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Helect Poetry.

AUTUMN WINDS.

'Tis now the period of the pausing year, When pensive contemplation loves, alone, In the dim woods to wander, and to hear The melancholy music, and the moan Of Autumn winds, in many a mournful tone, Singing the dirge of the departed time, When the fair May-queen, from her flowery throne Flung charms o'er nature's solitude sublime And every living thing leap'd forth in life's gay prime

The tongue of time is in each falling leaf, His footstep in the woodland lone I see; The solitary song of winds, tho' brief.
A tale of ruin tells, proud man, to thee; Of beauty blasted in the grave, to be The wreek of all that thou hast rear'd in pride; When o'er thy relies, sad and silently, Lone desolation shall in gloom preside:

Whilst ever beats creation's pulse, and rolls time's dark I love the, Autumn, for thou stand'st alone In all thy gloomy grandeur, like some vast Old castle, in decay, whose glory 's gone-A mouldering memento of the past: I love to listen to thy mournful blast, sounding like music in those ancient halls. Or like the voice of burled years, when cast From those lonely, crambling, time-worn walls, On which time's silent, solitary footstep falls.

I love to linger in some lonely spot, When mystic Autumn's winds are howling that The desolate forest and deserted cot. Like savage wolves, when they their prey pursue; And fancy shrinks from the terific view, Of the lone sea-boy, on the boundless main, Toss'd on a plank, and shricking his adicu

To friends and home he ne'er shall see again; While round him, touring, roll the ocean's billows blue. Oh! it were sweet in some dim cloistered isle, Crumbling away, to wander silently; And listen to the low winds there awhile, Like spirits in Valhalla's halls of glee, Mingling in their mysterious revelry;

Or in some shady grove, with flowers o'ergrown, To eatch the gentle breeze that, with a free And fragrant breath, speaks with a tender tone Of blissful moments in the past forever gone! But, Autumn, with a melancholy voice Thou speakest to the soul of man, of all That bids his heart to grieve or to rejoice.

For there's a lesson in thy leaves that fall: A sermon in thy sadness, that doth call His spirit to repentance—for in thee A thousand emblems of his destiny, To warn him of the present and futurity.

Choire Misrellann.

THE STEP-MOTHER

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The villagers of N-well remember the sad morning when the bell tolled for the death of Emma, the once beautiful, lovely, and beloved wife of Judge Allston .-Many a face was shadowed, many a heart was in mourning on that day; for she who had gone so early to her rest, had endeared herself to many by her goodness, gontleness, and the beauty of her blameless life. She had been declining for a long time, and yet she seemed to have died suddenly at last, so difficult, so almost impossible it was for those who leved her to prepare their hearts for that fearful bereavement, that immeasurable loss.

Mrs. Allston left four children-Isabel, the eldest, an

Judge Allston was a man of naturally strong and quick mistaken for hanteur and insensibility. He was along with his wife when she died. Isabel, wearied with long watching, hall lain down for a little rest, and was sleeping with the children-and the mother, even in that hour, tenderly caring for them, would not that they should spirit seemed torn painfully from its human tenementity. Yet he, the husband and lover, preserved his calmness through all; and when the last painful breath had been panted out on the still air of midnight, he laid the dear head he had been supporting against his breast. head and still lips of the love of his youth, and then summoning an attendant, turned away and sought his room. where alone, and in darkness, he wrestled with the anmother, already clad in the garments of the grave.-There too he was calm-holding the fainting Isabel in Emma and Frank. He was never seen to weep until the first earth fell upon the coffin, and then he covered up his face and sobbed aloud.

singing of her daughter, and the laughter of her children gracefully." would come to her, when she lay, with her favorite flowbuilding their nests above her in the vines.

would be a mother to the babe, who had almost felt the all night!" bosom which had been its first resting-place, grow cold against its little cheek, and hard and insensible to its able you will like her very much; I hear that she is a "waxen touches;" now that the voice which had hushed very beautiful woman." it to its first slumbers had sunk low, faltered and grown still forever, and the kind eyes which first shown over darkened and gone out in death.

