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## Select Boetry.

Happy Hours. BY B. D. ANDERSON.

Earth has a thousand happy hours, To cheer the darkest lot. A thousand blissful memories That will not be forgot;
They bloom around the wanderer's path

Vhere storms and tempests come, Like those sweet flowers that cluster round His childhood's happy home. Our early home with all its joye, The streamlet and the mill,
The old oak tree 'neath which we play'd,

The singing of the rill;
The glad tones of our sister's voice, Pure as the Summer flowers, Are with us still to make the earth Full of those happy hours.

Earth's later scenes when time has sped. And brought some loved one near,
The whispering of whose brightest word
Was happiness to hear;
The echo of whose footsteps nigh Like Spring-time to the bowers; Or bird and blossom to the tree

And then the mother's gladsome smile, The heaven within her eyes, As seated in her vine-clad cot, The loveliest 'neath the skies-She presses to her beating heart

Fill'd earth with happy hours.

The image of that one Her heart has chosen for its home, From all beneath the sun Eve birngs a cheerful circle round-The old familiar hearth, And many a happy voice is heard

In melody and mirth; No discord in that evening song, No jarring in that strain, For heaven is bending down to bring Earth's happy hours again. Night is not dark, for love illumes

The cottage with its ray; Watches beside the sleeper's couch Lists while the mother prays; Constant as Hope it mingles in The image of each dream, And lights the sleeper's fancy with Its richest, rosiest gleum,

Earth's happy hours upon life's tide Fall with a kindling glow, As those bright stars that from above Fall on our path below;
A beacon fire amid the storms To steer our barque aright, And shed around the sinking heart. Their glory and their light.

The past has many a happy hour And draws its sweetness drop by drop From memory's housed cells.

The cadence of each tone Come back with happy, happy hours, Good deeds, bright thoughts on angel's wings

To make our spirits soar

Above the rust and dross of earth,

Into a milder' purer sky, Beneath a brighter sun, And stars that shine in pladness down On happy hours begun.

## Miscellaneons.

The Winter of the Heart.

ble evil-the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its through its desolate chambers.

which for a time seem utterly to impede your Mr. Rand acknowledged that he knew

ged for a single lowly room—the soft couch about this find warn him."
for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may for you will only by that course add fuel to forsake you, and the unpitying world pass the flames. You know John has several you, with scarcely a look or world of compass- times expressed a wish to go to sea. Now

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadi-portunity for him to go?"
you, to earn a livelihood; you may encoun"Perhaps it would." But it was four years ly on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would turn in disgust from your fellow beings. you to earth, and leave you in fearful dark-

But amid all these sorrows, do not come deeply affected as you are, and abandon every it can be avoided now, I would prefer that it great orb has changed to a fearful color. sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unt should be. known future.

tomb cannot wholly subdue.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a hearts upon an alliance for their child with delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be mis-

Do not declare that God has forsaken you, sition., when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in heaven through every

trial: bear adversity with fortifude and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. and though John felt grateful for all his mas- sail she continued till nearly midnight, but When your locks are white, your eyes dim. and your limbs weary; when your steps falwhich will shield you from the winter of the

Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the "devil" his rule for punctuation. Said he, "I set up as long as going away, and he had seen her tremble and board sheet of the mizen top-sail parted at the I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; shed tears. He congratulated his wife that yard-arm. In a moment the sail was split when I gape I insert a semi-colon; when I she had discovered the momentous secret as into ribbons, and the ship fell off several sneeze, a colon; and when I want another she did. chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

Mrs. Partington advises all young

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

In a sumptuously furnished apartment of the servant. one of the costly dwellings of New York city, sat a middle-aged female. She was selecting some patterns of brocade from an open package which lay upon the table before her.— Near by with his cap in hand, stood a boy, age which lay upon the table before her.—
Near by with his cap in hand, stood a boy,
who seemed to be waiting the woman's movement's. He was fifteen years of age, and tather slightly built, though his frame was by no

boy would turn toward her to answer some boy's side. playful questions and at such times his counsiah Rand's only child.
"Here, John," said Mrs. Rand, as she hand-

ed to the boy a fiece which she had selected, "tell my husband to send me twenty yards." He did not notice the peculiar look which At least I hope it will turn out so." the lady gave him, for at the moment he cast

he brought the brocade with him. He was are now. himself a nierchant, and had brought the fabrie from his own store. His wife expressed tered young Stanley. herself much pleased with the article, but her He would have spoken more, but his utterand her hasband began to fear that she was sounds of Mr. Rand's voice in the hall below. in reality dissatisfied with the brocade. "Martha," he said to his wife, "I am afraid the brocade does not suit you."

