, joyous ringing laugh, and unceasing flow of bright, sparkling thoughts, brought to her feet a host of lovers; but Ellen was difficult to please; and her cultivated mind sought a spirit-mate. Yet there was one who occasionally appeared in her train of adorers, among them, but not of them. Ellen was, to a certain extent, the embodiment of his early dreams; and he would have deemed her the perfection of loveliness in mind as in person, if her ready laugh had not rung forth so joyously for every puerile witticism of the crowd; if she had not loved the world quite so passionately; if she had only given more of her sunlight at home. Often he repeated to himself that Ellen was a dear, winsome creature, and a desirable partner in the ball-room, but not the mate for life. "She, the star of her little world, could never bound her ambition to the domestic domain." Thus he often reasoned. But again and again her image returned to its shrine in his heart; and just now, as he wended his way to the grove, was uppermost in his thoughts.

While we have been reading the inner life of those two beings, Ellen had been dreaming of him. Her keen perceptous understood that lofty soul, her own was a kindled spirit, and she knew it; knew that he alone could make her happy, and feeling in the depths of her soul this truth, she shuddered at the strong probability that he would wed her rival. Often she had marked how carelessly he turned from her. While she thus pondered, the rapid trotting of horses aroused her, and glancing down the street, she saw the object of her thoughts approaching in his faultless equipage—The little heart fluttered as she thought how her rival would triumph to-day; but in an instant the envious feeling was crushed as she answered his greeting.

"What, Miss Cameron!" he said, pausing at the window, "are you not going to the pic-nic?"

"No," she replied, "pa is not here, and I could not go."

"Will you take a seat with me? It will give me pleasure to attend you."

"No," answered Ellen, decisively, "you are very kind, but I have promised not to go. Good morning, Mr. Merton."

He bowed and rolled on. Poor Ellen heaved one regretful sigh, and then rose resolutely from her seat, determined to spend the day pleasantly, and keep her thoughts at home. Here and there about the house, things out of joint caught her eye. Visions of their once faultless household rose from the store-house of old memories. Thoughts of her father's indulgent kindness, and the memory of his often half-suppressed sighs, came treading in the footsteps of these visions: then more from the long-forgotten past—the loved mother, meek and gentle, the lessons learned in childhood from the now sealed lips: the older time, with its lofty dreams, its generous aspirings, the holy purpose with which she entered on her duties, and the long visto of follies and frivolities which had followed, all these and more, came crowding on her brain, peopling its chambers with regrets, and new resolves, and bringing tears for the wasted hours, which had borne with them to oblivion no record save of duties unfulfilled. The false lights which had led her on stood revealed in that hour of heart communing. She now appreciated the influence which an unceasing pursuit of pleasure exercised over a mind constituted like her own, and thankfully turned from the precipice of heartless and guilty selfishness on which she had trembled. The old purposes resumed their throne, and with a chastened spirit she resolved to begin again her career as a useful being hoping thus to cheer the old age of her father.

While thus resolving and repenting, there came a knock at the door, which she hastened to open. There stood Mr. Merton, looking as if he had never thought of the pic-nic. His fine eyes beamed upon her with a kindly interest, but no more, and quickly he explained the cause of his return.

"I thought you must be very lonely and sad, Miss Cameron, and out there in the noisy crowd, the remembrance of your cool, shady parlor, and sweet music, had such an influence that I am here, begging you to tolerate my society, and bestow on me that music I love so well."

Ellen had grown very calm before he came, and she talked to him quietly now, as if he was a friend, and nothing more: as if he was not the power to stir her heart's depths, and call forth its sweetest or most thrilling tones. But self-possessed as she appeared, he held the key to her soul, and bending those deep, kindly eyes upon her, drew forth gradually, imperceptibly, the occupation of the morning. The recital over, he took his favorite arm-chair, and buried in its soft cushions, listened as her music, first grand and solemn, pealed forth, waking the sleeping echoes: then gay and joyous, like her own bird like tones, seemed warbling around him, then changing to another strain, slow and soothing, tole upon his ear, like her own sweet spirit drawning in its newer, gentle light. There was a clear, holy effulgence in those deep violet eyes which was new and refreshing; a purity about the fair, delicate face, a calmness resting over all, which he found it difficult to account for until she explained those morning reflections. And now he left that he could love Ellen at last, that he had always done her injustice. He said to himself, "what an inestimable treasure, what a priceless gem would be her heart to him who won it, how heavenly the light she would shed round his path on earth."

