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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Farmer's Daughter.

She may not, in the mazy dance,
With jewelled maidens vie;
She may not smile on courtly swain
With soft, bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has brought her,
But, ah, she has much fairer charms,
The Farmer's peerless daughter.

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreathe around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon the dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,
Nor yet more gay and free,
The lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity;—
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she,
The Farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty belle whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies,
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden hies;
And, with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jewelled fair,—
The brightest jewel yet
Is in the heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek,
The grace no rule hath taught her,—
The fairest wreath that beauty twines,
Is for the Farmer's daughter!

From the National Era

Be Strong and Brave—Be Firm and True!

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD

Be strong and brave—be firm and true—
In whatsoe'er thou hast to do;
When *truth* and *right* are with you, there
Must be no moment for despair!

If rugged seem the path you tread,
And hope a doubtful glim'ring shed
Where, far before, the good you seek
Is hedged by many an Alpine peak,
While frozen torrents rage between,
And yawning chasms intervene,
Oh, falter not—press on anew,
For truth and right be firm and true!

If error triumph for a day,
And wrong achieve tyrannic sway—
If monstrous evils grow with years,
Whose sap is human blood and tears—
If all your efforts seem to be
Like snow-flakes falling on the sea,
Which serve the darkening tide to swell,
And leave no whiteness where they fell—
If heart grow sick, and eyes grow dim,
And faintness seize the weary limb—
If blear-eyed, dull Despondency
Shall come where Hope was wont to be—
Oh, sound the [illegible] spirit [illegible].
As once ye did when Hope was young!
Bid all the glories of thy soul
Their banners on the night unroll!
Call out the high resolves once more,
Which nerved to noble deeds before,
And wake the music which can thrill
Thy being with its rapture still!

Plant firm amid the thorns thy feet—
Loud through the gloom thy cry repeat—
Swing upward still thy torch of flame,
And strike for truth and right the same!

Though night and storms and foes surround,
And threat'ning clouds sink darkly down,
Onward and upward press anew,
To *truth* and *right forever true!*

Miscellany.

From the New York Sun

ISABELLA OGDEN;

OR

The Rich and Poor Lover.

A CITY TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER V.

[*Continued.*]

"Nonsense—what should prevent you? There is no one else you love—young Pem *will* marry you; he has a clear field. He will be the happy man—now my dear Jade—see how soon my words will come true."

Isabella blushed; she felt guilty—she felt that she had wronged Frank, in consenting to the visits of Mr. Pem, but what could she do? Even Frank would approve of her course, if he knew it. She hastily replied "never," and left the parlor for her own room.

Business men do live matters up rapidly. It is a trifling, petty arrangement to them a speculation in cotton—an operation in the stock market requires thought, calculation, prudence and management, but love and marriage! the union of a child for life, to another being—is a sort of plain, every day matter—if the parties are equally matched—of constant occurrence. It is not strange then, that the next morning Mr. Pem and Mr Galloway met—and, in an hour, they separated; the business was done. A contract had been signed to the effect that the son of the one *should* marry the ward of the other. For the support of the young couple Mr. Pem agreed to place his son in the brokerage business, give him a house, furnish it, and settle on Isabella, in case of accidents, the sum of five hundred dollars a year while she lived. Mr. Galloway was a prudent man—he accepted the contract, on his part bound himself that Isabella Ogden should marry young Pem. No dower was asked or given—she was to go out of his hands, with no more property than she possessed when he received her from her father. It was not mentioned in the contract, that she was to bring to her husband the rich and priceless treasures she possessed in love mind and beauty. Oh no, these were of no account: she was to marry him, *that* covered all.

Within a week the young Pem was introduced to the family of Mr. Galloway.—Isabella was disgusted with him at the very first sight of his uncouth visage, even if she had not loved Frank. The contrast between the poor lover, who was far away, and the rich one, who was present, was too vivid, too striking, but she did not forget herself, and treated Mr. Pem as a young lady should treat any gentleman. In fact, before, he had been in her society an hour she really felt a sort of pity that a young man who had wealth, rich relations, and respectable connexion, should be such a perfect imbecile both in body and mind. When he had retired, the laughing Augusta who had penetrated the design of her worthy Papa, exclaimed, "Well, Bella, I am at ease now. I did fear that the rich lover, endorsed by my Pa, and *his* papa, might injure the future hopes of my friend Frank But my stars! if you ever dream of loving, or marrying such a horrid fool, and such an ugly uncouth specimen of manhood as that you deserve to be miserable for the remainder of your days."

