

THE HERALD OBSERVER.

VOLUME 19.

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

NUMBER 32.

POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

There must be Something Wrong.

When earth produces free and fair,
The golden waving corn;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are seen;
While thousands move with aching head,
And sing the ceaseless song,
"We starve, we die, oh give us bread!"
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll,
From out the fruitful soil,
When luxury from pole to pole
Reaps fruit of human toil,
When from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
The others only gaze the none—
There must be something wrong.

And when production never ceases,
The earth is yielding ever;
A copious harvest of begins,
But distribution—never!
When millions work to fill
The wealthy coffers strong,
When hands are cradled that work and till,
There must be something wrong.

When honest poor men's tables waste
To barrenness and drought,
There must be something in the way,
That's worth the finding out.
With surplus one great table lends,
While numbers move along,
And scarce a crust their board extends—
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor,
Let freedom crush the arm of might,
We ask for nothing more;
Until this system is begun,
The burden of our song
Must be this one, this only one—
There must be something wrong.

The Boy-Lover's Revenge.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

A young man—beautiful and daring, with dark, flashing eyes, a haughty brow, and a form slight and graceful—with white, womanly brow, caressed by soft, rich masses of chestnut ringlets, and a cheek dimpled and tinted like a girl's—with a rare mingling of pride and softness over the demure, thought that softness was now lost in excitement—was scolding his fiery steed through the avenue leading up to a venerable but proudly-reared mansion, that looked out with a shadowed face through a gap of fine elms, whose giant arms were extended as if to embrace it.

The hand that grasped the tightly drawn rein was small and white, and the slender form of the rider was clad in an elegant but quaint and youthful style. He wore his velvet cap leisurely drooping to one side, and thick, shining curls tumbled under his brim down upon his embroidered collar and waved back from his under throat.

A lady stood in the arched doorway of the old mansion, in her gothic architecture heavy masses of roses and geraniums had clambered, putting out their blossoms in all bright profusion, to catch the stray gleams of sunlight that came quivering down through the waving arms of the elms. The eyes of the lady followed every expression of pride and tenderness, such as a mother's face might wear, when gazing upon so bright and beautiful a child as the one who, in the glory and freshness of his young manhood, rode fearlessly and gracefully his spirited steed up and down the broad avenue.

Wary, at length, with his exciting exercise, he leapt from the saddle, and throwing the reins to his attendant groom, he came with a proud step and gay smile to the side of the lady who had observed his feats with such attention.

"Did I not frighten the light from your ladyship's eyes by my wonderful performance?" he said, with much vanity. "Ah! no—not that you burn brighter than ever by admiration of my skill. Now, if you were but a young maiden, this risk of my precious neck would have had me for the venture. Dear! dear! how one's wits are sometimes cast away!"

"Oh! yes? of course—I understand you," replied the lady. "Your mother might be ever so fresh and charming, but you prefer deepening the roses on the young cheek of Clara Sutherland."

As his mother spoke this name, with her smiling and glowing glance bent upon the face of the youth, a deep blush suffused his white forehead, and his eyes dropped sickly beneath her gaze.

"Oh! mother!" he said, quickly, "let us go to the library, we will have a glorious view of this sunset—it is so beautiful—it is magnificent!"

He took his mother's hand, and drew her away through the great, dim hall, and into the apartment he mentioned.

The sunset was indeed beautiful, and as the gorgeous tints grew richer and deeper through the heavy curtain, warm, rich glow fell over the glittering array of costly bronzes and illuminated parchments, and luxurious furnishings. He put aside the curtain, and the fresh air stirred the half-hung among its yielding cushions, while the boy walked at her feet, resting his bright head against the side of her velvet dress. Her hand lay softly upon his forehead, and amid his thick ringlets, while the other yet clasped and clasped tenderly around her boy's.