"It does most assuredly," returned Mrs. Rand. "Then why are you so thoughtful and so-

"I will tell you, Josiah. It is a very seri-Stanley must leave us."

faithful boys in the world. Of course you with full meaning.

get rid of him some way."

what you mean, for I am rather anxibus to I am now -I shall be a man then.

"Mr. Rand," responded the wife, "I must

"You are not joking?" he said.
"No-indeed I am not: I have watched Your life-path may lead you amid trials, what a strange thing the human heart is."

Penury may take the place of ease and "I must not see my daughter fall into such plenty; your luxurious home may be exchan- an error, that is certain. I will speak to John

would it not be a good plan to obtain an op-

ago that the lad wanted to go to sea, and I extort the last farthing, till you well-nigh think he has outgrown the wish by this time. But nevertheless, if matters stand as you say - Death may sever the dear ties that bind they do, it may be best that he should go." you to earth, and leave you in fearful dark. "It certainly is. I know what Mary's tem-inoment ever lost sight of the resolution he "My husband," said Mrs. Rand, as she notes. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope perament is, and know that were this at-took on the night when he first slept in a ticed how pale and haggard the merchant of your declining years, may be taken from tachment to continue and strengthen for a hammock. you, while your spirit clings to him with a few years longer—and if John remons a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the surely will—she would be perfectly miscrable to be separated from him. And surely rather than to make her miserable, I would to the conclusion that nobody was ever so let her marry a virtuous honest man. But if

hearted people, nor would they have willing of sight, quite a breeze had sprung up from ly wronged any one. But they had set their the castward. the son of an intimate friend, and as that son | Captain Shubrick, speaking to his first mate. was both moral and rich, of course the parents wished not to bo thwarted. The mer- afraid we shall have a heavy blow. erable because you are disappointed in your chant's wife was a clear sighted woman, and expectations, and buffled in your pursuits. she knew she was not mistaken in her suppo-

Under these circumstances it was decided that John Stanley should go to sea, and on the ship was prepared for a smart gale, and the next-day Mr. Rand looked amongst his live the time it was fairly dark she was standfriends to find a berth for him. Mr. Rand ing on her course nearly south-east, with the when he was informed of the arrangement. - a height, and the seas ran so high, that the ter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still The merchant was considerably moved by sails were taken off and she lay to under the retain the freshnoss and buoyancy of spirit, those tears, but he feared that his daughter fore-top sail. was the cause of them, and he felt more desi- The mid-watch was kept by the second rous than ever of having his charge leave the mate and John Stanley. By two o'clock the city. There were other things, too, that gale seemed to have reached that point be-strengthened Mr. Rand in his determination. yound which wind cannot go, but just as the He had told his daughter that John was man at the wheel struck the bell, the star-

he did.

All the arrangements had been made for but he found that the helm was already down, young Stanley's departure. The ship in which and the ship was gradually coining up again.

e tremblingly rang the bell, and the door was opened by one of the servants.

suppose I may run up and get thein."