The history of the young Pem was but the history of two thirds of the rich men's sons in the city of New York. He was the son of a decent, but ordinary, and respectable tradesman, doing a small business — The senior Pem "poco a poco"—acquired a handsome property—and finally got down into Wall street among the brokers, and was now among those worthies, and carried a book to the stock Exchange. The son had grown up in idleness; at 16 he was familiar with all the vices of a great city; could drink, play billiards, smoke cigars, knew all the unmentionable houses in town, could make a night of it equal to any one about town. At 18 he graduated at Columbia College—he was educated! Fast horses, fast drinking, card playing, and "all nights," had destroyed his constitution, injured his mental faculties, corrupted his heart, and destroyed every vestige of virtue he had possessed perhaps in childhood or days of infancy. At 22 the licentious young profligate was sent abroad to see if health could be restored, by Paris or London medical aid, and to ascertain if in those cities, any new pleasure could be procured by a man who had the means This was the young man of wealth, position and fashion that the worldly wise Mr Galloway had chosen as the most proper person to secure the future happiness of his beautiful ward For three months after his introduction the young Pem, whose name was Pezano, followed the gentle maid. Parties were made up for all places. At the theatre, opera, and at home, he was her companion He loved her, if the sentiment which could enter the heart and brain of a disgusting libertine, could be called by so holy a name And she despised him. That was the word; she had learned to detest him. But her, pride had been aroused; she thought of how many desires of her heart could be *purchased* The wealth of the Pem family was immense Their carriages were very pleasant to ride in, their houses were luxuriantly and splendidly furnished, too and if Augusta [illegible] send Pezano about his business?" she would reply, "how can I avoid his paying attentions to me, Gus? You know how I am situated—yet I hate him"

Augusta had a heart—a more honest one in some respects than her friend, She had become deeply in love with the friend of Frank—whose name was Richard Clark—who has been previously mentioned, as accompanying her to school. The young man had never been to her father's house, yet he loved her, and met her frequently, and they were engaged He was a clerk in the same employ as Frank had been, and was rising rapidly in the confidence of the firm The relation in which he stood to Augusta, was something after the fashion of his own language to her upon the subject. "Gussy, as sure as I get into business, and can support you, I will ask your old man for his consent; if he says no, (which of course he will do) all I have to say is, I know Parson Hawks, who preaches in St. Thomas's Church. He will marry us, and if your Pa dont like it, he can lump it, that's all I've got to say now."

"And as for me, Dicky, all I have to say, is to suit your own convenience, we can get along without Pa."

Mr Clark loved Frank as if he had been a brother. He was the son of a barber in one of the upper Wards, but a promising young man, and Frank procured him the situation he held. He was gratified when he heard from all quarters that Isabella had abandoned Frank, and was to be married to, young Pem, whom he knew and detested. He had no delicacy in communicating all his suspicions and opinions upon the matter to Augusta. "Its a burning shame and a sin if it is so, and Gussy, you should talk to Isa. Suppose Frank hears of this, that she is travelling all over town in company with that young son of a gun, confound him. I tell you Frank is no chicken, and if he hears *that*, there will be something broke; get some explanation from her Gussy, and then I will write Frank."

It was in pursuance of the wishes of her lover, that Augusta asked "Isa" why she did not send Pizarro about his business.—When she heard her reply, she observed to her very seriously, "Isa, you are wrong, Frank don't deserve it. He is far away working for you, dreaming of you all the while, and thinking how happy all will be bye and bye. And you, I tell you what it is Isa, Frank will hear of it, and he will awaken from his dream, and—"

"Stop Augusta, I will not listen to this. Frank cannot doubt my love for an instant—if he does?"

"You will marry that fool Pem, I suppose you have got to do it any way."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I overheard my father say that you would do so, for if you refused, he had a letter from your father about it."

"Augusta, you heard this? Your father has a letter from mine to *me*—he shall show it to me?"

