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POETRY.

From the Waverley Magazine.

LIFE.

Life has its sunshine! but the ray
Which dashes on its stormy wave,
Is but the beacon of decay,
A meteor gleaming o'er the grave;
And though its dawning hour is bright
With Fancy's gayest coloring,
Yet o'er this cloud encumbered night,
Dark rain flaps her raven wing.

Life has its flowers—and what are they?
The buds of early love and truth
Which spring and wither in a day—
The gems of warm, confiding youth;
Alas! those buds decay and die,
Ere ripened and matured in bloom;
E'en in an hour behold them lie
Upon the still and lonely tomb.

Life hath its pang of deepest thrill,
Thy sting, relentless memory!
Which wakes not, pierces not, until
The hour of joy has ceased to be;
Then, when the heart is in its cell,
And cold afflictions gather o'er,
Thy mournful anthem doth recall
Bliss which hath died to bloom no more.

Life hath its blessing; but the storm
Sweeps like the desert wind in wrath,
To sear and blight the loveliest form
Which sports on earth's deceitful path.
Oh! soon the heart broken wail,
So changed from youth's delightful tone,
Floats mournfully upon the gale
Where all is desolate and lone.

Life hath its hope—a matin dream,
A cankered flower, a setting sun,
Which casts a transitory gleam
Upon the evening's clouds of dun.
Pass up an hour, that dream hath fled,
The flowers on earth forsaken lie;
The sun hath set, whose lustre shed
A light upon the shaded sky.

AFTER DEATH.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

Why should we cling to those that die?
Why fondly mark and haunt the place
Where a dear brother's ashes lie,
Amid the relics of his race?
Why weep above the enclosing sod,
Where the loved was laid away,
As if the spirit sent from God
Still dwelt within the mouldering clay?

Years as they pass shall scatter wide
That dust by narrow walls confined,
Where'er the ocean sends his tide,
Or earth is swept by winnowing wind.
These trees, the harvests on these plains,
The air we breathe, the dust we tread,
The tide of life that fills these veins,
Are portions of the buried dead.

Hath God, then, doomed, when life is o'er,
The soul to slumber in the tomb,
While yet the form, the limbs it wore,
Are on the earth, in life and bloom?

The mind, far reaching into space,
Gauges the bulk of distant spheres—
Finds out each planet's course and place,
And measures all their days and years.
But who beyond that bourne hath gazed,
At which our mortal senses fail,
Into the spirit world, or raised
'Twixt life and death the parting veil.

The deepest search of human thought,
The furthest stretch of human eye,
No tidings from the soul have brought,
Beyond the moment when we die.

With trembling hope, I wait the change,
When tho't and sight, unclogged by sin
Through God's vast universe shall range,
And take the world of spirits in.

Ours be meanwhile, the cheerful creed,
That leaves the spirit free to roam,
By mount and river, wood and mead,
Till heaven's kind voice shall call it home.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY H. MILNOR KNAPP.

It is no matter be it dull or bright
The soul which moves within the mortal clay;
For what is bright on earth may be but night,
And night eternal at the judgment-day.

It is no matter where thy lot is cast,
For those most blessed were most despised of men;
And kings have envied, tutored by the past,
The simple rustic of some quiet glen.

It is no matter where you bend the knee,
The Mercy-seat is near the place of prayer;
In the dim chamber—on the pathless sea,
Or 'mid the heathen, listning God is there!

It is no matter where or when you die,
Or desolate, leaving love behind;
For joys unfathomed wait you in the sky,
When death from darkness frees the soaring mind.

☞ To pay the postage on letters you send is now a rule of common politeness, which no one should disregard.

☞ Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments.

The longer the saw of contention is drawn the hotter it grows.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

'Such folly!' exclaimed Laura Clavering, throwing down a letter she had been reading with signs of great annoyance and vexation—'such folly!'

'What news, Laura?' inquired Clara, looking up from her work, and trying to seem interested; for rarely did anything that concerned not her own self have that effect. 'Whose letter is that?'

'Papa's; the writer, our foolish, hasty brother, Lewis. He *has* married the half-starved nobody's daughter, and now hopes that we will welcome our new sister, and go mad over her goodness and genius as he did.'

