



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not in the mazy dance,
With jeweled maidens vie;
She may not smile on earthly swain
With soft bewitching eye;
She may not boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has bought her;
But ah, she has much fairer charms—
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning's glow
Upon a dewy plain,
And listening to her voice we dream
That spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
The lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity;
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she—
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty belle, whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies;
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden vies;
And with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard;
We may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jeweled fair—
The brightest jewel yet,
Is the pure heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set;
The glow of health upon her cheek,
The grace no rule hath taught her;
The fairest wreath that beauty twines
Is for the farmer's daughter.

THE OPEN HAND.

BY J. A. WHITTAKER.

"How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng,
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along."

"For the love of Heaven, good friend,
a penny," said a feeble beggar one night
to a wealthy merchant in Chesnut street.
But the proud man, wrapping his rich
mantle around him, turned scornfully
away; and the beggar passed on.

You would scarcely have noticed the
scene, yet there was in it a whole history
of life; the calm, unfeeling coldness
of an inhuman apathy, and the agony
of a breaking heart. The one went
to his lordly home, where music and
gladness, and the bright faces of his
happy children were around the hearth-
stone; the other tottered along with
trembling steps to the wretched hovel,
where his pale-faced wife awaited his
return. The light flashed forth from
the rich man's mansion; but the beggar's
home was desolate.

Follow now and tell me which of the
two was above the other; the one in his
wealth or the other in his rags!

Through the whole of that weary
night, did the beggar and his wife sit
musing over the past, and looking for
some light in the future. Above, around
them, on all sides they beheld nothing
but the gloom which no ray might pene-
trate; and nothing but the impenetrable
obscurity which is ever resting upon the
wretched and the outcast. For God
knows, God knows, if we do not, that
at all times, even at this moment, in
many a desolate home, by many a cheer-
less death, there are strong men bowed
beneath the weight of an overwhelming
despair; trembling women, pining away
in great despondency; and bright-eyed
little children growing pale and ghastly
from want of bread.

God knows, God knows, that even
upon our neighbors and our friends,
possibly upon the next door, there is
resting the cold, relentless hand of pov-
erty, that poverty of which we can form
no true conception, until we shall find
ourselves like them over the last dead
ember, and famishing like them for food.

God knows that in the crowded city,
thousands die and are buried without an
epitaph, whose path through life was
one of sorrow, who struggled on bravely
perhaps and cheerfully, and never came
up from the darkness about them, but
died of a weary heart.

Could we enter into the homes so near
us; go like the angels into every haunt
of wo and grief, and touch the lips of
the wretched one there, what tales of
agony should we hear. One would tell
us of sweet dreams of his sinless boy-
hood; tell us how he started in life, all
gladly and gaily and with no fear of the
unknown future; how, for a time, the
breeze was fair, and the sky blue, and
the ocean calm, and with his flag thrown
out upon the gale, he sped along bravely
and rapidly, until his voya-e was nearly
over, when, just as he caught sight of
the desired port; saw its temples and
spires glittering in the sunlight; heard
the music of the harp, and the voices of
the singers wafted from its streets; just
as the last billow was bearing him upon
its bosom to his destined anchorage;
just then, just then, alas! alas! the
storm came down and the billow dashed
him back, and the rudder gave way, and
his gallant vessel was carried out again,
all crushed and broken, a thousand

leagues into the sea. He would tell us,
perhaps, how that storm passed by, and
the sun shone out as brightly as before,
and the sea became calm again, and that
once more with blue sky above him, he
sped along toward the haven. But again
the storm came down, and again, and
again, until at length his brave and gallant
barque was thrown high upon the
rocky reef, and left, a solitary hulk, to
moulder in the sun.

Another would tell his tale of love.
How the sweet being whom he worshiped,
the idol to which his yearning
heart gave homage, loved him and blessed
him for many a long and pleasant
year; but that before long her cheek
grew pale, and her eye dim; and that
now his only solace in life is to go at
the twilight hour, and bending over the
grave where she lies sleeping in death,
hold communion with her spirit, and
pray to meet again in the silent land.

Still another, an old and feeble man,
leaning upon his staff, would tell perhaps
the saddest tale of all—that of a boy-
hood unblessed, of a manhood wasted,
of an old age comfortless and wretched.—
He would tell that from his youth up,
as the days and weeks and months passed
slowly on, the gloom had deepened, and
the guiding star gone out, and that now
he was only waiting God's good time
that he might part and be at rest.

Such suffering ones are all around us.
Such tales of woe have come so often to
our ears that—God forgive us—we pass
them by unheeded and leave the starv-
ing to their untold agony, even as the
rich man did.