After this, it was, indeed, beautiful to see Isabel in her home. There she seemed to live many lives in one .-She superintended all domestic affairs and household arrangements with admirable courage and judgment Her become from an exceedingly small, fragile infant, a well- the young wife of her futher.

call landel. Though rather imperious and rebellious to- in her lap, began to cry very bitterly and despairingly .- | voice. She opined the door hastily, and there sat little ding and falling of the loaf, with the dying of the flowers, wards others, he yielded to a word from her, at any time. At evening, she could summon him from the wildest play, to prepare him for his bath and bed, and afterward would twine his little arms about her neck, and cover her checks, lips, and forchead with his good-night kisses, then drop his sunny head on her shoulder, and fall asleep, often with one of her glossy ringlets twined about his small, rosy fingers. At the very break of day, the little fellow would be awake-striding over poor Isabel, as she valuly strove for one hour's brief, delicious doze-

pulling at her long, black eyelashes and peoping under the drowsy lids, or shouting into her half-dreaming cars

his vociferous "good morning!" And Frank and Emma found over in their sister nother ready sympathy, patient sweetness, and the most affectionate counsel. They were never left to feel the crushing neglect, the loneliness and desolation of orphanage; and they were happy and affectionate in return for all dear Isabel's goodness and faithfulness. Yet were they never taught to forget their mother, gone from them -neither to speak of her always with sorrow and solemnity. Her name was often on their young lips, and her name kept green and glowing in their tender hearts .-Her grave, in the garden-arbor-what a dear, familiar place! There sprang the first blue violets of springthere blowed the last pale chrysanthemums of autumnthere seet subbath-hymns and prayers were repeated by childish voices, which struggled up through tears-there, morning after morning, were reverently laid bright, fra grant wroaths, which kept quite fresh till far into the hot ummer-day, on that shaded mound-and there, innumerable times, was the beloved name kissed in sorrowful emotion, by those warm lips, which half shrank as they touched the cold marble, so like her lips when they

Thus passed two years over that bereaved familyover Judge Allston, grown a cheerful man, though one still marked by great reserve of manner-over his noble daughter. Isabel, happy in the prefect preformance of her whole duty-and over the children, the good and beautiful children, whom an angel-mother might have smiled upon from heaven.

ad last kssed them.

It happened that this third summer of his widowhood, Judge Allston spent more time than ever before at the city of S-, the county-seat, and the place where lay most of his professional duties. But it was rumored that there was an unusual attraction in that fown-one apart from, and quite independent of, the claims of business and the pursuits of ambition. It was said that the thoughtful and dignified judge had sometimes been seen walking and riding with a certain tall and slender woman, in

At length, an officious, family-friend came to Isabel, and informed her, without much delicacy or circumlocution, of the prevalent rugners; thus giving her the first inkling of a state of affairs, which must have a serious bearing on her own welfare and happiness-her first inimation that she might soon be called upon to resign her place to a stranger-a step-mother! This had been her secret fear; to guard against the necessity of this, she had struggled with grief and weariness, and manifold discouragements—had labored uncomplainingly, and prayed without ceasing for patience and strength.

Pale and still listened Isabel, while her zealous friend went on, warming momently with her subject; commenting severely on the heartless machinations of "the widow," who, though only a poor music-teacher, had set herself, with her coquettish aris, to ensuare a man of the wealth and station and years of Judge Allston. Isabel was silent; but she writhed at the thought of her father, with all his intellect and knowledge of the world, with them there, becoming the dupe of a vain, designing woman. When "How cool and tellectual, generous-hearted girl of seventeen, not her visiter had left, Isabel flew to her own room, flung beautiful, but thoroughly noble-looking; Frank, a fine herself into a chair, and covering her face with her Let us join them dear Charles," said Mrs. Allston to her boy of twelve; Emma, "the beauty," a child of-seven, hands, wept as she had not wept since the first dark days husband, as they two sat at the pleasant south window and Eddie, the baby, a delicate infant, only about a year of her sorrow. Isabel had grown up with a deep, pe- of their chamber. Judge Allston hesitated a moment, culiar, prejudice against step-mothers; probably from and then said, in a low tone. "That arbor, dear Colicia. knowing that the childhood and girlhood of her own idol- is the place where my Emma lies buried." The young father died. Then it was that my mother, with the equrfeelings, but one who had acquired a remarkable control | ized mother had been cruelly darkened and saddened by over expression, a calmness and reserve of manner often the harshness and injustice of a step-mother; and now, nothing. there were bitterness and sharp pain in the thought that those dear children, for she cared little for herself, must over the house, resigned into her hands the house- and Alfred in college. be subject to the "iron rule" of an unloving and alien

But she soon resolutely calmed down the tumult of be waked. The last struggle was brief, but terrible; the feeling, as she would fain keep her trouble from the children while there still remained a blessed uncertainty .the immortal sont its way forth from imprisoning mortal- Yet she slept little that night, but folded Eddie, her babe, a half-pleading, half-repreachful look, which she found closer and closer to her breast, and wept over him, till his light curls were heavy with her tears.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, while Isabe sat at breakfast with the children, a letter was brought gently down on the pillow-kissed the cold, damp fore- in, directed to her. It was from her father at 8 - . Isabel trembled as she read, and at the last grew very pale and loaned her head on hor hand. As she had feared, that letter contained a brief and dignified announcemen gel of sorrow-wont the swift tears of his anguish, and of the approaching marriage of her futher. There was lacerated his heart with all the vain regrets and wild re- no natural embarrassment exhibited; there was no apolproaches of bereaved affection. But with the coming of logy made for this being the first intimation to his family morning, came serenity and resignation; and then he of an event of so great moment to them; such things led his children into the silent chamber where ley their were not in his way-not in character. He wrote: "Cecilia Weston, whom I have new known nearly two years, and of whom you may have heard me speak, is a noble feeling. his arms, and gently hushing the passionate outcries of woman, the only one I have ever seen whom I consider ered fully competent to fill your dear mother's place .-* * 'We are to have a strictly private wedding, or