'How absurd!' said Clara, threading her needle as quietly as though her brother were a mere nothing. 'Happily, it does not concern us much, unless papa takes it into his head to increase Lewis's salary.'

'That he shall never do!' cried Laura, sitting erect and flashing her small dark eyes.—'On the contrary, Lewis shall find his means lessened. I cannot allow any intruder to take the bread from our mouths.'

'It is the will of Providence,' said a soft voice; 'do your best, Laura, to bend to it.'

'Now, Fanny!'

Fanny smiled. She was a thin, old young lady, with long curls and a sweet expression. Like Jessy Betteswerth, she had laid herself out for goodness, and never hinted an unkind thing of anybody—when she could be heard. If Satan had come on the world in a sack coat and other fashionable attire, she would have found some palliation for his freaks by saying, 'But he is very gentlemanly, indeed!'

'What shall we do for the bride, Laura?' asked Clara. 'Give her a dance, by way of compliment to Lew?'

'How silly you are, Clara! I shall do nothing for her, nor do I wish to compliment Lewis. He had no right to sacrifice his family to his feelings.'

'Ah me! I can't ask him for that beautiful cape at B.'s now.'

'And I doubt whether he has paid my bill at Madame Fleury's,' retorted Laura. 'He may do it on his return; then, I am determined on that. Papa will look cross enough hereafter when we go to him for money. How selfish of Lewis to go and marry that girl!'

'She may make herself useful,' observed Fanny, consolingly. 'Do be calm, Laura; you startle me with your violence.'

'To think, too, that papa should have asked them here! He was sorry enough when I represented to him the possibility of his having them on his hands till doomsday. Lewis must not expect to be supported by us. We are a very large family, and want no addition.'

'And, until now, who *has* supported us?' said a young girl, who had once or twice dashed away a tear while the others talked. 'No brother was ever so kind as Lewis; and I think it abominable to grudge him and his wife a home. You all speak as though he had been to us a burden, whereas all his earnings have been a gift, or at most a loan to papa, and he never has been at any expense for him!' Not since he left college; and his labor at the counting-room has fully repaid all. 'Poor Lewis!' and the one kind sister burst into tears.

'Bravo, Maggie! you are eloquence itself!' cried Laura, sarcastically.

'Do plead Mr. Phillips' cause for him, Maggie. You may succeed and persuade sister Laura, to accept him, and advantage herself and us,' said Clara, laughing.

Laura crimsoned angrily at this allusion to the persevering suitor she held as a *pis aller*, should no better alliance present itself; and Margaret, still sobbing violently, left the room. The next morning Lewis arrived, and presented his unwelcome bride to his father and sisters. Poor young creature! Her heart swelled bitterly at the cold greetings offered her, and her husband watched and wondered how they could be indifferent to his gentle Cora.

Margaret alone met her kindly, and, linking her arm within her new sister's, led her up stairs to the most comfortless room in the house. *She* had done her best to make it neat, and brought her own little table, and sewing-chair to add to its looks; but Cora's glance around the apartment revealed her thoughts. When she had taken off her bonnet and smoothed her curls, Maggie noticed how pretty she was. Her fair round cheek, tinted like the rose; her large dark eyes, fringed with long sweeping lashes; her red small mouth, full of expression; and her profusion of golden hair—Maggie saw all these, and wished her beauty had been less, for she knew how Clara feared a rival.

'Will you come down now?' asked she, gently, and rising as she spoke.

Cora did not hear her: her thoughts were with the home she had given up for this, and a troubled expression pervaded her countenance.

'I will send Lewis,' thought Margaret, gliding away and wiping her eyes. She met him on the stairs. He was pale, and his features convulsed with emotion; but he stopped to kiss her as they met.

'Have they commenced already, Lewis?' whispered she, as she wound her arm around him.

'Merciful God!' burst from him in a moment. 'My poor, poor Cora!—what welcome is this?'

'Dear Lewis!' said Margaret, tenderly, and passing her hand over his dark locks, 'no one can resist *her* long. Think of your gentle wife, and go to her; for I am sure she would like to see you ere she joins us in the dining-room.'

