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POETRY.

Thrilling Verses.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines are as follows:—A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay,
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
To catch his withered glance and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and wither'd brow—
The grief that silvered her dark hair now—
With hang frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised fernal love and truth,
But who, sworn, hath yielded up
That pledge to the cursed cup;
And led he down, through love and light,
And all the made her prospects bright;
And chain' her there, 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamp' on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, the drunkard's child!

Go hear and feel, and see, and know,
All that *my soul* hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if in beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try
When all proclaim, "'tis drink and die!"

Tell me I *hate* the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stir'd,
When I see, or hear of tell,
Of the dark *Beverage of Hell!!*

From the Broome Republican.

Lament for O'Connell.

Hark! high on the breeze swells a low, mournful tone,
That comes to the ear like a soul-stirring moan
Of a nation whose hearts are enshrined in the grave,
For O'Connell the patriot, the fearless and brave.

That heart which has longed for its wild liberty,
That tongue which has struck in defence of the free,
That glorious freedom for which O'Brien has bled
Will be started again, though O'Connell is dead.

His spirit has fled from the cold, chilling blight
Of oppression and wrong to the regions of light,
His soul has escaped to the hands of its God,
And the far spirit land which his father's have trod.

He has gone from his home, from the land of his birth,
From his dark forest darkness and desolate hearth;
And the scenes that he loved, and the forms he held dear,
He has left for another and happier sphere.

He has gone from the caves, and the deep hidden spot
In the everglades, swamps, and the wild mountain grot.
From the fens and morasses, from the woodland and vale,
He has gone from his sauntly, his own Innisfale.

He has gone from his people, and left them to stand
'Mid the cruel encroachment of tyranny's hand;
He has gone, but his memory still is entwined
In an undying wreath in each Irishman's mind.

Weep, weep for the fallen! a Nation has lost
Her Savior and Chieftain, her pride and her boast;
Weep, weep for the fallen! for in the Apostolic grave
Lies the heart of that Christian, O'Connell the brave.

Weep, weep for the fallen, aye weep for the dead,
For the one whom his country's oppression laid low on his bed;
And let Justice record every pitying tear
That his countrymen shed to his memory here.

☞Some one defines 'a pleasant trip' as stubbing your toe and falling into a pretty girl's lap. No doubt it would be a knees-y thing to do.

☞The man who minds his own business has got a good and steady employment.

MISCELLANY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Grace Kennedy.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

Grace's month of trial had expired—a second rolled over, and she was still with Mrs. Saunders, learning something every day, and a favorite with all. Her first friend, the cook, treated her like her own child, and took care to let her want for nothing in the eating way; and, as her business was chiefly in the kitchen, she learned a great deal of cooking; the housemaid taught her to sew, and took her up stairs, and showed her how to make the beds and clean the rooms; and the laundrymaid taught her to wash and make up things; and William, the butler, used to take her on his knee in the evenings, and hear her say her letters, and tell her stories; and Miss Jane taught her a lesson every day in the schoolroom, before her mamma; and Grace was by no means a stupid pupil; she had quite learned her alphabet, and was spelling little words.—But Jane had hard work teaching her about God and Jesus Christ. It was a long time before she could impress on her mind that 'God's eyes were on every place, beholding the evil and the good.' And Jane sometimes got a little impatient with her pupil; but her mother's clear eye looked over at her, and she checked herself and re-commenced again; and sometimes she wished to go out, and wanted to put off the instruction till late in the day; but Mrs. Saunders never would allow this. 'You have undertaken the education of Grace, my dear Jane, at your own request, and you must attend to it regularly—the lesson will soon cease to be thought of by both you and her, if the hour is optional.' And so Grace pursued her studies, loving everybody and loved by all. She was now quite a pretty girl, with nice rosy cheeks, and sweet blue eyes smiling into yours as she addressed you. And Jane taught her prayers, and spoke of Jesus Christ, and how we were to pray to God in his name. Grace, as she took off her clothes at night, and knelt down to offer her little petitions to the Almighty, would think of her father at home, and Peter, and Katty, and wonder had they as good clothes as she had. And then her thoughts came back to where she was, and she prayed God to bless the good lady who gave her all those things. And then she would dream that she and Ned were wandering over the country again, and that she was toiling home to the hut on the bog, with the bag on her back; and she tripped and fell; and Ned tried to help her up; and she awoke, and found herself in her nice little bed, instead; but poor Ned was gone. And then she would cry and fall asleep again.