Saturday morning next, and will be with you in the Mrs. Allston was not laid in the village church-yard, evening. To you, Isabel, my dear child, I trust I need but was buried, at her own request, within an arbor, at | give no charges to show towards Mrs. Allston, from the the end of the garden. She said it would not seem that first, if not the tenderness and affection of a daughter, she was thrust out from her home, if the light from her the respet and consideration due the wife of your father. own window shown out toward her grave; and that she | This, at least, I shall axact from all my children, if it be half-believed the beloved voice of her husband, and the not, as I forvently hope it will be, given willingly and

When Isabel found strength and voice to read this leters about her, and the birds she had fed and protected tor of her father's aloud, the unexpected intelligence which it contained was received with blank amazemen When the stunning weight of sorrow, its first distrac- and troubled silence. This was first broken by the pas tion and desolation, had been taken from the life and spir- sionate and impetuous little Emma, who exclaimed, with it of Isabel Allston, one clear and noble purpose took | flashing eyes and gleathing tech, "I won't have a new complete possession of her mind. She would fill the mother! I won't have any mother but Isabel. I hate dear place of her mother in the household-she would that Cecilia Weston, and I'll tell her so, the very first the glad embrace which followed, struck the foreboding consolo and care for her poor father-she would love yet thing! I won't let her kiss me, and I won't kiss papa if more tenderly her young brother and sister, and bind up he brings her here. Oh, sister, don't ask her to take off their liruised hearts, so early crushed by affliction-she her things when she comes, and maybe she won't stay

"Hush, hush, darling!" said Isabel, "I think it prob-

"No, I won't like her! I don't believe she is pretty at all; but a cross, ugly old thing, that will scold me and its awaking—the stars of love's heaven—had suddenly beat me, and make me wear frights of dresses, and maybe cut off my curls!"

This last moving picture was quite too much for "Beauty," and she burst into tears, covering her ringletted head all up with her inversed pinafore.

Frank, now a tall, noble-spirited boy of fourteen, was father never missed any of his accustomed comforts, and | calm and manly under these trying circumstances, but her brother and sister were as ever neatly dressed, and expressed a stern resolve, which he clinched by an imwell taught and controlled. But on the babe she lavish- pressive classical eath, never, never to call the unweled most of her attention and loving care. She took him | come stranger "mother." "Mrs. Allston" would be poto her own bed-sho dressed and bathed, and fed him, lite; "Mrs. Allston" would be sufficiently respectful, and and carried him with her in all her walks and rides .- by that name, and that only, would be call her. Isabel And she was soon richly rewarded by seeing little Eddio said nothing, but inwardly resolved thus herself to address

sized, blooming boy, not stout or remarkably vigorous in- During this scene, little Eddie, who only understood deed, but quite healthful and active. The child was enough to perceive that something was wrong, some as she knocked at the door, she heard the sound of sing-

saccharine consolation from the sugar-bowl before her. It was, finally, with saddoned and auxious spirits, the little affectionate family circle broke up that morning.

With the bustle and hurry of necessary preparations he week passed rapidly and brought Saturday evening. when the Allstons, with a few family friends, were awaitng the arrival of the Judgo and his fair bride.

There were not many marks of festivity in the handome drawing-reom; there was somewhat more light. perhaps, and a few more flowers than usual. Isabel, who had never laid off mourning for her mother, were to-night a plain black silk, with a righ lace cape. and with rose-buds in her hair; Emma was dressed in a light blue barege, with her pet curls floating about her

At length rather late in the evening, a carriage was heard coming up the avenue, and soon after Judge Allston entered the drawing-room, with a sleuder lady leaning on his arm. Shrinking from the glare of light, and with her head modestly bowed, Mrs. Allston entered more as a timid and ill-assured guest, than as the newly appointed mistress of that elegant mansion. Isabel alone, but that cordially; made some polite enquiries bride in removing her bonnet and shawl. She then called Emma, who advanced shyly, eyeing the enemy askance. She extended her hand, in a half-defiant manner; but Mrs. Allston, clasping it in both of hers, bont down and kissed her, smiling, as she did so, on the leveliness of her face. The blood shot to the very brow of the child. as she turned quickly and walked to a distant windowsteat, where she sat, and looked out upon the garden. It was a moonlight pight, and she could see the arbor and the gleaming of the white tombstone within, and she wondered sadly if her mother, lying there in the grave. knew about this woman, and was troubled for her chil-

