"The Democrat."

O. C. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year, cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher

All communications must be POST PAID to receive attention.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
Business Cards, of four lines or less,	3 00
Yearly Advertisers (who occupy not over 4 squares.)	7 00
One column, one year,	30 00

☞ All kinds of JOB WORK neatly and expeditiously done on favorable terms

The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1849. NUMBER 42.

Poetry.

For the Montrose Democrat

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY L. ROBINSON.

What sound comes moaning o'er sere Autumn's hills,
In swelling cadence sadly murmuring?
Is it a death-dirge mournfully that fills
The 'sighing air' or the complaining string
Of Nature's harp, in tones so soft and low,
Sends faintly forth such latter notes of woe?
On the low breath of Eastern gales they come;
From Western forest, zephyr brings them nigh,
Far o'er Atlantic's breast of surf and foam,
To broad Pacific's rolling majesty,
I hear them still in smothered accent's fall,
The dying strains of that funereal call.

Where now, vanished Summer, say whither have flown
The hopes and the visions which once were thy own?
And whence came, alas! the darkness and gloom,
Which, now thou art buried, close over thy tomb?
At thy glorious dawning burst freedom to life,
And the eagles of Liberty waved o'er the strife,
While the minions of despots, defeated and slain,
Were scattered, all blackened, and stark o'er the plain.
But the bird of the free is departed—is flown;
Their conquering hosts are in battle o'erthrown,
And the iron-heeled Cossacks exultingly tread
O'er the graves where they lie, and the fields where they bled.

Weep, Europe! for Tyranny triumph's again—
In vain, deathless heroes! you struggled in vain!
From the zenith of splendor, where proudly it rode,
Your sun has gone down in darkness and blood;
And o'er all the fields lately held by your might,
Hangs the black frowning shadow of slavery's night;
While on the dim verge of the horizon breaks,
No star faintly gleaming, no signal awakes
To tell that the gloom of the midnight is past,
And the morning of Liberty dawneth at last.

Yes, Hungary! the sable pall
Has thrown its sombre folds around
Thy coffined hopes; a name is all,
Of thy magnificence is found;
Which thro' Time's wheeling circles still,
Undying, shall not cease to thrill
Each latent string of memory,
And wake the heart to weep for thee.

And thee, proud Venice! tho' the sun
Of Freedom's sky has ever set,
Thy glory is but just begun;
The fame of cent'ries liveth yet,
And shall the' years of deepest thrall
Close round thy ruined splendor—all
Europe shall forgotten be,
E'er Time will cease to honor thee.

And Rome! "tomb of the mighty dead,"
Thou, too, hast felt the blighting stroke,
Tho' thy brave thousands fought and bled,
To rid thee of a Tyrant's yoke;
They strove in vain to rend the bands,
Strengthen'd by *traitor brother's* hands;
For Tyranny struck not the blow,
That laid thy vanquished Eagle low,

On thee, base, parricidal France,
Hangs the dread curse of Italy;
Thy murd'rous arm, thy hostile lance,
Crushed the last hope of Liberty,
And cast a hateful blot upon
Thy name—once "Freedom's champion,"
Enshrouding dark with infamy,
The land—the temple of the free.

Brooklyn, Oct., 1849.

Miscellaneous.

Above his Business.

It is a serious evil that many a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and must go to shop-keeping, or street-loafing, or turn politician. Fool! If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shop-keeping must buy farms or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result?—Head over heels in debt, and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above his business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business, and by this time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight. Those who succeed best in life, are men who stick to their business, and make money before they buy farms, and houses, and begin speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of their success. You will find that they were never above their business, and never paid for the doing of a job, which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer in the city works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat and do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure: if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business, and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed, and become independent.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

☞ Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."—*Mrs. Child.*

☞ Matrimony is a circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and kick up a fine dust, but how few get properly trained and broken to it.

THE RICH AND POOR;
OR
LOVE IN A MIST.

"Shall I, take your baggage, sir," said an intelligent boy to a traveller, who had just landed at one of our eastern cities.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman But struck with something pleasing in the boy's countenance, as he was about to retire, he threw at his feet a two shilling piece of money.

The boy looked at it with a hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson, but at length, picking up the coin, he approached the traveller with an air of embarrassment, and quietly remarked:

"Excuse me, sir; I sought employment, not alms"

"True, my little fellow," said the gentleman, "but you would not return so very a trifle on my hand?"

