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C. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Up, Brother, Up!

BY C. D. STUART

Up, brothers up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And all oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud ring out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

From smithy forge, from fisher's cot,
From ploughs that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites and mightier
Sweeps on and ever on:
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light,
Rejoice the day has come,
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strength'ning ties
The new born heart and mind,
To keep the boon and pass it on
To all of human kind.

Rejoice, that ye have broke at length
The strong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the guerdon back
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

The Magnetic Telegraph.

BY REV. J. LYONS.

Along the smooth and tender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.

No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wond'rous flight betray,
And yet their works are quickly felt
In cities far away

Not summer's heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force

In the lone night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric chord
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord.

Of him who taught in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away

Ay, though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward wish is given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven.

These long, frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stay;
But faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

Miscellany.

PUNCTILLOUS OF NAME.—A corporal in one of the regiments in Mexico, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." The officer repeated the call. No answer. "Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?" said the indignant official. "Eben Mead is here"—"My name is simply Eben Mead." The "Ebenezer" was repeated again in a tone like a small northwester. "Captain," quoth the rampant corporal, "you call me Ebenezer. Your name is Peter Read; would you respond if you were called Petersneezer Read?" He was taken to the guard-house, tried for contempt, and deprived of his warrant.—*Lowell Courier.*

PLAYING THE DEVIL.—We were a good deal amused at an anecdote we heard the other day, of a certain preacher whose calling confined him within the limits of Kentucky. He had preached in his parish many years, and of course run short of the eloquence so much needed to keep his hearers awake and astonished. Let him preach ever so well now, it made no difference, they had got used to him and used to sleeping; and sleep they would to his great annoyance.

At last he hit upon an expedient to bring 'em up standing, as the saying is.—He procured a small tin whistle, which he took with him into the pulpit, and after taking his text and "blazing away" until his lungs were sore and his hearers all comfortably dozing and nodding approval to each other, he suddenly drew it forth and gave a shrill too-a-toot. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and upon their feet, staring at the minister, at each other, and wondering what in the name of pickles and human nature, as Sam Slick says, was to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on his astonished assemblage. When I preach the Gospel to you, you all go to sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil you're all wide awake, up and coming like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest!"—*Worcester Telegraph.*

Numerous postmasters in Pennsylvania have been removed, and it appears from the letter writers that a pretty "general sweep" is to be made there. This is very probable. No State furnished more gallant soldiers to fight their country's battles in the war which made Taylor President, almost all of whom were Democrats, and no State had harder work to keep down the allies of Mexico at home and defend Taylor from their "fire in the rear." For this they are to be made the first victims of his official vengeance, and these "domestic traitors" are to be the first recipients of his favors.—*N. H. Gazette.*

From the New York Sun

ISABELLA OGDEN;

OR

The Rich and Poor Lover.

A CITY TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER III.

[*Continued*]

The air was bracing, and invigorating, and filled Frank with happiness and hope Frank walked up and down the various walks upon the Battery, and thought deeply upon his position and prospects. Every thing about him gave tokens that a dreary season of inactivity, was making room for productiveness. He looked at his own social position He had lived in the world, some 19 years, in a state preparing for an existence in the world, where he could be of use to himself, make a name, and acquire a fortune. Heretofore he had merely dreamed of such results, but he felt confident they would all come about in good time. He almost wished that time had come now. He wished that he was a few years older—of age even, with sufficient means, and in business. He had before his eyes an object, for which he wished such things. What was that? It was wild, crude, and unarranged—yet the thought—that he had, an object, that Isabella Ogden, was that object—rested in his bosom. It was for her, he desired to be, what a few years only, could bring about. He had learned from his sister, all that regarded Isabella. She was the ward too, of the rich and respected, fashionable Mr Galloway. He even had not access to the house His sister had never been asked there, and it was not likely *he* would be invited now.—Before Frank finished his walk upon the Battery that evening—the sun had set, on the other side of the river, somewhere west of Jersey City—and he had made up his mind to three things—first, that he was seriously in love for the first time in his life and that he loved Isabella Ogden Second that Mr Galloway would stand in the way of his success, and that Mr. G was to be cultivated, as he could not cut him down Thirdly—that in order to stand any chance, with that gentleman, it was necessary to get ahead in the world, make money—and rise to, what he felt was the *omega* in Mr Galloway's estimation—an extensive merchant, and then, to take his chances, meanwhile, placing himself in the path of—and gain the regard, of Isabella in every way possible These conclusions were no sooner fixed in Mr. Frank's mind, than he set about carrying them into practical operation. His first steps were directed to the counting house of his employers—he astonished one of those worthies, by asking him as he entered, "if there was nothing he could aid him in, that afternoon."

