

SONG—BY LYON.

[SUNG AT A MUSICAL FESTIVAL BY P. MARGETTS.]

Kind friends, you're welcome here to-night—
To list, our bands in choir,
And while we put old care to flight
We'll sound the lute and lyre,
And Mrpheus in his dreamy tow'rs
Will seek some other strand—
Or wake to music's magic pow'rs
Struck by the Mormon Band.

CHORUS.—For there is no spot in town or fort
At festival or play
Where merry music has no place
To chase dull care away.

Sweet music has its witching charms
To soften labor's toil—
Among friends, or foes, or war's alarms—
It makes the care-worn smile!
The angry, feeble, grave, or gay,
Alike in wonder stand—
With listening ear, in joy to hear—
The merry Mormon Band.

CHORUS.—For there is no spot, &c.

Each instrument speaks with a tongue
That tells of other days,
While mem'ry wakes to ev'ry wrong
Of thoughtless folly's ways,
While gen'rous acts, the good have done
By mercy's feeling hand
Are register'd—in hearts who've won—
A home in this far land!

CHOR.—For there is no spot, &c.

The sigh, the tear, in music's sphere
Are slurs and semi-tones,
And flats, and sharps, are dull drawn parts
To chafe with lovers' moans;
While full notes give the breathing soul
The power, which thoughts expand,
Felt only where there's no control
By th'melody of bands.

CHOR.—For there is no spot, &c.

And in this Hall, the pealing strain—
The bold, the quick, the slow,
When all sound in one merry vein—
Or, drop to solo low!
Each heart will feel the sentiment
Touch'd by Apollo's wand—
The love, the hope, the friendships blent
Which music does command.

CHOR.—For there is no spot, &c.

The prairie has no solitude
When music lifts her voice,
The distant mountains echo loud
When Mormon boys rejoice,
The barren waste, the hills, and dales
In rapture clap their hands
When e'er they hear in Utah's vales
Our instrumental bands.

CHOR.—For there is no spot, &c.

MY COUSIN FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A tall Yankee told the story: a man, bony, hard-featured, yet upon whose countenance the Almighty had stamped genius in unmistakable characters.

Said he: When I was a young man I was awkward, as I believe all young men are, whose stature outruns their years. I had grown so fast that people where I lived looked up to me, and I of course, as was natural, looked down upon them. But I was not proud, not at all. I had a cousin then, a singularly handsome young man, whose face to me was always a delightful study.

He was not of such ungainly height as myself, but his hair was brown and curling, his cheeks tinged with red, his eyes glowing and sparkling, his manner commanding, and above all, he was a minister. Now in those days, ministers were very nearly made idols of, and consequently were often spoiled. My cousin, I always thought, had more pride than was good for him; but he was so attentive when he came out in the country to make us a long visit, (as he invariably did every summer) so pleasant and affable with us all, that we overlooked his little peculiarities.

I remember how we used to watch him at meal times, and what a general jingling was there whenever he took the spoon out of the tea cup into his saucer, for we were an intimate family, and cousin Dennis was our beau-ideal of politeness.

One winter we had unusually good luck, and father happening to have a surplus of money on hand, told me that if I had a notion to see the world, I might go to the neighboring city and stop till spring. You may be sure that I was taller than ever, for although I was nearly twenty-one, I had never been in the city to stop over a day at the most, and now the idea of spending a winter there was almost overwhelming.

Every night I made a programme of my expected tour—where I should go this night, and where next week, and above all, I thought how pleasant it would be to share cousin Dennis' hospitality; for he had so often urged me to come and pass some time with him, that I had no doubt but his delight at seeing me would be equal to mine at meeting with him.

A few weeks more and the busy fingers of mother and sisters had prepared my wardrobe, and the great trunk was brought down from the garret and stuffed till its brass studded frame would hold no more. Probably no experienced traveler, starting for Europe, ever took half the number of wearables that I, in my simplicity, deemed far too limited. But the great gala day came, and with its departure I left my home for the wilderness of New York.

It was late when I arrived at my cousin's house, a handsome brick dwelling, which, with some land adjoining, he had inherited. I had never seen it before, and to me it was as beautiful as a palace. An old Quaker aunt kept house for him; and by her I was welcomed with a cold formality I did not understand; yet wearied as I was, I did not give much thought about the subject, but ate my supper in silence, cheered by the news that my cousin had gone to officiate at a wedding, and might not be home until eleven or later.