Impelled by these feelings, he rose and took her little hands from the keys, then drawing her to the recess of a large window opening on a bed of flowers, he said:—"Ellen, Miss Cameron, for long months I have struggled against my love for you, thinking you too frivolous, but to-day I have seen that I misjudged you. Will you, can you pardon the error? Forgive me, Ellen! And oh! if it is possible, let me hope that you will be the guiding star of my destiny, the ministering spirit to interpose between my wavering heart and earth's allurements: my comforter, my consoler here; my soul's mate in eternity. Ellen, you are the arbiter of my fate! My life belongs to God, therefore if you reject me, I should not dare to fling it away, or to sully my soul's purity. No, I make no such threats. But the heart within, the sweet spring of hope, and happiness, from whose founts flow the joys of life—that will be crushed, withered, my life this side the tomb, hopeless!"

Ellen had stood listening to his words, pale, trembling, her hand prisoned between his, her head drooping. She was frightened at this sudden avowal. It was as if it brought wretchedness and misery, instead of granting the utmost desire of her heart. Her tears flowed: at first violently, then more gently as a calming influence stole over her, and soon her head sank upon his shoulder with a heartfelt love and trust, telling him better than words the story of those long months of uncertainty. Who can doubt her answer? But we draw a veil over these two hearts, for such scenes are sacred.

And Ellen and lover were married.—Not for them were the puerile pursuits of fashion, higher aims were theirs, nobler joys were before them It was domestic life that they sought happiness. The world, with its carking care and heartless ambitions, was shut out from their door. They lived for each other, and with each other, not for the vain applause of society. To the husband, each returning evening brought back home's sweet content, the peace of a satisfied heart. And when storms of sorrow came, his sympathy sustained Ellen in turn, his love repaid all pangs of bitterness. When it was he that bowed before the storm, her hand still pointed upward, her sweet voice murmured, "trust in God."

Oh! woman, knowest thou thy glorious mission? If so, who strive for distinctions which bring but shame and sorrow? Ye restless ones, who have never tasted home joys, and go seeking after empty honors, know that woman's sphere is home, and her influence there one of the highest trusts Providence has placed in mortal hands. Standing on the threskold of her door she meets the wanderer, and encircling him in her arms, shuts out the world with its falsehood and disappointments. To soothe the over-wrought brain and calm the shattered nerves, to make the social hearth a charmed circle, impenetrable to care, and brightened by affection's smile: this is woman's lot in life! To lead man from wordly temptation, to win him on to loving the wise and and beneficent Creator: to sympathize with his aspirings, glory in his triumphs, and bright n disappointment by the touch of love, is not enough for woman? Let us leave to man the toiling for fame, the buffeting with the world. Let us cherish no higher ambition than banishing frowns from his brow, and smoothing the rugged pathway of life.

Is this sphere too contracted? Are they energies too cramped here? Go forth into the world then—but go to the sufferer, this also is thy province, seek the indignent and sick, be to them a ministering angel: give of thy bounty to the starving, and thou wilt be an angel upon earth. Go to those who have never heard of a ruling Providence, of a God over all, and rest assured, while thy lips speak of pardon and peace to the miserable outcast, peace will enter thy own soul and still its discontent forever!

Let the lives of Ellen and Merton read you the lesson, and your own hearts find the mortal which my pen is too feeble to point.

☞Any persons desirous of learning short hand in an incredibly short space of time, can do so by procuring Carary's Stenographic Chart, His system is an abbreviation of less than one eighth of the common writing, and is practiced by more reporters than any other system now in use. After acquiring that, all that is necessary in order to report a speech or sermon, is practice. Price of Chart, with full instructions, only one dollar, ten copies for five dollars. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed or money returned. Address James E. Quinlan, Agent, Monticello, Sulivan county, N. Y.

[Any newsyaper giving the above, with this paragraph, one insertion among the rerding matter, will be entitled to a copy.]

A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of a weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone.

An aged bachelor being asked if he had ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

Brief and Thrilling Romance.

CHAPTER I.

In a beautiful log cabin in the mountains of old Virginia our tale opens. All around, nature's loveliness was sublime. The lofty trees hung out their green leaves in perfection, and the high rocks caught the gray mists of the morning and pressed them in their rough bosoms, until they melt in tears against their sides.—A lovely maiden was sitting by a table, combing her hair with a fine tooth comb—a manly form enters the door and stealthily creeps up behind her, and—

CHAPTER II.

