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O. D. HERPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

ALL IS ACTION—ALL IS MOTION.

All is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours!
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers!

Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore;
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.

Duty points, with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to actions high;
We betide the coal that lingers—
Onward! onward! is the cry.

The man's foes may seem victorious,
War may waste and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life

Onward! onward! onward ever!
Human progress none may stay;
And who make the vain endeavor,
Shall like chaff be swept away.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

A SONG—BY C. D. STUART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear drop calls.
Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'T were paradise again

The weakest and the poorest, may
This simple pittance give,
And bid delight to wither'd hearts
Return again and live;
O, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief but mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Betray their source divine;
O, then, be kind, while [illegible] art
That breathes of mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death

THE WIND.

The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free;
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and over sea:
He ruffles the lake,
And he kisses the flower,
And he sleeps when he lists
In a jasmine bower.

He gives to the cheek
Of the maiden its bloom,
He tastes their warm kisses,
Enjoys their perfume;
But trust him, often
The sweets that he sips
Are lavished next moment
On lovelier lips.

Jerusalem.

Strange, mysterious city! What a hold it hath upon every imagination! How linked in, in it, with recollections of the times of youth—with lessons from the Scriptures, delivered by the priest of earliest days, from the sweet Olive mount of childhood! Straightway as we read of that Metropolis of Faith, we go back on the posting wings of Reminiscence, to the green fields and fresh waters of scorner years.—We hear the chimes of Sabbath bells, the voices of the choir, and the pealing of that delicious organ, whose diapason was rapture, whose triumphant harmony kindled the soul. Associations of Bethlehem and merry Christmas mingle together—and the babe in the manger is contrasted with the green wreathed churches and blessings of Home. A hallowed word, indeed, is Jerusalem. The great temple of Solomon—the gate that looked toward Damascus—the *Via Dolorosa*—those, with a thousand other scenes of interest, arise to the mind at the mere mention of that devoted city, from whose mountain-girt circumference were once rejected the brooding wings of the Almighty. How many pilgrims have gone thero—how many have died there, in the "entering of the ways"—in the billows of Jordan! How many crusaders, battling for the cross of their order—frank-lins, deserting the oaken halls of their far western castles—fair penitents, distrusting themselves and relying on God—palmers, with "sandal shoon and scallop-shell!"—*Knickerbocker.*

Samuel.

Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from indolence and idleness. Persons who have naturally active minds,—whose "quick thoughts like lightning are alive,"—are most perniciously affected by the evils of sloth. The favored sons of genius, endowed with great original powers, were not made for repose; indolence will quickly "freeze the genial current of the soul," and if left long idle they perish from inaction, like a scimitar corroded and destroyed by rust. But the active occupation of our faculties is a safeguard against three great evils, vice, penury, and desponding gloom. Says Colton, "Hazard has made more gamblers than avarice, more drunkards than thirst, and more suicides than despair." If we would be both useful and happy, we must keep ourselves industriously and virtuously employed. Old Dumbledikes was wise in advising his son to "be aye stirring as a tree when he had nothing else to do." Count de Caylus, a French nobleman, being born to wealth and princely idleness, turned his attention to engraving, and made many fine copies of antique gems. One of the nobility demanded from him a reason for this procedure, and was told by the industrious Count, "I engrave, that I may not hang myself."

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice: once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost it."

ISABELLA OGDEN;

OR

The Rich and Poor Lover.

A City Tale Story.

From the New York Sun

CHAPTER I.