Frank was presented by his father, with much apparent pride, to his young stop-mother, who looked searchingly, though kindly into his handsome, yet serious face. It was some time before Isabel found the opportunity closely to observe the person and manner of her father's bride. Mrs. Allston was, as I have said, tall, but would not have been observedly so, berhaps, except for the extreme delicacy of her figure. She was graceful and gentle in her movements-not absolutely beautiful in face. but very levely, with a most winning smile, and a sort of carnest sadness in the expression of her soft, hazel eyes, which Isabel recognized at once as a spell of deep power; deep mourning, probably a widow, but still young and the spell which had enthralled the heart of her thoughtful and unsusceptible father. She looked about twentyfive, and did not look unsuited to Judge Allston, who,

> and sparkling from his fino, dark eyes, appeared to all for younger and handsomer than usual. Isabel felt that her father was not entirely satisfied with the reception which his wife had mot from his children; but he did not express any dissatisfaction that night or ever after.

> with the glow of happiness lighting up his face.

It was a happy circumstance for Isabel, in her ombarrassed position, that the next day was the Sabbath, as going to church and attending to her household duties absorbed her time and attention; thus preventing any awkward tete-a-tetes with one whose very title of stepmother had arrayed her heart against her in suspicion and letermined, though unconscious, antagonism.

On Sunday afternoon, about the sunset hour, Judge Allston had been went to visit the grave of their mother: but this sabbath evening, I need hardly say, he was not

"How cool and shadowy looks that arbor, at the end wife looked startled and somewhat troubled, but said

On Mouday, Isabel, after showing her step-mother keeper's keys, with all the privileges and dignities of domestic authority.

Day after day went by, and Isabel preserved the same cold, guarded manner toward her step-mother, though she often met those soft, hazel eyes fixed upon her, with it difficult to resist. Frank and Emma still remained shy and distant, and "the baby," constitutionally timid, would scarcely look at the stranger-lady, who sought in an anxious, ill-assured way, to win its loveland confidence. As little Eddie shrank from those delicate, inviting hands, and clung about Isabel, she would clasp him vet closer to her heart, and kiss his bright head with pasionate fondness.

-On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Allston's piano arrived. This was a great event in the family, for Isabel did not play, though she sang very sweetly, and Frank and Emma had both a decided taste for music. Mrs. Allston was gifted with a delicious voice, which she had faithfully cultivated, and she played with both skill and

All the evening sat Judge Allston, gazing proudly and enderly upon the performer, and listening with all his soul. Isabel was charmed in spite of her fears and projudices, and the children were half beside themselves

The next morning, as she came in from her walk, daring music in the parlor, Isabel entered, and found her step-mother, playing and singing the "May Queen," with Emma close at her side, and Frank turning over the leaves of the music. The touching words of the song had already brought tears, and when it was finished. Mrs. Allston suddenly dashed off in a merry waltz, and presently Frank was whirling his protty sister round and round the room, to those wild, exhilerating notes When the play ceased, "Oh, thunk you, mother!" said Emma, going up to Mrs. Allston. In a moment, the step-mother's arms were about the waist, and her lips prossed against the lips of the child. That name, and heart of Isabel. Her eyes involuntarily sought the face of Frank, and she was not displeased to remark the lowring of his brow and the slight curl of his lip.

But the evening of the very next day, Isabel, on entering the parlor, found Frank alone with his beautiful stepmother, sitting on a low ottoman at her side, as she half reclined on the sofa, and leaning his head against her kuee, while her soft, white fingers were threading his wavy, luxuriant hair. Isabel, giving one startled glance at the two, who were chatting pleasantly and familiary logether, crossed the room, sented herself at a table, and took up a book. Presently, Frank rose, and came and stood by her side. She looked up and murmured, with a slightly reproachful smile, "Et tu Bute." The boy olored, and soon after left the room.

Thus the days wore on; Isabel feeling her treasurers wrested one after another from the fond and jealous hold of her heart: sorrowing in secret over her loss, and still pressing her mothers holiest legacy, her child, dear little Eddie, closes and closer to her breast.

