

A CHEAP BREAKFAST .- A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting from Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard

"Sure, captain, dear, (said he,) and what'll ye ax a man for travelin' on yer illegand swand of a boat?"

dows, half-tints, and semi-transparencies of a out of its place, and then declare--" Ah, Miss, full of the

is cousin Natty. Natalie, that was my name ures and business of a counting-house. She -my name to consin Amelia and Georgiana, knew clerks were starved; she never saw one Augustus and Roderick-bu' o cousin Julian that hadn't as thin a look as the bill-hook he I was Natty, "Little Natty Pretty Natty" hung his accounts upon, and fingers as long and bony as the scratch steel-pen he rested so

knowingly behind his ear. How we loved the I will picture Cousin Julian-with the sha-old nurse, though she did put away everything isn't I who have set eves on it this blesse first flush of youthful health and buoyancy-- month and more!" We kissed and hugged her; with restless kindly eyes ; a small, ever twich- and though Julian was-less demonstrative in his notions of a city life, yet he would turn to bility; a laugh that made hearts laugh even the window, away from us, and brush his sleeve more than lips ; and an ever-living sympathy across his misty eyes, now for the first time clouded.

down the staircase, and into the studdy. He was outside the window before I could open it, which I did softly and quickly. A stifled cry of joy, a wild embrace, and we both stood in the cold night air !

" Don't be frightened. Natty !" he said, with an attempt at a laugh ; " I'm no ghost, but your own cousin, come to bid you fare were out and we wandering together, she wo'd perhaps for ever !" I felt myself getting cold and rigid : I saw his face with a new expression, a fixed look I had never seen there before ; his eyes were wild, and his hair thrown back in disordered curls

was febler, and less amible; she was fretful, and nothing interested her. But what could be done? We all knew no doctor's art could -a very nothing now. She had not spoken three minutes, but the scenes of many gone-by avail her. It was a settled melancholv ; claiming no sympathy, and rejecting it if offered No letter for me. Yet 1 hoped on. We now seldom spoke of him-rarely aloud. Someyears were surging through my brain.

She needed not to tell me he was dead; nor that the child was his. She need say nothing now, but simply leave me-leave me to myself times, when alone with my mother, if the rest humbled, sad, hopeless. If she would only go! not stand before me with her tearful eves gaz ing into my dry, tearless ones! If she would only turn away, and not look so beseechingly -so sorrowfully on me! "I will leave you," at last she whispered. 'He bade me give you this;--he sealed it up himself the morning he died. Your name was very often on his lips; he taught me to love you-honor you; with his dying breath he said, 'May she forgive me! She will love you for my sake."" She came nearer and nearer; I felt her soft breath stealing over my rigid form. Will she not go lest I strike her? felt her fingers touch me. I felt her eyes and her cruel gentleness stealing into my harried soul. "You will not refuse his last wish---Consin Julian's?" That word broke all the ice around my heart; Il ived-I breathed; and with a sad, bitter cry, I fell into her outstretched arms. She was wise: calling none, she let me weep undisturbed. There I lay sobbing, and shelike a tender mother, half rocking, half soothing me-rather encouraged the visible grief She attempted no comfort-that would have racked me; so the accumulated, pent-up feel ing of years burst out of its prison-house, and I arose calmer, because it was now a certainty -a sad one for me-but yet better than feed ing on a false hope. Full half an hour must have passed ere I grew calm, she all the while grieving with my grief, and, I knew, praying for me the same comfort wherewith she had been comforted .--At last she spoke, taking my listless hand within hers--"I have given you the packet, Natty; open it when you feel you can; and now-shall I go away?" The look that accompanied these words spoke more than the words. Go away!-turn his wife from his comfortably, therefore is out of the question. home, as long as it remained to shelter us?--Thank God, the nest was not quite empty. though two fledglings had dropped from it, and the earth hidden them out of our sight .---She must stay; my mother and father must know; and I longed, yet dreaded to hear from her lips of the latter days of my poor cousin. I must brave it out; I had kept his secret well, and now I must keep my own. So I told them -prepared them little by little for the truth. They were weak and aged now; the silver cord would easily be loosed, if a heedless hand tenderly-the woman who had stolen what seemed to me my birthright; and the little chid-the little forgotten child-that through all this scene had hidden close in the folds of her black dress, fearing to move or speakcrept out as she moved, and, tightly grasping her nervous fingers, both followed me to my parents room. It was a sad, sad time, the next two hours. "She must stay-I knew thatshe, and the boy." I went about my household duties, preparing for our new relation. The servants weeping and moaning over the dear young master almost broke my self-command. But I must cheer them up; I must seem but to mourn al

ing mouth, that bespoke merriment and instathat drew young and old, wise and foolish to love him.