During the late war of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, many eminent commercial houses, doing business in the great commercial city of this country, were obliged to fail. Of these houses, the greatest sufferers were those who were extensively engaged in navigation, and armed ships trading with foreign countries. Of this class was a large shipping merchant of the name of Ogden. He was extensively engaged in the Canton trade, and after the declaration of war, two Indiamen belonging to him were taken by the British cruisers while on their return from China, laden with valuable cargoes of teas, and silks, belonging solely to the unfortunate merchant.—This ruined him, for though insured it was of no avail, many losses, of similar kind, had made bankrupt almost every Insurance Co. in New York. Mr. Ogden was obliged to sacrifice every piece of property he owned in New York, to satisfy the compromises proposed by his creditors. He possessed, at the time of his failure, a magnificent country seat, situated on the banks of the Hudson, near Saugerties, in this State, and upon which he had lavished almost unbounded wealth, and its inside could compete in the luxuries of Art, with the rich profusion of natural scenery outside. The grounds, and the mansion itself, had been handed down to Mr. Ogden from his ancestors, who prided themselves upon their pure, unalloyed, English blood, for generations back, even as far as the days of the Commonwealth, when one of the race had been slain upon the battle-field fighting for King Charles, scaling his loyalty, to royalty, with his life's blood. It was the decendent of this cavalier, who was now, in after years, ruined by the cruisers of the English Crown during the late war. The country seat, the dearest and most valued treasure of Mr. Ogden, was sold, and in those times of scarcity, after a war, had to be sacrificed for one third its real value, but it had to be parted with, to pay the owner's honest and just debts. The only consolation that could be derived from its sale, was the simple fact that it was bought by another old family, who, though English born, the head of it, Mr Galloway, had come to seek his fortune in this country, and, like Mr Ogden, could trace back his ancestry to the dark days of royalty in the history of England

Mr. Ogden had married during his happy and prosperous career, a very lovely, accomplished girl, the daughter of one of the old Dutch families, residing at Albany, the Capital of this State. The only fruit of this union was Isabella, the heroine of this sketch—her mother died a few days after bringing the little stranger into existence. This was the first severe blow that had ever been struck at Mr. Ogden's peace, but, as in every other event, "hard knocks, never come single." Soon after the declaration of war took place, the loss of his ships and cargoes followed, and when little "Isa," as he fondly called her, had reached her fourth year, her father was comparatively beggared. He removed with his little daughter, and her nurse, to the city of New York; here he again attempted to revive a portion of his old business, but the fact was generally known that he had failed, that he had no resources left, and he found that he could hardly support himself and the little child, in an ordinary boarding house. At last, he became completely discouraged—and finally, sank under his misfortunes. When the little Isabel reached the age of ten years, she was an orphan, for years she had been the only companion of her doting father, and though young, she comprehended every thing. He had given her a complete history of his family, his old descent, his former wealth, his losses, and she had a faint remembrance herself of other and better days, and a very vivid one, of her recent sufferings and annoyances from poverty. She understood all her father instilled into her mind, and consequently, when he died, she as fully comprehended the pride of birth, this aristocracy of wealth, and appreciated the advantages of both birth, and wealth, as well as if she had seen double the number of summers, which she had seen. She was left an orphan. The Ogdens had few connexions of that branch of the original family—for it is a very common name, and her father on his death-bed, when fully aware that his days were numbered, sent for his old friend, the English gentleman who bought his estate in the country, which even in the few years that had passed, had risen to its real value, and could have been sold for double—yes, treble, what Mr. Galloway had paid for it.—"I am on my death bed dear sir," said the dying man, "and I have sent for you, to make a last request for my poor Isabel. I am penniless, shall hardly leave enough behind me to pay the expenses necessary to place my poor carcass under the sod, and yet, it would ease my last moments to know that she would be provided for," and here the sick man gazed intently at his wealthy friend.

"Ogden," replied the other, "say it out. Do you wish me to take charge of little Bella?"

"I do—in preference to any one else—you will be kind to her for my sake—her expenses cannot ——"

"Tush man—not a word of that. I will adopt and bring her up, precisely as my own daughter—save in one regard I can leave her no money. Will that do?"

"It is all—ay even more than I require, but there is one thing I ask. She is, or will be a beautiful creature, when she is grown up—as a member of your family, she will receive attentions and command respect, give her an accomplished education—and—"

"Well Ogden, all this I will do. Say no more about it."

"Give me your hand old friend—and now, solemnly promise me this—and remember, never break it, unless you wish my spirit to return to earth and haunt you hereafter—whenever Isabella is old enough to marry—and has offers of marriage—never let her marry a poor man—make her marry a rich one—no matter who he is, provided he is respectable, but he must be rich—will you promise me this?"