"Don't Isa mention that I told you."—Before she could reply the bell rang, and a visitor was announced—it was Mr. P. Pem. Augusta left the room. The visitor found Isabella alone—an hour passed, when Mr. Pem left the house, and Isabella rejoined her friend, and laughing said—

"Well Gussy its all over now, and my mind is relieved. Mr. Pem has made his declarations, and I have refused him, and told him the reason; that I loved, ay, adored Frank, and he promised to keep it secret"

"Isabel, he will go and tell my father every word about it."

"Suppose he does, it may as well come first as last I am sorry I did not tell him six months ago."

"I wish to Heaven you had, for I have a sad presentiment—"

"Never mind Augusta, all will be right. Frank's last letter informs me, that he has made money, and that in May, I shall be his. Its March now—only two months more."

The two friends were seated in their own room that evening. Isabella had not met her guardian since Mr. Pem had received his dismissal. When she received his orders to come down into the parlor, she complied and found Mr. Galloway in a state of violent excitement. He charged her with duplicity and deception and love for Frank Graham, and blind infatuation, in allowing Mr. Pem to go away. For an hour, he reasoned, remonstrated, and begged her, for her own sake, to listen to reason, and be guided by his advice. It was all in vain. Isabella acknowledged that the visions of wealth, comfort, respectability, home, and so forth, had charms, but, that she could not love Mr. Pem—her heart was Mr. Graham's.

"Isabella I shall now leave you, but before I go, I have a solemn duty to perform. Your father, when he was dying, with an extraordinary prophetic spirit, foresaw exactly what has occurred. He foresaw that you would love where nothing but poverty existed, and refuse a husband, with wealth and position. He made me pledge, that I would prevent your falling in love with obscurity and poverty God knows how I tried to do so. But you deceived me. I thought your heart was like an unsoiled piece of white paper—I find when too late, a man's name written there. He made me promise that I would endeavor to marry you to one who had respectability and wealth. I have tried faithfully to perform the trust—have I not dear Isabella?"

"Oh you have, but I cannot indeed, I cannot love Mr. Pem."

"Isabel, your father delivered to me this sealed letter to be placed in your hands in a certain emergency. It has arisen, and I now perform my duty and fulfil the last trust reposed in me by my friend, who is dead. Read the letter to-night, reflect upon it, and to-morrow morning write me whether I shall recall Mr. Pem to your feet. Here is the letter—it is from your father," and Mr. Galloway left the parlor. [illegible] Isabella pressed it respectfully to her lips, broke the seal, knelt down by the side of a chair in the recess of the window, and read every word When she had finished and fully understood it, she placed it in her bosom, raised her hands upwards, and in a low mournful accent repeated "Father, your child will obey you even though you are dead, as she did when you lived, though it will be to misery and to death Oh God! Frank!" It was the last words she said for many days; she was very ill. At last she recovered, and a few weeks afterwards on the eve of the first of May, in a fashionable church in Broadway, surrounded by the wealth and fashion of New York, the beautiful Isabella Ogden became the wife of Pizarro Pem. They were to spend their honey moon at the country residence of the father of the husband.

The next morning was the first of May and the bridal couple, surrounded by troops of friends stood upon the hurricane deck of a magnificent North River steamer, just leaving from the landing at the foot of Barclay street. As the boat headed up the river, and her tremendous paddles began to operate in earnest, the attraction of the group was [illegible]ned to a brig which had just arrived and was lying at anchor in the North River. There was a boat putting off to carry passengers ashore; it was early in the morning as the little boat passed near the stern of the steamboat; she thought for an instant of Frank, at the same moment she heard her own name shouted, "Isabel," She gazed for an instant at the receding boat—that voice, that passenger—it was Frank, he had returned. She closed her eyes and sat down paralyzed. The band of music began playing—the steamboat was now fairly under way, then she looked at the little boat, it was almost out of sight, and near the landing. What were the feelings of the young bride is only known to herself and her God! Poor Frank, the rich lover had succeeded in gaining a purchased bride. The poor lover had lost one, but possessed the heart.

The brig Angeline, Capt. Edwards, had arrived the night preceding, and anchored in the North River. Frank was a passenger in her from Amsterdam, and was proceeding on shore when he observed the form and face of Isabella.