One afternoon, when the hour came for their daily through parlor, kitchen and hall, and calling through the your father-Alfred's best, most beloved friend. garden, she sought Mrs. Allston's chamber, from whence 1-25-10-nately foud of his "mamma," as he was taught to trouble browing, ran to his mamma, and hiding his face ing and laughter. "Come in!" said a light inusical many hopes and much love, passing away. With the fa-

But Isabel soon reconciled him to life, by administering traitorous Eddle, in his stop-mother's lap, playing with he died!" her long, auburn ringlets, while she sung him merry sodgs and nursery-thymes. "Eddie!" exclaimed isabel. somewhat sharply "you must come with mamma, and be and she wopt not alone. At longth she continued dressed for a ride!! "No, no," cried the perverse child, "I don't want to ride-I'd rather stay with my pretty

> venced to take him, but he buried his face in his step- was that meek wish-vain were my love and care-vain mother's lap, and screamed, "Go away, go away: I love the constant agonized plon-ling of my soul with the Givthis mamma best—I won't go to ride with you!"

she flung herself upon the turf, and clasped the mound, with that exceeding bitter cry of the orphan, 'Oh, mothand pressed her poor, wounded heart against it, and wept | er, mother!"

"They have all left me!" she cried; "I am robbed of all love, all comfort; I am lonely and desolate, Oh, mother, mothor!!

While thus she lay, sorrowing with all the bitterness of advanced immediately to be presented; offered her hand and looking up, beheld Mrs. Allston standing by her from officious and unwelcome intrusion!"

"Oh, forbear, I entreat!" exclaimed Mrs. Allston, with -you do not know me. I seek to love you, to be loved by you-this is all my sin."

Isabel was softened by those tears, and murmured some half-articulate apology for the passionate feeling which she had exhibited.

"Dear Isabel," said her step-mother, "will you hear my little history, and then judge whether I have erred in assuming the relation which I now bear towards you?" Isabel bowed her head in assent, and Mrs. Allston eated herself in the arbor; but Isabel remained standing. with a firm-set lip and her arms folded.

"I foar," began Cecilia, "that your father has not been s communicative and confidential with you as he should have been. I heard from him this marning, with much or sister." surprise, that he had told you very little concerning me and our first acquaintance. He said that you never semed to wish for his confidence, and he could not thrust it upon you. I know that you must wonder greatly howyour beloved father could choose a woman like mepoor and without station, or high connections."

"No," replied Isabel, coldly; "on the contrary, I wonder most that you, so young and richly endowed by nature, could prefer a man of the years and character of my father. I know not what there is in him for a beautiful woman to fancy."

"Ah, Isabel," said Mrs. Allsten, looking up repreach fully, "I never funcied your father, it is with a worthier deoper, holler feeling that I regard him?"

Isabel sat down on the rustic seat near her step-mo ther, who continued, in a low but fervent tone. "Yos, Isabel; I love your father, dearly love him; he

s the only man I have over loved." "What," exclaimed Isabel; "were you not, then

vidow when you married him!" "Why no, dear. Why did you suppose it?"

"I heard so-at least, I heard that you were in deep mourning.

"That was for my mother," replied Mrs. Allston, with a quivering lip; "yet, until now. I have not been out of mourning for many, many yours. I have seen much iorrow, Isabel,"

The warm-hearted girl drow nearer to her step-mother, who after a brief pause, continued—

"My father who was a lawyer of S , died while I was puite young—a school girl, away from home, already pursuing with ardor the study of music. He left my mother very little besides the house in which she lived. My cality. only brother, Alfred, a noble boy, in whom our best hopes

"She opened a large boarding house in S-I parted from my mother, and dear Alfred, and went with the Ashtons to Georgia. There I remained, year after year, ever toiling cheerfully in the blessed hope of returning North, with the means of restoring my beloved leaves; and on a piece of low ground, thirty or forty rods mother to her former social position, and of freeing her from the river, I soon found, and by the aid of my huntfrom toil and care for the remainder of her days. This ing-knife, procured a small white ash and sugar-maple was the one constant desire of my heart-the one great sapling, eight or ten feet in length, and with these wands purpose of my life. I thought not of pleasure-I cared returned to the acone of action. In order to cut off a renot for distinction, or admiration, or love. I though treat to his den, I approached the snake in his rear.

only of her: my patient, self-sacrificing, angel mother." her stop-mother, who pressed it gently, as she coutin- eight or ten inches, and braudishing his tengue, gave

"Brother Alfred, immediately on leaving college, comfined himself too closely and studied too intensely. His rolled over upon his back, writhed and twisted his whole correspondents will not fail, frequently, to impress the year or two, his health, never vigorous, began to fail .- | be in great anguish. Mother finally wrote to me that she was auxious about alarmed, and hastened home some months before my time, when they had met me on the sea-shore.