"My dear fellow, I will promise, but can I perform? She is a resolute, determined girl, any one can see *that*, even now; she will not be less resolute seven or eight years hence—supposing she should form an attachment to some poor individual—how in the name of common sense can I prevent her marrying the man? I have no power to force her, or compel her, to reject any one, or marry any one. Were I to attempt it, if she is the girl I think she is, she would settle the matter most probably by quitting my house, and marrying the man of her choice?"

"No, Galloway, I have provided for that. She loves me, and will respect my memory, and obey my wishes when I am dead as if I were living. Should such a case occur—should it be necessary for you to make her reject one person, to marry another, believing it to be for her good—*use this.*"

Mr. Galloway received from the hands of the dying man a letter, sealed with black wax, and stamped with the seal on which was the crest of the family coat of arms. It was addressed to

"Miss Isabella Ogden,
"By the hands of J. Galloway, Esq.,
New York."

"I will use it when required. Is this all?"

"After I am dead, will you allow my body to be buried by the side of my wife, on my old mansion grounds near Saugerties? And will you yourself take Isabella, and follow my remains to their last resting place?"

"I will ——"

"God bless you—and now my old friend I will detain you here no longer."

"Nonsense, I will go now, but I will call again, and hope to find you better."

"Never, my day is nearly over." When the visitor, had gone, Mr. Ogden rang the little bell by his side, and Isabella came at the summons The father and daughter were alone for hours. At last the former asked in a faint voice, "Darling, can you remember all father has said?"

"Every word, until my dying day, but dear father ——"

"Isa, I shall see your mother to-day or to-morrow. Do you recollect her?"

"Father how can I? she died before I was three days old"

"That's true, I had nearly forgot that —but never mind—she will be glad to hear from you—what shall I tell her when—?"

Isabella sat by the bed side, her head rested in her father's, when he asked the last question, she parted, with her other hand, the long dark tresses from before her eyes to look at him ere she replied to such unusual language,—he was lying there—cold—dead. She withdrew her hand and looked at him—at first, she did not comprehend at all. She had never seen death before that, but she felt in an instant that it was death. "Father, father—do not leave your Isa all alone. Father"—and then she kissed again those cold lips and that marble brow, but death had stamped all. She never left the room to call any one, but lay down by his side upon the bed—and when the servant came to tell her to come to tea, he found both parent and child asleep. She awoke at the noise, and stood upon the floor. "Bless my heart, Miss, what is the matter?" said the alarmed servant as he gazed upon the corpse of the dead.

"My father has died, James—bring my tea up to me here," and she sat down again by the bed side of her parent, but she shed no more tears—none—not even at the funeral.

The landlady felt that death in her house was rather an uncommon occurance, and she rouused all the inmates—and they forced Isabella to another room in spite of her remonstrances. That night Mr. Ogden was clothed in the garments of the dead, he was placed in a mahogany coffin, and everything was done in handsome, ay, magnificent style—and had Mr. Ogden lived he would have discovered that he had a great many warm-hearted and sincere friends—many more than he thought he had—if he was a poor man. Crowds of rich, respectable people were at the funeral, and accompanied it to the tow-boat, foot of Barclay street, and no doubt, would have gone all the way up the Hudson to Saugerties, and seen the *last* of *poor Ogden*, but Mr. Galloway did not invite any one—not one of his family—the body was conveyed to his mansion house at Saugerties, and the next day, followed by himself, the daughter, and some honest, sincere friends of the deceased, among the good people of that country town, Mr. Ogden's last request was granted; he was placed carefully in the stone vault by the side of his wife, the mother of Isabella. A few months afterwards Mr. Galloway and his family were at their winter residence in New York, in Broadway, near Bowling Green, and people noticed an addition to his own family—a pale-faced, dark haired, young girl. She was dressed in deep mourning, was very pensive—never smiled—it was Isabella Ogden.

CHAPTER II.

