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Select Poetry.

AUTUMN WINDS.

'Tis now the period of the passing year,
When pensive contemplation loves, alone,
In the dim woods to wander, and to hear
The melancholy music, and the sighs of pain.

Choice Miscellany.

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 Allison—

cell Isabel. Though rather imperious and rebellious to
wards others, she yielded to a word from her, at any time.

And Frank and Emma found over in their sister-
mother's ready sympathy, patient sweetness, and the most
affectionate counsel. They were never left to feel the

It happened that this third summer of his widowhood,
Judge Allison spent more time than ever before at the
city of S—, the county-seat, and the place where lay

At length, an officious, family-friend came to Isabel,
and informed her, without much delicacy or circumlocu-
tion, of the prevalent rumors; thus giving her the first

But she soon resolutely calmed down the tumult of
feeling, as she would fain keep her trouble from the chil-
dren while there still remained a blessed uncertainty—

On Monday, Isabel, after showing her step-mother
over the house, resigned into her hands the house-
keeper's keys, with all the privileges and dignities of
domestic authority.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Allison's piano arrived.
This was a great event in the family, for Isabel did not
play, though she sang very sweetly, and Frank and Em-
ma had both a decided taste for music.

On Saturday morning, Isabel, my dear child, I trust I need
have no charges to show towards Mrs. Allison, from the
first, if not the tenderness and affection of a daughter,

in her lap, began to cry very bitterly and despairingly.—
But Isabel soon reconciled him to life, by administering
saccharine consolation from the sugar-bowl before her.

At length rather late in the evening, a carriage was
heard coming up the avenue, and soon after Judge Allis-
on entered the drawing-room, with a splendid lady lean-
ing on his arm.

It was a happy circumstance for Isabel, in her em-
barrassed position, that the next day was the Sabbath,
and she had to go to church and attending to her household

On Sunday afternoon, about the sunset hour, Judge
Allison had been to visit the grave of her mother; but
this sabbath evening, he need hardly say, he was not
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voice. She opened the door hastily, and there sat little
fraternal Eddie, in his step-mother's lap, playing with
her long, amber-rings, while she sung him merry
songs and nursery-rhymes.

While thus she lay, sorrowing with all the bitterness
of a new bereavement, she was startled by a deep sigh,
and looking up, beheld Mrs. Allison standing by her
side.

"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?"

"What," exclaimed Isabel, "were you not, then a
widow when you married him?"

"My father was a lawyer of S—, died when I was
quite young—a school girl, away from home; already
pursuing with ardor the study of music. He left my

"Brother Alfred, immediately on leaving college, com-
menced the study of law. I shall ever fear that he con-
fined himself too closely and studiously to his books.
His constitution was delicate, like his father's; and after

"It was a sultry afternoon in August when I reached
S—. I shall never forget how wretchedly low and
weary seemed the last few miles, and how eagerly I
sprang down the carriage steps at last. I left my bag-
gage at the hotel, and ran over to my Mother's house

"When I descended from my chamber that evening,
after laying aside my traveling-dress, I found a gentle-
man, a stranger, sitting by Alfred's side reading to him,
in a low, pleasant voice. That stranger, Isabel, was
your father—Alfred's best, most beloved friend.

ding and falling of the leaf, with the dying of the flowers,
he died!"

"I have since felt, that with poor Alfred's last, dying
chill, the chill of death entered into dear mother's heart:
for she never was well after that night. Though she

"The evening had come, and Mrs. Allison, Isabel, and
the children were assembled in the pleasant family-parlor,
waiting the return of Judge Allison from his office.

"I will play the 'Old Arm-chair' for me!"

"I have the following curious account of the effects of
the white ash upon rattlesnakes, in an exchange paper;
but are unable to fix upon its author or locality.

Some time in the month of August I went with Mr. T.
Kirkland and Dr. C. Hutton then residing at Portland, in
the Malouin for the purpose of shooting deer, at a

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"The LAST RIFLE.—Sam—lived on the bank of
the Delaware, and was a mighty fisher. He has plughed
with a degenrate son, who manifested no predilection
for his father's interesting pursuit. One day Sam's pat-
ience gave out entirely in the bitterness of his mortifica-
tion.

TRY.

We frequently hear individuals complain that they find
it impossible to get any thing to do—that for them all the
avenues of trade are closed—and that they are particu-
larly unfortunate. Inquire somewhat closely, and the error
will be found with themselves. They lack energy—they

As appropriate to the subject we may remind the reader
of a well known anecdote of the celebrated Frederic the
Great. We give it from memory. A gallant youth,
anxious to serve under that distinguished monarch, left
his home in the interior of the kingdom, and directed his

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