They were both of them beautiful—mother and son. She was a sweet, calm, majestic loveliness; accentuated the bright, delicate mouth—calm in the clear, lovely eyes—majestic upon the high, proud forehead, yet so bright and pure as a maiden's. There was a tender sweetness in her smile, and a pensive grace in all her features. And this softened sadness over her demeanor was indescribably winning and soothing.

The proud, large eyes of the boy were bent in deep contemplation upon the gorgeous heap of crimson and gold stuffs hung up into graceful canopies and curtains over the couch of the descending sun. The sweet smile of his father rested upon his beautiful face. He was like his father—and though there was dust upon the steps of his brow, yet a young and glorious image of the boy who was found in the features of her boy. The dark look of waving ringlets—the white, intellectual forehead—the laughing and proud, impassioned eye—the feminine bright mouth—tears, mournful tears, dimmed the bright eyes and quivered upon her drooping lids. And she did not feel it, so lost was he in his own deep thoughts.

"With its shadowy robe, except in through the curtains, and the invisible breeze began to murmur its soft lullaby," but the boy and the lady stirred not.

"Mother!" replied the youth, starting half up from his couch, "I feel as if I were sinking again into slumber."

"Mother!" he spoke again, after a few moments had passed, "you know that I have always confided every thing to you—you have been so very good to me—tell me, do you think—"

He hesitated, and though the dim light concealed his features, she felt the hand which lay in her trembling arm.

"What is it, Ralph? dear Ralph!"

"Do you think Clara Sutherland loves me, mother—do you think she can love me?" answer, mother?"

The tones of the boy were quivering and husky, and in the twilight had not been so deep, he might have seen that the face of his parent grew pale at his earnestness. It was an effort for her to speak in her usual clear tone.

"I hardly know how to answer you, my child. You know you are so very young—only sixteen—and Clara is—"

The brow of the youth grew burning beneath her hand, and starting from her touch, he said, proudly and passionately:

"I know it, mother—I know I am but a child in years—but have I not a heart as mighty, a soul as earnest, a thousand times more true and capable of loving, than any of the brainless fops that flutter around Clara? Has she not smiled on me—caressed me—encouraged me more than any other? Does she not know that I love her—worship her—willingly, wholly, devotedly? I do not think it possible that she is trifling with me—it is not her nature to be so cruel—I would annihilate her if I thought so for a moment. Mother! mother! say that you think she loves me—tell me so, in mercy, mother!"

"I trust she does, Ralph; I will pray that she may; but do not be so excited—do not love her so entirely—if you should be disappointed, where would your strength be?"

"Disappointed! I cannot realize it—it would kill me at once! She is so beautiful, so bright, so winning—she bewilders me with her radiant smile—her lowest tones thrills me—I never can love another."

"Oh! Ralph! I tremble for your happiness—would to Heaven you had given your affection to Nellie—she is nearer your age, and she would never trifle with you."

"And do you think Clara would trifle with my mad love? I believe you are playing with me, mother."

"You have forgotten yourself, Ralph; I hope she would not—why not at once and see? if she has encouraged you she should be ready to answer you—go now, and ask her, and God bless you, my child!"

"I will go!" and taking his velvet cap from the carpet, Ralph Elliott turned away.

Perhaps for an hour, the lady still sat where he had left her, and then, with a deep sigh she arose, and ringing for a light, took the small silver lamp from the hand of the servant, and went to her chamber with a heavy step.

The jewels were laid aside from her hair, and the rich robe from her form, and with her dark hair unbound and the folds of her muslin night-dress falling gracefully around her, she knelt in her still apartment and prayed for the happiness of her darling. As she arose in calm, sweet beauty from her evening petition, there was a slight rap at the door, and a young girl put her fair face into the room.

"Come in, Nellie," said the lady.

The maiden bounded into the room with a light step. She was a sweet young creature of fifteen, with a beautiful face, an eloquent smile, an exquisite form, and a low, sweet voice.

"May I sleep with you to-night, aunt?" she said, coaxingly, kissing the lady's cheek and looking up smilingly into her eyes.