Another month rolled over, and Jane was not tired of teaching Grace her lessons. But were all Grace's trials ended? Had she no temptations to resist like other people? Mrs. Saunders allowed her to learn her lessons in the school-room, and write on the slate, which she had just commenced; and sometimes she brought up her work to be taught more regularly than Catherine the housemaid instructed her below stairs. And one day they had all gone out to drive, and she had learned her lessons in the school-room after they went, and written a copy of strokes on the slate. And now she took up her work to go on hemming a rubber that her mistress had given her as a trial, and after two or three stitches she awkwardly broke her needle. What should she do? Mrs. Saunders blamed her when she broke her needle; she said it was carelessness. If she could but get another. Oh, there was Miss Jane's work-box on the table. If it was open? She stood up, paused for a second, then went over to the table; stopped again. She tried was it open. It was. O, what a pretty looking-glass in the back of it! And Grace looked at the glass, and made it seem ten times more charming. What a nice thimble!—it just fitted her. She had a very ugly thimble compared with it. And a dear little pair of scissors! But where were the needles? She had seen Miss Jane take them out of a little book. Where was it? Ha! there's a little blue ribbon. What is this? And she pulled, and the whole thing came up; and there was the needle-book underneath. She opened it and got a needle. Ah, Grace! shut the whole thing up, now. Do, darling Grace! There's trouble before you, Grace. No! She put the needle-book back. There was something blue in the corner. What is this? She took it up. A nice little bluebag, with bright beads at the ends, and rings on it. Oh, how pretty! and so heavy. What makes it heavy? Poor Grace! And she pulled up the rings, and turned it up; and then shining white money poured into her hand. Sixpences—shillings—and big shillings! She never saw so much before. Now, dear Grace—steady, resist—do not sully your sweet name by taking any. The silver glittered on her palm.—All Miss Jane's. So much. She did not know how much. Would Miss Jane miss one little sixpence? And she took one up with her other hand. A little sixpence from so much. She looked at it. All Miss Jane's Christmas-boxes. She was keeping it up to buy something. Miss Jane, her little mistress, who was so good to her. Would she take her sixpence? Miss Jane, who taught her, who was her friend, and advised her—Miss Jane, who spoke to her of poor Ned, who told her of God and Jesus Christ; Miss Jane, who said 'God's eyes are on every place, beholding the evil and the good.' The sixpence dropped back to the rest. Hurrah! hurrah! she conquered. She did not sin—she held the bright jewel of honesty and gratitude still unstained. God keep thee so by *His* grace, my darling child! She took the purse again to put the silver back. But stop. 'Tis not over yet. A shadow darkened the window of the room, which opened on the grass-plot in front. Grace looked up. 'Oh, God! Oh! horror of horrors! Her mother looking in at her. Now Grace trembled, now she prayed that the bolt was shot inside, for twas really a door, though like a window. Ah, Grace! your evil genius was near you when you went to look for that needle. There she is. Her mother looking at her. She laid her hand on the door; it opened; she came into the room.

'Haith, yer thrivin', Grace, alagur, since ye left home; ye've med yer fortin, an' ye're countin' the money. Begorra, it's quick work wid ye. Maybe ye'd tell us the secret,' she continued, coming towards her stealthily.

'Arrah, don't be grippin' it up in her han', that a way; show us how much is id?'

'Mother, mother!' whispered Grace, almost choking, 'it's all Miss Jane's.' And she put her hand behind her.

'Come, be aisy now; an' if id's not yours, what is it in yer hand for?'

Grace was pale; she became crimson.

'Shew id here,' continued her mother, 'sure I'll not ate it.'

'Ye'll not take any!' asked Grace, in her innocence.

'Take any?—Is id me? Sure hasn't your father plenty now?'

'Well, there,' said Grace, stepping back a step, and opening her hand.

'Oh, begorra!' said her mother, peering close, 'four half-crowns, and shillins, an'——'

She sprung on Grace, seized her wrist, took the money, and darted from the room. 'Ah! Grace, what will you do? All's lost, now; honor, character, and all!

