POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

THE RESPECTABLE MAN.

BY THE BROTHERS MAYNEW.

A highly respectable man Is lecariot Ingots, Esquire, His "Post Obits" on half the "Blue Book," And a mortgage or two in each Shire;

And only takes sixty per cent, Like a highly respectable man. He's his house like a nobleman furnish'd, His side-board blazing with plate;

And having more eash than he needs,

Why he lends to the poor all he can,

And half silver, half gold, you'd declare It belonged to some peer of the State; So it did-till he seized it in payment Of his sixty per centum per ahn.; And now he he gives dinners to show it,

Like a highly respectable man. His father in law's an astorney. And his brother a dealer in wine, And his brother-in-law's a Bumbailiff, And his son in the Auctioneer line;

So you've "half-wine" for your bills, Then sued, seized, sold by the clan For he loves to assist his relations, Like a highly respectable man. For the Assurance of Lives he's an office, To make his small profits the more; If you ask him to discount, he tells you

"For security you must insure."
Adding, ball honest men ought to do so-Besides, it's so easy a plan, And with something to leave on your death-bed. You die such a respectable man.

It is said he's a tyrant at home, That the jewels his wife has for show, Were all of them salves for some wound-That each diamond heal'd up a blow; That his children, on hearing his knock, To the top of the house always rau-But with ten thousand pounds at his banker's

He's of course a respectable man. Yet he's kindness itself to young "bloods,". And when Lordlings solicit his aid, When he talks like a father, and asks

How is sixty percent to be paid? Buch extravagance really would ruin The richest in all Hindostan; But to serve them he'll do a "Post Obit." Like a highly respectable man.

His daughter has married for love, Though she'd offers from persons of tank, And "my lady" at least might have been With the money he had in his bank; But since she thought fit to disgrace him She may live in the best way she can; So he leaves his own daughter to starve, Jake a highly respectable man.

Then he makes a fresh will every quater-Or when he's a fit of the "bfdes"-Or his wate has offen led him somehow-Or his son does not follow his viows; And he threatens to leave them all beggars. Whenever they come under his han-He'll bequeath all his wealth to an hospital, Like a highly respectable Man.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

A Story for the Bolidans. BI T. S. ARTHUR.

"Didn't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?"

anked Margaret of her cousin Lizzy Green. "No, not even of a strawberry cushion," spoke up

sixpence. I think he's a right down mean, selfish, stingy for the week's work: "to-morrow is Christmas." fellow, so I do; and if he dosn't keep Lizzy on broad and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green."

sweetheart or sister a present of the most trifling value ! He must have a penny soul. Why, Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of momory' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And Cousin William made me a present of it between his fingers, saida splendid copy of 'Mrs. Hall's Sketches, ' the most intoresting book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents. "

"You have been quite fortunate," said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; "much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate."

.. But don't you think Edward might have sent you some token of good-will and affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents? " asked Margaret.

"Nothing of the kind was needed, Cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me," replied Liz- to his desk and wrote the order. 2y. " He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formal-

"You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the sea-

"Certainly he might," said Jane. "Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission but meanness-that's looked at him for a moment or two, and then saidmy opinion, and I speak it out boldly."

"It isn't right to say that sister, " remarked Lizzy .-

eured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it." "Well, I do then, " said Cousin Margaret. " Why,

if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present. "

"Yes-or borrow or beg the money," chimed in Jane. "Every one must do as he or she thinks best," replied Lizzy. "As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it. "

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed-more, perhaps, on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do

with the omission. "I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present," said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holidays had passed; "if it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward .-

And I'm afraid he is a little close." "Better that he should be so than too free," replied Mr. Green; "though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean, certainly."

"He is doing very well." "He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I sup-

to live-at least it ought not to do so."

"He has bought himself a enug little house, I am

"If he's done that, he's done very well," said Mr. Green; "and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than see him loading her down, before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another."