"Why Frank, what's the matter I tho't you would require a few days play spell after your absence?"

No sir; I am now ready to take my place in the office"

"Ah; I like that There is nothing like business. You need not attempt anything to-day—but commence to-morrow morning, as though you had not been away."

The next morning Frank did commence, and was again the out-door clerk of Messrs. Ames and Co. Several days passed before he again saw Isabella Ogden, though his mind was kept alive by his sister. She found that talking of Isabella pleased Frank more than any thing else she could talk about. So like a dutiful sister, she talked of no other person than her. At last Frank determined to see her again. At 3 o'clock that day he took his stand in the Park, watched the girls coming from school; met and walked home with both Isabel and his sister, and drank in more love and beauty; again he parted with her, but with no hope of another interview, for she told him in plain English, that he must not neglect his business to escort school girls home—that she would not permit it. Frank took the hint he felt she intended to convey — When he reached his own parlor, and was alone with his sister, he exclaimed—"Margaret, I am half dead with love for your beautiful friend and I cant bear it any longer. I must tell her of it."

Margaret could hardly comprehend him, or believe that she had heard her brother rightly. She guessed what love was—*she* had never felt even its first approaches; but she was a girl of some sense, and as she beheld upon her brother's features the expression of soul agony, she replied in a quite, subdued voice:

"My dear brother Francis, I am grieved to hear you say it; you ought not to fall in love with any one just now, and not with Bella Ogden She is a very proud girl, and though I love you, Frank;—yet I see that she feels so much above us—or rather her guardian does—that you could not Marry her. It would not be allowed."

"If she loves me, who will prevent it? I will run away with her—do anything."

"Frank, that is not the way to talk, or to win her affections. I *do* believe she feels some interest in you, for she is always making me talk of you, and only this morning, when I was telling her what a fond brother you ~~were, she cried, and~~ said; 'O I wish he was my brother, I should love him so,'"

"*She* said that?"

"Yes, and no wonder, poor girl, she has got no brother."

"Mag, can't you contrive any way that I can see her, so that I can walk and talk to her myself?"

"Indeed I don't know any way. She, nor Miss Augusta, though both are very kind, and seem to love me very much, have never asked me to visit at their house, and since your return they never come here—not even to accompany me to school as they used to do.

"Pride, dear sister; but I'll show them that we are as proud as they are, and think as much of ourselves. And—

"Stop, brother. Isabella is very kind and gentle—have patience Don't worry your mind or think about her so much — Attend to your business; leave things to come about in their own way. I will coax her before long to go and walk on the Battery some afternoon, and ask her if I may tell you to come and accompany us I am sure she will grant it, when I tell her how much you think of her—and how anxious you are to talk with her—that I will.—Now, brother, rest contented until that opportunity comes."

Frank pursued the good advice of his sister, attended to his business, and she, like a sensible girl, avoided all allusion to Isabella in his presence. Weeks passed in this manner, when one morning Margaret asked Frank if he was engaged the next afternoon towards sundown.

"No," replied Frank, "what do you want?"

"Merely this; there is a young lady coming to spend the afternoon with me, and we have agreed to take a walk upon the Battery after sun down, and then I am to see her home I thought you would like to be one of the party?"

"Is it Isabella?"

"Who else, dear brother mine"

"Does she know of your asking me?"

"Don't ask improper questions, rest assured of this, she will not be angry. But listen—the family of Mr. Galloway have gone to their country seat, she is left in town in charge of the sister of Mr. G., who acts as housekeeper during his absence.—The family will be out of town some weeks; now don't act shocked brother. I have obtained an invitation from the family to spend the time they are away as the companion of Miss Ogden"

"You are a blessed, darling sister, and worth your weight in gold—Sis I really begin to appreciate you, why *we* will meet every day?"

"Hush—if you have any nonsense, or talk foolish to Isa I will never forgive you, she will not either"

Frank went to bed that night in a state of excitement that prevented his sleeping for hours The morrow was to be his *fate* with Isabel What fools men in love are? They brood and ponder over every trifling thing, as though it really would promote, or affect, for good or evil, a serious attachment.