He started, and, passing his hand over his brow, slowly mounted the stairs. Stung with mortification and wounded affection, he hesitated before entering the apartment. He thought of the tenderness with which his fair bride had ever been treated, of the fond parent she had left; he thought bitterly over the sisters he had promised her; the home that was to supply the one she had abandoned and made lonely for him; of the affectionate pride her beauty would create in their hearts; and he feared to stand before her.

When he opened the door, Cora still was sitting on the low chair gazing at the bare walls. Her small hands were clasped, and her lips were compressed painfully out of their usual gay smile. The husband's arms were soon around her, and as he knelt before her, with soothing words and prayers that she would not think he had sought to deceive her, the tears rained over her face.

'Suspect you of deceit, my Lewis!' was all that she could utter, and she laid her head childlike upon his bosom, striving to be calm.

Alas! but one word of kindness from father and sisters, one word that would have cost them nothing, could have saved these two this hour of wretchedness. Coldness could not part them, reproaches could not undo the tie that bound them, and yet they were not willing to come forward and welcome him. They knew the humiliation that Lewis must suffer; they felt that his noble heart had been wrung for the sake of his wife; but for this they hated her, and resolved that she should be driven from them.

The summons to dinner was answered promptly, and Cora descended to the dining-room leaning on her husband's arm. She had washed away the traces of her tears, and her very bright color alone betrayed unusual excitement. Her graceful ease, her perfect self-possession, were then crimes; and while her loveliness commanded their admiration, they resolved to hide it from their friends and acquaintances by taking little notice of it.

Maggie sat beside her at the table, and Cora managed with her heavy heart to be cheerful and composed. When Lewis left her in the evening to return to his cares of business, her lip quivered and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears; but still she remained in the parlor with apparent willingness, and complied with Margaret's request that she should sing and play.

Her talent was wonderful; and, too fond of music to pretend to despise it, her ungracious sisters gathered around the piano, forgetting their discontent. Her sweet, clear voice, too, was irresistible; and, when Lewis returned, he found her singing a trio with Fanny and Clara, whose tones were like the softest notes of sweetest birds.

'She has conquered,' thought he, as a thrill of delight ran through his frame. 'They could not resist her, as Maggie said,' and seating himself on the sofa by this dear sister, he passed his arm around her and leaned his head against her shoulder. Bending to kiss his forehead, she whispered his own thought into his ear; and he retired that night, his heart lightened of its heavy load.

But, alas, it was not often so! Cora's warm heart was continually receiving wounds that seemed barbed, as she attempted to draw them out by reasoning and patience. It needed all her Christian heroism to forbear; yet still she did so, and the roses faded from her cheek with the secret tears she shed. She often heard of Lewis's strange infatuation, the destruction of his prospects, the disappointed hopes of his family, and his want of pride or ambition. If he brought her some little gift, whose value was solely that he had made it, if she went out for some indispensable purchase, a long lecture upon the necessity of economy was the consequence. She was requested to remember her husband's circumstances, and the heavy responsibility he had incurred by marrying.

'You are but a burthen to my poor brother,' said Laura, in conclusion to one of these harangues, when Cora had indulged herself in the luxury of a spring dress she really needed; 'and, if you cannot see it yourself, it must be my duty, however painful, to remind you of it. His sacrifices for you are sufficiently great, and your selfish heedlessness is unpardonable. It would suit *me* to commit extravagances, for I am about to marry a man of influence as you may know. As Mr. Phillips is in the habit of giving me money to spend as I please, I can afford to be generous; but I cannot be so to your husband's family.'

'No,' thought poor Cora, as a half smile came over her beautiful face; 'I will promise not to do that. Marry Mr. Phillips! Poor silly soul! he knows she does not love him; but he little suspects she abhors him. Heigh-ho! if perjury is to swear falsely, what a crime this woman commits in the sight of God and man, before whom she takes her oath to love, honor, and obey that deluded simpleton, who does love her in spite of her open contempt.'