"Yes, darling! willingly."

She put back her golden curls under a demure little cap and crept under the silken counterpane, and a pleasant slumber folded its wings and sat upon the close eyes of the gentle aunt, who, by the repeating of the words, "The hours passed by, and the glow of the midnight gold watch upon the soft light of the night-lamp, the curtains of the couch were partly drawn aside, and the lamp revealed the white arms of Nellie thrown up like a pillow, and while the cheek resting upon it grew a little rosier and dimpled with a smile, she murmured—

"Ralph!"

Started by her own voice, she awoke with a blush, and nestling closer to the pillow she would have dreamed again, but that just then she heard the deep breath of Ralph passing through the hall and passing at the door. Frightened and blushing, Nellie hid her sweet face in the counterpane, while the boy entered, and approaching the bed, sank down on his knees beside it.

"Mother!" burst from his lips in agony.

The lady started from her slumber, and looked into the white face of her boy. There was no childishness nor softness in his appearance then, for the terrible emotion pictured upon his features betrayed mightier feelings than one would think so young a heart could contain.

"Mother—mother!" he murmured in a heart-breaking whisper. "Clara has shocked me—my father's crushed!"

"Oh! my boy—my poor boy! Heaven support thee in thy anguish! I felt it—I knew it would be thus! Why did you love that cold, false, beautiful girl, my poor Ralph?"

"Kill me mother—kill me with pity! but do not speak her name—never! I thought I could be proud and resentful, mother, at least till I hurried from her sight; but I had no pride—no reproach—no anger—only agony! my life is dark!"

"Oh, Ralph!" sobbed the weeping woman, drawing his head to her bosom and laying her tearful cheek upon his tingles.

"Do not mourn for me, mother," said the boy, in a low, touching tone, heavy with suppressed suffering—"Take away your loving arms now; I must go."

"Go where, Ralph? not away from the house? you had better try and sleep," said the alarmed mother, fearful of the wild mood of her boy.

"Sleep! I shall hardly sleep to-night," said the boy, bitterly; "but I shall not go far—I will seek the garden—perhaps the cold air will soothe my hot brow—my poor brain burns so!" and the wretched youth turned away.

Very early the next morning Nellie stole from the side of her aunt, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and, donning her rose-colored morning-dress and a light shawl, descended to the garden. Her cheek had lost its bright dimples, and as white as snow—her long lips quivered, and tears dropped quick from the silken lashes veiling her and, soft eyes. Nellie had heard the boy and his mother on the night before, and a third heart had been burdened with suffering.

With a slow step, she passed through the dewy walks, heedless of the perfumed roses and dropping buds, and warbling birds hovering around her path.

"My poor dear Ralph," she murmured, "would that you could have loved your own Nellie—then you would never have been so very miserable. No, not you could not love me—I was not so beautiful, so proud, so fascinating—ah! nor so false and cruel. He said his heart was broken—I am sure mine is; but it has been my destiny to have sorrow—a poor, orphan girl, with no relatives, no friend but her whom I call aunt. It was only a sad fate, after all, that brought me to this beautiful home and surrounded me with luxury—for does not everything, that once was bright, seem dark and desolate? Oh! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!"

There was a spring at the foot of the garden, whose waters were like a young maiden's soul, pure and deep, and bright and beautiful; and the little spring was bordered in flowers and moss, and a huge old tree bent over it tenderly, reaching out its strong arms to shadow and protect it. Toward this lovely spot the foot of the young mourner wandered; but when she had passed the vine-clad summer-house, and came in view of it, she stood suddenly still, with a low, horrified scream, her hands clasped together, and her face deadly pale.

Close beside the spring, with his pale face pressed up on the bright flowers growing on its margin, with the night-damp heavy on his beautiful hair, motionless and silent, lay the form of Ralph Elliott.

Nellie thought that he was dead. For a few moments she stood gazing upon him in pallid terror; then springing to his side, she sank down upon the grass, and lifting his head to her bosom she smoothed back the curls from his marble forehead and covered his cold face with agonized kisses.