"True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have giv-

on the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse,

r some such- triffe." "For which trifles he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct." Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their

heart's content. Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in doing real acts of kindsaved from his salary, in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and had a few hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married. This half dollar he gave you?" said the mother. time was not very far off when the Christmas, 'to which allusion has been made, camp round. At this holiday sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be. Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas, he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to

"They don't really need anything," he said to himself, and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearance's sake. It this right?" "Right if you choose to do it," he replied to himself. "I am not so sure of that," he added, after a pause. And then he sat in quite a musing mood for some min-

"That's better," he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. "That would be money and good feelings spent to a better purpose."

"But they'll expect something," he argued with him-self; "the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spond half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go in the way I pro-

This auggestion, however, did not antisfy him.

"Better let it all go in the other direction," he said, after thinking awhile longer; " it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if ed it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarlynecessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed."

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived, he remained firm. No present of any kind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had been falling all day, driven into every nook and corner, eleft and cranny, by a piercing northeaster; and now, although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad. the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing-office all day, stood near the deak of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give food to her little household. "You needn't come to-morrow, John," said the print-

The boy took the money, and after lingering a mo-"I wouldn't have him, " said Margaret, jesting, yet evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. half in earnest. "Let Christmas go by and not make his The printer noticed this, and at once comprehended its meaning.

"John," he said kindly. The boy stopped and turned around: as he did so, the

"You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you." John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said-

"Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?" "I'd rather have the new shoes," raplied John, with-

out hesitation. "Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoemaker.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the and then said with strongly-marked hesitation-

"I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mend- thing. ed; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?" The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused.

He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer "Does your mother want shoes badly?"

"Oh, yes, sir! She doesn't earn much by washing "Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her custom at this season-and good reasons, I am well as- wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do any-

thing but work a little about the house since." "And are your wages all she has to live upon?"

"They are now." "You have a little sister, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she want shoes, also?" "She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for nonth." "Indeed!"

The printer turned to his dosk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations. "Give me that order." the man at length said to the

boy, who handed him the slip of paper, He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order. "Take this," he said, presenting it to John. "I have

told the shoemaker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and your little sister; and here is the half dollar, my boy-you must have that also." John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, while his sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could

came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the of- better go and see her this morning. I shouldn't wonder fice without uttering a word. "John is very late to-night," said the poor Widow Elliot, as she got up and went' to the door to look out in even he can only bring home a very small sum. We the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot."

at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home. Little Netty had fallen asleep care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me Pose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed. As feel bad." Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered good," said Mrs. Green.
"I know it ought; but I had rather not ga." like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured-

"My poor boy-it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?" The mother had hardly attered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1848.

paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice. Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

"Where did all these come from, John?" she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and ad-

"I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size. If they don't fit, the man says be ness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store tonight but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake." "And the tea, sugar and rice, you bought with the

"Yes," roplied John; "I bought the tea and sugar for you. They're your Christmas gift from me. And the season, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her rice we'll all have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice-pudding for our dinner?"

"You're a good boy, John-a very good boy," said he mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. "Yes you shall have a rice-pudding.-But take off your wet shoes, my son-they are all wetund dry your feet by the fire."

"No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit ner," replied John. "If they don't fit, I'm going back to the More for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try yours on-maybe they won't do."

To satisfy the carnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's hoes, although the child was sleeping.

"Just the thing," she said. "Now try on yours," urged John.

"They couldn't fit me better," said the mother, as she slipped on one of her shoes. "Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table."

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready their frugal repast. Both wore too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John open-

"How do you do, Mrs. Elliot?" "Oh-how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat;" and she handed her visitor a chair.

"How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliot? Are you 'most ready to take my washing again?"

"It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell you when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well." "How do you get along?" asked Mr. Mayfield. "Can

ou do any kind of work?" "Nothing more than a little about the house."

"Then you don't earn anything at all?" "No, sir-nothing."-

week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible."

"How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?" "We have to get along the best we can on John's two dollars a week." "Two dollars a week! You can't live on two

"It's all we have," said the widow. Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions and howed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affice. When he arose to go away, he said---

all directions. I think I cannot do better than to spend which the resident of Litchfield, Conn. made ment, turned away and walked towards the door. He what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good eclipse, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, they night. I will drop in to see you again before long."