And Laura married Mr. Phillips, despising him in her heart for his unmanliness, his senselessness, and his cowardly submission to ridicule from his companions. But she dressed well, talked of the expenses, her presents to Fanny and the girls, and patronized Lewis until he requested her to be less condescending. By one of those phenomenon of human nature, for which no reason can be assigned, she became jealous of her miserable husband. Little dreamed he of this when, day by day, she offered him every indignity of speech and action. But no sooner did he cast his luckless eyes on his female acquaintance, than he found himself the subject of her fiercest emotion.

He liked Cora, for she never sneered at him or said sharp things; and no sooner did his wife discover it than she vowed to drive her from the house.

Meantime where was Mr. Clavering, and what thought he of all this? An infirmity of purpose, a melancholy want of strength of mind, had so placed him under the influence of his daughter Laura, that he bent entirely to her will. Inclined to love his son's neglected wife, proud of her many attainments, he dared not give vent to his natural feelings by any outward demonstration of kindness. His failing circumstances he could no longer conceal; and while Laura's marriage was thus decided on, she held a firmer grasp upon her father in consequence of her newly-acquainted fortune. Bribing him by promises of benefits to her family, she at length obtained what she had ever craved, the entire control of the household. By her advice, a settlement of the affairs was made, and Lewis was forced to become responsible for an equal share of the debts. Something was secured to his father and sisters; but he was sent adrift upon the world penniless and in debt! With a bursting heart learnt it all, and, too proud to let his sister triumph in her power, he made but one attempt to remonstrate with his father, and nerved himself to communicate his change of circumstances to his wife.

Laura offered to make use of her influence with the head of the house to which Phillips was attached, that he might obtain 'a small employment' as one of the inferior clerks; but the look he gave her in reply silenced her at once.

She undertook to announce the result of her sisterly machinations to Cora. This she did with as much malice and insult as ever penniless connection deserved; fortunately for the gentle, patient creature, who bore it like some suffering angel, Lewis had entered unperceived, and discovered that his wife had been tormented daily, without once uttering a complaint to him. Poor lamb! she had resolved never to add one drop to his cup of bitterness.

He remained motionless as Laura poured forth invectives against him and his beautiful Cora; but at length the tempest burst.

'Silence!' cried he, standing before his sister, who stared and grew pale. 'Silence, woman! How dare you speak thus to my wife? *Have* you not done enough to me? And are you not yet content? My poor Cora!' and he drew her to him, casting a look of defiance around him, 'forgive me if I have been blind enough to think you happy. Forgive me if I have seemed unmindful of your comfort; but I, too, have had my trials. Laura, you are prosperous now, you have wealth and influence; but you will never be happy. A canker worm is at your heart gnawing it away. A blight is on your life, and for this you seek to make others suffer. My father's house is no longer a home for me. I loathe it! You have made its walls worse than a prison to me and mine, and I leave it for ever! But remember my words: as age comes over you, and your end approaches, bitterly will you regret the misery you have sought to cast upon us. In anguish, you will wish it all undone. You will shriek out for forgiveness when we shall not be near to give it. My poor Cora! my gentle bird!' cried he, as he gazed upon her pale face and closed eyes. 'You have killed her!' cried he, passionately, as her head fell back; and, rushing from the room, he bore her up stairs, and laying her tenderly upon the bed, fastened the door against his sisters, who, really alarmed, had followed him, and now entreated for admittance, but in vain.

Cora's eyes opened on her husband alone, whose gaze of love was fixed upon her, blended with deep anxiety and pain. But she smiled, as soon as consciousness returned entirely, and pressed his hand.

'Ah, how wrong you were, Lewis, to be so violent! I would not have had you know.'—

'And *you* were wrong to leave me in ignorance of Laura's impertinence. How could you conceal your unhappiness from me? Fool! dolt that I have been to be so blind!' and he struck his forehead with his clenched fist.

'Lewis, Lewis, forbear!' cried she, catching his hand. 'I can bear anything but this!'

'Cora, will you get ready now to leave the house? Can you pack your trunks while I go for a carriage to take us to a hotel?'

'Yes, Lewis, yes!' she almost screamed with joy, and bounded from his arms. 'I am quite well—quite strong enough.'

'Alas, poor Lewis! how bitterly her delight at leaving his promised home of happiness smote upon his heart! She seemed to read his countenance.