The boy stood a moment in silence His young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift, and he remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his finely wrought features, and his slender form assumed the irregular attitude of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached them; and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," he said gracefully bowing to the traveller, "permit me to transfer your bounty."

Presenting the unlucky coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

This little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger, and he mentally resolved that should circumstances again throw them together, he would learn some thing of his history, and benefit him, if in his power. This soon occurred, for two days afterwards, he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy among a group of laborers Pleased at again seeing him, he approached his side.

"May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired, in a tone of kindness.

"Alvah Hamilton, sir," replied the youth, and he continued to ply the instrument of labor with ceaseless diligence.

Our traviler, whose name was Courtenay, looked at him with increasing interest. The extreme beauty of his face, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress, and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you parents?" enquired Mr Courtenay.

"I have yet a father, sir."

"And what is his vocation?"

"A worn out soldier, sir, of the Revolution," and the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent furter interrogation.

The tenacious Courtenay, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father, my young friend?"

"Certainly, sir"

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable looking dwelling

Mr. Courtenay sighed.

A keen November blast, which at that moment whistled around him, told the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier!" he mentally exclaimed, "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who revel in luxury!"

A few hours afterwards he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man now before him. He had raised his head slowly from the staff on which he was leaning at the entrance of the stranger, and revealed a countenance where the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still there was something in his high though furrowed brow, that told his affinity with the proud Alvah; and the ravages of infirmity had not yet altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Courtenay. "I have been led here merely to chat with a Revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness, must ever be welcome," said the old man, whom Mr. Courtenay now perceived was utterly blind.

The events of the Revolution afford an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Courtenay, "that every one who assisted in that glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has conferred upon our nation. I fear however, that there are yet many of those whose blood was spilled in the days of 'independence' and in the subsequent war of 'free trade and sailors' rights,' now suffering in want and living in wretched obscurity of life."

"True, this must be so," said the old man. "The decayed soldier, whose strength was wasted in those conflicts has but little for himself to hope; but I trust posterity may long enjoy the advantages of civil and religious freedom, bought at such terrible sacrifice of our young nation's blood and treasure."

"You have a son," said Mr. Courtenay, "worthy to enjoy such blessings. Is the youth called Alvah, your all?"

"All who survives of a large family! He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared, to save me from public dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Courtenay.

"Only two years.

"And during that period, have you no resource but the labor of your son?

"None; but the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial regard of my boy renders him obsequial under every privation that offiots only himself. He labors incessantly, which causes me much uneasiness at times To be thus fettered to servitude without suitable respite for improvement and relaxation, is indeed a hard lot for one so young. But there appears no help for it. He does not complain, and Heaven's will be done."

"I would that I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth,' said Mr. Courtenay, with enthusiasm. "With the advantages of education, he would become an ornament of society; but this under your present circumstances, he can not have, even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning he would indeed remain in deplorable ignorance—Though his daily toil is unremitting and severe, yet he finds occasionally an hour or two which he may devote to study, and thus has he obtained the rudiments of general science."

The entrance of Alvah himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking,' said Mr Courtenay, "of making arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring time of life."

"You forget, sir" said Alvah, "that I can embrace no proposals that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not in his present situation, but I have friends here who would readily assist me in making suitable provisions for his support; and you may then be put to a business that will secure you a future competence.

"Impossible, sir! My father can have no claim like those on his son "Tis a short season only since my weakness required his support, and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr Courtenay knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy while his dark eye swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the livelicst expression of gratitude. "I feel most deeply your benevolent solicitude for my interests, and indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision my labor affords, and should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Courtenay was affected. The soldier had leaned his head over his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son. A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. He arose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service? Will you not even accept," and he put his hand in his pocket—but Alvah drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence.

The old soldier gave him his hand with a smile of benignity.

"Accept my thanks, sir,' said he, "and suffer me to crave the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty."

Mr. Courtenay gave his name and address, and receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them. He was a man of feeling and also a man of pleasure, and with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whispering of benevolence are often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had however, awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father—the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence—his deep but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling, all were visibly impressed on their visitant.

If an intercourse with the good influences even cold and torbid tears, (as is beautifully exemplified by the Persian fable of clay that became an odoriferous substance by the contrast of the rose, that influence must be strong indeed in the soul of feeling.

