

FORUM.

And many a heart is glowing... And many a smile is bright... And many a tear is falling... And many a sigh is sighing...

The Tall Gentleman's Apology.

Upheld me not—I never owned... For they are only four feet high... I wonder, dear, how you supposed... That I could look so low...

CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOW.

A little child shall lead them... One cold market morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, healthy, well-bred young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about on his great fat...

on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him—and there wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face again, and when he shall return it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

had heard a good deal of the 'language of the eyes,' and he accordingly tried that, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the opposite side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eyes. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

A KIM ROS A BLOW.—A visitor once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless justice, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

THE INJURED INDIAN WIFE.—Major Long tells a romantic story in connection with the falls of St. Anthony.—An Indian of the Dakota nation had united himself in his youth to a female called Ampato Sapa, the Dark Day, a name which, if given at her birth, and not afterwards bestowed in allusion to her unfortunate end, would seem to show that these people possess the power of divination. They lived happily together many years. Two children were the fruit of their union. The man, having acquired renown as a hunter, aspired to be elected a chief. To increase his dignity and importance, and to strengthen his influence, he resolved to add another wife to his household, and fixed his choice on the daughter of a man of influence in the tribe. When he had made known his determination to his wife, she endeavored to dissuade him, by reminding him of their long cherished love, and the happiness they had enjoyed together. Finding no arguments available, and in fact that he had already executed his purpose of a second marriage, she observed here opportunity, launched her light bark canoe, and placing her children in it, pushed off into the stream above the fall. Her death song was heard clear and shrill, by her friends upon the banks of the river. She recited with a mournful voice, the pleasure she had enjoyed when the undivided object of her husband's affection. As she fell faster down the current, her voice became lost in the sound of the cataract. Her boat was borne to the edge of the cascade, was seen for a moment in the spray and mist that hovered over the water, and disappeared to be seen no more. The Indians say that, often, in the morning, a voice is heard singing a mournful requiem, the burden of which is the inconstancy of her husband. And some assert that the spirit of Ampato Sapa has been seen wandering about the place with her children in her bosom.