Already it was nearly ten, and I, unused to such late hours, begged to be shown to a bedroom. I shall never forget how icy cold the room was to which I was attended. Large and cheerless, filled with sombre furniture, it was so different from my snug little chamber at home, where the sun shone all day, and where the water seldom froze!

The sheets, as I touched them, seemed like ice; I had not dared to approach my feet to the polished stove hearth below stairs, and I suffered exceedingly. However, I soon forgot all want of comfort in dreams, in which the old farm-house and a roaring fire were the principal objects of interest.

In the morning, and bitter cold it was, I rose at my usual hour, dressed, and hurried from the chamber. I found my way to the hall. On the rack in the corner lay an ample cloth cloak, which I supposed my cousin had thrown off in a hurry. Surprised at the unusual stillness, I tried the door from which I had made egress the preceding night. It was locked fast. Successively I tried every door within my range; alas! there was neither ingress nor outlet, for the front entrance was also fastened in such a manner that it defied all my endeavors to move the lock. It seemed that my cousin's house-keeper was one of the old fashioned sort, and never retired without fastening up everything in the house; I question somewhat whether she did not lock her bed-curtains.

Three mortal hours did I stay shivering in my room on that eventful morning, solacing myself with doleful glances at the brick walls of a distillery, and running over the pages of a Greek Lexicon, which indeed was all Greek to me—and nothing else.

At length, oh, welcome sound! the bell rang, and I, blue with cold, descended to the breakfast room. There I met my cousin, and for the first time in my life witnessed a sham welcome. I did not understand it then, I do understand such things better now.

My cousin tried his best to be agreeable, but I saw that disappointment stood out over all his actions, particularly when I mentioned that I had come for a long visit. But I soon got over the unpleasant feeling consequent on this discovery, and determined to brave it out. Had he not stopped summer after summer on my father's farm? Did we not every six weeks send him some favor in the shape of the best winter greenings, russets, or baldwines? So I put myself on my dignity, awkward though I was and appeared as though I had observed nothing unpleasant.

Wherever we went, I could see that my relative was ashamed of his tall cousin. Now I knew in my soul that I was good for something; I had the consciousness of intellect, no way inferior to his own. At home I was famous as a Yankee story teller, but having a fear of the minister's superior attainments constantly before my eyes, I had never allowed him to see what I could do. This false timidity was, however, gradually wearing away. I began to feel anxious to resent my cousin's officiousness, and daily grew stronger in my determination to do so. I noticed his deportment when he little thought it; his quick step ahead so as to seem alone when he met some fashionable lady; his little manœuvres to slip in and out of church by himself; his careful avoidance of all mention of my name to others; and I thought to myself, 'one day I'll teach you a lesson, young man, if you are a minister.'

How it was I know not, but by some mismanagement, I suppose, invitations were sent us to attend a large dinner party, given in honor of some distinguished divine, then creating quite an excitement in the city. My relative looked astounded when he found that I had resolved to go, and tried to intimidate me by hinting at the fashionable character of the entertainment. At length, finding me resolute, he said with a bland smile:—

'You had better let me introduce you as my cousin from the country; and as you are not initiated into the arts and mysteries of fashion, it will help you wonderfully, they will suppose you ignorant of etiquette, and therefore excuse your greenness.'

'Thank you for nothing,' thought I and consented.

I went to the party. There is no mistake about it, I was at first abashed in the company of so much dignity and beauty. I trembled for myself. My cousin sat opposite me, and by my side a lovely girl robed in blue, who looked to me the nearest to an angel that I could possibly imagine.

I soon saw that my cousin's heart had been traveling in that direction; he was devoted to her, although he kept his eye on me, to see that his 'cousin from the country,' did him no glaring discredit.

I heard him address her as Miss Harriet, and once in filing her glass from the fountain near by, he overran it, and the fluid mingled with the meat and gravy on the young lady's plate—'Aha!' thought I, glancing at him slyly, 'cousin from the country!'

Presently I noticed another mishap. A rev-

erend and absent minded looking gentleman at my right undertook to carve a chicken. By some awkwardness, a small bone flew from the edge of the knife, and slap! it went against the nose of a lady opposite, spattering her face with gravy. The lady turned red, the gentleman apologized, the company seemed more than usually serious, as a company always does when it restrains itself from a hearty laugh, and I looked straight at my friend across the table, saying, as plainly as eyes could say it, 'Aha! cousin from the country!'