er slightly built, though his frame was by no gether, he sat down upon a chair. As his upon the quarter by a mountain sea that means weakly, or lacked firmness and duramind became busy with the new scenes that knocked her dead into the wind. The after
bility. The boy's countenance was eminently handsome, and betrayed much intelligence ered in his bright eyes. He was just on swept by the wild flood. and quickness of thought; and with this was the point of raising from his sent, when he John Stanley recovered from the shock just sold and to-night will combined a look of honesty and good nature heard a light foot fall behind him, and in a in time to see that the sails were going to spend beneath this roof." which was not to be mistaken. His name moment more a hand was laid upon his shoul- take the wind upon the forward surfaces, and was John Stanley, and he was a poor orphan der. He looked up, and met the gaze of Ma- without waiting for the captain's orders, he Rand. whom Mr. Josiah Rand, the husband of the ry Rand. It was a sudden impulse that seiz- sang out to the man at the wheel to put the lady just mentioned, had taken from the alms- ed him then—an impulse that had no seat in lichin a-starboard and then he called the men house of a neighboring town, to bring ap. his thoughts—but only a sort of lightning to the braces. In a moment more he saw He had now been living with Mr. Rand seven gush of startled affection. He placed his that the ship was already getting sternway, years. Close by where the boy stood sat a young quick, warm kiss upon her lips. Mary Rand slay sheet was hauled over, and in a minute girl, a bright eyed, golden haired being, whose attered no shriek, nor did she even blush, but more the main-topsail was hauled safely, and smiling virtue-loving features bore the age with the whole arder of her loving soul she it took the wind handsomely. marks of fourteen years. Ever and anon the returned the kiss and then sat down by the

Are you sorry I am going away, Mary?" tenance would brighten, and a happier look asked John, as he looked earnestly into his wheel and asked the man there if he had seen would steal over his face. That girl was Jo-companion's face.

"Yes-indeed I am," replied the young "I did not think of this," continued the tell my husband to send me twenty yards." boy, wiping the tears from his face; but I The boy took the pattern and withdrew, suppose your father meant it all formy good.

"So do I hope it will," returned Mary .his eyes towards the girl to give a nod of un- And then in a lower tone, she added, while I have seen nothing of them since the sea derstanding of a playful remark she had just the tears gathered in her eyes, "you will be struck us." a good man, John, you will come back to me At night, when Mr. Rand came to supper, one of these days as pure and good as you rose the gale had passed away with most of face. Its fury. The ship had been searched but no "God knows I will if I live," fervently ut-

words were more cool and sedate than usual, ance was choked, and ere long he heard the could have helped them. to see the merchant now, for he knew that his anxious to know what was to be done.

oise he left the house.

That night as young Stanley lay in his of the ship. hammock thinking of the last interview beous matter which affects me now; and it is tween himself and Mary Rand, a glimmer of are the most capable."
a matter, too, upon which I have thought the truth flashed across his mind. He had "But you are the oldest officer, and the several times of speaking with you: I being been thinking, young as he was, that the trust falls legitimately upon you. here at home, notice more than you do, and sweet girl loved him, and from this his mind have come to the conclusion that John went on to wonder how Mary's parents would persisted Aldrick. I know I am the oldest cision," returned the woman. look upon such a state of things. Then it was sailor, but you are the best navigator."

"No, no, my husband; I assure you that I because they saw that there was love between you say of the boy is true, but for all we must when I became old enough I should ask her ever madel of them for my wife. O dear, dear Mary, I Stanley received the highest enconiums "Well, Martha, go on now and explain will see you again, but I shall be older than from the owners, and after some conference

which voung Stanley took to his soul that charge of the ship for another voyage. Let it never come upon you. Live so that admit that John Stanley is an excellent boy, night—a resolution which was to give color John Stanley's resolution—the resolution good angels may protect you from this terri- but how would you like him for a son-in- to the whole of his after life, and make him he took when a boy—had not yet been forwhat he afterwards became.

ment springing up between them. Youknow trade had required him to contract his opera- of the owners. tions. Our sailor boy had not only become It was just after noon, in a cool day in au-

he made to Mary Rand, nor had he for one had no heart to give them.

remarkably pleasant, though the wind had amounted to but little spits of air with intertening calms. Shortly before the disk of the shall be added to my misfortune." sun touched the horizon, and the face of the the eastward. "I don't like this wind, Mr. Thomas," said

"Neither do I," returned Thomas, "I am "Yes, and you may prepare for it. You may send down all the light spars. We will

have the top-gallant masts on deck." In accordance with the Captain's orders broached the subject carefully and kindly, wind free on the larboard tack. Under this ter's kindness, yet he could not but shed tears all that time the gale had increased to such

When he reached the merchant's dwelling The ribbons of the mizen-top sail were snap-e tremblingly rang the bell, and the door ping wildly in the gale when Shubrick and ple place that has so long been my home."