He felt hurt that she should have left New York about the time he was expected, but supposed she was obliged to leave town and would soon be back. With such tho'ts when he got on shore, he hurried to his home in Morris street. All of his family were well and rejoiced to see him. His sister Margaret seemed to avoid giving him a chance to see her alone; at last he insisted that she should accompany him to her own room, he "wanted to see how it looked." She could not refuse his request, and when they were alone Frank pronounced the name "Isabel," and gazed into his sister's eyes; there were tears trickling down those cheeks but she did her duty, and told Frank all—ay, to the marriage. Frank did not weep—he merely kissed his sister, when she had finished her simple tale, called her "a good fond sister," and repeating the words "*She is married*," as though he almost doubted the fact—left the house to go and report himself to his employers. They were glad to see him. He had attended to their interests faithfully, and had been engaged in some extensive operations, by which he had cleared a very large sum of money for his own account. He was alone for some hours with the partners of the firm, and when he left the private office, and shook hands with his old chum Mr. Clark; that gentleman did not seem surprised when Frank told him "that he should return to Amsterdam immediately—had made a connexion as the junior partner in the rich old Dutch house of Lang & Co., that was 400 years old in commercial standing, and only wanted the approval of his old employers." Not a word was said about Isabel, though Frank did ask about Augusta. Mr. Clark said she was well, and that *circumstances* had recently occurred which had staggered his faith in the feminines generally, and he, Mr. Clark, liked Gussy particularly—he had made up his mind that she was quite as safe in his hands, as under the eyes of her father. He informed Frank that he had made arrangements to introduce her to Mr. Hawks, the clergyman the next day, when the old gentleman, Mr. Galloway, went down town. He wished Frank to call at the Broadway House, and see Mr. and Mrs. Clark after the fun was over Frank said he would.

Ere a month had passed, Frank had parted with his family and was once more crossing the Atlantic to his future home in rich Holland. Augusta married her Richard, and was quite comfortable and happy in the thought that her father did not murder her husband or herself. He only left them "to shift for themselves," and Mr. Clark was able to shift for both, as so he wrote Mr. Galloway in a letter, which that gentleman returned unopened.

CHAPTER VI.

Ten years after the closing events of the last chapter, one lovely morning in Spring, the city of New York was in a state of unusual excitement; one of those great events had occurred which mark an era in the history of a nation. The first sea steamer had arrived in these waters, from across the blue Atlantic. Two arrived the same day. The Sirius came up the river, and some of the passengers left her while she lay abreast of Castle Garden, and came ashore in an oar boat, and were landed at the foot of Battery Place. One of them proceeded up Greenwich, to Morris street, gazed for a few moments at a brick house, as though it was a familiar spot, and reminded him of old times, but he did not enter. After which he continued up as far as the Astor House, entered it, and deliberately wrote upon the Book of the establishment his own name and residence. [illegible]

He told that handsome man, Robert B. Coleman, who seemed an old acquaintance, that his servant would be there with his luggage as soon as the steamer was made fast to the dock, and that he wanted the handsomest apartments the house could furnish.

"All right—it shall be attended to. Do you want to go to your room now?"

"No," said Mr. Graham, "I shall get into a carriage and drive up to the residence of my mother and sister."

"Your sister and her husband, Mr. Pem, moved from Morris street up into Houston street, when she married—let me see, that's nearly six years ago—have you been gone as long as that?"

"Yes, Bob, longer; its ten years."

"By the way, don't you remember young Pem?"

"Remember him—to be sure I do—but what of him?"

"Nothing very particular, only he is dead."

"Dead!—Good God, is it possible!"

"Possible? He has been loafing about town, and every body expected and wished he would die for the last three years. He was locked up in the Tombs as a vagrant preparatory to being sent to Bellevue one night; in the morning when they turned the loafers out of their cells, to get their food, he was a croaker—a corpse. The old man did not end much better."

"Is he dead?"

"Long ago; he ruined himself in Harlam Rail Road stock operations, and died of a broken heart."

"Holy Mary! that's a new disease, for a broker to die of. Why, Coleman, New York is improving, eh? But, hello, who have we here? Dick Clark as I live?—Why, Dick, old friend, *hoo* gaats? as we say in Holland."

"Bless my eyes, Frank, it's your own dear self, and nobody else. Where did you come from?"

"By the steamer arrived to-day—how is Augusta?"

"Well and hearty, so is the old man, old woman, and all my little folks; got six of 'em; named the eldest boy after you, and the eldest girl after Isabel, but *mum*, that's a sore article of course. Do you know her husband is dead?"