"Clara Sutherland—cruel, mocking fiend!—you have killed him—killed my beautiful, proud cousin—broken his mother's heart—darkened the soul of his Nellie! Speak to me, Ralph—look on me once more!"

She dipped her trembling hand into the spring and dashed the cold water in his face; then she clasped his cold hands, looking all the time with wild suspense into his countenance.

"Oh, Ralph! you live!" she gasped, as the lashes on his white cheek trembled, and his lips parted for breath.

"Is it you, Nellie?" he said faintly, as his eyes opened and rested on her tearful face, "I was ill last night, and when I bent over the spring to bathe my burning forehead I grew dizzy and fainted. Oh, Nellie, my sweet cousin, I can never tell you what dreadful suffering I endured—you could not dream of it!"

He closed his eyes again, and a low moan struggled up from his breast. Hot tears fell on his forehead from the pale lids of the young girl.

"I know all about it, Ralph," she said; "I could wish that proud girl for her heartlessness. If she mocked at your love, why did she send you flowers—why did she caress you—why did she send you to why was poetry and passion forever on her false, bright lip? She knew you was no child, to be played with and petted. Could not I, even your own little Nellie, read your strong soul upon your brow, your heart's eloquence in your eyes? I used to love her because you did—but now I hate her—I would not brook her touch, her presence!"

"Be still, Nellie, Nellie," moaned the boy, as a bright flash of fever shot up into his pale cheek. "I was mad, I was presumptuous, I was wild, to think, for an instant that Clara Sutherland—the beautiful, the admired, the passionate being—could ever love me—me, a child, a foolish, proud, impetuous boy."

"You shall not speak so, Ralph Elliott!" said the sweet young creature, whose gentle heart, forgetful of its own sorrow, was bursting with sympathy for her cousin, and indignation of the wren wiles of the one he loved.

"She knew that your soul was mighty—she delighted to play with your most sacred feelings—she meant that you should be a sacrifice to her vanity! Be proud, be cold, be smiling and scornful, Ralph, and prove to her that she did not triumph; humble her complacency—do not let her see the anguish she inflicted with her."

"I do not feel much pride or resentment now, Nellie. This fever, that burns through my veins bewilders me; I am dizzy, I am ill; I cannot see your kind face, cousin; it is growing so strange and dark in the air. Won't you call mother, Nellie?—do call mother!"

The pleading eyes of the boy grew bright and wild—his suffering and exposure to the night air had been too much for his slight frame; he was delirious with fever.

The young girl removed his head from her bosom, and, laying it tenderly down upon the earth, where she had placed it, she knelt upon the grass, and with clasped feet, to seek assistance.

CLARA SUTHERLAND was binding the diamonds in her hair, which completed her magnificent attire for a ball. "The toilet had done its utmost to make her rare beauty bewilderling, and none could tell what brilliant and voluptuous loveliness was the freshness of twenty, or the fullness of thirty-six summers.

Very young she was not; but if time had impaired a single charm, art had renewed it, and touched it with a brighter gloss. Her hair was black as night and folded in superb braids—heavy and glossy and sprayed with diamonds—in a shining crown around the beautifully-formed head, set with such matchless grace upon her ivory neck. Her brow was smooth and high and haughty; her eyes dark and smiling and flashing with gaiety, or melting in irresistible sweetness; her mouth, small and bright and persuasive, with a red, eloquent lip, curling into scorn or pursuing into siren smiles. Lip and eye and brow and cheek were capable of being melted into the most passionate and bewildering sweetness. It was little wonder that the impulsive heart and poetic fancy of the boy of sixteen were bewildered and enchanted by her caress and flattering attentions. And she—oh! it was something fanciful and charming to be the object of the fervid devotion of a boy, a more child—and she would laugh at him when the affair grew serious, and cure his fever by wounding his vanity.