'You think me ungrateful, Lewis?' asked she, timidly approaching him.

'Ungrateful! Good God! It is I who, in my selfish unconsciousness—'

'Hush Lewis, once more hush! Be calm, dearest, and let me see that brow as smooth as usual. I do not know you thus.'

'I cannot think of all you have endured and be calm my sweet wife. But I will leave you while I go to prepare a safe harbor from abuse; where you will, at least, be free to come and go, and to act as you like.'

And Cora set to work in good earnest. Her light form went here and there unfastening pictures, taking down dresses, rolling up drawings and music, and stowing away her little toilet ornaments with careful adroitness. It was soon done; for, with a strange feeling that she would not long remain where she was, one of her trunks had continued packed during her residence with her father-in-law, and her active fingers soon put her own wardrobe and that of Lewis into these capacious trees.

She was locking the last trunk and she marked the pale face of her sister-in-law and she sat down in some trepidation.

'Really, Mrs. Clavering, you seem about to make a move this evening. Does my brother know of your present arrangements, or do you intend exerting your influence in separating him from his family?'

'My husband has gone to seek another home, Fanny, at his own desire. In making these preparations, I complied with a positive request from himself. And allow me to say,' continued Cora, raising her head somewhat haughtily, and gazing fixedly at her companion 'that if a separation is to take place, it will not be through any influence of mine, as you must have perceived to day how very much Lewis was surprised at the language used to me.'

'I suppose,' said Miss Clavering, with a little laugh of bitterness, but avoiding the calm, clear eye of her companion 'that you left nothing more to be told after the slight piece of acting down stairs. It was very well done, upon my word, and she again made a exclamatory exertion to get rid of her feelings.

Cora's cheek flushed crimson, but she refrained for the thousandth time, and gained a victory.

'You do not mean what you say, Fanny,' mildly replied she, 'or you would be less unjust. I am no actress, and you are more penetrating than to be deceived, had I attempted it. But the old story tells all—the cup was full to overflowing.'

'We are much obliged to you, indeed,' said Fanny, growing excited. 'I dare say you are very unhappy.'

'I regret that Lewis should feel as he does towards his family; but I am not unhappy now,' replied the young creature firmly. 'I am no dissembler, Fanny. I am glad to leave here. You have never abused me, at least, although you were never kind to me, and I have nothing against you. As for your sister Laura, I only charge you to remember the past. I cannot blame myself in any way. It grieves me to have been so unwelcome in my husband's home; I did not expect it. I thank your father for the endeavors he made to like me; I thank you and Clara for not ill-treating me; but I grieve to leave Margaret. She has ever been a sister to me, and I love her as such,' and Cora burst into tears, as she thought of Maggie's repeated defense of her in all her trials.

'I am flattered that you condescend to regret any member of our family. I really did not anticipate such an honor,' said Fanny, sarcastically, and rising to go. 'I have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging it, and bid you good evening.'

Soon after, Maggie came up, and throwing her arms around Cora, burst into a passion of tears.

'Oh, Cora, you are going away, and I will not see you again! You will not come to this house, I know; and Lewis will not let you. He will never love us again! How can he?'

'He will always love you, my own Maggie,' said Cora, tenderly embracing her. 'And he shall not cease to love any of his sisters.—Lewis is so good, so forgiving, is he not?'

'Ah, Cora, how can he forgive so easily? After all you have endured.'

'But he does not know all, Margaret,' replied Cora, reproachfully. 'He does not know all.'

Margaret raised her dropping head.—

'Dear Cora! noble sister! how great, how full of forbearance you are!' How much more I love and esteem you each day of my life!'

But Lewis' step was heard coming up the stairs, and Margaret's tears flowed afresh.—The parting between the three was painful and affecting, and Cora tore herself away to descend to the parlor and bid adieu to the others.

They were all seated at the end of the room and she advanced towards her father-in-law, holding out her hand with a look that was sufficient to disarm hatred. He rose and turned his back upon her. Surprised, she went to Clara. She, too, followed her father, and Mrs. Phillips at length opened her compressed lips.