Through the whole of that long and
dreary night, as we have said, the beggar
and his wife sat musing thought-
fully, sometimes cheering each other
with words of hope, then again giving
away to tears; at one time lured into
forgetfulness of the sorrow, at another,
utterly desolate, as the full sense of their
situation burst upon them. A vision of
the past came over them, and in its light
they looked again upon the pleasant
memories of old, and heard again the
love-legends of their native valley. Once
more the woodbine wreathed the cottage
window, and through its leaves the che-
quered light stole gently in upon their
home of joy. Once more the rose was
shedding around its rich fragrance, and
the meek lily bowed in the summer
breeze; and as the lily bowed without,
and the light stole calmly in, they heard
the prattle of their child and were
blessed.

But suddenly, amid their dreams,
there came a ghastly phantom form—
the spectre of their present and most
woeful poverty. How it followed and
haunted and cursed them, peering into
their very faces, driving the warm blood
back again to their hearts, reminded
them that the cottage was deserted, and
the window broken in, and the woodbine
blasted, and the rose withered, and the
lily trodden down, and their sweet babe
lying cold and lonely in its little grave.

Thus passed the solitary vigil—and
as the grey light came stealing through
the casement, the beggar started up,
imprinted a kiss upon the pale brow of
his wife, and went forth into the silent
street with the spirit of a stern resolve
upon him.

Come now with me to the home of the
man who had so scornfully refused him
a pittance in the hour of his extreme
necessity. Come, sit by the fireside and
see the red light flash back from the
polished furniture; look upon all the
gorgeous appliances of wealth and ease;
listen to the sweet music; breathe the
perfume flung from the unseen censors,
behold all that unbounded wealth can
purchase—then judge whether with all
his wealth, God's blessing rested upon
that proud and heartless man.

The next morning his magnificent
coach bore him away to his counting
room. As he passed down the busy
street, he caught sight for a moment of
a man clothed in rags, yet known not
it was the very one he had spurned from
him the night before. Again, as he stood
at his desk, that form went by the win-
dow; and again, and again, until at length
it became a familiar sight to see that
same forsaken, sorrowful man go past
his humble daily toil. Before long the
merchant could perceive that his rags
had given place to better clothing, and
his look of sorrow changed to one of
joy and thankfulness—yet all the while
he knew not the friendless beggar.

Meantime a change had taken place
in his own fortunes. Silently, but sure-
ly, day after day his wealth was leaving
him. His ships were lost at sea—the
banks had failed—his speculations were
unfortunate and ruin looked him in the
face. The curse had come!

Years had passed away, when one
winter night, but a few weeks since, a
beggar stood again at the door of that
proud dwelling, and was admitted, and
clothed, and fed, and rendered comfort-
able. By some strange magic a most

wonderful change had been wrought.—
The door which for so long a time had
been closed to every form of human
want; which had a thousand times de-
nied admittance to the wretched and the
outcast, was now thrown open to wel-
come and assist them. They were
greeted warmly and cheerfully, and the
best robes were put upon them, and
every disponding man and sad woman,
and forsaken little child, as they crossed
the threshold, prayed for a benison
upon that house and its occupant.

The miserable man who now stood
there asking alms had stood there be-
fore, but not as a suppliant; had looked
around upon the lofty walls a thousand
times, but not with his present tearful
gaze. He was once the owner of that
stately mansion, within which he now
so humbly bent for bread; and the man
to whom his urgent appeal was made,
was the very man from whom, in the
days of his prosperity, he had turned
so carelessly away. Their circum-
stances had changed. God's blessing
had gone forth with him whom men
would not assist: God's curse attended
him who left his fellow man to die.

And thus it is forever. Say what we
will, deny it as we please, the blessing
of God does rest upon the charitable;
the curse of God does follow the unfeel-
ing. The bond of brotherhood may not
be broken.

So Heaven help us, now and ever, to
bear the burdens of the poor—and do
it joyfully. For so shall thousands look
up from their wretchedness, and thank
God for the angels he has sent—the
cheerful heart—THE OPEN HAND.

DAVID DASHWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. JULIET H. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Smith was a superb woman!—
So declared the doting Job Smith, and
so said a score of lovers, as they anath-
ematized Job's success. How she hap-
pened to throw herself away upon such
a plodding, dull looking fellow, was very
surprising, but these beauties take un-
accountable freaks.

As we have always been in Mrs.
Smith's confidence, and happen to pos-
sess the key to her unaccountable choice,
we will, as an act of friendship, divulge
it, along with some other little matters,
for the satisfaction of her tradecasters.