CHAPTER IV

Frank was at his own home at precisely four o'clock, the hour at which his sister desired him to go with her friend and herself to the Battery He found Isabella at the piano in the parlor; he commenced a conversation with her—soon after his sister left the parlor It was the first time he had ever been alone with Isabella, the first time he had ever seen her, save in the street; now, indeed, he was enchanted. Isabella was a magnificent specimen of girlish beauty She was large for her age; though scarcely sixteen, she possessed the charms of a fully developed woman. Her face was very pale, her skin almost transparent: her dark hair fell in long clustering curls over her white neck and shoulders, affording a rich contrast.

Frank walked to her side, and, as he gazed into the expressive features of the beautiful girl she ceased playing, and turned her eyes gleaming with happiness upon his own, He looked at her small delicately framed mouth, her pearly teeth, her black eyes, and changing feature, and listened to the soft melody of her voice, the low, deep tones of which penetrated his heart. Frank felt he was in the presence the female deity who, ever after, must be the idol of this earthly adoration. He seated himself by her side, and every feature of his own expressive countenance told in language as plainly as if he had spoken, what was passing his own mind. It was love's own language, plainly written there; but the young girl had not yet learned to read love's hand-writing: she did not feel at all alarmed, as she otherwise would have done; and Frank's eloquent lanaguage of the face would not have been understood by her for months, had he not chosen to act as its interpreter.

"Oh how I have longed for just such a moment, Miss Isabella, when I could be by your side, and talk to you as I now can?"

"Why so, Mr. Graham? Is there anything so very attractive about a school girl?"

"To me you are not a school girl"

"Indeed; why I am a school girl, but how do you like those other places where you have been? Do you know I should like to travel all the rest of my life and go and visit every place I ever read or heard of."

"And why will you not?" How I should like to be your companion, and see everything with you: I should look at every thing through your eyes, and you might in time come to see every thing through mine."

"Really, Mr. Graham—"

"Dont call me Mr., call me Frank—you are my sister's friend; there can be no impropriety in it. Do call me Frank."

"Very well then—Frank be it—when we are alone though, now Mr. Frank."

"No, Frank without the Mister."

"Well, Frank—now Frank that was a very pretty idea of your own about the eyes—but I prefer my own eyes to look through. I have no doubt you would be a very pleasant companion and a very good boy, as your pretty sister Margaret says you are—but your, or our, travelling expenses would cost a considerable sum of money. What could be done about that? I am as poor as a church mouse, and do not know of any thing valuable that belongs to me unless it may be my humble self. You, Frank, are not much better off,"—said the laughing girl; but her features changed as Frank commenced what she supposed would be a reply—the same jesting strain of conversation; but in place of which, it was any thing but *that*—as he proceeded, his changing face, flashing eye, voice, and all seemed changed

"That's true, for me—I am now poor; but you—you are a priceless fortune—worth a man's life—yes, a dozen lives. I am young—the wide world is before me; but till I saw you, I was without an object. Now, Great God! with you before me—with your image graven on my heart—with the best hope of my existence centred in you, what can I not do or be for your sake? I am a clerk for your sake; give me but time, and I will rise to be a merchant.—I have youth, I have mercantile knowledge, but capital, I have made friends who have it. For honor,—I need, I will mix among my fellows—enter the political arena; with your love as a reward, I would win distinction there. Wealth—it would come; I would work and toil night and day plan and scheme, carry them all out for your sake, to make money for you, and then travel. Why we would go to the world's end together. I would be all, every thing you wished, and need but one reward—one smile of approval of my purpose; one faint hope that you would love me when I had shown what I could do for your sake. I would have no wish, no hope that was not a part of your happiness. I know, dear Isabella all of your history—Margaret has told me it. I would be your slave—live but for you. You are an orphan. Those with whom you live are proud, wealthy and fashionable; they connot love you,—nay worship the very ground you tread on, as I do. They have *other* objects to love. Dear Isabel, may I go on, and nurse thoughts of you? Will you not be angry? But, I have offended you:—I see you look sad I Do not mean any harm: But you are weeping? What a silly fool I am? Dear Isabel I will try and please you, and never say a word again that will offend if you will forgive me *now!*" Frank had become so earnest, so pleading, and was so humble, that Isabel, who was at first surprised, then a little angry; and felt awkward in a new position, blushed crimson, and bent her eyes upon her little trotters which were beating time upon the carpet, but as Frank grew more eloquent, and knelt by her seat, took her hand in his, and looked up into her face so imploringly—she said nothing, but looked upon him kindly, and when at last he grew more importunate, and placed one arm around her waist, as he finished speaking and bowed his head upon her lap—she faltered for a moment, ran her fingers through his curling hair and said—

"Frank, don't—you must not talk so; we are very young—now take away your arm, and let me go and find Margaret; you ought not to have said what you have—it has grieved me and made me weep; if I forgive you, you will not talk to me any more about it—at least until we are older."