The breath of a corrupt world may dim the native gems of the heart, but let the language of pure and elevated sentiment be heard, and the chords of responsive feeling will at once awaken, like the sleeping tones of a harp attended by the winds of heaven.

For a little while, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the mind of the gay Courtenay, and the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw bed of age and infirmity—the scanty fuel—the precarious supply—the picture that memory draws seemed more vivid than the reality

The following day Mr. Courtenay had left the city, but a blank cover enclosing five hundred dollars had been placed by an unknown hand in that of the old soldier.

Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveller thus experienced was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence—her glittering wave again hurried him onward without the power of reflection; and, if a momentary wish would have led him to enquire the fate of Alvah Hamilton, the bright phantasmagora that surrounded him diverted his purpose.

Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of his illusion, and his only child, early accustomed to a round of fashionable pursuits tho's not of opposing them.

The exalted sentiments, however, which even in childhood, she had imbibed from her mother preserved her from the contaminating influence of the gay world, and amid their blights the natural purity of her character remained stainless as the snows of the unapproachable cliff.

Gentle as the reed of summer she yielded to the impulse of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by high and frequent communion with the monitory of her sainted parent, escaped the thraldom which habit might otherwise have secured

At the age of fifteen, she accompanied an invalid friend to the medical springs of Ballaston. This village, at that time, was a place of fashionable resort, and to a mind like Isabel Courtenay's afforded themes of limitless reflection. The buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the languor of disease—the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry—palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure—the listless, who strove to annihilate time, and the dying, who sought too add yet a few days to those they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck, on entering the common sitting room, by the appearance of an old man, who sat alone and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over his pallid temples, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbed with pity, but reverence mingled with compassion, as she marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance.

At no great distance a group of ladies were indulging in bursts of levity that at this moment struck most discordantly on her heart. She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect; and involuntarily approaching the unheeded old man, she was resolved to address him Her natural timidity, however, still withheld her, till she was at length called by one of the hoyden group to partake of some strawberries The irresolute expression of her countenance at once was changed to that of pleasure.

"I will beg some," she said, unhesitatingly presenting her work basket, "for this old gentleman." And she now approached him without embarrassment.

"Will you accept some strawberries, sir?"

The voice of Isabel was like the low, dying tones of an instrument; it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received the berries with a smile that spoke a benediction; while an elegant, tho' youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back towards them, suddenly turned around, and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl, with mingled surprise and admiration. She instinctively retreated, and joining the group she had hitherto shunned, mingled in their trifling.

Soon after, the youth himself approached Isabel with a basket. Presenting it with a look of indiscribable import, he said:

"Accept, Miss, the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention. He then disappeared. In a short time he returned, and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness.

"I have at length found more quiet lodgings, sir, and will attend you whenever you feel able to walk."

The old man arose, and, leaning on the arms of the youth, they left the apartment.

"They are then to be temporary sojourners in the village," thought Isabel, and a sensation of pleasure, of which she was perhaps unconscious, arose from the idea of again meeting them. She was not disappointed. They met the next morning at the springs, and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spirits? Who shall trace the intricate and delicate sources of that mysterious passion which at length sweeps like a torrent over the human soul?

Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers—they knew nothing of each other beyond the limits of a few days, yet the years that had preceeded had become to them as a tedious dream—the present was their all of existence, and resembled the renovated life of the chrysalis, when it

"Sails on new wings, through the summer air."

As yet, however, unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment.

The blush that dyed the cheek of Isabel in the presence of the stranger, was that of abstract pleasure, and the light which flashed from his eye at her approach, was brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the blind old man, whom he daily attended to the spring afforded their only clue even to passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel, conquered the scruples of vestal reserve, and she frequently ventured a timid enquiry respecting the aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless attentions too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over the feeling heart, like the imprecceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf.

Such were the attentions which misfortune invariably elicited from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow their sphere of action. Her voice, her step were already known to the discriminating ear of the old man, and if his cane was dropped, or a seat was brought him, he knew the ready hand that presented them. He was, however, evidently and rapidly failing—and at last Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer.

Three days passed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and weary of herself she gladly became one of the party. As they passed within view of the village cemetery, her gaze was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished and they were returning—but there was one, who yet lingered, and with folded arms leaned over the newly made grave.