"So I am told—but where is she?"

"Mrs. Pem?"

"No, Isabel?"

"She is now residing where she has been residing for the past six years—with your mother."

"Mrs. Clark!"

"Why you seem surprised—what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing. Does my mother not reside with my sister and her husband?"

"Oh, no; your mother resides still in the old house in Morris street. Isabella, when she could find no peace with her husband, went to your mother's residence, and was gladly welcomed by her. The old lady did not want to leave the old place, and Isabel has been a daughter to her. She would not be dependent, and so she engaged in keeping school. You know what a superior education she possessed?"

"But my sister—are she and Isabel friends?"

"To be sure they are. Margaret never changed; there was some misunderstanding about the time you went away, but that was cleared up, and they have ever since been intimate. It was your sister who was anxious that Isabella should come and spend the rest of her days with your mother."

"Stranger, it's singular that nothing of of this was ever mentioned to me in the letters from home—however, it was very kind in my sister. I suppose she thought it would worry me, You spoke of the old man and old woman living with you. Who do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Galloway and his wife My wife's father and mother, to be sure."

"Why, how is that—he was unfortunate, too?"

"To be sure he was—he lost all his property—but it did not make much difference. I had made money, and got into a heavy business under my own name. His house in town, and furniture, and his country residence, were sold at auction, I bought them at a bargain, sent Augusta to bring matters about for a reconciliation. Her father could not stand that, it lowered that terrible pride of his—he has been a more feeling man himself since. But you must come and see us—Gussy will be delighted to see you. Do you know, I think that you and Isabel—"

"Hush, Richard, I will see you again I must be on my way to my sister's. Good bye, now." And Mr. Graham went up to the apartments which Mr. Coleman had selected for him.

"He is a splendid fellow," thought Richard Clark, after Frank had left him. How he has borne up against all, and never breathed an unkind word of *her* and Isabel, how she has suffered. And after years of absence he returns a man in the prime of life. Years spent in Europe, where he, an American, has made a splendid commercial position and acquired a fortune. I must go home and tell my wife about this," and he left the Astor. When Mr. Graham reached his private parlor he carefully locked the door, seated himself at a window overlooking Broadway, and meditated long upon the new features that seemed to be impressing themselves into his future destiny. At last, as if it had some connection with his thot's, he drew from his bosom a miniature, and took the guard (which secured it from off his neck. It was made of the long, black, silky hair of the original of the likeness.—As he gazed upon them, he murmured to himself—"Oh Isabel! long years have we been separated, and this is all I have had—save my own wretched memories, to remind me of thy beauty and loveliness.' Why—why—what demon could have persuaded [illegible] sworn to, against a world—why did you give the lie to it all by your marriage, which has ended so miserably. Can it be that you did indeed love me, and that some unfortunate impulse, or mistaken motive could have made you do—what years of misery to both of us have been the result I dare not hope—and yet my mother—with her—separated from her husband for years I will bear this suspense no longer. A few moments conversation with my sister, will explain the mystery. I'll go to her at once."

That evening Mr. Graham spent with his sister, her husband and children. Not a word was said in reference to Isabel, until the children had gone to bed, and the husband excused himself in a pleasant manner, that they might be alone.

"Now Sis, come and set down by my side and tell me all I want to know. I have heard that Mr. Pem is dead, and what surprised me more, that for six years Isabella, "my Isa" as I used to call her, has been acting the part of a daughter to my mother—what does it all mean?"

"My dear brother—why she married Pem is a matter she must explain to you in person, and I do believe, that though you may regret it, yet when you know all the circumstances, you will not blame her too greatly."

"Great God! how she has suffered. How she must have suffered—loving you better than she did her own heart's-blood, and married to a man who had not one solitary redeeming quality."

"Yes his wealth, Sis—that was a good quality?"

"No—he had not even *that*. It was all show. He was a gambler—a drunkard, a roue, and without brains to shine in either line. In a year after he was married, he abandoned her. His father refused his aid, and then Pizarro commenced forging his father's name. These forgeries were bro't up, when discovered, and he escaped being sent to the State Prison, but fled to Europe. For two years he was absent, when he returned he found his father ruined, and then it was, he fell into the most low disgraceful habits, which finally caused his death. Isabella never lived with him after the first year of their marriage."