Frank rose, but he kept hold of Isabel's little hand, raised it to his lips—it was very sweet, and as she looked at him for an answer to her last request, Frank parted and arranged her tangled ringlets from off her face and neck and answered, "No dearest Isabel, I will never say any thing more that can distress you," and as he said, this, he placed one arm timidly and respectfully about the white neck of the sweet orphan girl, and placed his lips upon hers—it was *only* a moment. Before the startled girl could say a word, Margaret entered the room—seemed surprised for a moment, as though she saw something queer, than relieved all parties by saying, "Are you ready to start for the Battery?"

Of course they were, and in a few moments afterwards the young trio were sauntering down among the trees that line the lover's walk. Isabella was silent—she did not say a word. Frank didn't seem to mind that, for he rattled on with his varied powers of conversation. Isabella listened and drank in every word; for into his conversation, Frank continued to throw a thousand reminiscences of his past life, his present situation, and his future prospects, and somehow, it was a new, but a pleasant sensation to Isabel, to feel that since she had met Frank—particularly, since the parlor conversation, she was interested in—was a part of all Frank was to do hereafter. She did not know what might happen, but she felt,—and every girl feels and appreciates it,—the tender delight and pride of being inwardly assured, that *one* heart beats but for herself alone. She may not at the moment love in return, but she is *proud* of it, is a little,—just a shade grateful;—if the object continues worthy, commands her respect, her gratitude continues to increase; pity, gentle pity, assists her amiable sister, and love is not far behind, but soon steps in, with all his attributes. When the brother left his sister with his lady-love, at the mansion of the latter, he felt, as he had often done, after a hard day's work at the counting room, satisfied he had done his duty, "it could not be bettered," and that he desired, and deserved, rest and quiet. So Frank took his way across Garden street, from Broadway to William, turned round the corner, into the celebrated Cafe of Delmonico and Brother, which stood there before the great fire of 1835, ordered a 1s. 6d. cup of "cafe au lait," lit a cigar, and until a late hour was busily engaged in constructing castles, and houses for the future residence of Isabella and himself, and arranging plans for the comfort and happiness of his grandfather, mother and sister: but as this sort of business don't pay, Frank cut it, went home to his mother's residence to bed and to sleep—no, not to sleep. French coffee, that will float an egg, don't often conduce to such a result as that, consequently coffee and visions of Isabel, aided his watchfulness, and sunrise found him as lively as when he retired to rest the night previous.

One year passed rapidly away. At the end of that period, Frank and Isabella, so far as their own hearts and affections were concerned, were irrevocably pledged to each other for life. Each knew the other loved, and that their love was mutual, yet they had never told the sweet confession to either. But they knew it—felt it—in thought and soul—words were useless. Time glided on, they met almost daily—it was but a moment perhaps, but it was long enough, to be happy upon, until they met again. Where was Mr. Galloway all this time? Was he blind? No! but he never dreamed, that the quiet Isabel thought of aught else than her books. He never met or saw Isabel with her lover—he had never visited the house of Mr Galloway—his daughter Augusta was not blind, although Isabel never made her a confident, of her love to Frank. Augusta knew all about it as well as though she had. She had her motives in keeping it a secret from *her* parents. It was to her a *funny* matter, a sort of thing that was really *charming*. She had an imaginary matter of her own on hand. It was with a friend of Frank's, whom he had introduced to the neighborhood of Mrs. A——'s young proteze, and who always happened, to escort Miss Augusta, on the days when Frank wished to be with Isabel. She walked with Frank willingly from school, whenever he came, and seemed, neither to approve or disapprove of the measures, taken to insure their being alone in their walk. Frank's Sister had left school, but Isabella was a frequent visitor to her, and she was a confident of both Frank and Isa.

