

And my tears thy lonely grave shall moisten-Nelly, dear, farewell. Chorus-All alone, &c.

## тив туре веттев. A SONG FOR THE PRESS.

Written on hearing a friend called "talented for a mere type-setter."

"A mere type setter —still a man The world may perchance may yet revere; Unknown, unnpied, one who can Have naught to hope and naught to fear, Yet where's the kingly sceptered hand, The brow that bears a princely gem, That wields so well a wide command-Whose "srick" may match a diadem ?

"A mere type-setter !"-Let us see. Who gave the glorious stripes to air, That mark the banners of the free, And bound the stars that glimmer there ? Who turned the bolt of heaven aside, And conquered its etherial fire ? Who bade the lightning harmless glide Along his magic wand of wire ?

"A more type-setter"-Search the past, The records of each battle-field ; Who nailed our colors to the mast, And died because they would not yield ? Who taught our hand to strike the blow, Through toil and danger and distress, That served England's chains of wee-Who but the masters of the Press?

" A mero type-setter"-Name of fear, And old oppression's empire shake ! Is Franklin a forgotten name, That man no longer may revere ? Has Prentice lost his soul of fame, Or Greely dropped his pen of fear ?

be home just about that time,' said she in conclusion ; 'he will then tell father all, and we shall be so happy.'

Oh, how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushingly told me of her joyful hopes ! What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials the mysterious future may have in store for us : We can at least be happy in anticipation; and if our bright dreams are dissipated by a dark and mournful reality, memory can still lessen the gloom of many a lonely hour by recalling these pleasant visions.

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endcaring Evelyn Grahame more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Grahame's only sister, Mrs. Dutton ; and also that the latter's eldest child, a daughter, one year older than Evelyn, had been adopted by her aunt. Mrs. Grahame wrote in the most flattering manner concerning Sarah Dutton; and from the letter the young girl herself wrote to Evelyn, I was led to entertain a high opinion of her mind and heart. Evelyn had often visited her nunt, and therefore knew her cousin well. She often spoke to me in the warmest manner of Sarah's beauty and amiability.

In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Evelyn's lover, was still at sea ; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly by ; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She expected her father to come for her, when a letter arrived, telling her it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain is : I can bear all, anything, so that Arthur is fearful to behold. This continued until she at school for a few weeks longer, until some

offered for

good opportunity

home.

And this was the letter. Not one word of family circle-our orphan cousin Sarah. I will not say aught in her praise, for you have seen the breaking heart : not a word of the anguish and loved her : but-must I confess it ?- day that had so wrung her gentle spirit that day .after day found me still lingering at her side,

listening to the music of a voice that I have never heard equalled ; and, ere long, I learned Ah, Evelyn ! I did not mistake you, noble girl. to know how sadly I had mistaken my feelings towards you, Evelyn ! Condemn me, curse me. Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently as usual if you will---I love, madly love Sarah! Oh, but I saw the effort with which she concealed Evelyn ! what words to write to you, my own her grief, and anxiously watched her. Gradunoble-hearted cousin : but you may, perhaps, thank me for my candor. As yet. I have not engaged myself to Sarah-all rests with you.ally, however, hercalmness left her, and she would sometimesgive way to bursts of grief,

To you I owe all my duty and my hand; say I must now hasten to the close of my sad tale. but the word, dear Evelyn, and it is yours for ever. I do not ask you to release me from the A friend of her father's called on us a few days engagement ; but, having told you all, shall after Evelyn had received the letters urging her ost anxiously expect your answer. My heart return, and informed her that he would be is breaking, Evelyn, at the thought of the pain pleased to act as her escort home. To my surthis may cause you; but with your own brave prise, she excused herself by saying she still spirit, cast from you the image of one who is unworthy of you; one who has so traitorously hoped her father would come for her, and she would prefer waiting for him. When the gen-