Frank was affected very much, as his sister proceeded in the details of the sufferings of the sweet girl, her patience, gentleness, and last, the recital of her deep devoted love and affection to himself, and her attention and dutiful conduct to his infirm mother; he could listen no longer, and started up saying, "It is getting late sister, I must be going, think you that at this hour I will find our mother up?" "I really dont know, you should go and see her to-night however. Both looked at each other, and both seemed to understand the secret thought of each, at last Frank asked, "Maggy what do you advise me to do?"

"Act, dear brother, for your own happiness. I need not ask you if you love Isabel; I know you do. Think of her sufferings for long years, and brother, if you can dry up those tearful eyes, do it; you will be happy; she loves you—never has ceased to love you. She will tell all about the unhappy letter, which led to her marriage, and believe me, when I, your sister, tells you; you will be satisfied, and my darling loved Isa., whom I have long regarded as a sister, will be so really; and my brother will be rewarded for his constancy with a heart priceless and invaluable. Now, good night.

(*Concluded next week.*)

A True Woman.

I remember meeting this sketch in the course of my newspaper experience, several years ago; It has been credited to various papers, and I know not to whom it belongs; but it is most excellently done, full of interest, and I only wish the precept of it was a little more fashionable.

A Young lady of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attraction, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide to which to bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time, the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he beheld the object of his admiration.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with your proposals of marraige. I have as yet, neither refused nor accepted any of you. I now desire, that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in bestowing it."

A answered as follows:

"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have servants and carriages at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich."

B spoke next;—

"My rival has said very truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom an alliance would be considered an honor, by the wealthiest heiress of the land."

C stated his claims thus:—

"I am a gentleman and have now a reputation that older persons envy. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me your name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his moustache with the air of an exquisite, and said:—

"Angelic creature! 'Pon my soul I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. You know how ineffably I am admired. Who is the most fashionable dresser in town? Who rides on the finest horses? Who frequents the most fashionable places? Who is a better judge of the opera? Rumor says D, but 'pon honor, I'm too modest to insist upon it."

When it came to E's time to speak, there [illegible] him. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you, Mr. E?"

"Alas," was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "and make your statement no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor—"

"Go on."

"I am unknown in the world—"

"Go on."

"I have neither the taste or the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that sir; what next?"

"Nothing, only, I love you, *and I take a newspaper.*"

At this, Messrs. A, B, C and D burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed with one voice—"So do we—I love you to distraction—I take four papers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady, "in one month you all shall hear my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession, the lady thus answered:

"Riches are not productive of happiness. Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations. Fame is fleeting, and he that has but the outward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied. I have taken the trouble to find out the names of the newspapers for which you subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, *have paid the printer*. Now, gentlemen, this is *dishonest*. I cannot think of marrying a man who would be guilty of such an act. I have learned that E not only subscribes for a paper, but *pays the printer in advance*. Therefore I say he is the man. I give him my hand, with the full conviction that he is one every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed gentlemen disappeared quite suddenly, and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion, and, in a few years, by honesty and industry, became not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, he paid the printer. Is there no moral in this?—*Odd Fellow.*

"Ma" said an inquisitive little, girl "will rich and poor people live together when they go to Heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will be all alike there." "Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

Sleeping in church is always tolerable in a land of religious liberty: but loud snoring is a nuisance to the more quiet and respectable sleepers.

The Lynn Forum says—"The use of bass-viols in the churches is a base-violation of the Sabbath."

Childhood and Youth.

BY MRS. MARY L. GARDINER.

Childhood and Youth, like the sweet flowers of Summer, are beautiful; beautiful in their own bright forms—happy in their own sweet visions. Light as the air they breathe, no cares, no anxieties press upon them, save those which are like the still dews of evening that fall on the blushing flowers, and pass away in the first rays of the morning sun.