"It was a sultry afternoon in August when I reached S____. I shall never forget how wretchedly long and weary seemed the last few miles, and how eagerly sprang down the carriage steps at last. I left my baggage at the hotel, and ran over to my Mother's house alone. I entered without knocking and wont directly to my Mother's little private parler-the room of the housethem. At the first glance I thought the room was conpty; but on looking again, I saw some one extended on the familliar, chintz-covered sofa. It was Alfred, asleep there. I went softly up and looked down upon his face. Oh! my God, what a change! It was thin and white, see ming desirous to bore his way into the earth, and rid save a small red spot on either cheek. One hand lay half buried in his dark, chestnut curls, which alone preserved their old beauty, and that hand-how slender and delicate it had grown, and how distinct was every blue vein, even the smallest! As I stood there, heart-wrung awoke, and half-raised himself, looking up with a bewildered expression. Just then, dear mother came in, and with him, and left him to return at leisure to his den. we all embrared one another, and thanked God out of the It smote upon my heart like a knell.

"When I descended from my chamber that evening. after laving aside my traveling-dress, I found a gentleman, a stranger, sitting by Alfred's side reading to him.

sorrow, as we watched that precious life, the transury of about \$5,000, of which about one half was covered by

Here Mrs. Allston paused, and covered her face with her hands, while tears all I slowly through her fingers,

"I have since felt, that with poor Alfred's last, dying will be found with themselves. They lack energy—they kiss, the chill of death entered into dear mother's heart: new mamma, and hoar hor sing about "Little Boo-peep." for she nover was well after that night. Though she "No, my dom, you must go with your sister," said Mrs. sorrowed bitterly for that only son, so good and so beau-Allaton, striving to set the little fellow down. Isabel ad- tifal, she said she wished to lige for my sake. Yet vain or of life. She failed and drooped daily, and within a Pale as death, Isabel, turned hurriedly and passed year, she was laid beside father, and very near to Alfred. from the room. She almost flew through the house and She died, and left me alone—alone in the wide world! garden, to the groot, to the grave of her mother. There Oh, how often, dear leabel, have I, like you, cried out

Here leabel flung her arms around her step-mother,

and pressed her lips against her cheek. "In all this time," pursued Cecilia, "my chief advisor and consolor, was the early friend of my mother, the generous patron of my brother-your father, Isabel. And now bereavement, she was startled by a deep sigh, when the first fearful days of my sorrow had gone by, and he came to me in the loneliness and desolation of my side. Instantly she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, life, and strove to give me comfort and courage—telling oncerning the journey, and then proceeded to assist the "Have I then no refuge? Is not even this spot sacred, no at last that he needed my love, even the love of my poor crushed heart-then I felt that in loving him and his I might hope for happiness ever more. But, ah! if in a suddon gush of tears. Pray do not sperk thus to me! loving him in becoming his wife, I have brought unhappiness to those near to him, and darkened the light of their home, I am, indeed, miserable!"

"Oh, do not say so -- do not say so!" exclaimed Isabel. "You have won all our hearts. Have you not seen how the children are drawn towards you-even little Eddie. my babe? I have not yet called you by her name-I do not know that I can so call you here, but I can, and will love you, and we shall all be very happy; and by God's help, 'kindly affectioned' one to another!"

"Ah, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Allston, with a sweet smile, "I do not ask you to call mostly a name of so much sacredness and dignity; -only love me and confide in me-lean upon my heart, and let me be to you as an eld-

The evening had come, and Mrs. Allston, Isabel, and the children were assembled in the pleasant family-parlor, waiting the return of Judge Allston from his office. Isabel was holding little Eddie on her knee. The child had already repeatedly begged pardon for his naughtiness, and was as full as ever of his loving dempastrations. Cecilia was, as usual, seated at the piano, playing halfunconsciously, every now and then glancing impatiently out of the window into the gathering darkness. Isabel ant down the baby-boy, an I going up to her, said-

"Will you play the 'Old Arm-chair' for me?" "If you will sing with mo," replied Cooilia with a smile The two began with voices somewhat tremulous, but

they sang on till they came to the passage-"I've sat an I watche I her, day by day,

While her eyes grew dim"ere they both broke down.

Cecilia rose and wound her arm about Isabel's waist, and Isabel leaned her head on Cecilia's shoulder, and they wept together. At that moment, Judge Aliston entered, and after a brief pause of hewilderment, advanced with a smile, and clasped them both in one embrace .-He said not a word then; but afterward, when he hade Isabel good-night, at the foot of the stairway, he kissed her more tenderly than usual, saying, as he did so, "God bless you, my daughter!",

EFFECTS OF WHITE ASH ON RATTLE-SNAKES.