## ARTHUR NOEL.'

tleman left, she said to me, ' Ellen, I do not wish to go until all is over-I can then meet The letter had evidently been penned in a them calmly : but now it would be impossible. state of great agitation. I thought it the wild-Sarah was married without her, for Arthur est thing I had ever read, but at the moment, had his own reasons for urging the matter. It indignation mustered every other feeling. I conwill be remembered that no one but myself tinued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it-for I was too much distressknew of Evelyn's unfortunate attachment, and ed to speak. I did not know how to break the therefore there was no restraint in the letters matter to my friend. I knew she had been she afterwards received, giving a description of the wedding, and the happiness of the newlywatching my face for some seconds, and my feelings must have revealed themselves very strongmarried pair. Alas ! could one of them have ly : for when she saw me standing so long silent, seen the change that had come over Evelyn, she said, ' Tell me what that letter contains to happiness must have fled. A few weeks of misery had made sad havoc among the roses of her move you thus.' Her voice trembled as she spoke, but seeing me still silent, she sprang checks. She was now pale and drooping, her towards me, and grasping my hand, exclaimed, step had lost its lightness, and she seldom Have mercy on me, Ellen ! Tell me what it smiled.

received letters from home, urging her return,

her, she made preparations for her return, and

His voice was stern, as he replied, 'she is still what my baseness made her. Where she I have sinccentertained a different opinion of is, I will show you, if you will go with me; I. that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two must go-but I cannot go alone."

I rang the bell, sent for my bonnet and shawl, and we went together. I could not help shuddering, as I saw that my companion led the way to the lunatic asylum. As we walked along, I ventured to ask after his wife.

'She is dead,' said ho; 'she died in giving birth to a little girl, whom I have named Evelyn. Oh ! Miss M-, if Evelyn could only be restored. It is the harrowing thought of my conduct towards her that has made me what I am-a gloomy, forlorn man. I shun mankind, and feel unworthy to look my daughter in the face. But the physician who attends dear Evelyn ; has given me a hope that the sight of me might cause a reaction, which would give a favorable termination to her malady. Your presence at the same time may assist this.

'Ilcaven grant it !' I fervently ejaculated ; and at that moment we entered the court yard of the asylum. The matron met us at the door, and Arthur, having given her a note from Dr. farther.

---, she immediately led us to Evelyn's apariment. 'She is asleep now,' said the good woman,

but you can go in, and wait until she wakes; she is perfectly gentle, and will give you no trouble.'

We entered the small, but very neat room which they profess. and approached the bed, whereon lay all that 12. Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but remained of Evelyn Grahame. I felt as if my heart would burst as I looked upon her. She not idols. Live within your means, and never lay upon her sick bed, one arm supporting her porrow money in anticipation of your salary. head. Her breathing was soft and centle as an

'O, yes !' I exclaimed ; 'what of Evelyn ?how is she ?--where is she ?'

the guidance of young men and women : 1. Get married-if you can ; but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic-nice things to read about,-but they have brimstone

in then, now and then ; so says Ike Marvell, Esq. 2. Unite in overthrowing the fashion which

translates civilty into love. 3. Go to church at least once a week.

4. Whenever you see a lecture advertised, set the evening upon which it is to be delivered apart for reading fifteen pages of a good book.

5. Circulate no scandal. 6. Avoid all kinds of spirits-particularly

spirit rappers. 7. If in the theatre, or other public place of

musement, do not level your opera glasses at strangers.

8. Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the services.

9. Never ask another man what his business s-where he is going to-where he came from -when he left-when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health and that of his parents, sisters and brothers-but venture no

10. Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among all your cquaintances.

11. Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all you prejudices .--Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion

"A mere type setter !"-Honored name, That ages yet unborn shall blcss. When empires crumble and their fame Has sunk in worse than nothingness Show me the THING whose leers deride The " mere type setter's" humble school, And I'll show you an ape of pride, A brainless, or a dandy fool !

## EVELYN GRAHAME. OR. **Unrequited Affection.** rival Evelyn received a letter, which had been

It was the beginning of my third year at forwarded to her from school, where it was directed. It was from Arthur Noel, the first she boarding school, that-being at the time a parlor boarder-I was called down one day into had ever received from him. How brightly her eves beamed as she read it ! Fourteen months the drawing-room to be introduced to a new scholar who had just arrived. Upon entering, of separation had failed to erase her image from I perceived a young girl, of apparently sixteen his heart. He had arrived in port, and thinking she would soon be on her return home, deor seventeen years of age, seated upon an ottosigned to meet her there. man, and weeping bitterly. She did not raise her head until Madamo B-----, calling me by ished reading the precious missive, 'I never name, introduced the stranger to me as Miss Grahame. The poor girl, whose parents I felt before how truly, how devotedly I am found had just left her, merely removed her his !' Poor Evelyn ! she loved with a woman's handkerchief from her face, and bowed slightly first, deep, passionate love-a love that 'either without looking at me.