'You have no desire, hereafter, to have any further communication with you. After the shocking manner in which you dared to express your opinion of our family to Fanny, we do not wish to see or speak to you. It seems to me that, after the treatment you received from one and all—the most unvarying kindness—it was uncalled for; and you might have waited before you intruded the laws of politeness so far as to insult us in our own house.'

'Be it so, then, Laura,' said Cora, gently. 'You will know me better, some day. Farewell.'

She was going out, when Lewis entered.—He had heard all, for he stood in the door; but no one perceived him. He went up to his father. The old man burst into tears and sobbed audibly, but Laura advanced.—

'We do not wish you, Lewis, to be a stranger to us. You are now as ever the dear brother of our hearts, although you may not now believe it.'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed he, as he looked at her, and left the room.

And so Lewis Clavering was banished from the hearts of his early friends. Two still clung to him; but Margaret could not, and his father dared not, follow and bid him return. The kind and considerate brother of their childhood and womanhood had no further claim upon their love, when another image filled his breast and another claimed his support. She, for whom he had dreamed such happiness in his own home, now had she been persecuted!—she the idol of the Eden abandoned for him! How his heart filled with bitterness as he sat that night in their room in the hotel, with Cora's hand in his! Not one word passed her lips in reference to the past; but she sighed as she watched his countenance and read its changes; for she remembered that, however innocent, she had brought the gloom upon his brow, and banished him from his father's house.

Wondering how she could divert his mind, she loosened her slight fingers from his grasp, and ringing for lights, placed them on the table near the fire, bringing her work-basket and seating herself beside it. Nimbly she plied the needle, the bright star of Hope rose upon her clouded heart, and a sweet smile parted her lips. 'Beautiful dreamer! How fresh and pure were the thoughts that filled that gentle breast!'

Unconsciously, she warbled a song—'Oh, summer night!' and those fairy tones reached her husband's heart. He turned to look at her, and the sight of her cherished form brought a flood of joy to his soul. 'Oh, summer night!'

Cora raised her beautiful eyes, and a bright smile illumined her countenance. Laying down her work, she leaned forward and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

'Are you better now, Lewis? Do you feel happier than when you sat there so gloomy and silent?'

'I was thinking of what I could do, Cora, to maintain you as you should be; but I am as happy now at your side as though we two owned countless wealth.'—

'The countless wealth has often failed, dearest,' said his wife, dressing his hand, and parting his dark hair, with a look of deep affection. 'We must not dream more than a bare competency for present; and, with the mind in its own place, a contented spirit confers happiness such as this world can afford.'

'Very true, my own one; but some of the vile dross, termed money, would greatly lighten my heart to night. I have a great horror of poverty, dearest; I could not see you deprived of your usual comforts. That would crush me to the earth.'

He would have started from his seat, but she held him down, with her arms wound around his neck.

'Now I have you chained, impatient spirit! What avails it to think of misfortune? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and, if it should come, know that Cora can show a stout heart in adversity—a strength like a giant's, against its rude blast. Dismiss the future and past, my husband, and let us be thankful for the blessings of the hour!'

'With a blessing like you, dear one, I were ungrateful indeed to repine. Chide me as you will, I deserve it all, though you do your spiriting so gently that it will not conquer a tough offender like myself. You must be more severe.'

'Nay, for your first offence I will be lenient, in spite of the old saying that advises severity in the beginning, to stifle the second temptation ere it grows into action. We cannot remain here, Lewis; it is too expensive a place for two stray sheep like you and me. Listen to my plan; I pique myself upon my foresight and knowledge of the world, to call your attention your undivided attention. *Comprenez vous, Monsieur?*'

He nodded, and prepared himself to listen, while Cora looked over a newspaper that lay before her. She pointed out a paragraph to him, and let him read it.

'Now you see, Lewis, I know precisely the situation of that little cottage. It will just suit you; and, what is of more importance of course, it will also suit me. The rent is moderate, and the rooms are small—a very economical arrangement, as it will save time and furniture. One servant will do, with my help. I am a capital house-maid and chamber-maid. You will not know me when you see me running about with an apron on, a duster in one hand and a brush in the other! The walk will do you good, and I will come every evening down the road to meet you. Then we will have a cheerful cup of elixir. Cowper has immortalized a cozy chat by a nice fire in the winter, and out on the little porch in the summer. Then we will sing sweet ballads to you for a lullaby; get you a pair of embroidered slippers (they are almost finished now); and, free from two dark prisons yclept boots, you shall lean back in an arm-chair, and if you like, Lewis—if you like—you may smoke a very fine Havana to drive the musquetoes off.'