Childhood and Youth, like flowers, soon fade—soon cease to attract, by their richness and beauty, the admiring eye. Some retain their fragrance long after their loveliest hues are fled; while others more gaudy, more strikingly brilliant, expire as they close their bright petals, and we know them no more for ever: no perfume remains to render their faded leaves precious. How necessary for the young to cultivate their minds while living among sunshine and flowers, and derive instruction from them. As they grow in years, and enter upon the active duties of life, how desirable it is that they should perform their part upon its tragic stage, in such a manner as shall render them useful and respected. They will soon be parents—soon have the care of young mortals; surrounded by those who will look up to them for amusement and instruction. Their minds must be cultivated, if they would be happy and make others so: their hearts store-houses of intelligence, from which should emanate all that can delight. Home must be the bright spot; earth must know none which can equal it. It must be the resort of love, of peace, of joy. Every thing depends upon the proper cultivation of the mind. Let the Bible be first studied: it is from this sacred fount the infant becomes first nourished. How the bright eyes of the listening cherubs gleam with the varied emotions of joy and grief, at the recital of its interesting stories!

Let truth be first stamped upon opening intellects, for great is the pleasure derived from this pure fountain of enjoyment! The mother can gain much by conversing with her children; they can be calmed and stilled in this way, better than in any other. Children become weary of their playthings, and are often irritable; their feelings must be soothed by their mother; this is her peculiar province; and as they grow in years she must strengthen her efforts. Home must still be the elysium of their souls. If separated, much still depends upon the mother; she must follow her children with her letters and her counsel. Her communications must be such as to keep alive the flame of love, and draw their minds back to the scenes of their childhood, that, however remote they may be—in whatever situation they may be placed—in temptation, in sickness, in health, in prosperity or adversity—like a charm, home and mother must operate upon them, and prove a talisman to guide them in all their devious ways.

In affliction's stormy hour, when the bright orb of day is shut from the weakened eye—when the voice of song is hushed, and the rambling among the flowers are over—when the same monotonous scene occurs from day to day, from month to month, and not unfrequently from year to year, it is then the mind seeks relief; it wants enjoyment, for it is an active principle which will never, [illegible] suffering, the more active the spirit. Nothing can chain it; it will work—it will ruminate upon the by-gone scenes of joy and grief; lights and shades pass over it. It receives consolation from its own resources. The books studied, the lessons imparted, sermons well digested, miscellany, lyrics, poetry, history, &c., all serve to comfort and relieve the aching mind. Persons in distress can overcome a thousand nameless evils, by reciting or composing; such a train of thoughts overcomes pain and lifts the soul above earth. How necessary to enrich the mind in early life, "before the evil days come." It dies not with the body: it runs parallel with God. It is a living, undying principle, and must be enriched here. The more it knows of God, the more it will be like him: and the better prepared for sublimer enjoyments above. The soul that views God in all his works, in every tree, shrub and flower, "sees him in clouds and hears him in the wind." With every change, with every object, associates the Deity. That soul lives a life truly great, and will rise high in a purer clime, amid that bright constellation of intellectual beings who worship continually before the throne of God and the Lamb. Let the youth attend to these things, and for a moment suspend their anxiety for the outward adornment of their persons; and remember, a well educated mind is a jewel far more estimable in the eyes of an intelligent man, than the most beautiful exterior, deficient of this treasure. It is the only source of enjoyment here, and will enhance their happiness in another and a brighter world.

SORROW.—There is no sorrow in the world except what we bring upon ourselves.—Everything is smiling and beautiful around us. The forest is not decayed—the rivers and brooks are not turbid, and the sky is not clothed in sack-cloth. Nature throughout the year is delightful, and why should man be sad? His heart has not been schooled right, his passion has not been subdued; he is altogether too selfish, and therefore miserable. We know many individuals who are cross and crabbed as they can be, when they are not making money fast. If they lose a sixpence by way of trade, they feel like gnawing files; if a debtor has turned bankrupt, it takes full six months to erase the scowl from their brows. We are acquainted with one man, worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, who suffers unaccountably in his mind for fear he shall die poor. He knows not what it is to enjoy a moment's peace of mind.—Another we have seen, who never pays his taxes without a curse, and is eternally railing against the Assessors for doing their duty. Now all such make the pangs they daily feel, and are miserable in the midst of pleasure. Let them live like human beings with gratitude in their hearts and kindness on their lips, and all their fear and sorrows would vanish. All should be happy. It was Heaven's design that we would be so, when he created us in his image, and made with infinite wisdom this glorious world, and stretched above us the illimitable skies.

Half our griefs are imaginary. Before you have recourse to arsenic, try what virtue there is in emetic. Instead of your business being deranged, it may turn out to have been nothing but your stomach.