· Ellen said Madame B ---- to me, ' Miss Granegleot may chill, but naught but death dehame will share your room ; perhaps she would strov. like to be shown it now.'

The next week brought my dear Evelyn another letter. Arthur had reached home, and I approached, and taking the young girl's though much disappointed at not meeting her my maid came and told me that Evelyn wished unresisting hand, whispered a few words of there, felt obliged, he said, to smother his de- to see me. encouragement, and led her up stairs to my

little sanctum, where after having assisted in sire to fly to her, as so sudden a move before he Never, never shall I forget the look with had visited his own family would cause ' very removing her bonnet and shawl, I left her, which she received me. Her color was more judging by my own experience that she would unpleasant remarks.' Evelyn was chagrined brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes prefer being alone for a short time. About two at this, and so was I. We had both yet to were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played hours after, as I was walking in the garden, I learn how little of the world's opinion a man is round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but Arthur was arous ed to lend his aid in placing heard a soft, sweet voice call me by name. I willing to sacrifice for the sake of the one he the expression of her forchead, if I may use turned, and saw my new room-mate, who, ap- pretends to love. My friend, however, said such a term, shocked me more than all else .-proaching, extended her hand, and said, in a little upon the subject; but I saw she anx- It seemed to have grown old-twenty years in rembling tone. 'You must have thought me iously awaited the coming of the following advance of the rest of her face. It was wrinkvery rude, when you were so kind to me ; but, week, when she felt sure of hearing again from led, and literally old, with the agony of thought indeed, I never was so unhappy before. . I feel her lover. The week came, but brought disap- she endured. better now, and have come to ask you pardon, pointment-there was no letter. Three weeks

• Oh, Ellen !' she exclaimed, when she had fin-

makes or mars her happiness-a love that rude

'Ellen,' said she, in the same hollow tone and hope to be taken into favor.' It was im- more of great anxiety were passed, and still with which she had addressed me at the door, maniac !

'He is well. Evelyn.' said I: 'it would be as Sarah and Arthur were soon to be married. better for you, poor girl, if he were dead.' There was no scorn on her lips as she read Sa-

Evelyn was very much distressed at this. rah's account of her approaching nuptials : but 'Oh, say not that !' she again exclaimed. She felt sure that Arthur would reach home you would have me think him fulse : but that words were perused again and again ; and she before her, and she had promised to meet him cannot be. Arthur loved me? Oh, say that seemed to drink in every syllable as if it were there : but she was forced to submit. After he loves me still.' She sank at my feet as she her last draught of happiness. some little persuasion she consented to accomsaid this, and burying her face in my dress, As soon as the news of the marriage reached

pany me to my father's summer residence, a sobbcd violently. few miles from town. She was charmed with 'Evelyn,' I said, endeavoring at the same an opportunity offering shortly afterwards, she

well !'

the scenery, and arrived in much better spirits time to raise her. Evelyn, you have a hard left me, promising to write as soon as she than I expected at 'Lily Grove,' the fanciful name my dear mother had bestowed upon our trial before you, but one which I know your reached home. I remember looking after her roman's pride will enable you to bear with for- as she walked down the lawn, and wondering dear, beautiful home. The day after our ar-

repaid your love.

titude. I will leave you : read that letter if I should ever see her again. Little did l ourself, and when I come again in an hour let then think how and where I should see her ! I me find that my frien I has been true to herself? never received the promised letter from her, gently disengaged my dress from her clasp, but one from her mother informed me of what placed the letter in her hand, kissed her cheek, I am about to relate. Arthur Nocl had exand left the room. pected to leave for his own home a few days