> Mayfield had retired. Not a very long time passed before the voice of a man, loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the ex- the telescope becoming refractory and not keeping its po pectant widow and her son to start. John immediately sition long enough for him to bring matters to a focus. opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Elliot's?" asked 'a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

"Yes, sir," replied John.

"Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in." John had been trying on his new shoes, and had got them laced up about his ankles just as the carman came. and you can go and fit yourself," and the printer turned So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transorder was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, | fer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost every-

"Good night to you, madam," said the carman, as he was retiring, "and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you over spent. It isn't every one who has a friend

like yours." "No-and may God reward him," said Mrs. Elliot, fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was half a barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of corn megl, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea. rice, molasses, butter, etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes-besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use. A large

Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten .-Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal. Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Christmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap and economical

chicken for a Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh

half a ton of coal. Three or four days after Christman, Mrs. Green said

to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sowing-

"I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she lips moved as if he were trying to speak; but no sound not do our washing until it got well. I think you had if she stood in need of something. She has two children. and only one of them is old enough to earn anything-and

"You go and see her, Lizzy," said Jane. "I don't

"To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you fee

"Oh. yes, Jane," said Lizzy; "you must go with me want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?" "Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go."

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand No fancy sketch, this.

delighted voice; "and here is mine, and there is Net- behind her and not seeing the object of penury, she had ty's!" displaying at the same time three pair of shoes, a no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face

was too revolting to her sensitive feelings. When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, next and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was very cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room. Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood

in need of anything. To the last question she replied-"I should have wanted almost everything to make me omfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentlemen I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me this nice little stoye and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, ten, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all-besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars .-Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas evé, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for emitting the usual compliments for the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came "

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow and in whose eyes was bright light.

"Then you do not need anything?" said Lizzy, "No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and

then I shall not need any assistance." Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward," Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house. "He is generans and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the multitudinous family, to ask him, "Who is it that so making carpets. But this is only a part of the establish-

his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him." Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings.-When Jane told her father about the widow-Lizzy was

modestly silent on the subject-Mr. Green said-"That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!"

Toars came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her fathe speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

"Next year," added Mr. Green, "we must take a leson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents. How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and petty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel.

A YANKEE ECLIPSED.

On Thursday evening as Mr. Jeremiah Higgins, from the town of Litchfield, Conn. was loisurely strolling along Broadway, he was accosted by a very gentlemanly look ing individual, who very politely inquired if he would not like to see the eclipse of the moon a little in advance of the rest of the people of Gotham. Mr. Higgin's eyes wilderness; masses were crowding into cities, and others our way in Tolland county, we entered the region of cotopened remarkably at this aanouncement, and, as a matter of course, he consented to be shown the wandsried curiosity. The stranger took Mr. Higgin's arm and they . "I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as | marched together to Sherwood's on the corner of Park a Christmas present. This is the season when friends Place and Broadway, where they indulged in sundry remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing | plates of oysters and numerous "private" drinks, for all I designed grving for this purpose, in making you a responsible. After reaching the pavement the stranger whom I saw in a French boarding school with teachers little more comfortable. So when the man comes with asked Mr. Higgins if he was prepared to look at the proceeded arm in arm to an opposite corner, where the And ere Mrs. Elliet could express her thanks. Mr. proprietor of a mammeth telescope was stationed with not so much is heard the rustling of her wings in the the apparatus, which was open to the inspection of all at tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through; but who the remarkably low sum of six and a quarter cents per school days are over, and I am out and surrounded by speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The ve- head. Mr. Higgins "planked the dough," but having friends, and followed by lovers and go at will to operas printer took up a half dollar from the desk, and holding hiele had moved so noiselessly on the snow-covered previously indulged in several glasses of the genuine arstreet, that his approach had not been observed. The ticle, he was unable to see the moon in consequence of

"How creation long it is a getting right!" ejaculated

"Have patience" said the stranger, "you must no expect to see it in an instant. Remember it has thousands of miles to travel! Have patience."