As Clara drew on her gloves and surveyed herself admiringly in the large mirror, she murmured to herself:

"They say Ralph Elliott is ill—dangerously ill. I wonder if I am the cause of his illness? Pah!—a mere child! First love—sensation—sentimentality! I regret a little, though, that I petted him so much. Do you think any one could die of love for you, Clara Sutherland?" And she smiled at the image in the mirror.

"Come with me, beautiful siren, if you would have your question answered; come with me, and your heart shall tell you whether you can murder a bright and gifted being with the cruelty of your artful loveliness! Come!—I would have you see him die!"

It was the voice of Nellie Elliott that spoke; and, as the startled Clara turned, she stood by her side. It was a wild thought—the sudden impulse of an excited and breaking heart—that had sent her from the death-bed of her cousin to summon his destroyer to witness the fullness of her triumph. Her cheek was pale, her hand partly uplifted, her form dilated in its slender might. She wore no shawl; her bright ringlets floated uncorrected around her white face.

"You shall come!" she continued, grasping the arm of Clara with her small, cold hands.

Clara's lip grew a shade less bright at the impassioned manner of the young creature, whose bitter sense of wrong and heartlessness had sent her there to command that proud being to obey; but she smiled coldly, and answered in a careless tone:

"Are you not a little rude this evening, Miss Nellie? I am engaged, to-night, for quite another affair; but I have an hour to spare, and if any one is dying and wishes to see me, I will go. My sense of duty leads me to regard the feeling of a dying friend. Who is ill?"

The lip of the young girl curled with an expression of such infinite scorn that it stung Clara's evening breast.

"Come and see," she said, hastily; "do not wait for my shawl; moments are precious!" and she almost dragged the glowering coquette from the apartment.

There was no sound in the sick chamber. The cries of the fever had passed, and, apparently dying, Ralph Elliott lay upon his couch. His eyes were closed, his face was ashen, and his form motionless; one could not tell that he breathed.

The doctor sat at the foot of the couch, with a tear in his kind eyes. The mother knelt by the side of the bed, with her face hid in its folds, and her hand clasping her son's. There was no sob or moan, but absorbed in her still, deep grief, she did not even know that Nellie had left the room.

Suddenly the door opened, and the young girl reappeared, and behind her came Clara Sutherland. The bright attire and jeweled tresses and rosy cheeks of the beautiful girl stepped mockingly out of place in that

dim, and apart, amid pale faces and dishevelled locks. She approached the bed with a trembling step, and, for a moment, the pallor of her countenance made the false crimson of her cheek seem strangely feverish and unnatural. The physician thought that she would faint with the sudden emotion caused by this strange intrusion on so solemn a scene, and would have sprung to her side to prevent her falling; but she recovered almost instantly, and stood, with a cold, proud look, regarding the still features of the dying.

Although the mother raised her face from the couch, and as her eyes fell on the form of Clara, a moan of helpless anguish came from her lips, and she murmured, in a low, reproachful tone, fraught with suffering:

"Why have you come now, Clara Sutherland, with that beautiful, mocking face, to smile at the death of your victim? Have you no respect for the anguish of a mother's heart?"

"I came because I was commanded," was the cold reply. "Your niece insisted on my presence here—for what reason I do not understand; unless your son, numbering me among his friends, has sent for me to bid him farewell. But if my presence is not pleasant, I will willingly withdraw, having an engagement of a more lively nature."

At the sound of Clara's voice, a slight shudder passed over the frame of the boy; his brow contracted, and his lips parted, as if with an effort to speak.

"Mocker!" burst from the lips of Nellie, "away! away! I deemed that this scene might influence your fortune; might prevent the sacrifice of others at the altar of your vanity! But I mistake you—I pray you to leave us—your presence is burdensome!"

The dark eyes of the haughty girl flashed fire—in her passion, she forgot the sacredness of the scene.

