## POETRY.

#### STANZAS.

BY JESSE R. DOW.

The brazen trumpet calls to arms; The flag of battle waves-Young Valor flies from Beauty's charms, And every danger braves; Thro' dreary wastes and pathless woods

The volunteer gees forth,
And shouts amid the solitudes,
The war-cry of the North.

Above the dead of other days The glistering files advance; In passes wild, their cannons blaze On many a gleaming lance; On lofty towers and dizzy heights, On ramparts sown with death, The Eagle of the North alights, And braves the battles breath:

They go, the generous and young. Their fathers' pride and stay; They lisped the patriot's oath and sung The hymn of glory's day; The swords of Seventy-six they bear, The old drums lead them on, The starry flag-Oh! it is there As when its fame was won.

They fight-they bleed-they win-they die They sleep on every hill-The Aztec maid, with streaming eye, Above them watches still; The rivers, whispering o'er their sands, Their names to mountains tell, And Fame reports to other lands How Freedom's foldiers fell.

They fight-they bleed-they win-they live-They tread the royal halls-Their open hands rich blessings give To l'overty's sadethralis; Their starry flag floats wide and free O'er Superstition's cells, The valleys thunder liberty,

And high the anthem swells.

Who strews with thorns the soldier's way? Who calls him back to shame? Who scorns the brave in glory's day, And brands his sonest name? Who bids the conquerer's banner trail? The lion-hearted turn?

Oh! name them not!-but draw a veil Around their living urn. WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1847.

# MISCELLANY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

### THE UGLY EFFIE: Or the neglected one and the pet-beauty.

Mr. Horton, a rich and childless widower, made his first visit to his also widowed sister, one of these days, said Mrs. Dushane; but Clara began to weep bitterly; but her moth—the heavens, flashing out from a cloud of gyp—rical poplars, and surrounded by a hedge of personal shrubs. Underneath one of the trees took her by the hand, and leading her to the sy-looking hair. her uncle better than anybody else in the world I'm not afraid of her. You see if I don't please, ther' sear. always excepting her mama. The child was uncle, without trying very hard either. remarkably beautiful, and all the decorations A servant, whose chief employment was to be arraigned for my conduct, I don't want any loveliness. The heart of the lonely man melt hair and arranging her dress, before the arrival that there is no more quarrelling. ed within him when he felt his neck wreathed of Mr. Horton; and when the business of the ed over and over by those sweet ruby lips.

God bless her! cried he, hugging her to his like a perfect angel. breast again and again. What a precious child I love you, déars uncle, muttered Clara, in

the softest voice. I have loved you a long little belle, in a pettish tone. I don't love to

warm embrace—then releasing her, turned to survant, as she was leaving the room his sister, with moistened eyes.

still be one of the happiest of men. You must look upon her as if indeed she is so ngly and awkward and wayward. I want were your own, my dear brother, said Mrs. Dut to keep her out of his sight as long as possible. you?

shabe, drawing Clara fondly towards her: I am Mr. Horton had not been more than a week Be

ing void could not be filled.

I do not know where she is? She is very sby so touched her uncle's heart the first night of depart. She stood a moment as if irresolute, seen by that soft mountight.

The young man laughed, and the trial of heart and humble the enemy. Are not the and reserved—likes to be by herself—very diff his arrival. When company was present, Clara then three her arms around his neck, kissed If I could only be with you all the time; said skill commenced. They shot alternately, and following sweet lines, from one who doubtless ferent from Clara-remarkably ordinary in her was summoned to the piano to entertain the his cheeks, his hands, and even the sleeves of she, I should be happy.

scarcely had the gleaning arrows darted from knew the ful person continued she in a lower voice; and is onests with music, which she had been taught his garment, in a most passionate manner, and Would you, indeed, like to leave your home, the string when they each pursued its flight mirror? to be blest in all their children.

own brother, and he used to say his little girl ted to perfection. was the image of himself; -I cannot help lov-

endeavored to cover them with her hair, as with promised to develope her character to a most out all their fragrance, and then murmur that It was like the gurgling fountain in the arid placed upon her brow.

a veil. With alow steps and averted face, she interested auditor.

A Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for approached the centre of the room, when her Don't Clara, press so hard sgainst this gerachild has affections, warm, glowing affections, tude—the gentle gale that first wakened the of chivalry, said the your neet, thi you nave prused entire of the Union.

Gazette of the Union.

A Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for approached the centre of the room, when her Don't Clara, press so hard sgainst this gerachild has affections, warm, glowing affections, tude—the gentle gale that first wakened the of chivalry, said the your neet, this you nave prused entire of the union, which specified is received to develope her character to a most out all their fragrance, and then murmur that It was like the gurgling fountain in the arid placed upon her brow.

A Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for approached the centre of the room, when her love and heavy the placed upon her brow.

A Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for approached the centre of the room, when her love and heavy the placed upon her brow.

Effie looked at her moele through her long me.

Mr. Horton, opening his arms as he spoke. several leaves already

neck with her arms, as if she would never let again aroused the attention of Mr. Horton.

Effie, said her mother, reproachingly, you are too rude-I did not tell you to tear your un-

Let her be,-let her be, said Mr. Horton, pushing back her hair, and looking earnestly in partment. her face. Why, her eyes are full of tears, and uncle, who has no little girl of his own to love: touch a single leaf of it?

I want you to look upon me as your father.

That will do, Effie, said Mrs. Dushane; you wouldn't have broken it for anything in the make your uncle too warm: come and take a world; seat by me.

Effie withdrew her arms from her uncle's neck, and, sliding from his knee, took the seat anger. I suppose you want to make me think indicated by her mother's glance. Mr. Horton's eyes were still riveted upon her face.

Is that child sick? he asked abruptly. No, replied Mrs. Dushane; she always had that meagre, half famished look. She is a great

deal stronger than Clara. Mr. Horton did not reply, but looked earmestly at both children, while his sister watchnestly at both children, while his sister watchded his countenance with silent interest. Mrs.

Dushane had anticipated the arrival of brother with great anxiety. She knew the immense wealth he had acquired: that he had no
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mense wealth he had acquired: that he had no
mense wealth he never how h children of his own to inherit it; that she was trolable agitation, dropped his book, and rush his only surviving sister, and she was sure that cd to the open door of the apartment just as who ever seemed to love her. You know broher with the haleyon strains of flattery, as she

My dear, said she to her, the morning of her geranium, whose leaves were scattered around attach an undue value to it. My greatest ambed averaged and the save told you of your uncle Horton—your rich averaged. Now though we have a very decent unnatural woman! what have you done?

I trate to the floor, her hand still grasping the geranium, and permaps was set to mestic storm, now vented upon ner use anger she dared not manifest before her brother.

It was your own fault, said when they are always insipid. I like to see a face the meanly lied about it. You had better not dark, now bright, like the heavens bending and the same of the storm and the same of the sa brother's arrival, you remember how much I her: have told you of your uncle Horton-your rich uncle. Now, though we have a very decent living, that is all; I shall be able to leave you nothing, but your uncle is said to be worth a million and I have no doubt will make you anger. heiress to the whole, if you only try to please him, and be a dear, sweet beautiful child the whole time he is here.

Qb! I will be sure to please him, cried Claray dancing before the looking-glass. 1'll please him without trying.

bady says before your uncle, for he would not wish I was dead-how I wish I

know he must be a dry old thing.

You will not think a million of dollars dry, you not obey me?

A rapturous kiss on her roseate cheek was an expressive answer in the affirmative. O, mamma! you tumble my frock, cried the womanhood.

be squeezed. Mr. Horton gave the lovely child another | Shall I change Miss Effic's dress ? asked the any human being.

It's of no consequence, said Mrs. Dusbane, If Heaven had granted me such a child as coolly; she needn't come into the room tothat, sister, to cheer my widowed heart, I should night. I'm ashamed mybrother should have seen truly why you wished yourself dead. her, continued she, in a kind of soliloguy: she

not so selfish as to wish to engross her exclu- with his sister before he discovered that, though bitter tone, looking darkly and sullenly at her sively, though I acknowledge I have a mother's she was the nominal head of the establishment, mother. ride as well as affection.