"I tell you afore and tell you again, I would have pa tience, but she won't have anything to do with me." "Now mind-let me have your watch and I'll tell you

when to keep your eyes skinned?" said the stranger, and breathe the air they infected. you will not have to strain them so much. Mr. Higgins handed him the watch and commenced

"It's coming now, look sharp, quick," said the stran-"look sharp, I tell you it's about,"

"Do me so again," vociferated Mr. Higgins. "I feel it's a coming."

There was no reply to this last observation-all was looked around; the stranger had disappeared, not only with the apurtenances of his own individual anatomy,

containing \$153. He was not long in discovering that he had seen the eclipse, "and nothing else."

but with Mr. Higgins's gold watch and his pocket book

HE HAD HER THERE!

A very respectable looking lady, says the Boston Mail, stepped into a store on Washingto a street, a few days What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she lages, making cuttery, pins, and hardware. Just above ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon; until at length, having made her selection of a small one, (for her nature required bright skics,) she sent her helped with hatters in abundance. Here it is the superb hats one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with \$2 50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct that handmaid, Patience, and Serena was content and gate- for the New Yorkers are made. amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the latter her change.

> 'Why here's but two dollars and a half ?' said she. Exactly, madam, said the polite clerk. This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not?' so

the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

'Two dollars and a half is the price, madam.' 'Then why do you take out seven dollars and a half?' Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half-·Very well, sir,' says the lady.

And that one attached to your dress, beneath your car raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very hand- my dear Seroza, my stay cannot be too long; care, tri- vanced. It is talked of a great deal; fame has seized some steel bead reticule, there secreted. The lady be- al, sorrow, must come to you; I cannot consort with upon it, the wise men are discussing it, the scadmics came quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her it them, but they will prepare you for my constant society are examining it, numerous experiments have been

was all perfectly right. You do n't for a moment suppose, sir, said the lady. n a low, husky voice, 'that I Intended-' O, certainly not, madam!' said the clerk. "O, it's all right, madam, perfectly correct,' contin

the clerk. Good morning, sir, said the lady bowing and grinning ghastly smile.

bowing the lady safely out of the premises.

Oh! where are they? the friends I loved

ABEDNT PRIDNDS.

BT M. WHEELER.

And those with whom in youth I roved To cull the versal flowers; And, later still, now where are they, The friends of manhood's years, To whom, it seems but yesterday, I bade adieu in tears?

Those absent ones are far from me, For whom my beart now yearns, Embarked on life's tempestuous Where mem'ry darkly turns. And some have gone the way of earth,

O'er whom my spirit weeps, For colder o'er each homestead heart Disconsolation weeps. Ah! one, a friend of long ago,

Smiled sweetly when I came Death passed across her beauteous brow And jeft me but her name.

And one, the friend of youthful times, Whose hand I seem to clasp, le far away in distant climes,

The stranger's hand to grasp. Another one, but 1 ester-night, I hade a long adieu.
Whose voice was soft and step was light-Whose eyes were heavenly blue.

Thus all have gone-each absent friend-And never to return, While mem'ry o'er their sad fates bend Like mourner's o'er an urn

BY CATHARINE SELQWICK, I dreamed I was sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me; scenes, plains, cities and country—the world and its actors. An old man with honestly down to New Haven, breaks its way through the noble head and aerene countenance that befits wish the Talcott mountain for the purpose of making a union dom, stood beside me, and I turned a perplexed gaze on with the Connecticut. These people are Scotchmen.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

be blindly pursuing?" "She is immortal," he replied, "whose home is not of this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her comrades is reserved for those who, in the language of Scripture, shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him.' who seek her for her own sake.