"Did you bring me here to insult me, Miss Elliott?—Verily, I am well repaid for my charity! And you, madam—it is very natural that you should love your child; but I am too sensitive to ridicule, and too well aware of my power to make a better choice, than to well wear a little boy, smooth, that he desired it."

A gasp quivered over the lip of the invalid; and the doctor arose, and taking the arm of the excited girl, led her from the room.

The face of the boy was yet more pale, when the three gathered again around the bed.

But Ralph Elliott did not die.

Five times the roses that clambered over the gothic arches of the Elliott mansion, had covered its walls with bright blossoms, and laded the air with sweet perfume—five times the violets had peeped up from the earth and looked timidly down into the mirror of the spring, while making their new-year toilet—since the time that Ralph rose up from his bed of sickness.

The roses were still blossoming on the wall, and the violets drooping by the spring; and the soft, warm air was full of dreamy murmurs and quivering shadows from the old elm trees, whose new, green leaves were waving in the glow of sunset, as Nellie passed down through the mossy walks of the garden, to her favorite seat beneath the tree that bent over the spring. Her pretty hand was busy, as she passed along, pushing aside the branches of the rose-bushes that skirted the path, and gathering all the fresh buds that had nestled in the shade with the dew, her basket.

By the time she had reached the tree, her basket was brimming with fragrant treasures in a glowing wreath. Scarcely had she stepped down from the tree, as she completed her fairy task. Were the roses and the violets any less bright that year than they had been five summers before? Certainly not. Neither was Nellie, darling little Nellie, any more faded, any less bright—she was only an hundred times more beautiful—she was more womanly—her tresses were darker, her eyes deeper, her brow more holy, her smile more eloquent, her voice more thrilling. Ralph had been gone all this time—he was far away in another clime, winning fame by his passionate muse, and weaving a wreath of laurel over the ashes of the passion-flowers that had burnt upon his young brow. And to Nellie it had been left to comfort and bless, with her bright presence, the lonely heart of Ralph's mother—that gentle woman, who had taken the friendless orphan under her roof, and given her a name and a home and kindness. What if Nellie was somewhat sad, and wept over the darkness of an unreturned affection? Her heart was naturally all sunshine, and the tears of her sorrow sparkled like gems in the light of her spirit—it was enough for her to be pure and faithful, and keep the jewels of her soul bright and beautiful, if him she loved should ever learn their worth and seek for them.

They were expecting Ralph home that very evening—and no wonder the crimson on Nellie's cheek was so deep, as she placed the wreath upon her tresses, and went about the little spring to mark the object. Oh! it was beautiful—those cool, green leaves kissing her fair forehead, and those bright buds nestling among her curls—and all drooping so prettily to one side of her lovely head.

"Nellie!"

The young girl sprang to her feet. Cousin Ralph was before her—not the bright, beautiful, dazing boy of days gone by—but a pale, intellectual and exceedingly handsome man, with proud, gloomy eyes, manly form, and calm, polished demeanor. Nellie forgot to speak, or even to extend her little hand in welcome; and Ralph too, was silent for a moment; but his deep eyes were on her face, marking the eloquent color about her cheek, and the quiver of her long, drooping lashes.

"You know we are cousins, don't you, Nellie?" he said, putting his arm around her and drawing her to his bosom.

The young girl looked up to answer him, and met his warm lips quivering over her forehead.

"I have thought of you, dear Nellie," he said, "for the last two years that I have been gone—I have read your sweet letters—I have pictured your loveliness—and I have come home to tell you how well I have learned to love you. You know all about my past folly—tell me, then, if you have not forgotten me—if you love me even as well as you did once. What will you not say a word, Nellie—look up then, let me read your eyes."

Those eyes were brim-full of eloquent tears when she raised them up; and Ralph was a poet and knew what they meant. So he pressed her closer to his bosom, and thrilled her ear with whispered blessings and low words of tenderness till the tears were dried on her glowing cheek.