Mr. Thomas came on deck. The former spoke "I know it must be hard for you, my "Mr. and Mrs. Rand are both out," said to Stanley, whom he happened to see first, mother, but do not let father see you weep, "Never mind," returned John, "I left some he gave his hearty approbation. He reques- we can give him." hooks in my room and have come for them. tell that the weather clew of the mizen top- Mrs. Rand prou sail should be secured, and after this he went

As spon as the ship was easy upon the oth-Captain Shubrick.

"Yes, sir," replied the helmsman; "I saw both him and Mr. Thomas standing by the quarter boat. When the sea came it knocked down all four of us at the wheel, but we please to be seated ?" stuck to the spokes and saved ourselves. You see the quarter-boat is gone, and I fear the then said captain and Mr. Thomas have gone after it!

captain or first mate could be found. They had been swept away into the wild ocean; and at a time, too, when no mortal power you can take possession!"

The wind had hauled somewhat to the He pressed Mary's hand within his own, im- porth of east, and after sail had been made printed one more kiss upon her lips, and then the ship was put upon her true course. Inhe glided from the room. He did not wish stinctively the men gathered aft, and seemed eyes were swollen with weeping, and without "Mr. Aldrick," said Stanley, addressing the

"No, no," quickly returned Aldrick, "you am sensible of your kindness, but I had rath- the still solemn moan of the turtle dove, echo- always honorable. The most ordinary han-

"And yet I had rarber you would take it,"

"John Stanley leave us!" reiterated the that he remembered some words which Mr. At length the matter was referred to the merchant, elevating his evelvows in astonish Rand had let drop—words which he did not supercargo, and he left it to the crew; and the looked into the face of the beautiful his starving brethren; whilst here I am gree will be stand most understand, but which now came to his mind the result was that John Stanley was unanigir as he spoke and there was a sweet, tear-ted with the farewell notes of the last depart ment. "Why, he is one of the best and most understand, but which now came to his mind the result was that John Stanley was unanimously selected for enptain, and it was deter-Ah," he murmined to himself, "it was mined that the ship should proceed to India. have no thoughts of trilling. I know that all Mary and myself, and they were afraid that New York, at the end of the best passage she

with the supercargo, who was an old hand at It was a deep, firm and lasting resolution the business, our hero was engaged to take

gotten, but it was ever an operative thing in his mind and upon its impulse, he was grad-John Stanley had been three years on ually rising to distinction and eninence. He depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers;
no rude blasts of discontent moan and shrick self that there is a very dangerous attach-

attached to the captain and crew, but they tumn, that Mr. Josiah Rand entered the room progress, and shut out the very light of heav-something about it, and then he sank into a had become equally attached to him. He where his wife and daughter sat. He looked en from your anxious gaze.

State of ineditation. At length he said: had become studious too. Not only had he a score of years older than he did when we paid attention to the working and manage- saw him last, for he was all worn down with ment of the ship, but he had studied naviga-trial and trouble. Mrs. Rand looked older, tion with eminent success, so that all he now too, and there were marks of trouble upon her man of." required was practice to make him master of features. Mary Rand had grown to be a woman and to say that she was beautiful On the day that Stanley was nincteen would convey but a faint idea of the loveliyears of age he was made third mate of the ness that was really hers. It was not all in a little." ship, and in this capacity he started on his ther form and feature, but in the angel that fourth voyage for the Indies. He had grown dwelt so sweetly upon her countenance. Mabe stouter and, stronger of frame than his liny a man had offered her his heart, hand and oghood promised, but he had lost some of fortung but she had never given a moment's the beauty that opened with his budding consideration to any of their propositions. youth. He had never forgotten the promise She had but one answer for them all. She

looked, "how does your business stand ! Be It was towards the close of a day that was not affined to tell me the whole truth." "Everything," groaned Mr. Rand. "I have resolved that no shade of dishonesty