Could it be? Yes, it was the youthful stranger, and Isabel at once comprehended the melancholy scene.

The party proceeded, and are their return, the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of a full moon. The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour, and almost unable to proceed, she leaned on the arm of the friend, whose strength was but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gayer companions. Again her eyes were turned to the last asylum of humanity. The solitary mourner had left the spot, and, with a reluctant step, was slowly returning to the village. Their paths intersected, and he was already before her. He bowed, and both were for some moments silent. He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion.—

"The causes which brought me hither are now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Suffer me then, Miss, even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you have evinced in the sufferings of my departed father—for the soothing attentions you have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours may some spirit, gentle as your own, temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover around your pillow."

Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and as she rejoined them, the young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and, striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If any thing at this moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she panted to leave a spot that was now to her devoid of interest. The slight adieus of ceremony, were easily concluded, and, early the following morning, she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into a carriage he stopped to speak with an acquaintance, while a young man, who was passing at that moment, suddenly paused, and clasping his hand, exclaimed—

"Mr Courtenay, my benefactor!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the astonished Courtenay. "I know of no one who can give me so flattering a title."

"Ah," said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar to the trembling Isabel. "Am I then so changed? I am Alvah Hamilton, the soldier's son, whom seven years ago, you rescued from extreme poverty."

Mr. Courtenay pressed his hand with emotion.

"You mean my young friend, the scorn-ful boy whom I would have rescued, but for his intolerable,"

"Oh, sir—evasion is unavailing. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have you not then some interest in hearing? Will you not suffer me to tell you what have been the fruits of your bounty?"

"I shall gladly listen to aught in which you are concerned," said Mr. Courtenay; and Alvah proceeded.

"Two days after you left us, my poor father was removed to a more comfortable shelter, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to the personal wants of my father, and, incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and competent, and a year afterwards was received in a wealthy merchantile house as an under clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented. "And now," he added, in a subdued tone, "since he is at length called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertions shall be to discharge the pecuniary part of that obligation which has so greatly influenced my present destiny."

"The obligation of which you speak," said Mr. Courtenay, "does not exist. An ample equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting indigent virtue.—Do not then wound me again by so unjust an allusion. But tell me—you say your venerable father is no more?"

Alvah briefly sketched the late events, and Mr. Courtenay now shook him warmly by the hand.

"Farewell, dear Alvah. My carriage has been sometime waiting. Believe that I rejoice in your prosperity, and remember you may always command my friendship."

Alvah looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach and thus escaped observation. From her father, who was himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Alvah Hamilton. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart, and though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her feeling, every idea of moral excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. The imperishable attachment, however, partook of the higher tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the deep recesses of the heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain long unsought, and Mr. Courtenay was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers of marriage. He expostulated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every other wish, but her firmness remained unbroken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his boundless expenditures, his recklessness of gain, had wasted an estate, which though sufficient for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance, looked coldly and carelessly on its wreck, while the unhappy Courtenay, driven almost to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had hitherto implicitly trusted.

He was not, however, without a comforter. At the hour of trial, the virtues of his child became more fully developed, as the gem gleams brightest through the shades of darkness. Her affection deepened in its intensity as its object was deserted by others. Her fortitude, her cheerfulness, now came over his scorched and withered heart with balmy influence.

The Courtenay family seat was to be sold under the hammer, and the fearful day arrived. While the auctioneer was yet taking bids, a new purchaser appeared, apparently from a distance. His horse dripped with speed, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as is frequently the case, was going at half its value, and the stranger bid it off.

Mr. Courtenay was still the occupant, and the proprietor called on him immediately. Isabel had at that moment left her father for some domestic call: and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion from their present residence, when Alvah Hamilton stood suddenly before him.

"Welcome, most welcome, to my heart Alvah," he exclaimed. "Alas! I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come but to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am here only on sufference. To-morrow, I may have no shelter for my head."

"Not so," cried Alvah, "you have yet a shelter. Your present house is still yours, and no earthly power can expel you from it."

"What mean you?" enquired the breathless Courtenay.