Mrs. Smith did not fall in love with
such a common place sort of fellow as
Job Smith, that's certain. No young
lady ever did such a thing! His neck-
cloth was too far behind the times; he
wore neither moustache or imperial, and
was shockingly inattentive in the matter
of fans and pocket handkerchiefs, there-
fore it could not be expected.

But such a magnificent creature as
Miss Amelia Wilton was not without a
lover of the most approved pattern.—
There was a certain David Dashwood,
who found favor in the lady's eyes, and
amused himself for a whole season,
swearing almost bible oaths, about de-
voted attachment, eternal constancy and
a great many more such staple com-
modities, in which young men are pro-
verbial dealers. But when the firm of
Wilton, Baywater & Co. failed, the dis-
interested David disappeared, the evil
spirit who conspired him only knows
where, giving Miss Wilton an opportu-
nity of discovering that her "gallant,
gay Lothario" was not to be relied upon.

The lady, after a fortnight's weeping,
steeled herself into indignation, and de-
rived much more comfort from the har-
dened than the "melting mood" in her
own mind denouncing him as a worth-
less puppy, she resolved to steer clear
of all such sweet youths, in future, and
consoled herself with humble, unpre-
tending Job Smith, who was the very
antipodes of Davy Dashwood.

It will be seen that Miss Smith was a
woman of sense, and she never repented
of her choice; not even when her eidi-
vanted lover returned, after an absence of
four or five years, disposed to be as ar-
dently attentive as ever. The lady felt
that she knew her man, and managed
him with much discretion and sense.

"The days are growing intolerably
long!" she politely remarked, after hav-
ing endured him for above an hour.

"All days are alike to the miserable,"
insinuated David.

"I am sorry to hear you are so mis-
erable; pray tell me your complaint, and
I probably can suggest a remedy."

"Can you not divine!"

"I should judge from your complexion
that you were bill-i-ous, harmonized Mrs.
Smith."

The baffled David bit his lip, but re-
newed the charge.

"You have changed, Amelia, or you
would know the cause of my sufferings.
You behold a victim of unrequited
love."

"Pardon my obtuseness," said the
lady, summoning all her tact and cour-
age for the purpose of defining her po-

sition. "Marriage does not change one.
I possess no relish whatever for love af-
fairs."

David looked uncertain whether to
renew the charge, and Mrs. Smith inti-
mated that household affairs required
her attention elsewhere.

"Ah!" sighed the stupid inamorato,
"you were made for better things!—
Such beauty should be seen, admired,
adored!"

"I trust I am adored by my husband
and children," Amelia replied, hoping
those talismanic words would protect
her from further insults. "And a wife
desires no matter lot than to be allowed
to minister to the comfort of those she
loves."

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Dash-
wood, incredulously, "that such a being
can content herself with such a life!—
Have you no regrets for all you have
relinquished?"

"I have relinquished nothing, sir,"
said Mrs. Smith, with dignity. "If you
mean the society of girlhood, it is as
distasteful and unmeaning as the soci-
ety of my childhood. If you allude to
lovers, they are silly, uninteresting and
intolerable; and I rejoice that the name
I bear has power to protect me from
their impertinence. And now, sir, good
morning;" and the indignant Amelia
swept from the apartment.

Like the Irishman, who was uncer-
emoniously ejected from the stairs, Dash-
wood understood that he was expected
to depart; but he could not conceive it
possible that Amelia was really indiffer-
ent to his attractions. He remembered
the days when she leaned on his arm in
all the confidence of early love; and he
would not believe that all her youthful
tenderness had faded from her heart.—
Her conduct was the result of *piqure*, not
reasoned, of *duty*—anything but indif-
ference—and then to pretend to be fond
of such an old bore as Smith! Pshaw!

One day when the Smiths were at
dinner, a note was brought to the lady,
which she read and handed to her hus-
band.

"I do not deserve to be tormented
thus," said she, while tears of indigna-
tion suffused her beautiful eyes.

Smith regarded her with surprise, and
read as follows:

"I will call this evening at twilight—
if you are faithful to your early love,
receive me by that soft, uncertain light,
DASHWOOD."

"Nonsense, Amelia, the fellow's a
fool," said Smith. "I'll give necessary
orders to the servants, and take care that
you shall no longer be annoyed by his
impertinence."

Many a fiery husband would have
horse-whipped the offender, and thus
given a rousing publicity to the affair.
Not so with Mr. Smith.

The lover came at the appointed time
and was shown into the parlor, where
the twilight was deepened and darkened
by the window drapery. Mrs. Smith
was abroad, but her husband demurely
summoned her handmaid.