The melancholy Isabella remained nearly the whole of the following winter months in the family of Mr. Galloway, before she could scarcely be said to have become at home or at all acquainted with the house or the family. She was like a spirit gliding about the house hardly noticed, and almost constantly in her own room. She was a young and timid girl, yet her manners and her conversation was almost faultless—She appeared to the beholder at a distance, the little untutored girl, but when engaged in conversation, her dignified manner, and her sensible remarks, made you feel that you were in the presence of a young lady. The contrast between Mr. Galloway and her own father; was to her a matter of entertainment. She watched him closely to discover if the relations which existed between Mr. Galloway and his own daughter Augusta, a fair blue eyed girl, with auburn ringlets, and about the same age as herself, were such as had subsisted between her father, Mr. Ogden and herself. She could discover no similarity. Mr. Galloway was a cold calculating man of the world—even in his own family—they found him. He was methodical in his habits, was a special partner in a large commercial firm, and had just enough business to do to occupy his mind, without the necessity of exerting it. He rose at 8 o'clock, breakfasted at 9, dined at 5, and sat at the dinner table with his guests, (and he always had some person to dine with him,) until a late hour in the evening, when he retired to bed, unless, as sometimes was the case, he had an engagement at the Theatre, then he dined earlier, and quitted the table in time for the play Sometimes he would take his daughter and Isabella to his box at the Opera or Theatre, but this was a rare occurence.—Augusta was a light, trifling, every day sort of a girl, fond of dress and show, little disposed to sympathise with her new friend, whom she was directed to call by the endearing name of sister. It was a long time before these two young and lovely creatures could understand or appreciate each other, but it came at last Augusta found that a being like Isabella was just such a confidant and friend as she required to unbosom herself to in all her little troubles and perplexities, while, on the other hand, Isabella found great relief in the light, trifling impulses and amusements of Augusta, yet they were a relief to her mind; and these two girls, flung together in this unexpected manner, and the very reverses, of each other in character and disposition, and began to love as only those of opposite dispositions, either male or female, can love. Young persons similar in character, habits and disposition, rarely form strong and enduring love, attachments or friendships. Mr. Galloway, and his wife were pleased with this growing intimacy; they foresaw that it could only be productive of good. The gay, laughing, high hearted Augusta, would very naturally acquire some of the calm, lady like mode of doing and acting practiced by the stately Isabella. The two girls occupied the same sleeping apartment.—During the first three months of Isabella's residence with her guardian, as we shall now call him, her home was not a pleasant one. She felt that it was not her home, that she was a stranger and dependent by and bye such gloomy feelings began to pass away. Augusta tried to make her happy, and so did every one in Mr. Galloway's residence, for all—aye, down to Dick, the boot black, began to love the little maid for her gentleness and melancholly When the winter was gone, and the merry month of April came round, Isabella began to dream that she might yet be happy.

"Well, girls," said Mr. Galloway, addressing them just as they were retiring with Madam from the dinner table, "to morrow you will commence going to school."

"To school!" replied both.

"Yes, to school. Lord love you, do you suppose I intend to keep you at home moping about the house, now that the weather has got fine? No, indeed; so prepare yourselves—to-morrow you commence going to school."

"Where, and to whom, Pa?" asked Isabella.

"To Mrs. A. in Barclay street. All the arrangements are made, your mother will tell you what next you are to do, and provide for any school fixings you may require; now go—good bye to you, minxes."