-while to me he was a treasure-very preci-

I do not say that respect mingled much in our emotions towards him. We did not go to him for advice, nor trust his judgment, nor his theories of right and wrong-but to expand in his generosity, to laugh at his heartiness, to share the joyousness of his nature, the happiness of living ; thus was he to us a healthly stimulent to dispel the weariness and ennui that sometimes sadden youth.

We were dull enough, sister Hessy and myself, mother and father-not "mamma" and papa"-that was one of Julian's crotchets .---If they're your mother and father, call them 80, Natty. ; never be ashamed of the dearest words in our mother-tongue, but treasure them and invite a healthful flow of right within .---They are the passwords of the human race, from the beggar to the prince." Cousin Julian was an orphan ; perhaps that was why he so treasured the relics of a tie he could never realize in all its living beauty. From the one green spot in a quiet valley where two lay side by side sprang the many sweet flowers that blossomedin his heart.

Hessy and I were twin-born ; yet we were verry different -- she dark --- I fair ; the links that should have joined our whole being seemed united but in one relation, and that was Consin Julian. Mother and father were unacquainted with our inner life in this particu lar; we did not own it to each other; so we grew up side by side, reading the same books, singing the same songs, loved by the same fond parents, and each, though unknown to the other, watching the rising of the same star as the rising of a great hope. We lived in a quiet, pretty village, with the usual amount of picturesque scenery about us-hills and hollows, broad corn fields, shady woodlanes, wild flowers, ferns and heather ; and our daily rambles made us acquainted with the pleasant Book of Nature, whose leaves, tho' of varied form and color, are alike impressed with one great teaching-" from Nature up to Nature's God."

Ours was a queer, rambling old house-with painted windows looking out upon nothing, narrow staircases leading no where, and corricrept over the exterior, knocking its heavy moonlight nights, and throwing moving, ghosty shadows over the waxed floors. It was the old Manor House, and the villagers told wonderful stories of goings on in the old place--some bad, some good. The bad had ghostly

The end of it was that Julian consented. with an assumed indifference that surpried us all; and up he went to London, laden with blessings from the old home.

Where now were the pleasures and joys of bountry rambles ? All gone. We no longer aounded over the broad, sunny fields, singing cs we went the glad songs of childhood; no longer came home laden with the spoils of our

searches down river banks, through wooded mietly and indifferently along the smoothest nor clap our hands at the timid squirrels that leaped from tree to tree. The servants said the life had gone out of the old house, the sap as talismans that chase away all outer wrong, from the old trees; while Hessy and I left our reading, working, and-fretting. We did more of the latter than of aught else: and even father and mother. I believe, were inwardly sorry they had pressed the matter so far; they did not know how dear he had become to them. The first three weeks we heard regularly from him, but the letters said little "Uncle

and Hessy were well, and took care of Ponto Lion Street; but there was plenty of gas, a will never see his face again !" very fair substitute." And then he got letters spirit-how glad they were to hear that he got on comfortably with his uncle, and was reconciled to a city atmosphere!

The fourth week the postman came with letters in neat, untidy, formed and unformed might be unwell ; or, more likely, business was pressing and time short. We all said the door, and stood beside my sister's bed, nothing was more likely than a letter had gone astray, and we should have the pleasure of receiving two next week. Yet we did wish the dear letter had reached its destination on

the day it was due. It was October, and the days were beginning to be cold, the nights stormy ; my old winter fears were returning gradually, as the recesses in the long corridors bedors terminating with blank walls. Aged ivy came more gloomy in the twilight, and the wind knocked about the ivy before my winleaves against the rattling windows in the dow-panes. We had spent the Sunday in our new way. We had not taken our usual ramble in the wood as far as a pet tree that Julian house ; and Nurse said she had heard strange had erected a seat under : it held us three with difficulty--that made it all the pleasant- among the trees, that always came before an er. The leaves would keep drop, dropping on eridence to keep up its evil report ; and many our bare beads, and we called them kisses the a time have I shuddered over the tales of our dear old tree seat us; and than we'd blow far as her young lady's room, and then stopold house as the fire-light flickered on the great them back again and laugh, in our innocent ping. And she took me in her arms, and

" How did you come ?" I gasped.

" Never mind that, now. I dare not stay many minutes ; to-morrow many miles will be between us ; and the deep sea-the glorious sea beneath me, Natty ! I could not bear the new life, it was killing me, killing me by iuches; so I determined to run away. Uncle thinks I've been the last two days down here, and won't expect me for a week to come ; so I shall have time to escape unsaught. must be my friend, Natty. I could not go paths, and over rugged hills. We walked without a word from you, and a sight of the old place again. I come for a blessing from roads; we aid not start to chase the butterfly, you, and a kiss to hallow it, darling ! and to assure you I'll never forget you ; you'll be the one wee thing treasured in my wayward heart, Natty ; it's a strong and loving one, Natty ; and prav. though they'll abuse me, and perhaps curse outdoor pleasures and found new occupation in me, don't you turn from me, my darling ! I go. Don't tell any one of my visit-it was to you ; don't tell Hessy ; don't tell any human being. If I prosper you shall hear from me ; if not-if years pass and I give no sign, then, Natty, forget me for another, but not till then. Wait for a time, darling I the sea that bears me from you may bring me back again ; and was well; the weather gloomy; he hoped Natty | what if I find the nest deserted ? He was cruel. Natty-he goaded me with, my father's (his pet dog.) He hoped the sun shone at carelessness and instability-he spoke slightly Oakfield--it didn't condescend to do so in of my dead mother, Natty, I bore it all-but I