"God bless you for that " exclaimed Mary, as she went and sat down by her father, Ere long, however, the ship's crew felt the and placed her arm about his neck. O, do meet Mary as I promised. You shall not tells us what we are and whither we are bound. Mr. and Mrs. Rand were by no means hard air grow more cool and as the sun went out not let this thing crush you. Mother and I both liave hands and we will help you all we can. You shall not hear us complain of our ed into Stanley's face, " how I have suffered lot; no matter how humble it may he." "Bless you, my child, bless you!" fervently ejaculated the merchant, as he imprinted

a kiss upon the fair girl's brow. The conduct of Mary aroused the wife to a sense of her duty. The blow care heavily unon her, but she resolved that she would bear it as became the true wife; adl she, too went and sat down by the old man't side and bade him cheer up.

"O, my soul." nurmured the merchant while he strained his wife and child to his bosom I I had not expected this. Thank God I shall take heart now. If you lo not repine, why should I?" "None of us should, repine," said Mary;

for we cannot better ourselves by it. Those are only weak hearts that sink beneath such tritles. What God has given us be still possess-life, health, peace and love. O let us rather think of the blessings we still have than mourn for those we have lost." It was with a lighter heart that the mer-

chant went forth to meet his creditors that afternoon, and before he had returned home again, he had put everything into their hands. On the next morning the papers contained a compenced business anew.

notice of the sale of Mr. Rand's magnificent. "John" said Mary Stanley

and after ascertaining what had been done for he poor man, needs all the consolation

Mrs. Rand promised her daughter that her father should not see her shed tears, and shortly afterwards they both sat about the task of collecting and arranging their wardrobe. Rand entered the room where his wife and child were seated, and with a suppressed groan he sank back into a chair.

"Well, Martha," he said, "the house sold and to-night will be the last we can "And where shall we go!" asked "We shall have to board out, a while at

"It is a respectable place I hope." "Yes Martha; but of course you cannot expect that it should be a fashionable place.

have not the means for that."

Just as Mr. Rand ceased speaking, the door bell rang and in a few moments more, er tack young Stanley sought the captain but the door of the parlor was thrown open, and could not find him! He hastened to the the only servant which the merchant had rewheel and asked the man there if he had seen tained, ushered a strange gentleman into the room. He was a young man, yet tall and commanding in his look and bearing. "This is Mr. Rand, I believe," he said.

"It is," returned the merchant, " will you The new comer took the proffered seathand "If I am not mistaken, this is the house have bought."

"Ah, then you are the purchaser?" said Mr. Rand, while a slight palor overspread his

would come and look at it." We shall leave it to-morrow, sir, and then my humble couch. But suppose I could not take possession

pay a rent of two thousand dollars a year." becoud mate, "you will have to take charge care of it until I want it." "I cannot afford it." said Mr. Rand.

er vacate at once."

Rand. You will stop here, lady?" ful smile upon his handsome, sun browned ting robin of the season; he has alighted up- walk where one can be the most efficient, is features. Mary Ray: trembled like an as- on the topmost branch of the tree in which to be honorable; to neglect it, or to seek per; unconsciously she arose from her chair, he has, within his present visit, twice reared some other walk, is to become really disgracand white sheggazed upon the man who had his brood of young; for a moment he adjusts ed. By this standard, and this only, should

of hope broke over her features. Come," said he as he arose and opened his arms. "You are not mistaken, Mary, I congenial clime. have come back a man, and as true and fulthful as when we parted. Come."

In another moment the fair girl was weeping tears of joy upon the bosom of John Stanley. The love of years was as strong and fresh as the bonds of heaven, and those two hearts knew nothing but truth and virtue.-

"I am John Stanley, sir, the boy whom you took from the alms house and made a

"Deceive you! Bow !"