"Ralph—Ralph Elliott!" exclaimed Clara Sutherland, as she sank at his feet where he sat in the dim, pleasant library, "have I forfeited every claim to your affection—do you bear no more the love you once professed me?—I know it is not womanly for me to seek you thus—but if you knew how bitterly I have repented the refusal of your passion, you would pity me, and give again what I so foolishly slighted. Is it not proof enough of my love, that I scorned all others and waited patiently five years for your return? I by the suffering you once endured, by the love you once gave to me, tell me if you will go mine?—I am at your feet!"

A pleading smile was on the face of the passionate woman, her dark eyes were lifted up with a soft, imploring, eloquent look to his face, her voluptuous form was bowed down before him—but the color of her cheek did not change, his pulse did not beat one throbb faster—she could read no expression of love or scorn upon his face. With burning and passionate fervor she again pleaded

for the affection she had once mocked at; but the hand she had clasped to her bosom gave neither feverish nor cold. It was a desperate game she played—she had scorned her admirer—crushed the heart that knelt at her shrine—and now when her beauty was fading, her charms uncorrected, she had sought the foot of the boy who had treated with ridicule, in the vain hope that she still held his affections, and her own heart half wild with his glorious beauty and his rare gifts.

"You shall be answered in one moment," was the calm reply of Ralph, as she ceased her passionate story of love—and putting away her hands which clasped his hands, he left the apartment. In a moment he returned, with Nellie, bright, and beautiful and happy by his side. The eyes of the two rivals met in wonder.

"Nellie, my sweet wife, tell Clara Sutherland whether I dare love her," said Ralph, smiling mockingly upon the unhappy woman, who uttered a low shriek of disappointment, mortification and anger; and after being brought out of the fainting fit into which she fell, made a very undignified retreat from the scene.

The boy never had an innocent revenge.

A THOUGHT FOR WINTER.

A beautiful harvest has filled our barns with grain, and Autumn has shed its rich fruits upon us in profusion.—All the productions of the earth, which this season has so plentifully repaid the labors of the husbandman, are gathered and garnered. Already stern Winter is upon us with his frost, snow and biting winds, and while we sit by the blazing hearth, listening to the storm, or wrapped in wool and fur, dare the cold without, let us remember there are those about us, upon whose unprotected bodies that storm and cold fall in all their violence. Let him who rises from the table where his inner man has been comforted, think of the many who are at that moment suffering from the gnawings of hunger. These are the thoughts which must enter the minds of every one, in whom is a spark of humanity. But let not the thought pass unheeded, or turn into a selfish congratulation of your fortune. Look about among your neighbors on whom the blessings of Providence have not been bestowed with so liberal a hand. See if there is not some one whom you can bless, by the bounty it is in your power to distribute. Is there no family, whose supporter has been prostrated by the hand of disease from providing against the approach of winter; where you can shed gladness by a few baskets of potatoes or a bag of grain, that will never be missed from your full barns? A load of wood or coal, a joint of meat when your fattest pig is killed may give comfort and support to some neighbor and make you no poorer. There are innumerable little charities each of us may dispense. Give then, and with no niggard hand.—God has not given us abundance to waste in extravagance, or hoard in avarice; but that we may meet out kindness to others as he has to us.

But give not in an arrogant spirit that makes the recipient feel the dependence. Give as friend gives to a friend, and the sense of your kindness will come with double force. Many refuse charity when tendered in an improper manner, while they are in want; but for a relic of a feeling of pride in every man's bosom which revolts at the assumption of superiority. Give then in thankfulness, that you are able to give. There is much good in small things, and the loaf of bread you give to the starving stranger, may give him the means of earning his daily bread to relieve the suffering. The time may come when yourself will need the charities of the more fortunate. There is a pleasure in being able to give to the poor, an inward consciousness of right that warms the heart and cherishes the better feelings of our nature. The smallest act of charity comes back upon the giver and makes his spirit lighter. It is the true nature of man to be benevolent.