"Ah, John!" exclaimed the lovely heiress of that beautiful cabin and the extensive potato patch behind it, "you ought't to do that way!"

'Lay it all on, my love, gal!"

"Love! there is no such thing with folks!

The turtlk dove
Alone knows love,
as the poet sings."

"Then you don't love me?

'No!'

'No!' Jane call back that word!"

'No! oh, no! Come back here!—'Twon't come, John—'tis gone!'

'Then I'm gone too!' And the impassioned youth rushed from the lovely cabin like a maniac.

CHAHTER III.

Sadly did the young man rush along the road, while the girl, firm and submissive in the charge of her duties, proceeded to fry some onions for dinner. Meanwhile the youth rushed madly on, the burning fever of his heart maddened his brain, and he thought of self destruction. Jerking his pocket comb from his pocket, vainly did he attempt to cut his throat.—Nature, however, who had blessed him with tough hide, proved to strong for him—he rushed to a wagon rut, but there was water at least two inches deep, and he flung himself into or rather *upon* it.—There he lay for full five seconds, when Henry Cleft, the father of the gal, passed by.

CHAPTER IV.

He soon unfouled his sad tale to his friend, and finally consented to live if Henry would give him a chew of tobacco. He returned to the house, and in his haggard countenance, Jane saw his unhappy condition. He never got over it, though. About twenty years after he fell from a wagon, and his neck was broken, for a sheriff had thoughtlessly slipped a rope around it.

THE END

A KNOCK DOWN ARGUMENT.

A certain man went to a Dervish and proposed three questions: First: 'Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see Him in any place, show me where he is. Second: Why is a man punished for crimes since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power he would do everything for his own good. Third: How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element: and what impression can fire have on itself?"

The Dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to Cady and said:

"I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head which made my head ache."

The Cady having sent for the Dervish, asked of him:

"Why did you throw that clod of earth at his head instead of answering his questions?"

The Dervish replied—

"The clod was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head. let him show it to me and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike without the will of God; what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer from that element?"

"CUT HIS THROAT."

It is a shocking, but very common sequel to a newspaper paragraph now-a-days he cut his throat.' But why did he do this dreadful deed? Ah? *that* is the terrible question. Perhaps want—perhaps sorrow—perhaps conscience—perhaps despair—lay at the bottom of the mystery. Like the 'found drowned' which tells the sad story of many a woman's wrongs, the 'cut throat' whispers a volume of painful conjecture and melancholy truth. Men of ordinary courage will endure much before they attempt to fly from the evils of a life they know too well at the hazard of encountering those fearful ones which they can only imagine.—When they determine, therefore, to abandon a world of which they are disgusted, and when they propose to abandon it by such means as the razor, or the knife, terrible indeed must be their mental condition. No wonder a humane jury usually pronounces them temporarily deranged.—It must be so.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

Useful Receipts.

[We would be pleased to receive from our lady friends any useful receipts, or iginal or selected, for this department.]

MALONE'S MIXTURE FOR A COUGH OR COLD.—Take one teacup of flaxseed, soak it all night. In the morning put in a kettle two quarts of water, a handful split up of liquorice root, one-quarter of a pound of raisins broke in half. Let them boil till the strength is thoroughly extracted, and then add the flaxseed, which has been previously soaked. Let all boil about half an hour more, watching and stirring that the mixture may not burn. Then strain, and add lemon juice and sugar to taste. Take any quantity, cold, through the day, and half a tumblerful warm at night.

The above is a most excellent recipe. —*Ger. Tel.*

To Stop Bleeding.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Maspeth, L. I., writes to the Scientific American as follows: 'Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be universally known as an infallible remedy: Make Plaster of Parris into the consistence of soft putty and fill the cavity. It will soon become a solid plug.'

Nails Growing in the Flesh.—An old and excellent cure is the following. "Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail it pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail from the side. It cured mine after I suffering weeks with its festering," says a correspondent.

How to make Extra Branches Grow on Pear Trees.—A writer in the *Virginia Farm Journal*, states that he has succeeded in starting branches on his pear trees wherever he wishes a limb to grow. He says, "A careful examination will show plenty of dormant eyes, or knurls, on the stock. To produce a shoot, a slit or a gash is made over the eye, and into the wood, with a knife or fine saw, which, by checking the flow of sap, starts these domant eyes into life, and in three cases out of four a branch shoots forth."