'What a sweet comforter you are, my dear wife! I yield the palm to your ready wit! The house we shall seize to-morrow, least some other applicant supplant us. I have enough, darling, to provide for present wants. You shall be my banker, an choose the requisites for our first home.' He threw into her hand his purse, which she, smiling with quiet grace, locked it in her work-box.—'I wish you had some friends to assist you, Cora; but the poor and the needy have no friends!'

'Bitter again, Lewis! Call back the milk of human kindness, and remember the great Friend of the poor and needy. We have youth and health—energy and perseverence—all, blessings that cannot be bought. Then, Lewis, I have you—and you have me,' and she turned to him with a radiant smile.

Who could be unhappy with this sweet singing bird for ever sending out notes of gushing melody? Who could turn indifferent from the modest flower that bloomed so brightly, and shed around it so rare a fragrance?—The star of Hope now passed from her heart to his; the clouds disappeared; the past lay like a mist in the distance, and the future rose smiling before him. A woman's soft tones had dissipated the spell that gathered around the strong and towering man. A woman's light hand had lifted for him the curtain of sorrow and despair, and pointed out the way to joy and success! Soundly slept Lewis that night; and, long after he was dreaming of the picture she drew for him, Cora was planning, in her busy little head, her arrangements for their new home.

(Confusion next week.)

The Model Daughter.

We find the following going the rounds of the papers, and we suppose it belongs to us as much as any body else. We take it this time from "The Home Journal" whose editor says "we find this sketch about on newspaper river, and we haul it in for the benefit of our readers."

"Constantly she comes down to breakfast before the tea things are taken away. She is always ready for church. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home, without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She practices only when he is out. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and scorns to fuddle her head with French cream and cordials. She can make her own bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses. Her fingers are not too proud to mend stockings or make a pudding. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white wine whey, tapioca, chicken broth, beef, tea, and the thousands little household delicacies of a sick room. She is a tender nurse; moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a mouse, or faint at the sight of a black beetle. She does not spin poetry, or do our in any quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father in the evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She never has the pillar ready to fall under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She can add one-two-three continuously. She studies housekeeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, and can tell pretty nearly how many long sixes go in a pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or dying to see Jenny Lind, nor does she care much about that love, Mario. She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying she lost her way. She treats her father's guests with civility. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking glass all the day long. She makes the children frocks and plays a little at chess and backgammon—anything to please her dear father. She does not send home lovely jewelry for her dear father to look at. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults. She never pouts when scolded, nor shuts herself up in a room to cultivate the sulks. She is the pet of her darling papa, and warms his slippers on a winter's night, and lights the candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's dear, good girl, as is sufficiently proved by her being entrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is a terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets, and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the 'model daughter.'"

Dr. Johnson's Courtship.

BY BOSWELL.

Dr. Johnson's attachments to the fair sex were very transient.

In a man whom religious education has secured from licentious indulgences, the passion of love, when once it has seized him, it is very strong; being unimpaired by dissipation, and totally concentrated in one object. This was experienced by Johnson when he became the fervent admirer of Mrs. Porter, after her first husband's death. Mrs. Porter told me that when he was first introduced to her mother his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula was deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, separated behind; and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged with his conversation that she overlooked all these external disadvantages, and said to her daughter, "This is the most sensible man I ever saw in my life."

Though Mrs. Porter was double the age of Johnson, and her person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others, she must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with a more than ordinary passion; and she having signified her willingness to accept of his hand, he went to Litchfield to ask his mother's consent to the marriage, which he could not but be conscious was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years and her want of fortune. But Mrs. Johnson knew too well the ardor of her son's temper, and was too tender a parent to oppose his inclinations.