"Why, about buying the house."

said. Let me explain: When last I stood within these walls, that gentle girl sweet Mary Rand made me promise that I would not concious of a title to a nobler one so be a good man that I would come back to because incorruptible—higher, because holier, her as good and pure as then. With God and more brilliant, because illumined by the for my help, and the memory of my sweet Author of light. angel Mary to cheer me on, I have kept my Here God speaks face to face; his voice is promise. Steadily have I pursued the object heard, his rod is felt, and a smile beams from of my heart's resolve, and step by step have his countenance that penetrates every avenue I risen to it. The noble ship in which I first of the Christian's soul. Nor is this but the sailed is all my own, and I have come to fancied vision of a dream, but a reality that leave this house, sir, for it is still your home," Yea, the mirror of our goal now greets our "Oh," murmured the merchant as he gaz- vision upon every side. Truly, "man is as

for it since," "Hush, sir," interrupted the young captain. "Say no more about that; I know what you mean and I tell you it has been partly the means of making me what I am. race shall end, "for me to live is Christ, to never blained you, never. But I am in sus- die is gain," Hark I an angel whispers, "it is pense; my happiness is yet in your hands. roung man.

the same time drawing Mary to his side. "Take her -- take her, and God bless you age, man. Oh, blessed man !- though cursed both !" murmured the old man, as he caught and joined their hands together. "And you, mother !" said Stanley, looking towards Mr. Rand.

But the mother could not speak. She could only raise her hands towards them and bless them in her looks.

On the day that Capt. Stanley became the among the substitutial merchants of the great the end of all earthly things. Oh Death ! side am I on ?" city. His noble son in-law placed in his what dost thou assume that men should so hands a full cargo of valuable goods, and he dread thee! And the grave -wherefore is it compenced business nnew. Experience had so saddening? Has not death long since giv-

extinguish, and against which there is no inthat it was on her account that he was to be
staysail again set. The ship rode easier now.

Accordingly the norther and the forestaysail again set. The ship rode easier now.

Accordingly the norther and the sum process of the
staysail again set. The ship rode easier now.

Accordingly the norther and the sum process of the
staysail again set. The ship rode easier now.

Those timestaysail again set. The ship rode easier now.

The ship is not the sum process of the sum process of the sum process.

The ship rode easier now.

The ship is not the sum process of the sum process of the sum process.

The ship rode easier now.

Dying Leaves of Autumn. BY JOHN P. GRAFF.

Upon a sabbath in October-from the domicil of my childhood-it is that I write from after the lapse of four score years and more, the text-book of surrounding nature. Oh for an angel's pen to paint the solemn beauty of God's thoughts, as they pre manifested in his works around me! It is the sea-At the close of the third day after the son so typical of the evening of life—so red-dwelling had been advertised for sale, Mr. olent with heavenly counsel—congenial to olent with heavenly counsel-congenial to fragments now falling from its branches, are reflection and sober thought. It is Autumn! nourishing by its side the feeble plant. Should the sweetest, loveliest of all the year.

Alas, departing summer that art still linger in the buoyant youth around him; and is he ing in the lap of fall, adicu! death's fatal not willing to leave to them his heritage! shadows are hurrying thee along to a snowy How sweet the thought! how emblematic of The God of Nature, in mellow accents seems least, until I can make some arrangement for to say "write not at all, but stay, and gaze, and think, love, enjoy in common with thy kindred race." Then be it so, and come and share the banquet with me. Let not this golden season come and go for nought. It's: grateful fumes inhale; its beauties lock on and admire; let its sober counsel be the pilot

of the remaining years. You have of times heard of doleful sounds, sounds of autumn. The strange new song of mournful accents, and echoes of dreary love forsaken birds, the drooping of the last. scenes, gloomy pictures and saddening pros-pects, these we have all combined in the season now before us; not in one conglomerated soul depressing mass, but in an infinite series of God's heavenly dispensations, ever varied, ever charming, all immersed in divine ed with the ruddy ray of the setting sun, love, that for the senses to behold and realize is to exclaim simultaneously, "Thy ways are ways of plesantness, and all thy paths are

Much has been said of the gorgeous colors of the dying foliage of autumn-all these are now humbly yet inejestically waving in vo-"Yes, I have bought it, and I thought I cal grandeur before me, reclining as I am in their very midst, with a half decayed log for Oh, for an age to imbibe the inspiration of

this hallowed season? The wild birds of the forest are one by one coming with their melodies of love, are now Yes returned the stranger with a shile, conscious of having fulfilled their mission, "but could I not get you to remain and take and are also taking up their intuitive flight, care of it until I want it."