And that was not the end of the chapter, for my cousin, in attempting to cut butter, which, as it was an unusually warm day, had ice upon it, unfortunately knocked the frozen element upon the table; and of all the efforts I ever saw put forth to catch a slippery article, those he made in the matter of securing that ice were the most ridiculous.

First he laid siege with knife and fork, but it danced about like ice bewitched; polka, waltz, and redowda step, hopping now against Miss Harriet's plate, gliding about among hot vegetables, and sliding under meat dishes until its capture became a matter of stubborn principle. Fortunately one of the servants hurried to his help with a large spoon, and in using that my cousin's elbow came in contact with a little glass dish filled with pickles, and away it spun over on Miss Harriet's lap, and the ice followed after. Oh! with what gusto I could have shouted at that moment, 'cousin from the country!' but I pitied the blushing Divine, and contented myself with an inward chuckle.

But by-and-by things went on more smoothly, and we all got merry over the dessert. I assure you, ministers can enjoy themselves with gibes and jokes as well as the rest of us; and why, pray, should they not? One after another told some amusing anecdote, until the smooth, sleek visages fairly shone with good humor. I forgot my awkwardness—my cousin—Miss Harriet—and setting down my glass, began with a comic air:

Once upon a time, there was an old farmer lived 'way out in the woods in old Varmount State.

My strong nasal accent immediately attracted attention. Instantly there was silence; every eye was fixed upon me with a wandering yet respectful attention.

'Ahem! ah-ahem!' said my cousin, vehemently, turning purple to his hair, and fixing on me his handsome eyes. I only needed that glance to confirm my wavering resolution; if I had felt fearful, all traces of timidity were banished now; and in the midst of expressive smiles and some little tittering, I pushed on with my story. It worked like magic. Never had I spoken before such an audience. Every little while I could see by the turn of his head and certain little movements, that my cousin was apologizing for me to Miss Harriet, and he could not seem to understand it, when at the conclusion, a universal roar went round the table almost loud enough to drown the roar of Niagara Falls.

Again and again the mirth burst forth, and I was besieged for more; and when we arose from the table, I was the lion of the evening, and 'my cousin from the country,' forgotten teetotally.

I was not surprised at that, but I was surprised at the very decided marks of favor shown me by Miss Harriet. The beautiful girl sat by me, and seemed to listen with interest to whatever I said. Poor Dennis! the tables were turned, and I even believe he was jealous of his 'cousin from the country.'

Invitations poured in upon me after that eventful day. I became more fastidious in the article of dress, and even ventured to make calls for myself. The circle of my acquaintance enlarged—the handsome minister no longer cut me in public, but walked boldly by my side up the church aisle. I spent more time at my toilet than formerly; I patronized the barber, I practiced my old fashioned songs; I sang for the ladies; in fact, I was popular.

Miss Harriet Newland, the lady I have mentioned before, had been for two seasons the reigning belle. She was not wealthy, but the heir expectant of a large property. She was a girl of decided talent, and no doubt intended to marry well.

My cousin, I saw, was most assiduously paying his address to her. He confided occasionally in me, and always spoke of her with transport. At length things began to change. He grew silent and moody, and seldom mentioned her name. I saw her frequently, and had I been vain, the light that sparkled in her eyes, the deep glow of her beautiful cheeks, would have led me to suspect my presence called forth the bright sparks and the modest blush.

I like the omnibus for good reasons. It gives fine opportunities for the study of human nature. One day I determined on taking the tour of a fashionable thoroughfare, and I accordingly hailed the first 'buss, a gaudy concern, and commenced our slow journey. What a multitude were out that day! White hats and blue hats, with bluer eyes beneath them; flying feathers, and dancing ribbons and the mingled colors of rich and glossy silks, seemed jumbled together through the space between intervening vehicles, a rich variety of costly goods.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, came down the rain, and such a rain! such dodging into shop doors and under shades! such scampering for omnibuses! In less time than I can say it, our vehicle was apparently full. I say apparently, for I believe that question has not yet been settled, 'When is an omnibus full?'