Both girls retired to their room and talked over the matter. Isabella reflected deeply upon the subject that night before she lay down to sleep. It was an important era in her life, she felt it to be so; she had longed for it; she felt a deficiency in her education, and she wished for an opportunity to fill it up, and so, when the morrow came, and she accompanied by Mr. Galloway, was introduced to Mrs. A., her school teacher, her mind was prepared and made up what to do. The opportunity to gain knowledge was placed within reach, and she had determined fully and entirely to avail herself of it. Other girls might go to school for any purpose they chose, her mind was devotedly bent upon one great purpose. She went to that school determined to learn every thing that was taught there; to make herself mistress of all branches of instruction—not for any petty honor, ambition or vain distinction; no—far from it—such ideas were not for a moment entertained in her mind. Her purpose was to acquire a complete education for future usefulness in society, and the great world in which she was destined to move when her school days were over. We pass rapidly over a period of five years of school training, during which, Isabella and Augusta, were regular attendants upon the aforesaid fashionable school. The latter was incited to learn far more than she otherwise would have done, by her endeavors to follow the example of Isabella. She had become the idol of the school. She was now fifteen years of age, and strikingly lovely in her personal appearance, in addition to which attractions, she was by far the best scholar under Mrs. A.'s charge.—She had mastered the French and the Italian languages, and could read, write, and speak all equally well. Her English education was complete, even in the higher branches. Music, drawing, painting and dancing were added to the substantial parts of her education. Mr. Galloway became very proud of Isabella, ay, even more proud of *her* advancement and proficiency, than he would have been, if Augusta had been the young lady first in Mrs. A.'s school, and the one to carry off, year after year, all the honors and rewards, from that once celebrated establishment.

At the school, Isabella formed an acquaintance with Margaret Graham, a young lady of about her own age, and somewhat similar in her habits and mode of thinking and acting. Margaret was proud, shy, and reserved, but to Isabella she was as open as the noon-day sun. They lived in the same quarter of the city, and their routes homeward lay in the same direction. Margaret resided in Morris street, a few doors from Greenwich, between that and Broadway. She and Isabella at last became so intimate, that they always passed homeward from school arm, in arm while Augusta sought a companion from the other school girls—and although Augusta was not jealous, and she could not appreciate Margaret Graham herself, yet she loved her because Isabella seemed very fond of her, and always was with her on their road to and from school.

We must here digress to give a slight sketch of Margaret Graham. Her father was dead, she lived with her mother, who kept house in Morris street, for her father was Margaret's grand-father, who had been a soldier in the revolution and had received as a reward a situation as weigher in the New York Custom House. His salary supported his daughter, and her half orphan children, in comparative ease and affluence.

Margaret had a brother five years older than herself. She had often spoken of him to her friend Isabella—and the latter really began to feel a sort of maidenish curiosity to see that paragon of youthful manliness—Master Francis Graham—of whom her friend was so proud. On one occasion, as they were returning from school, Margaret exclaimed. "Oh, Belle, only think how happy I am to be to-night, brother Frank will be home, and to-morrow I must get him to go to school with us—then you shall see him."

But Belle could not enter into this arrangement on such terms. She had called once or twice at Margaret's house, had seen her mother, and chatted with the old grandfather, but Augusta was with her, and the brother was away in the West Indies; here was a new feature—and when Belle heard the proposition of her friend, she replied: No, no—I cannot call as usual for you know your brother is home—certainly not—what would Mr. Galloway say to it? But don't say anything more now, Margaret, dear; to-morrow I will tell you what I will do."

"Very well—I don't want to introduce any one to you that you think beneath your notice. I am sure I did not think any harm. I thought you loved me, 'Isa,' and that you would like to see my brother Frank, whom I love so much. I am sure he will love you as much as I do," *said* the grieved girl.

"Oh, Maggy, don't get angry or vexed—I didn't mean any harm; I should like to see your brother for your sake, but—Augusta and me can't call for *him*, you know; but do not say any more about it. Augusta and me will go to school as usual to-morrow—we shan't stop for you, on account of that terrible brother of your's; but we can't prevent his going to school with you, nor his coming to see you home, of course; we shall come home the same way, as usual, and with you, and if your brother is with you, why—I suppose there is no great harm in his talking to us, as well as to you. Now will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, Belle, you are a good girl, and always right; here we are near Main street—won't you come down to my house?"

"Not for the world—your brother might be there, you *know*," and the girls enjoyed a hearty laugh, and parted for their respective residences.