We find the following curious account of the effects of change paper; but are unable to fix upon its author or lo-

Sometime in the month of August I went with Mr. T. were centered, had outered college only the year before Kirkland and Dr. C. Hutten then residing at Portland, to age of a true heroine and the devotion of a martyr, resolved place where they were in the habit of coming to the river to remove neither of her children from their studies, but to feed, on the most attached to the stones in the shoal by her own unassisted labor, to keep me at my school water. We took our watch station on an elevated part of the bank, tifteen or twenty yards from the water .-, princi- About an hour after we had commenced our watch, inpally for gentlemen of the bar; and, almost from the first, stead of a deer, we discovered a rattlesuake, which, as it was successful. I remained two years longer at school, appeared, had left its don in the rocks beheath us, and when a lucrative situation was offered me, as a teacher was advancing across a smooth narrow sand beach toof music, in the family of a wealthy southern Sonator .- | wards the water. It occurred to me that an opportunity now offered to try the virtues of the white ash leaves. Requesting the gentlemen to keep, in my absence, a

watch over our object. I went immediatey in search of the As soon as I came within seven or eight feet of him,

Here Isabel drew nearer, and laid her hand in that of he quickly threw his body into a coil, elevated his head note of preparation for combat. I first presented the white ash, placing the leaves upon his body. He inmended the study of law. I shall ever fear that he con- stantly dropped his head to the ground, unfolded his coil constitution was delicate, like his father's; and, after a body into every form but that of a coil, and appeared to

Satisfied with the trial thus far made, I laid by the him; though, she added, perhaps her affection for the white ash, the rattlesnake immediately righted and placed beloved one made her needlessly fearful. Yet I was himself in the same menacing attitude as before describod. I now presented him the sugar maple. He lanced engagement had expired. I had then been absent five in a moment, striking his head into a tuft of leaves, "with yeas; but I had seen Mother and Alfred once in that all the malice of the under fiends," and the next moment carefully transplated. Persons who can do so may concoiled and lanced again, darting his whole longth at each effort with the swiftness of an arrow.

After repeating this several times, Lagain changed his fare, and presented him with the white ash. He imme- granh. diately doused his peak, stretching himself on his back. in the same manner, as at the first application. It was then proposed to try what effect might be produced upon his tempor and courage, by a little flogging with the hold. I opened the door very gently, so as to surprise white ash. This was administered; but, instead of rousing him to resentment, it served only to increase his troubles.

stuck his head into the sand as far as he could thrust it himself of his unwelcome visitors.

Being now convinced that the experiment was a satisfactory one, and fairly conducted on both sides, we decreed it unnecessary to take his life after he had contributed so much to gratify our curiosity; and so we took leave of the rattless ake, with feelings as friendly, at leas

THE LAST RIMITY. Sam-lived on the bank of overflowing fulness of our hearts. As I looked at Alfred the Deleware, and was a mighty fisher. He was plaguthou, his eyo was so bright and his smile so glad-so like ed with a degenerate son, who manifested no presilection the all smile-I took courage again; but he suddenly for his father's interesting pursuits. One day Sam's patiturned away and coughed slightly-but such a cough!- ence gave out entirely in the hitterness of his mortification-"Curse me, Tom, if you are not getting to be perfeetly worthless; you'll neither hunt nor fish; I'll be hangel if I don't sand you to school!"

Fine in Chicago. - There was a large fire at Chicago ride, she missed the child from her room. After looking in a low, pleasant voice. That stranger, leabel, was Saturday night, which destroyed the Milligery establish mont of Miss Patterson; and the Warehouse of R. P. "I will not pain your heart by dwelling on our great Il milton, Nos. 157 and 169 Lake street. Total loss

TRY.

We frequently hear individuals complain that they find t impossible to get any thing to do-that for them all the avenues of trade are closed—and that they are particularly unfortunate. Inquire somewhat closely, and the error expect that fortune will come to them-they are constant. tly wondering why they are not as lucky as some friend or neighbor-forgetful that while complaining and paxzling themselves-they never make a vigorous effert-a trial of fortune backed by industry and preseverence .-All men are liable to vicissitude, to disaster, and to failure in outerprise. But the true man, the indivadal who enjoys the blessing of health should never despair. He may fail to-day, to-morrow, this year or next-but let him persevere, and sooner or later fortune will become more kindly, and his efforts will realize a proper reward. But the folly of the idle and listless, is to suppose that a livelihood is to be obtained without energy or effort.-They look around calmy and quietly, see the greater portion of mankind butsily employed, some at easy and others at irksome occupations, and continue to wonder how it is that they can find nothing to do. But the truth is they are not disposed to do any thing. This employ ment is rather arduous, that is full of hazard, a third is not sufficiently genteel, a fourth will be duly considered, and so from day to day the golden opportunities are permitted to pass by. The longer they remain idle the feebler becomes their industry. Better do any thing, better try any enterprise that is honest, than remain looking on murmuring and complaining. Never despairnever abandon hope-never relax effort. The world in full of chances-new avenues for enterprise are constantly starting up, in this country especially there is no reason to remain depressed in spirits for a long period of time. Every adversity should teach a tesson of experience, ever mishap in trade and speculation, should serve as a new warning and guide with regard to our future conduct, and this should be made available for the time to come. The rich of one year, are often the poor of the next, while the poor man of to day, may, if he only continue honest, temperate, active and industrious, be among the affluent in a few years hence.