She was paralyzed at first. She stood and gazed at the open window, and then, with a scream, rushed out. Her mother was just entering a shrubbery at the rear of the house. On Grace sped after her. Run, Grace, run; catch the thief; get the money back. Now, Grace; on the shrubbery walk; there she is; speed thee on, child! 'tis for honesty and honor, more than life. The end of the shrubbery; then the field; then the road. As she reached the field, Grace overtook her.

'Mother! mother darlint! yer jokin'. Give it to me; it's not mine; it's Miss Jane's.—Mother, give it to me.' And she caught her dress, and held her. 'Mother, mother! give it.'

'D——n you, let me go,' was the answer.

'Give it mother—give it back.'

And still Grace held on. A blow—and she fell insensible. The thief hurried on.

Grace recovered. Where was her mother, and the money? Follow on still, Poor Grace! Still run on—along the road—she is not there—still on.

Oh! mother, robbing your young child; stop and give that money to her.

Still on. The dark night came, with the little stars only as guides. Still on—out of breath. There is Escar and the police. Shall she ask did she pass? Oh! no—she is her mother.

Still run on. Turn on the bog-road—darker and darker still—on—on.

The bog on each side—the long bleak road. She is opposite the old hovel. There is no light in that direction. How well she knows the path dotted with stones! There was no door to the hut—it was empty. Where were they? Gone! She stopped and sat down in the old house she knew so well, and cried.—Where were they all? Mr. Worrell, might know. On again.

Worrell opened his door himself.

'What do you want at this time of night' he asked.

'It's Grace sir—Grace Kennedy.

'Ah! Grace, is it you? What brings you here, Grace?

'My mother—I mean, where is my father livin'?

'Sure he's got a house from Mr. Rawson, and is living there. But come in to the fire, Grace, dear.'

'Oh! no, sir, I can't. But tell me where's the house.'

'The second house up the boreen, on the left hand side, after you pass Mr. Rawson's big white gate.'

'Oh! thank you, sir.'

And Grace vanished. She found the house, and knocked.

'Does Peter Kennedy live here?' she asked, as a voice asked who was there.

'Yis,' was the answer.

The door opened, and she was in her father's house.

'Is mother here?' she asked.

'No, alannah, sho's not. Come to the fire, acushla. Bud yer could. Here, Mick, get up an' light the candle. There now, warm yourself, Alannah machree, what makes ye cry? Will ye ate anythin'?'

'No, father dear.'

'Well, come, tell us——'

'When will mother come in?'

'Oh! sometimes she doesn't come in at all—sometimes later nor this; she does be out often for two or three days together.'

'I want to spake to her.'

'Well, darlint, lie down on the childer's bed, an' I'll wake ye whin she comes in.'

And after some persuasion, Grace lay down and slept.

CHAPTER V.

What trouble there was at Fairport when they came home from driving! Jane took off her things, and went to the school-room for her work-box. There it was, the tray on one side, the box open, and the blue purse empty. All the little savings gone. Her Christmas-boxes, that she kept so safely, storing up each penny from day to day, to buy a frock for her pupil when she was able to read—all gone! Ah! good Jane. Pity for Jane. Her sweet castle, furnished with good intents and rich rewards, fallen to the ground. Unhappy Jane! And she sat down to cry.

And as she delayed to come with her work, Mrs. Saunders came to look for her. There she was, sobbing in the dark.

'Jane, my love, what's the matter?' asked her mother.

'It's all gone mamma—all the money's gone.'

'What money, dear?'

'My money—four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences.'

'Your money!' repeated Mrs. Saunders, and rang the bell to call for a candle.

The light was brought. There it was—the tossed work-box, the empty purse, and the open window. The money was gone!

'Call Mr. Saunders,' said the lady.

And he came and saw the scattered things.

'William,' he said, 'collect the servants; do not let one leave the house.'

And they all came—only one was missing.

'Where was Grace?' Silent all.

'Call Grace,' said Mrs. Saunders, gently.—Silence still.

'She's not in the house, ma'am,' said William, sorrowfully.

'The last time I saw her she was going to say her task to Miss Jane,' said Catharine.