I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose, in very good humor. But, though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides," I have had from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to the church upon the nuptial morn, (9th July:) "For, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at the first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed on, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. Therefore, pushed on briskly, till I was out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed she was in tears.—"

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus showed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life: and, in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remarkable evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death.

Original Letter of Dr. Franklin.

The following letter was brought to light by the London correspondent of the *Boston Post*. In communicating it to that journal, he says: "It is copied verbatim, et literatim, spelling, punctuation, capitals and all—and as near a fac simile as my writing could make it—just as it stands in the original. I have reason to suppose it has never before been published."

Philadelphia, March 1, 1776.

Sir—I am but just returned from a long Journey, after near 6 Months Absence and find your Fav. of Sept. 29, by which I have the agreeable Advice that you expect to be able to remit me something in Smith's Affairs very soon.

As to thickness of Wire necessary or sufficient to conduct a large Quantity of Lightning, concerning which you desire my sentiments, you will find something on that Head in Pages 124, and 125, of the inclosed Pamphlet which please to accept. And I may add that in my late Journey I saw an instance of a very great Quantity of Lightning conducted by a Wire no bigger than a common knitting Needle. It was at Newbury in New-England where the Spire of the Church Steeple, being 70 feet in height above the Belfry was split all to pieces and thrown about the Street in Fragments, from the Bell down to the Clock, place in the Steeple 20 feet below the Bell, there was the small Wire above mentioned which communicated the Motion of the Clock to the Hammer striking the Hour on the Bell. As far as the wire extended, no Part of the Steeple was hurt by the Lightning, nor below the Clock, as far as the Pendium Rod reached; but from that end of the Rod downwards, the Lightning rent the Steeple sufficiently. The Handling Rod was bent as thick wire was blown all to smoke, and smitted the church wall which it past in a broad black Track and also the Ceiling under which it was carried Horizontally. No more of it was left than about half an Inch and half next the Tail of the Hammer, and as much joining to the Clock.—Yet this is observable that tho' it was small as not to be sufficient to conduct the Quantity with Safety to its own Substance, yet it did conduct, so as to secure all that Part of the Building. Excuse this Scrawl; which I have not time to copy fair.

I am, with much Respect, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
B FRANKLIN.

P.S. I have just been reading a similar instance taken from the Journal des Sravans, for 1676, page 113—viz., "Ed 1679 le tonnere cessa le clocher del' Abbage d. Spins Medard de Soissons; la foudre se yorts a une grande Distance le long des fils d'ascha qui communiquoint a l'horloge; elle fondit ces gords mattalliques sans faire auctres desordres dans tout le triject."

Size and Price of a Paper.

People are beginning to learn that a few inches more in the size of a paper, and a few cents less in the whole year's subscription price, make rather a poor substitute for quality. The largest and cheapest is not always the best. In our observation during the past few years, we have been surprised to notice how great a difference ten, twenty, or thirty cents in a year would make in the circulation of a family newspaper; the mere saving of a cent, or half a cent per week, being inducement enough for a man to decide in favor of one every way inferior to another that relied on excellence rather than cheapness.

But, as we have said, people are beginning to get tired of these poor bargians, and to understand that, in newspapers as in other things, the best is really the cheapest. Size and price are not now matters of the first consideration, but excellence. When a man subscribes for a paper, he expects to get one that he and his family can read with interest and profit. The evil of mere puffing and pretension, from which so much has been suffered, is thus gradually curing itself. And it is well for the public that this is so.

☞ A lady had two children—both girls. The older was a fair child, the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet," (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that affection could bestow.—One day after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite. "Is that you Sweet?" she inquired. "No mamma," was the sad and touching reply, "it isn't Sweet—its only me." The mother's heart smote her; and from that hour "Only me" was restored to an equal place in her affections.

☞ Editing a paper, remarks the editor of the Olive Branch is generally thought to be a life of mere posting, and almost every type thinks himself competent to the task. A greater mistake cannot be made. To edit a paper well, intended for the million, is a task of labor and difficulty. The labor is like that of Sisyphus eternally rolling his stone up a mountain—when once accomplished, it must immediately be done again.

A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

Individual improvement is the only remedy for social evils.