I retired to my own room, and there wept for after his marriage : but an unexpected summy friend, as I had never wept for myself. I mons to attend as witness on a court martial trembled for the consequence that might ensue. detained him ; and he and his wife were still I knew how deeply Arthur was beloved, and I at Mrs. Grahamo's when Evelyn arrived. She

could not but fear that even Evelyn's firm had not been expected until the next day. The spirit would not bear the blow with fortitude. family were all assembled in the drawing room, In an hour I knocked at her door, and called when the door was thrown open, and the serher by name. ' Do not come in yet,' she said, vant exultingly announced 'Miss Evelyn.' but in a voice so hoarse and hollow, that I could scarcely believe it hers ; ' do not come in

yet; Iam not what you wish to see me.' Once again that morning I attempted to see

All sprung forward, except Arthur, and he stood spell bound. Evelyn advanced hastily into the room : but as soon as her eye fellupon him, her early, her only loved-a shrick, so her, but she still refused to admit me, and it wild, so shrill, burst from her lips, that none was not until eight o'clock in the evening that present ever forgot it. With one bound she

noise roused Evelyn. She again opened her was at his side, and looking into his face with eyes, passed her hand across her brows, and an expression of woe impossible to describe, then raising herself with an effort, said faintly, she faltered out his name, and sunk senseless on the floor, for Arthur had no power to move. and you, too, Ellen, what does this mean ? It was no time now- for Mrs. Grahame and Quick, some water ! Oh, I am dying.' Sarah to inquire into the meaning of this. Arthur sprang to his feet, and let his head the prostrate girl on a sofa. A physician was

she fainted.

saw that reason had again assumed its empire.

The wildness of her eyes was gone, and the

mouth looked natural. Involuntarily Arthur

sent for, but she lay insensible for many hours; also ; and for some moments did not move .-and when she did awake, it was only to make She then looked in my face, and whispered, 'I remember all, now ; but Arthur-dear Arthose more wretched who loved her so fondly. Reason, which for weeks had been tottering on thur ! I do not blame you, I hope you are hapher throne, had fled forever ; and Evelya Gra-, py-I soon shall be, I feel that I am dying ;

hame, the lovely, the idolised daughter, was a surely, Sarah would not grudge me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms.' them. Birds.

infant's. Her beautiful hair had long been cut A bird is a model ship constructed by the away, and the exquisitely shaped head was hand of God, in which the conditions of swiftfully exposed. Her beauty had all fied. She ness, manageability, and lightness, are absolooked at least forty years old : and the contraction of the muscles about the mouth, peculutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not two liar to lunatics, gave her face so stern an exthings in the world which resemble each other pression, that I could scarcely believe she was the gentle Evelyn of happier days. My tears more strongly, both mechanically and physicalflowed fast; while Arthur stood and gazed inly speaking, than the carcass and framework tently upon her, his arms folded, and a look of of a bird and a ship. The breast-bone exactly resembles a keel, and the English language has settled misery on his face. We had stood at retained the name. The wings are the cars, her side about ten minutes, when she suddenly the tail the rudder. That original observer, started up. ' Mother !- Arthur !'- she cried. Huber the Genevese, who has carefully noticed "I am here, Evelyn, my own !" exclaimed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of Arthur, "throwing his arm around her. Her the metaphor thus suggested to establish chaface instantly flushed up, her eyes kindled ; she racteristic distinction between rowers, and sailleaned cagerly forward, and gazed upon him ; ors. The rowers are falcons, who have the it was but for a second-her head fell back and first or second wing feather the longest, and who are able by means of this powerful oar to dart Assistance was immediately called, and she soon opened her eyes, looked round, then closed

right into the wind's cyc. The mere sailors are the ongless the vultures and the buzzards, them again. But that look was enough. We whose more rounded wings resemble sails .----Household Words.

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The Model Lady.

and myself fell upon our knees ; my heart was Puts her children out to nurse and tends lapfull of thankfulness, and I prayed : but he, budogs ; lies in bed till noon ; wears paper-soled rving his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. The shoes, and pinches her waist ; gives the piano fits. and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her noor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to "Where am I?' where have I been ? Arthur, her husband, and flirts with his "friends;" never saw a thimble : don't know a darningneedle from a crow-bar; wonders where puddings grow ; eats ham and eggs in private, and droop upon his arm. She took his hand in dines on a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad hers, then motioning me nearer, grasped mine after the last new fashion; doast on Byron; adores any man who grins behind a moustache ; and when asked the age of her youngest child, replies, " Don't know, indeed, ask Betty !"

> TIt is chiefly young ladies of narrow understanding who wcar shoes too small for