'I told her to stay here and learn her lesson, and write,' sobbed Jane.

'It was Grace took the money,' said Mr. Saunders, after a pause. 'I'm sorry for it.—You may go down stairs,' he said, addressing the servants. 'Ellen, dear, your experiment has signally failed. Jane, pet, don't cry; how much did you lose?'

'Four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences,' said Jane, still crying.

'A pound and sixpence altogether,' said her father, 'which I will give you. So don't cry any more.'

'William, send down to the police-sergeant at Escar to say that I would be glad to speak to him.'

'Oh! papa, pray don't punish her,' cried Jane. 'Maybe she'll bring it back; she was tempted, I'm sure. Oh! don't tell the police.'

'Jane,' answered her father, 'when people do wrong, we ought to prevent others from following their example; but punishment is another question in this case. We must first try and recover the money.'

There was grief and heart-burning at Fairport that evening. Mrs. Saunders was sorry that her *protege* had so completely disappointed her hopes.

Jane would have given twice as much as she lost to have her forgiven and back again; and she cried at intervals till she went to bed, to think of her taking it when she was saving it to buy a frock, and bonnet, and cape, for Grace herself. And Charles sympathized with his sister.

The servants one and all grieved for her and pitied her; and various were the comments and conjectures among them after they went down stairs. She had not even taken her bonnet, or any of her clothes but those on her. Was it not an extraordinary thing!

The police-constable came, and Mr Saunders had him in the hall to speak with him.

'Why, sir, a girl such as you describe ran by the barrack to-day about half-past four. I did not see her, but I heard one of the men speak of it. She had no bonnet on?'

'Of that I'm not sure,' answered the gentleman. 'I will call the housemaid, and learn how she was dressed.'

So Catharine was unwillingly obliged to describe her dress, and poor Jane herself had to come and assist in the description.

'It is likely, from what you tell me, Dalton,' continued Mr. Saunders, 'that she is at her old home or near it; so you will have the goodness to make inquiry, and let me know the result as soon as you can.'

'Will you swear informations, sir?'

'No, not yet. I am in hopes that if you find the girl, you will get the money also, and in that case I should not be inclined to prosecute.'

And the policeman took his leave.

Very early the next morning Grace awoke. Such dreams as she had. There was Miss Jane crying, and asking why did she take the money; and there Mrs. Saunders looking so sorrowfully at her; then it changed to Ned, and the little pale face as she saw him last; and then her mother, with her furious look, as she struck her down. And Grace awoke, crying bitterly. Her father was up; he had lit a candle, and was kindling the fire. Grace got up at once, and dressed herself.

'Ah! acushla, is that you?' he asked. 'I was just goin' to call you. What mournin' an' cryin' ye kept all night, alannah machree!—Come over here to the fire, darlin' an' take this sup of warm milk, an' tell me all; they're asleep now, an' none to listen.'

And the father and daughter sat down by the little fire, the father supplying the mother's place in listening to the outpourings of a daughter's sorrowful heart—the father administering the sweet kind words of comfort to the mourner's ear, that a mother's tender voice ought to have uttered. And so, with his arm round her neck, and hers round his waist, she told her tale. He groaned, he clinched his hand, his teeth ground together.—

'She struck ye?' he cried, starting up as she finished; 'struck ye like a dumb baste! An' was it to rob an' ruin ye that she took the stranger's gold? Grace,' he continued, after a pause, 'I must go to my work! I have all the cattle to mind at Mr. Rawson's, and it wouldn't do to be late. Wait here, jewel, till evenin', maybe she'll bring it here, or leave it back at the house.' Poor Kennedy felt, as he spoke it, that it was a false hope. 'And I'll get leave from Mr. Rawson, who's a good man to me, God bless him, to come here an hour before dark, and we'll go over to Mr. Saunders'. Get the childher's breakfast for them when they wake, Grace alagur, an' don't fret; sure ye're not in fault.'

And he left the cottage.

Ah! Grace—my poor girl—your troubles are not over yet; still the clouds of sorrow are gathering more gloomily over you, and a heavy shower of bitterness is about to fall.