But few are left! In yonder glen, from the withered branch of the silver maple, is heard

ing its adieu-perhaps forever. spoken to her, her bosom heaved, and a smile his wings, then leisurely repeats his wonted he too is off upon his annual tour to a more

> Thus does instinct, directed by the hand of God, "feed the young raven," and execute his office of preservation. "And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,

In this 'tis God directs; in, that 'tis man." The preparation of the husbandman for the this ephemeral and transitory scene has vantis but the end of both we seek to realize. stricken forest; with banquet tables groaning beneath the weight of thy beneficence, and "Oh, no sir. I have in very truth and an altar, broad as the universe itself, the burndeed bought this dwelling, sir, and paid for ing incense of which is the heartfelt gratitude it. You look surprised, but it is as I have of men, and surrounded on all sides by the brilliant reflecting mirror of our destiny:

A lovely habitation, this, indeed! were we

yet there is a spiritual monitor within, speaking loudly, cheering gladly, singing ever, I shall never know death, eternity alone my true all other things which by the great Fath-Mr. Rand looked enquiringly upon the er of all have been created, were made but to ung man. subserve the happiness of this." And well "Here is my hope," stanley continued, at it might be so. In what might God delight to love, even unto death, if not in his own imby fortune here below; itis man, not God, thy fate has planned; but heed it not, though trials and hardships thick thy path beset, a brilliant star yet in the distance shines; press onward, then, the end will make it thine.

ring beauty is fast resuming its primeval state, so too may it be our prerogative to elicit a holy admiration from those around us in ed to the stand to give his testimony. Havpassing through the autumn of life, even in- ing taken his place, he turned to the bay, behusband of Mars, Mr. Rand's name appeared to the dark valley of the shadow of death- fore testifying, and carnestly inquired, "Which en up his sting, and the grave its victory? Then why should mortals weep and mourn o'er this truly benificent dispensation of God, Mrs. Partington advises all young people afflicted with the preparation of the preparation of the last evening that John was to spend on the tempest drowned by the last evening that John was to spend on the tempest drowned by the last evening that John was to spend on the tempest drowned by the last evening that John was to spend on the tempest drowned by the last evening that John was to spend on the tempest drowned by the foretopsail off, a long voyage—there was a bright ten in her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she placed her arm her eye as she spoke, and she p

As the foliage now before us in awe inspi-

have become mossed with age, and whose tops have grown bald with dry antiquity, are

now passing this ordeal.

That sturdy oak which long reared its massive head, (as a land mark) to the sky, has, shed its last vital spark; a ghastly skeleton it stands : unbarked, unleafed, its lacerated limbs with brittle dryness, fork like vivid lightning in the sky; nature's severest scourge man not do as well? Does he not delight

Alas for our world when bloom and vigor. grave, yet only to be born again in Spring. are no where to be found! Nor can I close my sketch with out pointing to yonder young, our own existence! What shall I write! but most luxuriant willow, now broad and high, planted with my own hands, and grown to my expectation; its existence, like the hand of its planter, will end in dust.

When I turn my eyes to yonder familiar habitation, I see beneath its weather-beaten roof, a dear old man, with his locks fast fading from the sting of seasonable frost-he too is homeward bound.

Serious, sati, and grave are the warning rose of summer; the rustling of the fast falling leaf, as the chilling fall winds hurry it. through the branches, now paralyzed with frost; the many pointers to the closing year; the dying of an old man; and all these ting. constitute a picture no less istructive than solemn, and one which, above all other earthly topics, most tends to raise our thoughts to Him who died to save men's souls, and formed

the autumn leaf. Never Despise your Business.

"No man of sense," it has been observed. despises his bread and butter." It is only the weak who are ashamed of laboring for in livelihood or who affect to scorn the branch of business which they especially pursue. The first duty which a man owes to himself. Then sir, you can easily find a tenant.— taking their departure. The merry songsters to his family, and to his fellow citizens, is not.