The poorest poor for some moments in a year, life. When they know and feel that they have been thought of, themselves, the fathers and the deserted—Of some small blessings; have been kind to such. As needed kindness, for the single cause, That we have all of us one human heart."

MARRIED LIFE.—The following beautiful sentiments are from the pen of the charming Fridrika Bremer, whose observations might well become the rules of life, so appropriate are they to many of its phases:

Deceive no one another in small things nor in great things. One little single lie has before now disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not your arms together and act idle. Laziness is the Devil's cushion." Do not run much from your home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friend, begins like a snow wreath. And why? Because the married pair, neglect to be as well pleased with each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Layish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrows, and its day after to-morrow, too. "Spare" as we may say "fuel for the winter." Consider my daughter what the world's distresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic fairy; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; he must be able to trust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being is in her hand. Think of this! And you, my faithful hands and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's forebodings more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to win the treasure of a good child has been given. But a woman's occupations, and pleasures carry him around, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be mingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish his father's roof for one of his own, while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy life. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality; the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those harmless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love—Ladies' Dollar Newspaper.

There is a debating club in Waterville, Me., which for three successive nights has had under consideration the following question:—"Can an upright man be a downright honest fellow?" The subject was most vigorously debated, but neither and ingenious were the reasons on both sides, that there was a tie vote. They will next discuss the following:—"When a house is burnt up, is it burnt down?" Here's a chance for hair-splitting and nice distinctions! We hope, however, that the speakers will give metaphysics to the winds, and be right up and down in the matter.

THE UNSOLD LANDS.
BY A. J. BROWN.

The United States claim to own more than 1,000,000,000 acres of unsettled lands.—Senae Doc. 406, sixteenth Congress, last Session.

A billion acres of unsold land
Are lying in grievous death;
And millions in the image of God
Are starving all over the earth!
Oh! tell me ye sons of America,
How much more souls are worth:

Ten hundred millions of acres good,
That never knew a plow—
And a million of souls in our goodly land,
Are pining in want I trow!
And orphans crying for bread this day,
And widows in misery low!

To whom do these acres of land belong?
And why do they thriveless lie?
And why is the widow's lament heard?
And why the orphan's cry?
And why are the poor-house and prison full,
And the gallows tree built high?

Those million of acres belong to Man
And his children—that he needs!
And his title is signed by the great God—
Our God, who the raven feeds,
And the starving soul of each famished man,
At the throne of Justice pleads.

'Tis not need, 'tis a happy time,
Whose hearts as rocks are cold—
But the time shall come when the hat of God
In thunder shall be told!
For the voice of the great I AM hath said
That the land shall not be sold."

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.
A TRUE STORY.

I was on my way to F——, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first full month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N——.

There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertion to move him on.

I determined to gratify him, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger.

In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my mind. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers; for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonely, and, if it were not for the attentions of the superstitious, I, too, for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; her hours flew so quickly that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck once; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one descending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase, the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized a pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the steps stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the key-hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person who slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed-chamber.

I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door; mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound and awaited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own voice. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber through the half-opened door; I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtains victim to a midnight assassin, and he, gracious heaven! a woman! for at that moment the tall, fierce looking black approached the bed, and near her was Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented—at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart thrilled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to return. He started, and, thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and deemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh, do not murder me—take all—you cannot, will not kill me!"

The servants now rushed in—all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a runaway slave from Virginia. I had the providential opportunity of securing one from the worst of fates, who in after years, called me husband, and related to our children his miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.

ERECT ONE FOR HUSBAND.—As the passengers of a stage were about to dine at the Stage House, one of the guests took the pepper box from a table, and neatly sifted it over a fine piece of roasted beef. A French gentleman observing it, deliberately took his snuff box from his pocket, and besprinkled its contents likewise over the same piece of beef.

"Why, my friend, say you love de pepper, will you do so?" The table was thrown a little out, and willingly consented to commit their roast beef for the amusement the manner of its loss occasioned,