As appropriate to the subject we may remind the reader of a well known assecdate of the celebrated Frederic the Great. We give it from memory. A gallant youth, anxious to sorve under that distinguished monarch, left is home in the interior of the kingdom, and directed his steps towards Berlin. On his way he put up at an inn. and there met with two gentlemen to whom he was unknown. The elder of the two, struck with his appearence fell into conversation with him, and inquired the object of his visit to the capitol. The young aspirant for fame rankly announced that his motive was to serve under the banners of Frederick, the greatst monarch in Europe The stranger asked particularly what friend he had at Court to promote his suit. The youth showed a number of letters of recommendation, which the stranger instantly perceived to be from persons of little influence in Berlin. He pointed out to the adventurer the difficulty of obtaining a situation to eagerly sought for by the young nobles of the kingdom, and advised him to forego his journey. The youth modestly but firmly expressed his determination to make the offert, remarking that if he should succerd, his M jesty would not find a more devoted soldier n his army. Seeing him resolute in his purpose, the elder replied-"Well, my young friend, since you are determined upon the matter, I will add a letter to those you already possess, which you may be of some service to you." The letter was accordingly written. The youth expressed his acknowledgment for the favor thus conferred, and they parted. The young man proceeded to Borlin, and reaching that city presented his letters, with the exception of the one he had received from the stranmanding Officer. He was received with politeness, but after remaining for some time, his suit made but little progress, and he begin to despond. One morning on arranging his trunk, he found the missing letter. It instantly rekindled the fuding fires of hope, and determined to make another trial, he hastened once mere to the Commanding Officer. With great difficulty he obtained an audience, and was received with marked coldness. The noment, however, that the letter was presented, the whole scene was changed. The officer exclaimed-Why was not this letter presented before? It is from his Majesty! You have asked an ensign's commission. The King commands me to make you a lieutenant.". We leave the application to the reader," -Cor. Lehigh Region

Threes-Prive Threes .- I desire to call the attention of our farmers—particularly those residing in villages or close neighborhoods, to the inportance of planting tree s an means of promiting health. Not only do trees add greatly to the beauty of a place, but hiey also purify the sir. The Greeks planted trees in all their towns and village, and it is said by historians, that in Calchis, in Eubas, they were so numerous indeed that the streets were hardly dicerdable in con-equence of the immense mass of foliage by which they were overhung-every passage andally-way being litterally arched with trees. and bathed in the cooling influences of their deep and refreshing shadows. I do hope, Mr. Editor, that you your imporance of planting trees, for ornament as well as use. uponthe minds of our farming friends. Let every man who this season owns a homestead, or a rod of unoccupied soil, plant at least one tree. For my own part I intend to practice what I preach, and so plant whenever and wherever I can find an opportunity and chance. Any of our forrest trees will flournish well and vigorously, if sult their own taste in selecting; there are many kinds o indigenous trees, both deciduous and evergreen, which have a bountiful effect upon scenery .- Germantown Teles

THE Modest Man .- We never know a modest man who wasn't beset with misfortunes. The timidity of a woman excites interest, her blushes admiration. Not so with the modest man. The modest man is both sills and awkward; he is in a constant nervous flurry conetantly bouting a retreat. Officious kindness troubles him dreadfully, and yet no other kindness will reach him. Ho is never soon handing pld ladies down to dinner, or ringing a bell, or snuffing a candle, or carving a chicken. Oh, no! The modest man has a termenting habit of fancy-

ing himself the object of general nutice, the observed all of observers. When girls giggle they are laughing at him; when another whispers sho is commenting at his looks, or words, or dress, or when two old ladies are dissing family matters, or a few stendy old men are shaking their heads over the state of the nation, he imagines his faults and follies are the occasion of their serious looks

THREE THURSDAYS IN ONE WERK .- A scientific pape ye, let a vessel sailed cast round the world, and arriveport on Thursday, according to their reckoning. O. the following day let the crew land; they will find it Thurday ashore. On the next day let them beard a vesse', which has just arrived from a cruise round the world, sail ing in a westerly direction, and they will again find Thurs on board that ship. It is thus possible to find three Thurse

days in one week. Ir nors so good .- To see three uncles, five brothers. an old maiden aunt of 80 years, holding a exacus to des vise "ways an I means" to keep a young maiden from marrying the man she loves.