Isabella loved Margaret Graham. She loved her as the most worthy girl she had ever known. She had long wished to ask her to the house of Mr. Galloway, but she had an instinctive dread that she would not be a welcome guest there. She was in a different sphere. She knew Mr. Galloway's pride, and that if she brought Miss. Graham home, or was known to be intimate with her beyond the ordinary school intimacy, she would be questioned and perhaps the result would be, that her growing intimacy, and love for *Maggy*, would be nipped in the bud, so that night after they parted and had reached their room at home, she said to Augusta—

"Gusty, dear, did you ever mention Margaret Graham to your parents?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure I did—I told father what a lovely girl she was, and that I wanted her to come and see me, and spend an evening with you and me, and then I was sure you would be very glad if he granted his permission, that we should visit."

"Well, what did Pa say?"

"Oh I don't want to tell you."

"Nonsense, tell me Gusty, dear—what do I care about it more than you?"

"He said the Grahams were nobody, that all their dependence was upon an old Grandfather, who had a berth in the Custom House, and they were not desirable acquaintances for either you or me. Don't get angry."

"Certainly not. He is right—however Gusty, they are very good people, but we can't ask Margaret here, and we need neither of us pay any more about her. In a year or two we shall not meet. We will treat Maggy well then, just as we have done. Shall we not Gusty?"

"To be sure, why not? I like her, so do you. But Belle, don't say a word, or mention her name to Pa, or he may take us away from that school. You don't know how queer he acts, when he gets an idea in his head, that either of us are getting acquainted with what he calls *low* people."

"And who are *low* people, Gusty?"

"Poor people to be sure—who else can be?"

"Gusty, do you know I am *poor*—very poor—am I *low?*"

"Oh! forgive me, dear Isa, you know I did not, could not mean that," said the repentant girl, with tears in her eyes, as she replied to the reproachful look, and language of her friend, and flung herself in her arms."

Isabel kissed her affectionately and then said, "Always be careful, Gusty, never speak without reflection. You would not, I am sure, wound my feelings, or those of any body who is situated as I am. Always remember this, Gusty dear—the *low* are not always the *poor*—the *low*, are those who are guilty, or capable of committing base, dishonorable actions, and they are found more frequently in the ranks of the rich and proud, than among the world's poor and humble. Now let's go down stairs into the parlor and warm, we shall probably meet Margaret's brother Frank.

CHAPTER III.

Frank Graham was as noble-hearted, and generous a fellow as ever trod in shoe leather. He was the pet of his grandfather, idolized by his mother, and almost worshipped by his sister Margaret; their affection for him knew no bounds; he was worthy of it all. The grandfather was a liberal man, but the income from a pension, and his salary as a government weigher, enabled him to gratify all their wishes to the fullest extent. He gave Frank a good education, and when he reached 14 years of age, he procured him a station as the junior, or youngest clerk, with a commercial firm in Front street. For three years his grandson resided at home, and received no salary from his employers, but he was now 19 years old, and for the last two years he had been able to earn a sufficient support for himself, and so completely had he won the confidence of his employers, that for a year past he had been absent at a port in South America, where they had business of importance to transact, which they entrusted to Frank's care. He had been expected back for several days, the vessel which brought him home had been telegraphed that morning. Margaret knew of the arrival of the vessel before she left home for school. On her return home, after parting with Isabella, her loved brother clasped her in his arms. It was the first time in their lives that they had been seperated, and their joy and happiness at the re-union may be better imagined than described, In former days Frank had often heard his sister speak of Isabella Ogden, and had listened to her descriptions of the young girl without feeling any great degree of interest in the matter, but now Frank had seen more than first impressions of Frank's gentle tones, and beautiful language, lingered in her memory forever after. When the party reached Morris street, and were forced to separate, Isabella, who had not previously spoken save in monosyllables, observed: "Mr. Graham, I have been very much pleased by your comparison of the New York damsels and Spanish senoritas, I treat I shall, on some other occasion, hear more of them, but you must tell your sister your stories—and then I can hear them from her."

"Really you are very kind to wish to hear more, but you seem to imply that I shall be favored with a chance to tell you them myself?"

"Not exaoly so; but as school girls don't have much time to listen to stories from young gentlemen, I dare say though we shall meet occasionally. Good-bye Maggy—" and the parties separated, This was the first meeting of the two young persons, who were destined in after days to exert a most powerful influence on each others destiny.