It was about a year after the day that Frank had first seen Isabella alone at his mother's house, when he managed to meet her and Augusta returning from school.—He seemed agitated, and both girls asked instantly, "What was the matter?"

Frank informed them, "That he was obliged in the prosecution of some business which he had undertaken for his employers, to proceed to Richmond, Virginia, within two days; from thence should go to Europe, and should be absent doubtless a year." Isbaella said not a word. Augusta asked him "When he should positively go away from New York?"

"The day after to-morrow in the morning, and I have a great favor to ask Could you two young ladies oblige my sister by spending to-morrow at our house instead of going to school?" It was a bold request. His sister Margaret must be very anxious to see the two beautiful girls, to make such a demand? What! ask too young, respectable, fashionable girls to play *hochie*, because *her* brother was going away?—Frank paused for an answer, Augusta looked at Isabella, they had reached the neighborhood of the house of Mr. Galloway, and Frank was approaching interdicted ground Then Isabel found her voice, and fixing her eyes tenderly upon Frank, she observed in a quiet careless way, "Tell Maggy that Gusta and me, will call and see her as we go to school to-morrow. Now good bye until then."

The next morning, a few minutes before 9 o'clock, Frank was seated in the parlor of his own home, and looking at a miniature. He thought the subject exceedingly good looking—and wondered if Bell would coincide with him in his opinion—for it was his own likeness, and intended for her. The door bell rang and Frank answered it.—There were two young girls at the door, and they asked if his sister was at home.—Frank said he believed she was, and asked them into the parlor while he went and ascertained. He found Margaret, and she went down stairs and did ask Frank to go with her. Presently she returned with Augusta, to show her some birds—perfect young elephants—that Augusta had seen some fifty times before, but had never discovered the beauties until now. Frank left them, and went down into the parlor As he entered Isabella flung her arms about his neck. "She did not want him to go away," "accidents might happen" and a thousand other things; but Frank led her to the sofa, then, with his arms about her, her head resting upon his bosom, only moving as he planted kisses upon her lips, eyes and hair Hours passed away. He told her all of his plans—"when he returned he should go into business, then he would be independent then he would claim her as his own loved girl, and marry her too, in spite of all the Mr. Galloways in existence should they object." Oh how time passed as they caressed and whispered in each others ears bright hopes and mutual joys and prosperity in the great world! They were to keep their love still secret, both were to correspond.—Margaret was to be their post Mistress —Frank gave his Miniature to Isa, and strange as it may be, she had one in her bosom of herself which she had brought with her, and gave it to Frank. A hundred tender things hade been said, and now they must part for Isabella insisted upon being home at precisely the time they usually returned from school, and it was near the hour.—

"Frank, will you never think of any one but me when you are absent?"

"Certainly not. Of whom could I think but you? You are my all, my everything in life, but Isabella can you be constant?—Can the love we have so solemnly and so sacredly pledged me to-day, be shaken by anything that can occur. Are there not others, think you, who are richer, better more clever, who will be able to drive my image from your bosom, when I am away?"

"Never, never, dearest Frank—my whole heart is yours. You have my first love—my only love—if you were to die I should not wish to live a moment. I would be your slave. You will succeed, you will be a merchant on your return. I can be proud of you, adore you, and hold up my head, as your wife, as high as the proudest lady in the city. My loved Frank can you, do you doubt my love?"

"No, I cannot, yet it has not been tried Isa, and I fear, fear! great God, with a mind constituted as mine, my whole soul absorbed in you, were you to change, Isabel—were I to return, find you engaged, or married to another, I should go mad."

"Ah, Frank, you don't know me—have no fears, but I must go."

Frank clasped the blushing, happy maid to his heart. Pressed upon her glowing lips kisses innumerable; neither spoke until he rose from the sofa, went to the foot of the stairs in the hall and called his sister, and then returned to the side of Isabella and kissed away her tears

Margaret and Augusta both came down at the summons—nearly six hours had elapsed that they had been up stairs, and Isabella remarked it by saying "My dear Augusta, where have you been this long time, you *knew* I was waiting?"

"Gammon," replied Augusta, its no such thing, you haven't even remembered that I was in existence, ain't it so Frank? But never mind, I'm delightfully good-natured this day at the idea of getting rid of trouble and you, together Frank, but come Belle do your things and let's start, for if my Pa is out, and should catch me in this abetting business, he would murder me as a horrid example of the deserved fate of love messengers. Good bye Frank, be a good boy, you may kiss me for once, don't get jealous Isa?"