The breakfast was over, and Mick was gone, and Grace had got a needle, and was mending her little sister's frock—*her* old one—and she was talking to the little things as Miss Jane used to do with her, and told them little stories, and was just in the middle of one, when a voice behind her at the door asked—

'Is this Peter Kennedy's house?'

And Grace turned round and let fall her work, as a policeman entered.

Grace dropped her work.

'Ho! ho!' said the policeman, 'there you are, quite comfortable. Here she is, Dobbin,' he continued, calling to a companion outside; and both came into the house.

Grace's cheeks tingled—her heart swelled to bursting. She looked down; she could not speak; she knew why they were come. They mistook her confusion for that caused by guilt.

'You're a nice one, an't you, to go rob your mistress, after her bein' so good to you?'

Grace found words—

'I didn't rob her,' she said passionately.

'Oh, no; you only took a loan of it, I suppose. Well, I'll trouble you to hand it back, at all events. Come, Dobbin, search the house and beds, while I try her and the young ones.'

To no purpose, of course, was the search.

'Come, lass,' said he, 'you must tramp with us.'

'Oh, I didn't take it,' she cried, 'it was——'

She stopped and thought of her mother.—Should she tell of her own mother? She was bad to her, surely, but still her mother. She would go to jail if she told, and then who would take care of Peter and Katty? Her father would make her give it back. She would not tell that her mother took it. This resolution strengthened her, and gave her courage. She prepared to accompany the policemen.

They brought her first to the barracks at Escar, and one of them, with the sergeant, conducted her thence to Mr. Saunders'. William opened the door; his eyes filled with tears as he saw Grace thus guarded.

'Ah, my poor Grace!' he said.

'Tell your master,' said the sergeant, 'that we're here.'

And Mr. Saunders came out. Grace, in her resolve not to tell, became quite calm. The police thought it was sullenness; so did Mr. Saunders.

'We have her, sir,' said the police, touching their caps. 'Jackson and Dobbin found her in her father's house; they searched her and the house, but could not find the money. And she won't say anything; she's quite dogged.'

'So I perceive,' said Mr. Saunders, as the police stepped into the hall with their prisoner. 'I am very sorry to see it; we shall make her speak, I dare say.'

And the servants stole up to look at their favorite.

'The crature!' said Margaret.

'Poor little thing!' said Catharine.

William said nothing; he was afraid he would cry. He thought of his own little daughter at home. The door from the school-room opened, and Mrs. Saunders and the children appeared. Grace looked up; the lady advanced towards her.

'Grace,' she said sorrowfully, 'how could you do this when we were so kind to you?—Had you not enough; and from Miss Jane, too, who taught you your lesson?'

Grace looked up again. The large, silent tear-drops were rolling down Jane's cheek.—The eyes of the two little girls met. Grace lost herself. She ran to her, knelt down at her feet, took her hand, kissed it again and again, and sobbed forth—

'I didn't Miss Jane; I didn't indeed. Don't cry, darlin' Miss Jane; we'll get it back again, maybe; but I didn't take it. Sure I wouldn't stale now, an' sure I wouldn't stale from you.'

And Grace knelt at Jane's feet, and wept.—The servant-women put their aprons to their eyes.

'I know she didn't,' said the cook.

William turned down stairs to cry in the pantry. Jane stooped over the kneeling girl, and, holding her hand, cried with her. Mrs. Saunders herself was moved. Her husband was of sterner mould.

'Come away, Jane,' he said, taking his daughter's hand. 'Well, Grace,' he asked, 'if you did not take the money, who did? You were the only one in the school-room yesterday while your mistress was out, and if you did not take it, why did you run away?'

Grace wept still in silence, and answered not.

'You know something about the money, I dare say,' he continued. 'Give it back, and in consideration of your youth I shall let the matter drop; but if you don't restore the money, or tell where it may be found, I must send you to prison.'

Grace cried afresh.

'I don't know where it is,' she sobbed; 'I wish I did.'

'If you don't tell something more about it, I must swear informations against you, and send you to M——jail,' again reiterated Mr. Saunders.

There was no answer—a pause.

'Grace, will you not say anything?' asked Mrs. Saunders.

'I can't, ma'am; I didn't take it.'

'But you know, if you want us to believe you, you must tell something more than that.'