But you have another daughter, your eldest whims and caprices were the laws that govern- well as if you were my own child. But you mind and heart. You must try to be loved for That will do, Dudley, said she, playfully Why cannot people leve each other? Why brace them all. I came here to see if its ach- her appearance, and then she seemed more like Be gentle, if you wish to be beautiful. ground could not be filled.

Oh! Effie? said Mrs. Dushane, carelessly— playing any traits of that sensibility which had leasted her, and motioned that she might had really a beautifying influence on her face, Robin Hood himself. a great affliction to me; but one cannot expect almost from her cradle, or she was called upon ran but of the room. to display her graceful little figure in the ma- Oh, Clarinda! cried he, greatly moved, what

upper piaza, which fronted the chamber he oc- dislike. I fear you will not find much to love in poor cupied. It was shaded by luxurious vines Because the fountain of her young affections but I will promise to give you better fare than I fear you will not find much to love in poor chied. It was shaded by luxurious vines find much to love in poor chied. It was shaded by luxurious vines find much to love in poor chied. It was shaded by luxurious vines find much to love in poor chied. It was shaded by luxurious vines find much to love in poor chied. It was shaded by luxurious vines find much to love in poor chied the mother, with a deep sight, and excluded the rays of damond trellis-work, and excluded the rays of the setting sum. Find poor chied the rotter. She has been forcen, and her young affections but I will promise to give you better fare than bas been forcen, and now good night—and lithat was fair, and all that was fair, and setting sum. Embowered in the rich shade, her uncle.

Soon after, a dark, thin, neglected-looking child was ushered into the rot. In the merry days of the children in the adjoining room, and gestures expressed sullenness and reluctions. Her long this captured the poor child was ushered and disgust to those laid her head upon her pillow, she whispered to good night—and broad and water. And now good night—and broad him, with a cheek to which exert has been food less you, my own darling Effie.

Effie retired to bed; but long after she had wave, and seated color, like the cord under the wave, and seated color, like the cord in glaring comparison with lies an object of harted and disgust to those laid her head upon her pillow, she whispered to good night—and broad him, with a cheek to which exert has been food less you, my own darling Effie.

Effie retired to bed; but long after she had wave, and seated color, like the cord in glaring comparison with lies an object of harted and disgust to those laid her head upon her pillow, she whispered to good night—and to good beat of the setting sum.

Soon after, a dark, thin, neglected-looking freshment of the children in the adjoining room, the head upon her pillow, she whispered to good an advent in the water in the rich shade of the children in the declining day. He head to be in tance. Her long thick dark hair hung in tangled masses over her neek and forehead, and it
was difficult to distinguish her features, for she
was difficult to distinguish her features, for she
masses over the need under the sensibilities or she had scarcely ever heard
foot. Talk about her affections! You might
murmuring in her ear; 'my own darling Effie.'
gathering some of the flowers and perrennial
Too lightly send, too deeply heard
foot a look unkind,
as well take those very geranium leaves, and
Oh, how sweet to the neglected, lone and the shrubbery, and woven them into
Was difficult to distinguish her features, for she
ender unconsciously to a conversation which grind the method of the flowers them with your heel, till you have bruised child, was the language of sympathy and love! a rustic garland, which, sportively kneeling, he

Gazette of the United States and the dark hair hung in tanparlor accents. He had scarcely ever heard foot. Talk about her affections! You might
murmuring in her ear; 'my own darling Effie.'
gathering some of the flowers and perrennial
Too lightly said, too deeply heard
or a look unkind,
as well take those very geranium leaves, and on the shrubbery, and woven them into
May spoil the peace of a heavenly mind
or a look of the flowers and perrennial
or a look of the flowers and

tresses—then, letting her hand fall, she drew But she will with me, said Effic; for I have ing, domestic garden yet,
nearer with a more willing step.

the pare of this flower, and if any harm happens Mrs. Dushane was thunderstruck. She saw her benefactor and friend. Ah! that was her father a glance, exclaimed to it, she will blame me. You've broken off in prospective her darling Clara disinherited, to it, she will blame me. You've broken off in prospective her darling Clara disinherited, take Effic home with him, she could not display and she knew not in what way to avert the im-

Effic hesitated a moment—then darted like! There was a moment's silence, and then a sending calamity.