"To be sure I will, for a guardian angel as you are of the happiness of both Isa and self, then take that and keep it, God bless you."

"Now Isa"

* * * * * * *

The next day Francis Graham left New York for Richmond, a few days afterwards Margaret got a letter from her brother, enclosing one for Isabella Ogden. It was dated at Richmond, and informed her that he was to sail the next morning for a port in the North of Europe. We leave him on his voyage

CHAPTER V

It would make our story too long were we to record all that would interest the reader, in the details of the events of the year, which followed the departure of Francis Graham from the United States. We have only space to give a brief summary of the principal features of the circumstances that took place, and which changed the relative position and prospects, of him and Isabella. Frank had been sent by his employers to the Dutch port of Amsterdam, in the north of Europe, to make some business arrangements for the firm. Previous to his leaving Richmond he had, as we have previously stated, written a letter to Isabella, under cover to his sister. The fair girl replied to it through the same channel, by every opportunity, even before she received a letter from him informing her of his safe arrival in Europe. This correspondence continued for a year—every letter from Isabella was couched in the most heart-felt language, and breathed love and constancy in every line. But, at the expiration of a year—for Frank was detained in Europe longer than he expected—the usual letter from his sister enclosing one from Isabella, did not come with its accustomed regularity, and Frank felt that there was something wrong, but he never doubted for a moment Isabella, or that she had or could change. But we must return to New York and relate some matters occuring on this side of the Atlantic, which were eventually to destroy, for many years, Frank's peace and prospects, so far as the fair girl herself was concerned Frank left in the spring of the year; it was about the close of the following fall when Isabella left school; she was now 16 years of age—was everything her father desired, could he have lived to be a witness of her perfection. She was a young lady in every sense of the word—lovely in person of an amiable temper and disposition. She had received an education rarely acquired by girls of her age, for she was a good scholar. One December evening, a few days after she had graduated from Mrs. A's school, she was surprised at receiving a message from her guardian, Mr. Galloway, "that he desired to have her come down stairs into the parlor" She complied, and found no one but her guardian and another old gentleman She was formally introduced in this manner:—

"This is the young lady. Mr. Pem, of whom I spoke to you, Miss Ogden:—Isabella, this gentleman is my old friend Mr Pem." Isabella was surprised; such a course, even on the part of her guardian, was unusual She joined in the conversation of the two men, with as a good a grace as the limited knowledge of the subject of their conversation would admit of. At last Mr. Pem addressed himself directly to her—

"Miss Ogden, my old friend, Galloway tells me that you are very accomplished? You are certainly exceedingly beautiful"

"Thanks, Guardy; but, Mr. Pem, I am afraid he overrates my accomplishments."

"Do you play and sing?"

"Oh yes; shall I show you that I can play and sing—the piano is open and looks very inviting?"

"Do, if you please, and accompany the piano with your voice; I am sure you sing sweetly."

Isabella played and sang several exquisite songs, and both gentlemen appeared pleased. When she ceased playing, Mr. Pem rose from his seat, approached her, took her hand in his; she was surprised, which he observed, but still continued to gaze at her; at last she was really angry. He thanked her for playing, and said she played and sang admirably. "I am very much pleased, Miss Ogden, and I hope before long we shall be better acquainted." He dropped her hand, turned round to Mr. Galloway, and remarked to that gentleman, "It will do—I will call at your office to-morrow, and we can talk over the arrangements.—I must go now."

"Very well," replied Mr. Galloway, and soon after Mr. Pem bade guardian and ward good night and took his departure.

After he had gone Isabella asked, "Who is Mr. Pem, Guardy? He seemed as though he wanted to make a purchase; on my word, he looked at me as though he was anxious to ascertain whether I would make a good meal of victuals. I am angry."

"Stuff—he may be your father-in-law, for what I know."

"Mr Galloway! oh, do not, jest on such a subject," exclaimed the really ashamed girl. "I am dependent upon you, but surely you are not anxious to get rid of me?—What can Mr. Pem be to me, or I to him. I am very happy where I am."

"Isabella, you are now old enough to form a matrimonial arrangement, you are my ward; your father placed you in my charge, to look out for your interests; you have been a good girl, and very attentive to your studies, very domestic, and very quiet. I am aware that all young girls are timid, and and don't like to talk about a husband, yet at heart, are very thankful to any kind old guardian, like myself, who will pick out a good one. Now while you have been steady at your books, I have not been neglectful of your future interests. I have steadily looked out for a husband, for the daughter of my old friend Ogden—such an one as he desired, would have appreciated and approved of. I have selected a husband, for you. I have found the man."