"Dinah your mistress is suffering from
headache and sore throat; carry her
velvet ribbon and brooch, and fasten
them about her neck. Stay—do not
carry a light, and tread softly. You will
find her on the sofa in the parlor."

The colored girl went in search of the
ribbon, and her master stole noiselessly
into the back parlor, to note the result
of the directions. Presently Dinah en-
tered, and paused a moment at the door,
then perceiving a figure in reclining at-
titude on one of the sofas, she lightly
advanced and stooped over her supposed
mistress, for the purpose of adjusting
the ribbon. Mr. Dashwood recognized
the shadowy outline of a female figure,
he felt the soft touch of an arm about
his neck, and the measure of his joy was
full. He ardently returned the supposed
embrace, when Mr. Smith quickly drew
a match along the wall, and applied it
to the gas-burner, beside which he had
stationed himself. The apartment was
illuminated with a flood of light, and
revealed the affrighted negress strugg-
ling in the arms of her pertinacious
lover. Mr. Dashwood released his pris-
oner as Mr. Smith advanced.

"I beg you will not allow me to dis-
turb you," said Smith blandly.

Dashwood stood for a moment con-
founded, and then rushed into the street,
where he was received with uproarious
meriment by half a dozen of the P—
club, who had surrounded the window
for the purpose of witnessing his inter-
view with Mrs. Smith.

The discomfited hero departed in the
night boat, and was never heard of af-
terward; while Mr. Job Smith preserved
to this day, as mementoes of his precipi-
tate flight, his hat, gloves and cane, as
well as

"The coat he left behind him."

Sporting with Female Affection.
Man cannot act a more perfidious part,
Than use his utmost efforts to obtain,
A confidence in order to deceive.

Honor and integrity ought to be the
leading principle of every transaction
in life. These are virtues highly requi-
sited, notwithstanding they are too fre-
quently disregarded. Whatever pur-
suits individuals are in quest of, sincerity
in profession, steadfastness in pursuit,
and punctuality in discharging engage-
ments, are indispensably incumbent. A
man of honest integrity, and upright in
his dealings with his fellow creatures,
is sure to gain the confidence and ap-
plause of all good men; while he who
acts from dishonest and designing prin-
ciples, obtains deserved contempt. Dis-
honest proceedings, in word or deed, are
very offensive to, and unjustifiable in
the sight of God and man, even in triv-
ial, but much more so in consequential
affairs. The most perfect uprightness
is requisite between man and man, tho'
it is too often disregarded, and is much
more between the sexes. Every profes-
sion of regard should be without dis-
sembling, every promise inviolate, and
every engagement faithfully discharged.
No one ought to make any offers or pre-
tensions to a lady before he is in a great
measure certain that her person, her
temper and qualifications suit his cir-
cumstances, and agree perfectly with
his own temper and way of thinking.—
For a similarity of mind and manners is
very necessary to render the bands of
love permanent, and those of marriage
happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
if hands were only joined where hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity
of heart will not only observe the beau-
ties of the mind, the goodness of the
heart, the dignity of sentiment, and the
delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his
affections on such permanent endow-
ments, before he pledges faith to any
lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business
of the greatest importance in life, and a
change of condition that cannot be
undertaken with too much reverence and
deliberation.

Therefore he will not undertake it at
random, lest he should precipitately
involve himself in the greatest difficul-
ties. He wishes to act a conscientious
part, and consequently cannot think (not-
withstanding it is too much countenanc-
ed by custom) of sporting with the af-
fections of the fair sex, nor even of pay-
ing his addresses to any one till he is
perfectly convinced his own are fixed on
just principles.

All imaginable caution is certainly
necessary before hand; but after a man's
profession of regard, and kind services
and solicitations have made an impres-
sion on a female heart, it is no longer a
matter whether he perseveres in, or
breaks off his engagement. For he is then
particularly dear to her, and reason,
honor, justice, all unite to oblige him to
make good his engagement. When the
matter is brought to such a crisis, there
is no retreating without manifestly dis-
turbing her quiet and tranquility of mind;
nor can anything but her loss of virtue
justify her desertion. Whether mar-
riage has been expressly promised or
not, it is of little significance. For if
he has solicited and obtained her af-
fections, on supposition that he intended
to marry her, the contract is, in the sight
of heaven, sufficiently binding. In short,
the man who basely imposes on the
honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and
after winning her affections by the pre-
vailing rhetoric of courtship, ungener-
ously leaves her to a bitter sorrow and
complaining, acts a very dishonorable
part, and is more to be detested than a
common robber. For private treachery
is much more heinous than open force;
and money must not be put in competi-
tion with happiness.