All this time I lay in his arms like a little from my parents--earnest letters, full of hints child. I had no reason, no feeling, but that as to his good fortune, and how he would be he was there, and I drank in his words with a a rich man if he would but tame down his painful effort. I remember the last farewellthe straining to his brest---the hot tears (not mine) on my face-the emphatic "Bless you. my darling for ever, for ever !" and then, the quick receding footsteps-the pushing back of crisp branches-the hurried rushing sound hands-but no letter from Lion Street. He over the long avinue ; and then I shut the window calmly, stole up stairs softly, closed gazing upon her sleeping form. I must have remained so a long, dreary time, for the dying out of the lamp recalled me, and I sank upon the floor with a wild and bitter cry.

That cry awoke my sister and my parents. They found me returning slowly to conscious-ness--pale and rigid. "What could be the matter-Had I seen a ghost ? Had I heard or seen any thing to alarm me ?" I gave no answer ; there seemed a weight on my heart and mind that I could not dispel-no voice would come. They searched the room--the noises in her room-whisperings and moanings evil to the house ; that she had heard footsteps distinctly pacing to and fro the corridor as

point to some tree or shrub, as one Julian planted when quite a little boy : it would be a great tree by the time he returned." Or we would come upon some book with a boyish handwriting on the page, crumpled and dircy, and she would put it by on a little book-shelf.

and say : " Don't forget Natty, all his books are safe in my room ; and the chemicles and instruments he was so found of,-when he returns he'll find them all safe. Don't forget, dear, if I am not here to welcome him-which I may not he, my child, if he does not come soon, for I am very weak and ailing. You'll be quite a woman, Natty"-she'd continue. unconscious of the emotions she was stir-You ring up within my breast-" he was very fond of you; I wonder he did not tell you, even if he feared to tell us. But Gop knows best, and HE will bless him, wherever he is." Then she would creep back to her arm chair, and muse for an hour, till father and Hessy returned, and I rush back to my room and weep

> Three years, and no letter! "If I prosper you shall hear from me."

My sister faded daily-bourly; the summer brought no color to her cheek; and at last the doctor advised change of air. So we left the old home for a time. To the sea we must go, suggesting painful, bitter thoughts to me; to her, a needful exercise of resignation. How it bounded and boiled-that beautiful, faithless sea! I sat and watched its play from the overhanging rocks, as one would watch the gambols of a beautiful panther, fearing, yet admiring, its graceful strength and ponderous agility. I could see the vessels from foreign lands come into port. Some day he would return; he would come to me-if not, I should go to him; one was possible, the other a certainty. Yet I set my thoughts on neither; the future was becoming daily more distant. I lived so much in the past. We sat for hours on the sea shore with our sick charge. I read to her; we worked together, when her strength allowed, frocks and under-clothing for poor children. It seemed her only interest nowworking, silently for the poor! and as she re-clined, with her heavy lidded eyes fixed so unceasingly upon her work, her wan finger plying the needle-her thoughts-God knows where! but more worthily occupied than mine -I felt her very existence so calm, so unsel-

fish, a reproach to my warmer and, often, unsanctified impulses. I looked back in those silent hours to my own years. How wasted they seemed to me! I had ventured my all on one cast-and if it failed me, where had I a resting place? But I had not said a word-and now his silence had broken her heart. She died! her end calm, as her life had been. Dying, she said, "Sister, all is well!" and without a sigh-without a sign-her spirit left us. And the quietness of the "going out" was so intense, that we did not speak nor weep!

"We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died !"

" Only a cent and a half a mile, and found replied the captain.

'An' is it the vittals ye mean to find, sure?" "Yes. And if you are going along, go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" inquired the captain.

" How far have we come?" asked Pat. "Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would wait the breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out.

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he would be most happy to carry him.

A KIND JUDGE .-- A very learned and compassionate judge in a western State on passing sentence on one Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks as follows: The fadt is. Jones, the court did not at first intend to order you to be executed before next spring; but the weather is so very cold; our jail is unfortunately in a bad condition ; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; and to sleep sound and In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the Sheriff and agreeable to you

The New Bedford Mercury makes the following conundrum : "Why are the Home Gaurds like the lamented Col. Baker? Because the last thing he did was to die for his country were laid upon it. Then I lead her in-gently, and that is the very last thing they intend to do."

> Learn, in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do,

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

Money and time have both their value. He who makes had use of the one will never make good use of the other.