"Fourteen years since," he replied, "you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured me subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaimed it, but it nevertheless remained uncanceled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the the sum was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not, however, been idle. The profits of the house in which some years ago I became a partner, have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By mere accident I saw it advertised, and lost no time in hastening hither. And now," he added, taking the hand of Mr. Courtenay, with a radient smile, "will you not welcome your Alvah to your house? It is long since you gave me a check on your friendship. I have come to claim it, and surely you can no longer refuse me the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I have derived not only wealth, but the unutterable pleasure of this moment."

Mr. Courtenay wept. The thoughtless man of the world wept at the sacred triumph of virtue.

Alvah himself was overcome with the scene, and paced the floor in silence.

A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as at a lovely phantom. It looked indeed like a thing of life—the blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely living dew on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her—just so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length enquired, turning to Mr. Courtenay, "if you please, who is the original of this picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of Alvah's manner, Mr. Courtenay replied—

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Seen her?" Oh, yes! Her image has long, long been engraved on my heart, but of her name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Courtenay," said the astonished father, "she is my only child."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Alvah, "What new excitement awaits me?"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion, Alvah? How, or in what manner have you known my beloved Isabel?"

Alvah gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to the heart of Mr. Courtenay.

"Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his young friend, "Tell me, Alvah, in sacred faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness in your bosom?"

Alvah flung himself into his arms.

"Ah! sir; have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness? Has not my spirit turned from all allurements of the world to commune with the recollections of her virtues?"

Mr Courtenay left the room, and returned with the trembling Isabel.

"Ye are worthy of each other," he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the the blessings of Heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promise—*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.*"

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but very few preserve them, yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all the bustle and every day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper dated half a century ago, without the tho's that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph. The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertises his medicines and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients; the merchant who could insure his ships, could get no security on his life; and the actor who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for a successor in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble, for like that of wine, their value increases with their years; and old files have been sold at enormous prices.

John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
When we were first acquainted,
I'd money in my pockets, John
Which now I know there ain't;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But mark me, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,
We've been too long together,
So you must take one road, John,
And I will take the other;
For we may tumble down, John,
If hand in hand we go,
And I will have the bill to foot,
John Alcohol, my Joe.

The Order of Jesuits.

Before the order of Jesuits had existed an hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith. No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished; none had extended its operation over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the councils of Kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, casuistry, history, treaties on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, magrials, catechisms and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands, and was conducted by them with conspicuous ability. They appear to have discovered the precise point to which intellectual culture can be carried without risk of intellectual emancipation. Enmity itself was compelled to own that in the art of managing and forming the tender mind, they had no equals.—Meanwhile, they assiduously and successfully cultivated the eloquence of the pulpit. With still greater assiduity and still greater success, they applied themselves to the ministry of the confessional. Throughout Catholic Europe, the secrets of every government, and of almost every family, were in their keeping. They glided from one Protestant country to the other, under innumerable disguises, as gay cavaliers, as simple rustics, as Puritan preachers. They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avility nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore.—They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the observatory of Pekin. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling-place or his avocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading naked barbarians in the Southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf—where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in public places showed him what he had to expect—he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroism yet extinct. When in our own time a new and terrible pestilence passed around the globe; when in some great cities fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks; when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold, when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishops and curate, physician and cure, father and mother has deserted, leaning over infected lips to catch the faintest accents of confession, and holding up to the last before the expiring penitent the image of the expiring Redeemer.—*Macaulay's History.*

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view.—When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet—it will never fade. In her family she is the life and delight. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Oh, does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat—such a woman cannot grow old She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desire to retain the bloom and beauty of youth let her not yield to the fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

☞ We were standing a day or two since at the depot, Norwalk, Conn., when a very rosy-cheeked lady fresh from the Emerald Isle, came up to the conductor, and said, "Mister how long before the railroad will be here?" When he quaintly replied, "Madam, there is one end of it here now."

GREAT FARM.—The United States Patent Office Report says, "One of the greatest dairies in our country is that of Col. Meacham, of Pulaski, New York. His farm consists of one thousand acres, he keeps one hundred head of cattle, ninety-seven cows. In one year he made thirty thousand pounds of cheese, twenty thousand of which was sold at one time in New York, for from six and a half to seven cents per pound. He feeds his cows mostly on hay and carrots; of the latter he raises two thousand bushels, and gives each cow half a bushel per day. And besides the benefit derived from his grass for his stock, he gathers not less than three hundred bushels grass seed.