PROFESSIONAL.—"My dear boy," said a
kindhearted school mistress to an un-
usually promising scholar, whose quarter
was about up—My dear boy, does your
father design that you should tread the
intricate and thorny path of the profes-
sions—the straight and narrow way of
the ministry, or revel amid the flowery
field of literature? "No marm," replied
the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's go-
ing to set me to work in the tatar patch."

MORE REMOVALS NEEDED.—A Wash-
ington correspondent of the New York
Tribune states that of the 50,000 office
holders in the Union there are yet prob-
ably 15 Loco-Focos to every Whig, a ma-
jority of whom have not only grown
rich and corrupt upon the spoils but
have become bald in the service. If
the Administration should spend twelve
months in making removals it is not
probable that the patronage of the Gov-
ernment would at the end of that time
be more than equalized.

FATHER MATHEW AND AMERICA.—The
eminent Irish divine has written a letter
to the Mayor of New York, returning
thanks to the authorities and people of
that city for their generous reception of
him. The following extract is worthy
of attention:

"I have seen your majestic rivers dot-
ted with richly freighted vessels, bear-
ing the teeming produce of your luxuri-
ant soil to far distant nations; and oh,
sir, I could not look on these winged
messengers of peace and plenty, without
associating with them the magnanimous
bounty of a brave people to an afflicted
nation.

"I have visited your busy warehouses,
your thronged streets and bustling tho-
roughfares, and have been forcible struck
with those external evidences of mercan-
tile greatness and prosperity which shad-
ow forth the high commercial destiny
that yet awaits your already glorious re-
public. I have seen in the comfort and
abundance enjoyed by all, in the total
absence of squalid poverty, and in the
liberal remembrance which awaits honest
toil, proofs of prosperity, which con-
trast strikingly with scenes that have
often harrowed my soul in that poor old
country, which, trodden down and op-
pressed as she is, is still the land of my
birth and of my affections. I have vis-
ited your god-like institutions, upheld
with a munificence worthy of your mighty
republic, in which you imitate at an
humble distance the mercy of the Red-
eemer, making 'the blind to see, the
dumb to speak.' I have minutely in-
spected their internal arrangement, and
witnessed, with intense satisfaction, the
philanthropic system, and the absence
of all religious exclusion on which those
asylums, sacred to humanity, are based
and conducted. I fervently pray, that he
'who holds in his hands the destinies of
nations' may make yours worthy of the
favours He has bestowed; and with
pure hearts, pure hands, and sleepless
vigilance, that you may guard and de-
fend to the end of time, the great charge
he has committed to your keeping."

A WAG in a country bar-room, where
each man was relating the wonderful
tricks they had seen performed by Sig-
nor Blitz, and the rest of the conjuring
family, expressed his contempt for the
whole tribe, declaring that he could per-
form any of their tricks, especially that
of beating a watch in pieces and restor-
ing it whole.

It being doubted, he demands a trial.
Several watches were at once procured
for the experiment.

"There," said he, "there are the pieces."
"Yes," all exclaimed, "now let's
see the watch."

He used various mysterious words,
shook up the fragments, and at length
put down the mortar and pestle, observ-
ing:

"Well, I thought I could do it, but by
George, I can't."

FATTENING HOGS.—Farmers ought to
know that pigs of any of the late im-
proved breeds, if well fed all the time,
can be made heavy enough by December
and January, (say from 190 to 250 lbs
average net weight) to bring the best
price the packers give for any; and
that, too, at less cost to the farmer than
in any other way that includes an extra
wintering.

The most desirable hogs, to the gen-
erality of packers, since the English
market has been opened to us, are those
weighing from 190 to 250, fat and small
bowed.—Ohio Cultivator.

To-morrow those that are now gay
may be sad; those now walking the av-
enues of pleasure may be the subjects of
sorrow; those on the mountain summit
may be in the valley; the rosy cheek
may have the lily's hue; the strong
may falter; death may have come.

A WISCONSIN ORATOR, who was
lately delighting his audience with il-
lustrations of our country's progress,
used the following emphatic remarks:
"Fellow-citizens—the *tail* of civilization
is now exactly where the *front ears* were
no more'n sixty years ago." The
remark was received with boisterous
cheers.

BACKSLIDING.—The Pittsburg Mer-
cury, recording the marriage of a Miss
HOLMES, President of the Martha Wash-
ington Total Abstinence Society, to Mr.
ANDREW HORN, appends the following:
Fair Julia lived a Temperance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn;
But still her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and took a Horn.

**By six qualities may a fool be
known**—anger without cause, speech
without profit, change without motive,
inquiry without an object, putting trust
in a stranger, and wanting capacity to
discriminate between a friend and
foe.—Arab Proverb.