'Drive on,' said a gruff voice, when a pretty white bonnet appeared, and a beautiful face

looked appealingly in. I sprang from my seat. Miss Harriet saw me, and blushing, made her way towards me between a multiplicity of knees, and after some demurring from her fair sisterhood, found a tolerable place at my side. I was in a tight place, I acknowledge, but I never regretted that squeezing, never.

One by one the company emerged from the 'buss along Broadway. Sincerely glad was I that a favorite maxim of mine had always been 'an umbrella for every change of the wind;' I escorted Miss Harriet home, and—spent the evening there.

The next day I found an opportunity to talk with my cousin alone. I informed him that I should in a week, at the farthest, return to my home.

His face brightened.
'But I shall come back again in three months,' I resumed.

'To spend the next winter, perhaps?'

'No, not to spend the next winter,' I replied, adding, with a significant manner, 'I shall stay but a short time, and when I go back I shall not go alone.'

He looked at me steadily, asking, 'What do you mean?'

'I mean to get married,' I replied, carefully, throwing myself back in an easy chair. 'You see, perhaps, that my greenness is developing itself.'

'I think it is,' he returned, uneasily, and blushing deeply; 'but who is the lady?'

'None other than your favorite, Miss Hattie,' I replied, assuming an air of indifference.

His eyes flashed in a moment; he sprang from his seat and took several rapid turns across the floor.

In a little while he sat down again, but he was very much agitated. I had, I confess, taken a wicked kind of pleasure in making the announcement, for his former false pride and unministerial conduct in slighting me still rankled in my bosom; but now I felt a sort of sentiment of pity for him, for I saw how deeply he suffered.

At last he resumed the conversation. He was pale, but more composed as he said:

'You see I am surprised at this announcement; you must be aware with what feelings I have regarded Miss Newland, but I have long since ceased to hope for her favor. As all is settled, may God prosper you. My disappointment will, I trust, result to my spiritual advancement. I've been too worldly and too proud. God bless you.'

'Now, that we have, both of us, happy families, and he is an humble, self denying man, I sometimes quizzingly ask him if he ever remembers 'that cousin from the country.'

MEAN HEIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.—The Panama Star says: 'On the authority of Colonel Lloyd and Captain Palmer, who, in 1827, by order of Bolivar, made a series of levels from Panama to Chagres, it has been very generally believed that there existed a difference of mean level between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and many ingenious theories have been devised to account for this (supposed) fact, and elaborate deductions in favor and against the practicability of a ship canal have been drawn therefrom. The difference of the mean height of the two oceans was stated to be 352 feet—the Pacific at Panama being that much higher than the Atlantic at Chagres.'

It has been lately decided by Colonel Totten, after a series of careful tidal observations taken here, and in Aspinwall (Navy Bay) and connected by accurate levels along the line of railroad, that the mean height of the two oceans is exactly the same, although, owing to the difference in the rise of tide at both places, there are of course times when one of the oceans is higher or lower than the other, but their mean level, that is to say, their height at half tide, is now proven to be exactly the same. There is no doubt that Colonel Lloyd's error arose from imperfection in his instruments, and the difficulty he labored under in taking a large number of observations, in which mistakes are peculiarly liable to occur.

RUSSIAN COSTUME.—The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very small expense. Cotton trousers tucked into high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt and a sheep-skin coat, a coarse camlet caftan bound round with a sash, constitute the whole outward man of the moujik, whose entire equipment may cost about ten roubles (30s.) the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Ten shillings would buy a common female costume, which consists of a sarafan or long petticoat held by straps, which pass above the arms, a chemise with sleeves extending nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of shoes, and sometimes stockings, but more frequently strips of cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot; for out-of-door wear, a quilted jacket is added to these, and, where circumstances will permit a salopé or long cloak in the German fashion. The simplicity of their dress is not a matter of taste with these people, who, when they can afford it, are strongly addicted to finery, and it is amusing to observe the gradual transformation of the servant woman who, on coming into town to their first service, wear the village sarafan, but as their wages are paid and increased, assume the memetzkoy mode (foreign fashion) and indulge extensively in crinoline.

—[Notes of a Nine Years' Residence in Russia.]
CHILD PUZZLED.—Speaking of 'little folks,' we have them at our house, Frank, three years old, and Ada one. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasion and rewards, in the shape of bon-bons, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. Ada was a little 'out of sorts' one day, and crying lustily; her mother, handing her a cake, said, 'Take this, and stop your crying,' Frank, who had been playing