'Oh, come,' said Mr. Saunders, hastily, 'I'll ride over to Hamilton's, and get the warrant for her committal.'

'Ah, wait,' said his wife, perhaps she'll tell.'

'Oh, ma'am,' said Dalton, the policeman, 'there's no use; sho's made up her mind badly, and doesn't know what's for her good. A few nights in the jail will bring her to her senses; and you know, ma'am, Mr. Saunders need not prosecute if he does not like; and it's a long way to M——, so the men ought by right to start now, to be back before night.'

'Well, Grace once more,' said Mr. Saunders, 'will you tell where you have hid the money?'

She only answered by tears.

'Do, tell, Grace,' said her mistress.

'I can't, ma'am; I don't know where it is.'

'Oh, that will do,' said the gentleman.—'Dalton, will you have her sent to Mr. Hamilton's, and I will go over to get the warrant.'

And Grace trudged along the weary road to jail, the long road she never was on before; and a policeman marched on each side of her, with a gun and bayonet. And Grace smiled within herself. She walked on with a lighter step—she felt she did not take it. She felt proud as she thought that she bore another's guilt; and that Katty and Peter would not be left alone, and that her father would have somebody to get his dinner for him.

It was three o'clock when they entered M——. She was very tired; and the people looked out at the tall policemen and the little child as they passed along the town. And the boys left their play to follow them; but there was no hooting, not even a laugh; they all pitied. The thoughtless boys felt for the pretty, golden-haired girl—for her bonnet was forgotten, and her light-brown ringlets floated in the wind. And the little girls longed to go up and ask her what she had done. And the good mothers sighed as they thought of one so young in sin.

They came to the large, black-looking jail, with ugly, railing over the huge door; and the bell was rung, and the warrant of committal handed in, and Grace, after it, and the wicket-door shut again. Grace was in jail.

(To be Continued.)

The Lent Paper.

'John, what has become of last week's paper?' inquired Mrs. C., of her husband.

'Surely, wife, I cannot tell; it was brought from the office, I think.'

'Yes, James brought it home on Saturday evening, but neighbor N. and wife being here, he laid it on the parlor table.'

'Oh, N. has got the paper; I remember now of lending it to him.'

'I am very sorry for that; I think you do very wrong, husband, in lending the papers before we have read them. He who takes a paper and pays for it is certainly entitled to the first perusal of it.'

'Yes, but N. asked me to lend it to him, and how could I refuse so kind and obliging a neighbor? I am sure he would lend me his, if he took one, and I should want to borrow.'

'Don't N. take the paper?' inquired Mrs. C. with surprise.

'No.'

'Why not? He is, as he says, always very fond of reading.'

'Yes, but he seems to think himself unable to pay for one.'

'Unable! He is certainly as able as we are. He pays a much larger tax, and he is almost always bragging of his superior cattle, and—'

'Hush, wife! It is wrong to speak of our neighbors' faults behind their backs. He promised to return the paper to-day.'

'I hope he will. It contains an excellent article, that I desire much to read.'

Mrs. C. was an excellent lady, and probably possessed as liberal feelings as her peace loving husband; but she could not believe it to be their duty to furnish a free paper for their more wealthy yet covetous neighbor.

N. had formerly taken a paper; but thinking it too expensive, to the no small discomfiture of his wife and children he had ordered its discontinuance. He, however, dearly loved to read, and had for a year or more, been in the habit of sending little Joe' on the disagreeable errand of borrowing 'the old papers' of his neighbors.

Mrs. C. waited patiently through the day, expecting soon to see little Joe coming with the paper; but the day passed, as likewise did the evening, and no paper came.

The next morning after breakfast, she was heard to say,

'Well, John, the paper has not returned yet.'

'Ah, indeed! I guess neighbor N. has either forgotten his promise, or is absent from home,' replied Mr. C.

'I think,' she continued, 'we had better send James down after it.'

'Would it not be best, wife, to wait until this afternoon? N. may return it before that time.'

'As you think best,' was the submissive re-

They waited until nearly dark, but no paper made its appearance. James, a smart lad of ten years, was now instructed to proceed to neighbor N's and get the paper. He soon arrived, and made known his errand. He was very politely informed that it was lent to R., the blacksmith, who lived about half a mile further on. James, unwilling to return home without it, resolved, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, to continue on to the blacksmith's.