There are plenty of men who are ready to that but a few months since greeted us in to become a burden pecuniairily to society.— That commonwealth also is the most flourishing in which the proportion of drones is the fewest; indeed the idea of a perfect State involves the necessity of every member of it being a producer. Hence it is that work is dicraft employment is as worthy, if exercised Then I must ask your wife," continued Near at hand, upon the pinnacle of a honestly, as the professions of law or medication of a stundy oak, nicely cine. Each citizen follows that avocation for "I shall be governed by my husband's de- poised, is a rapacious hank, with his two which he is best suited, and when he does vigilant eyes surreying at one time both hem- this he fulfils the daw of his existence; but Then my last appeal I make to Mary ispheres of all creation, for his prey. The never otherwise. A bad lawyer is less truly owl too sieeps, and dreams in deep regret of respectable than a good mechanic, and an able doctor is no more meritorious than an honest laborer. To do one's duty, in the we judge of men's respectability. It is time chirp, followed by a shrill de-de-dee, and that we republican's banished the arbitrary lines of caste, applied to the pursuits of life, which are derived from feudal Europe.

Yet there are thousands of men who are at heart ashamed of their business. Are theyretail venders? They scorn continuing to make money in their own way, and long to embark in the wholesale line. Are they jobbers? They think if they could only be shippers their glory would culminate. Are they mechanics? They regret that they are not lawyers. Are they farmers? They wish to be in business in town. Such persons in their hearts, worship absurd distinctions, inherited "John Stanley," he said, raising from his ished, it has left the fulfilling of a promise in from the social life of England, and regard seat and extending his hand, "do my eyes its stead. We mourn it not! Much as we the physician, the politician, and the banker, deceive me, or are you in reality what you delight to gaze upon the fragrant flowers of as really greater than common human clay. spring, and the rich green foliage of summer These are what Thackeray calls "snobs; men of pretence and weak folly; men who Oh God, we thank thee for a scene like despise their own bread and butter. The this-here in thy spacious temple of the fir- wise man on the contrary, seeks independence "Then you are welcome to our circle. It mament carpeted with the many colors of by steadily attending to his business, well is a sad one now, but yet we have warm thy providence; illuminated by the king of aware that an independence, honestly acquir-hearts for you. So you meant to deceive us light, the blazing chandelier of heaven; dec-ed, is his best claim to his esteem. It is orated with the thousand hues of the frost- young men, or rather lads, that are oftenest victims to this weakness. Tens of thousands have been shipwrecked in life from having chosen a pursuit unsuitable to them, tempted thereto by false notions of the vulgarity of a trade, and the superior dignity of commerce or a profession.

> Our Jim, of the Boston Post, perpetrated the following on the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield to Miss Sarah J.

> > "It isn't often that you see So queer a kind of love:

O what a savage he must be To Tommy-Hawk a Dove!"

tance with a request to "send the paper as long as the money lasted." He indulged in a bit of a "spice" the next week, got broke, grass, and his glory as the flower thereof." a Dit of a spreet the next week, got block grass, and his glory as the flower thereof." and respectfully announced to his subscriber, that according to his own terms, his subscrip-

> The Knickerbocker tells the follows ng: A little boy after listening some time to ils mother's efforts to get a pedlar to "throw in something" with everything she purchased cast his longing eyes on some primers in the trunk. The pedler read his wishes, and of fered to give him one. The little fellow heritated but when urged said: a I don't know as I can take it unless you will throw in something."

An exchange in describing a counterfeit bill, says the vignette is cattle and hogs, with a church in the distance. A very good illustration of the world's doings.

A witness named Washam was call-

It is remarkable that of all knowledge, the most important, the knowledge of ourselves, is the most universally neglected.

In Cincinnati, if a man steals any hing, the papers call him their "esteemed fellow-citizen."

A lew days since a man crossed the Mississippi at the town of Chester, Ill, by swimming for the sake of saving five cents

An empty spuff-box is not to be sneezed at