"Mr Galloway! Do not trifle in this way—or use my father's name, in connection with such a subject. I do not wish too marry."

"Of course all young girls *say that*, but you do not know who he is? wait until you see him?"

"I want to see no man, with any such understanding—for shame Mr. Galloway, to place me in the market—to marry me, or to give the refusal of me, to any purchaser, who suits your views."

Isabella covered her face with her hands, she had spirit but felt crushed, and a sense of her desolate position, the necessity of concealment, made her lose her spirit.

"Isabella—you have not stated the case truly. When you have heard me through with what I have to say, I feel assured, you will regard the matter in a very different, and more kindly manner. Mr. Pem is a very wealthy man, a very extensive broker in Wall street, he knew your father, before you were born—in fact, Mr. Pem lost a considerable sum of money by the failure of your father. He has often conversed with me, in reference to yourself. I have from time to time, given him an account of the rapid progress you have made in your studies, and all that sort of thing. He thinks very highly of you—He wished to see you himself—He has done so, is still pleased. You are well born—of a good family—you are very lovely—very young—very amiable—very talented—naturally, and very accomplished. He is also aware that you are very poor, that he overlooks. Now to the point. Mr Pem has a son, whom he wishes to see married, to some young lady, who is situated precisely as you are. He has proposed to me for you. This son is almost 25 years of age, has travelled in Europe, in fact, returned only a few weeks since. I think you will be pleased with him, and pretty soon he will fall in love with you, but that is no matter, his governor will fix *that*. He must marry you, if the father says the word Now Isabella, these are the facts. God forbid, my dear young lady, that I should attempt to force your inclinations, but of course, you will marry some day; young Pem, will be good a match.—Previous to marriage old Pem must come down with a fixed allowance per annum, to you for life.

Now I shall see him, that is the father, to-morrow morning. I want you to understand the matter fully. I shall ask young Pem, to visit at my house, and I expect you to treat him kindly or respectfully at least until you are certain whether you like him or not, then it will be time enough to think of what shall be done next—meantime, receive him as your acknowledged suitor. What have you got to say now? What earthly objection can you make to my proposition?"

Isabella had removed her hands from her face, taken a seat near Mr. Galloway, and watched him attentively, while she listened to every word that he uttered. When he had finished, she replied, "Guardian you are very kind, very good—you always have been so. I am grateful, I will consent to receive young Mr. Pem, when he comes here. I will treat him kindly, and do as you desire, for your sake; so long as he does not speak to me of love or marriage all will go well I certainly shall say nothing to him, but the moment he does, I shall say positively, I never *can* love and never *can* marry him, for I never will do either.

(*To be Continued.*)

RICH MEN OF BOSTON.—The Boston Post publishes a list of the men of Boston who are taxed on over $100,000. In the first class, there are 116 who are taxed on $100,000 and less than $300,000; 28 who are taxed on $200,000 and under $300,000; 12 on $300,000 and less than $400,000. We give the list of the others:

Taxed on $400,000 & under 500,000—Samuel Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Wm. Appleton, Harrison G. Otis, James Parker, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Eliphalet Baker. Taxed on $500,000 and under $600,000—Jno. Bryant, Wm. Lawrence, Thomas Wigglesworth. Taxed on over $600,000—Peter C. Brooks, $1,321,200; Abbot Lawrence, $950,040; Jonathan Philips, $633,000; Robt. G. Shaw, $716,000; John D. Williams, $785,000.

SNOW AND STRAWBERRIES.—The Columbia (S. C.) Telegraph, of the 16th, says: "We certainly enjoy a peculiar privilege in having snow and strawberries, both fresh at the same time. For two weeks past the favored ones have been luxuriating in early strawberries, and yesterday the severest snow storm we have had this winter, covered the house-tops and the streets in its pure white livery."

A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped the courtesy. The rustic laughed without returning the civility. 'What,' said he, 'do you courtesy to dead hogs?'

'No, sir,' replied the little miss, 'I courtsied to the *live one*.'

Young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors, they should make every allowance for the freedom of the press.

☞ Be careful, and don't go near the woods for some time yet—the trees are beginning to shoot.