Cure for a Felon.—Mr. Joseph Mills, of Bloomfield, recommends to those afflicted with a felon, to do the sore up in a cloth and keep in constantly wet with the tincture of lobelia, made very strong.—If taken in season, Mr. Mills warrants a cure in forty-eight hours.

To Mend China.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply in with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders in doubly valuable.

To take Lion Moulds from Linen — Rub the iron moulds over with sulphuret of potash, then bathe them well in citric acid (lemon acid,) and afterwards wash them in water, and they will be completely restored.

Cure for Catarrh.—The following simple remedy has been used with great success by one long and severely troubled with this annoying complaint. Take, say one part pulverized loaf sugar to two parts pulverized camphor, and mix them thoroughly together, and use as often as the patient wishes in the form of snuff. This simple remeby, followed for a few months, has effected a cure in the case above referred to, entirely beyond expectation.—Should the camphor be too powerful or not enough so, reduce or add a small quantity, as the case may require, as it is desirable that camphor should be the principal agent.

WASH your tea trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour; and rub with a dry cloth.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk and water will restore rusty old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap-suds and not to be rinsed.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt and it will make them smooth.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent the creaking.

What comes next to an oyster? The shell.

The press most popular with printers—*a press of business.*

We find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a great deal oftener.

When an actor 'brings down the house,' where does he take it to?

Many beautiful women, when walking in the streets, seem very angry if they are gazed at, and sad disappointment of they are not.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of an other, who had slipped and fallen down. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. There, said the Judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

Jokers Companion.

☞Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew, who had let a large sum of money, and cearged interest upon it at nine per cent, instead of six, which was the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated, at last asked the usurer if he did not believe in a God, and where he expected to go when he died? "Ah," said the old Hebrew, with a pleasant twinkle of the eye and a grin, "I have thought of that. too—but when God looks down upon it *from above*, the 9 will appear to him like a 6."

Old Master Brown
Brought his ferule down—
His face was angry and red—
'Now Anthony Clair,
Go seat you there,
Along with the gir's,' he said.
Then Anthony Clair,
With mortified air,
And chin down on his breast,
Crept slowly away,
And sat all day
By the girl that he loved best.

☞Old Governor Stuyvesant, some years after the Brittish possession of New York, appeared before the British Governor with a complaint that he was annoyed by men and boys bathing in front of his house in a rude state. Governor Carteret assured him that it should be stopped; but happening to recolect, said—"Why, Governor, your house is at some distance from the river, and how can it incommode the ladies of your family?"—"Vy, you see," said old Peter, shaking his cane, "mine gats have got *a pig spy-glass!*"

☞A celebrated comedian arranged with his green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was done. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the green-grocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said:—"I say, here's a pretty *mul*, Berry, you have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder*, Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry. But you need not look *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry, and I shan't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry!"

Mr. Theophilus Popp, of Poppvile, in Popp county, fancying himself to be very pop-ular with his lady-love "popped the question" to her under the pop-lar tree, when she referred him to popp-y, who, when asked for his consent—laboring under the stimulous of ginger-pop, popped-him out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel."

☞"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said an overpowered orator, I, can only say—beg leave to add—I desire to assure you, that I wish I had a window in my bosom, you might see the emmotion of my heart." Vulgar boy in the gallery: "Won't a pane in the stomach do this time."

☞A home without a girl in it is only half blessed. it is an orchard without blossoms, a bower without a bird and a bird without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars: but the daughters are like the roses in Sharon.

An attorney before a benah of magistrates, a short time ago, told the bench with gravity, "that he had two witnesses in court in behalf of his client, and they would be sure to speak the truth, for he had no opportunity to communicate with them."

'My dear madam,' said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit yesterday, you know that I told you you had only sixteen hours to live." "Yes doctor, you did: but I didn't take the dose you left me."

A robust county man, meeting a physician, ran to hide himself behind a wall. Being asked the cause, he replied, "it is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

If a man reapeth whatsoever he soweth, what a harvest of coats and breeches our tailors will have one of these days.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it be proper to call a short tailed dog a stump orator.

A youthful member of a rifle corps in Scottish town, on his arrival home one evening, joyfully told his governor that he had just got his arms. "Airms," quoth the ancient, dryly, "I'm thank'n' gin the French come, ye'll hae mair need o' your legs."

The following, is said to be recorded in an Irish grave yard, is excellent of its kind:

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

"I do not wish to insult you gentlemen, but I must take the liberty of telling you that there has been a good deal of hard lying under this roof to-day." 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, "and it has pretty much all been done undre the roof of your own mouth."

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