"Why then are so many pursuing her?" I asked; 'why do they not learn from the experience of others?" deluded as to the mode of winning her; few are willing sheep's back or a cotton plantation.

every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts." I took the glass-it fulfilled his promise. I now be of one-half Queen Victoria's subjects. held the whole world in pursuit of this enchanted being. flying to the country in quest of her. They looked for

attention to two young persons who began the course o life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, in all the arts and various branches of learning "Why do they confine me here?" she exciaimed pettishly; "they tell me I was born for Happiness and I have

and balls, then Happiness will be my constant compan-The golden future became Brillanta's present. I saw

her wreat'red with flowers and sparkling with jewels, admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene o Mr. Higgins, bringing his right foot before his left with gaiety to another; but instead of the companions she precommendable dexterity. "I never saw such a one on sumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Exc.tement, and at their heels Society and Weariness. "Alas!" exclaimed Brillanti, "Happiness is not ye with me, but she will come to my wedding-with the bridal gifts and festivities-she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!" But true love was not required a the wedding, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon follow ed with the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could no

A few years passed. "Happiness had never been never will be here!" exclaimed Brillauta, "My husband is so tiresome! my children teasing, my servants so tormenting. I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other ger, giving the emigrant from Litchfield a private nudge; | countries-surely where so many rush to seek Happi ness she must be found." And away went Brillanta but the chase was vain; she never got so much as glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering of stone, to various parts of the Vinion, and to the West silent as a country churchyard in October. Mr. Higgins round her sottled into darkness, and I saw her no more

She whom I have seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were from Ged loving and God fearing parents, to her school tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly world. She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too whole of New England and some portions of New York modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect .-She was so occupied with her tasks and desires that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of Happiness for others .and sought this cluding being, and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happines could not come, ful. "How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would ex-

claim. And, as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her to the levely aspect of nature, in household leves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience To Serena, in a due time came the wedding day, and a healthy animal. Perhaps a few examples may render with the illimitable hope and right confidence, that he, the matter clearer: If the patient be consumptive, they longs to that period of a woman's hie, she said, "Hap. apply to his bosom a breast of weal; if the liver or heart be piness, you will of course preside at this festival. " "Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding day-love, fidelity give you a night cap, supplied with calf's ears. This

dingl, is fire dollars more," said the complaisant clerk, and moderation—am I ever absent? But remember hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly. Care, trial, sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present, their terrors discoveries, in the hope of making, with the aid of new were converted to a precious ministry by the unfailing systems, a reputation and fortune which they could not presence of Serena's best friend Religion.

My eyes followed the whole course of this " traveler between life and death, " and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation in her life, at many a bright Good morning, responded the gentlemanly clerk, spot or sudden turn, and finally when the gates of death opened to her, I saw her celestial friend, with open arms, awaiting ber, to abide with her for ever and ever.

HOW THE YANKEES MAKE A LIVING.

A writer of the Boston Recorder, who has lately travelled through Connecticut, thus describes the way in

which the people gain a livelihood: Beginning in the northwestern part of the Statewhere, by the way, some of nature's true noblemen dwell-we find many furnaces smelting down iron ore of the best quality from their own mines, making each from two to three tons of pig iron, per diem, and each censum. ing at a single blast of eleven months a million bushels of charcoal. There is a shop manufacturing some of the most delicate and best cutlery and another making hugo anchors and chain cables for our navy, from iron wrought

at their own puddling furnaco. Fifteen miles eastward is a village of fifteen hundred people, situated at the outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which, in its decent of a hundred and fifty feet, carries all needed machinery. Here the business is scythe making. Another town is famous for its brass kettles-an article made nowhere else in the nation, and the trade of making which, it is said, was stolen from England .-Hard by are two contiguous towns, made densely populous, even on the rugged hillsides, and independently rich by the manufacture of brass clocks. These articles. of the ordinary kind, costing from nine shillings to two dollars, are sold over the world at an advance of 500 to

1,000 per cent. Coming further eastward, into Hartford county, you find a gang of hands digging copper ore from the bowls of mother earth-then you enter a town of a thousand people, supported entirely by making axes. Following the Farmington river, and passing many establishments, you alight at a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river, in its dashing freaks, like a lover without eyes, instead of making its way easily and the most costly remembrancer he could find, for it stamps many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to ment; the remainder is located ton or fifteen miles northeast, where is found a community of eighteen hundred,