Frank accompanied his sister home, and leaving her at the door, walked down to the Battery. It was a mild spring afternoon—the most delicious period of the season to walk upon the Battery and enjoy the sight of nature coming to life again.—The young grass was just beginning to show a shade of greenness. The distant shore of Jersey, and the Island opposite the city, were commencing to dress in the summer costume; preparations were being made by the trees, upon the Battery, for the opening of the Campaign; all traces of a past severe and hard winter were passing away.

(To be Continued.)

Attachment to Home.

It has been said of Americans that they manifest less attachment to the place of their birth, and less regard for their friends of other days, than any people in the civilized world. This, we apprehend, is not their true character. They leave their friends and their homes, and cast themselves upon the tide of uncertain, and often unpropitious adventure; but not because the society of friends has become irksome, or the home of their childhood has lost the charms of its pristine beauty No! no! deep, bitter and abiding are the sorrows that entwine the heart of a dutiful son and affectionate daughter when, perhaps for the last time, they look upon the form of an aged mother, whose years admonish all that ere long the cold hand of death will consign her a resting-place forever. Who that has ever beheld the streaming eyes of a fond and doting mother, who with stricken heart and heaving bosom, would clasp the hand of he departing child, and as the last maternal office, point him to a faith which leads to a happy spirit land—who on the whole earth that has seen this, can say that an American does not love home and friends? Thank Heaven, our countrymen are industrious, enterprising and bold, though they are generally poor; and their footsteps are directed for fortune and for honor. And their homes and the friends that they love are henceforth remembered in their elysian dreams of pleasure forever gone. He who does not wander back in sweet recollection and live again the sunny hours of times gone by, surrounded by friends he never can forget, is a "human icicle," and never enjoyed the society of a true friend, or knew the care of a father and the love of a mother. Should any one ask me why home was the spot above all others on earth we cherish undying memory of, I would answer, because it is the place where we have felt the smiles and enjoyed the love of our mothers.

What Washington would not have done.

He would not have declared, that he would occupy the Presidency only as the *unanimous* choice of the American people, and then have accepted it at the hands of a mere *minority!*

He would not have affirmed, that he would in no event serve as the President of a party, and then have appointed his entire cabinet from the most "ultra" of a particular party!

He would not have said, that he had "no political enemies to punish" and then have punished all who were in the least degree suspected of having preferred some one else for the Presidency!

He would not have made Honesty one of the essential requisites of appointment to office, and have afterwards conferred lucrative places on notoriously dishonest. *Vide* Henry Fitz Warren, Broad Seal Pennington and Charles Biddle Pancoas of U. S. Bank and Buckshot War notoriety.

He would not have solemnly sworn to support, protect, and preserve the Constitution of the United Sates, and in the same breath have committed its interpretation exclusively to Congress and the Supreme Court.

We will not say who *has* done these things—but we repeat our belief, that Geo. Washington would *not* do them, if he were still living and on the stage of public action.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

A Yankee in Boston has a "rotary sewing machine," which will sew a yard a minute, with the "fast stitch" made in sewing the seams of pantaloons.

Our old grandmother used to say to our old grandfather, "It's useless quarrelling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

☞ Cooper, the novelist, was in attendance at the last circuit court, in Michigan, as the plaintiff in a suit. He owns considerable land in that State, and is described as a stout and portly gentleman, apparently sixty-five years of age.

A valuable Copper Mine is said to have been recently discovered on the farm of Mr. Henry Gitz, in Adams county, Pa.

☞ We have private advices from Toronto, Canada, of a late date, which say that the political excitement in that region, though nearly as high as it can be, is vitally on the increase. Only a spark is needed to set the whole Province in a blaze, and terrible collisions are barely avoided.

Victoria's babies, though destined to be aristocrats in after life, are in infancy on a level with the Illinois babies; they are nothing else but *cuckoos*.

Chief Justice Gibson, we are most happy to learn, has recovered, and again took his seat on the Bench, last Monday.