It was quite dark when he arrived, but he soon made his business known, and was informed by Mrs. R. that little sis got hold of the paper and tore it all up.'

'I'll take the fragments,' said James, who was for having nothing lost.

'The fragments, Jim!' exclaimed Mrs. R. 'Old Donk, the pedlar, come along here to-day, and I sold 'em with the paper rags.'

James, somewhat dispirited by his unsuccessful mission and not being very courageous in the dark, silently beat a hasty retreat to home, where, in due season, he arrived, and reported the result of his errand.

'Ah,' very composedly remarked Mr. C., 'I suppose R. asked neighbor N. to lend him the paper, and he did not like to deny him. We can not, I think, justly accuse either of doing intentionally wrong; and one paper,' continued he, 'is of little value.'

'You may argue N's case as you please,' replied Mrs. C., 'but be assured of one thing.'

'What is that?' asked Mr. C. with evident fear.

'Nothing only neighbor N. will not long be at the inconvenience of troubling people for old papers.'

In about three weeks after this conversation N. was informed by the Postmaster that he had a paper in the office. He was highly pleased at the announcement, but he could not think who was so very kind as to send him a paper. After many conjectures however, he came to the conclusion that it was some friend whom he had assisted in former years.

One year had passed; the papers continued to come, and N. was still ignorant from whence they came; but being one day at hauling, he informed his neighbors of his good fortune and expressed some fear that he should have to do without a paper soon.

'No, you won't,' said James C., in a loud tone of voice, 'for mother sent on two dollars more for you, last week.'

'Well done, Jim!' shouted a dozen voices while a simultaneous roar of laughter rang along the line of teamsters.

N., who had previous to this announcement been remarkably cheerful and talkative, became silent, while a deep red color, the emblem of shame, mantled his brow. This was a good lesson for N. Early the next morning, he went and payed Mrs. C. the four dollars acknowledged his error, and was never after known to take less than two weekly papers.—*Maine Farmer.*

Death of Jenny Lind.

ROMANCE.

'It was rumored in Washington on the 26th ult. that Jenny Lind *et. al.* were lost in a gale on their way to Charleston. The report created great excitement, but unfortunately for the world and the rest of mankind, it proved to be untrue.—*Exchange.*

The night on which Jenny made the passage from Wilmington, N. C., to Charleston, was so stormy, that the good ship which carried Barnum and his *fortunes* came very near being foundered. The Nightingale was frightened almost out of her voice, and was heard to pray that she might never be a *night-in-a gale* again. It was currently reported that Jenny *was lost at sea.* Thereupon the telegraph instantly *despatched* he—that is, it tore off the mournful tidings upon its lightning wings, throwing whole cities into mourning, and everywhere spreading consternation and despair. Those who had been so blest by fate as to have seen and heard the divine Jenny, looked down with pity upon those, whom this sad event had forever deprived of that ecstatic enjoyment. Henceforth, mankind were to be divided into two classes—those (twice, and even thrice blest) who had heard Jenny Lind, and those hapless, ill-starred wretches who had *not.*

At Washington, the rumor of Jenny's death was fully credited. Dismay and grief were pictured on every countenance. President Fillmore, it is said, had determined to address a special message of sympathy and condolence to both houses of Congress. Senators Benton and Foote were so much affected that neither made a speech for one whole day! Vice President King, who was known to be *tenderly* entranced by the charms of the 'divine Jenny,' was altogether inconsolable. Even great Harry of the West was overpowered by the shock. Bowed with grief, he evinced the depth of his emotions by rapid and apparently unconscious dips into the depths of his snuff-box! But of all the grief manifested upon the occasion, none perhaps was so intense or so sincere as that of the Secretary of State. The Syren seems to have bound the strong man, hand and foot. It was not alone Jenny's angelic voice that captivated the great defender of the Constitution. She had been heard to declare that he alone, of all men, was her beau ideal of *a man.* In Jenny's imagination the great Daniel might sit for the picture of the 'royal Dane'.

See, what a grace is seated on his brow,
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

It may well be supposed that the admiration was mutual, and that Mr. Webster's affliction