from the same country, and engaged in like business. Observe here, in these two towns, are three old-fashioned Prosbyterian churches. Passing by a community of Shakers, who supply the land with garden seeds and Her name is Happiness. She is never fond of those brooms and Hazard's well-known powder, where the "villanous saltpetre" is made into an abomination to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some distilleries, too defestable to blot paper wi h, you enter a growing town "The desire of her presence is born with them; the where are made paper, cloth of different kinds, iron ware child cries for her; some are ignorant of the means of and card teeth—the last set to order, and in quantities attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are sufficient to straighten all the fibres that ever grow on a

to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still receive | Passing through the city of Hartford, which our bird'sthe truth that she does not abide on earth, with those most eye view seems to make only a mast for trafficking in the worthy of her presence. To them her visits are rare workmanship of other and honest hands, you find a town and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kin of three thousand inhabitants, manufacturing various dred, Submission, Tranquility, Contentment and Pa- sorts of brass-wire, to mention which kinds would be to tience. Take this," he said, giving me a curious eye- write half the names of articles in a hardware shop .glass, "it will enable you to see the distant, to ponetrate Hooks and eyes must be particularized, enough to hook together all the ladies' dresses in the land, beside those

But to return to the Connecticut river, for in our rapid Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the flight we have already crossed it twice, and, in making ton and woollen; and here, at the outlet of a beautiful lake, rendered memorable by the Life of Foor Sarah, inexplibable to me, those that most engerly sought her, who died on its banks, you must stop to see a village of and sought nothing olse, never by any change found her. twelve hundred people, grown up in the course of a do-Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my zen years, having some six or eight mills making satisections of the country are furnaces, cotton and woollen

> mills, machine shops. Here, too, is a town, and it is our own dear " Mantua," with four or five silk factories, where the great part of our tailors obtain their Italian sewing silk and twist .-Here the screw-auger was invented. But time will fail to speak of all. Hard by, in Windham county, is a population of eightsen hundred meking cotton cloth. In the eastern part of the county, in the valley of a single stream, in the space of twenty-miles are at least twelve-

cotton factory viliages. In New-London county is manufactured India rubber in a variety of forms. In Norwich woulen and conton mills abound. And here, one single paper mill, the owner informed me, made \$260,000 worth of paper per annum. New London and Stonington are growing rich out of the whale fishery. Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut, furnishes sea captains for the London and Liverpool packets, and seamon to man their yards. Sailing up that river, now filled with seines for shad, von pa a quarry of free stones. Then you enter a shop, a branch of a large establishment located in Meridan, which monopolizes the whole business of manufacturing ivory. Here you find ivory combs, piano forte keys, umbrolla tips, dice, and all kinds of prnamental work made

of the clophant's tusks. Then you need not smile at a veritable establishment for making patent inkstands, employing thirty men .-Next you will find a shop turning axe-helves; next a screw factory. Then you will pass, on the bank of the river, another quarry, a rich vein of gneiss, splitting about as redily as chestnut timber, a vein about twenty ods wide, from whence have been sent vast quantities of Indias. And then another quarry of red sandstone,

employing three hundred Irishmen and their overseers. I had almost forgotten a whole town, made rich by the manufacture of all kinds of bells, such as sleigh, horse, clock, and cow bells. In this city, it is no easy task to tell what is manufactured, except coaches, clocks, intelstruck me about her was unlikeness to the rest of the lect, theology, law, and physic. Fairhaven furnishes the

with oysters. Waterbury, with almost four thousand inhabitants, make buttons, brass wire, and pine by the ton. And then there is Burmingham and Ansonia, two contiguous vilpractised to achieve this, and strange to say, when asked them, a large establishment making augers, chisels, and the like. Thence you will pass westward into the north rart of Fairfield county, and here you form acquaintance

> Isoratur—Is the title of another original system of medical cure, which, it seems, has lately made its apnearance in Paris from Germany. It consists in applying upon the affectued organ the same organ taken from affected, a bullock's liver or heart is applied over the diseased spot, if the hearing be defective, isopathy will may seem strange, and yet this is the system now admade of it in Germany, and, as at Paris, there is a crowd of adventurers in every profession, in search of new realize by received methods. We can number several Parisian dectors who have already declared themselves

Dobbe, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should be on 'tracing paper,' and wedding notices on