I didn't break it, mother, answered Effie; I

that Clara broke it, don't you? Clara did break it, sobbed Effie,-she knows she did; and I tried to keep her from it. Oh, mamma, I didn't do any such thing,

She is not a har, and I know it, answered ne, assumed to have her in my sight. Then chara for a fortune, while your sister will be an heirin a raised voice. There stands the liar! was so uncommonly beautiful, and such a ess and a belle—
I sometimes hardly recognize myself. I should like to see them as a stranger, to see what imposely; against her sister's prayer she broke ed her an angel, and indeed you must acknowled on't want a fortune. I'll marry somebody them dear uncle? Something whispers me I please him without trying.

How are you sure of that, darling? asked the mother.

Oh. because I am so pretty, replied the solid continued by the fall, and when spoiled child shaling back the ringlets from Effic was only stunned by the fall, and when solid to protect the mother.

Poselys against her sister's prayer she broke ed her an angel, and indeed you must neknowled don't want a fortune. I'll marry somebody them dear uncle? Something whispers me I it, and then basely denies it. Rise, my poor edge she has the beauty of one. Then she is with a great big fortune, and you shan't live may yet be blest with a mother's and a sister's prayer she broke ed her an angel, and indeed you must neknowled don't want a fortune. I'll marry somebody them dear uncle? Something whispers me I it, and then basely denies it. Rise, my poor edge she has the beauty of one. Then she is with a great big fortune, and you shan't live may yet be blest with a mother's and a sister's prayer she with a great big fortune, and you shan't live may yet be blest with a mother's and a sister's prayer she was very with me; either, Madam Mamma.

Oh. because I am so pretty, replied the you, if your own mother casts you from her.

Something whispers me I only the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear the don't want a fortune. I'll marry somebody them dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear uncle? Something whispers me I only the dear uncle? Something with a fortune, and you shan't live may yet be blest with a mother's and something with a fortune, and you shan't live with a great big fortune, and you shan't live with a fortune. I'll marry somebody them the shand with a fortune with a fortune with a fortune. I'll marry somebody them the shand with a fortune with a fortune with a fortune with a fortune. I'll marry somebody the s

stantly. This is no place for you. Why do closure, when he was startled by the appear- nificent trees, and a smooth lawn stretched out blondes; but Mr. Horton interrupted him, to

ten, was introduced to him as the darling Clara,

To Effie! exclaimed Clara, with a laugh of door, gave her in charge to a servant, with a
his little pet niece, who was prepared to love derision: to Effie, the ugly thing! Oh, no! whispered injunction not intended for her bro-

Now let that child go, said she. If I am to I was only looking at the moon and stars.

She shall not go, cried Mr. Horton. I fear girls to be in bed and asleep. by those white velvet arms, and his cheek kiss- toilet was over she led her in triumph to her that there is no safety for her out of my arms. mother, asking her if Miss Clara did not look Clarinda, I cannot believe the cruel, unjust and too much, and wish too much. unnatural mother I see before me, is the sister Oh, I wish to be up among the stars, out of lating outlines of early womanhood. Her head, ness and severity. If it was barbed with bitwhom I remember in the spring-time of the the way of everybody here; and then they look covered with short raven curls, gave her the terness for the heart of my friend, or covered

Yes, let me go, cried Effie again struggling,

I don't want to stay here. One question first, said Mr. Horton, tell me Because every body hates me.

What makes you think every body hates persons who are loved. , Because I am ugly, cried the child, in a low,

said Mrs. Dushane; she has never shown me I could only live near you.

once rebuking her falsehood and guilt?
Brother, I believe you hate Clara.

ors, which excited the envy and hatred of his ty for the development or ner talents and then, if she brethren, to our days of modern refinement, fadiscipline of her character: and then, if she brethren, to our days of modern refinement, fadiscipline of her character: and then, if she brethren, to our days of modern refinement, fadiscipline of her character: and then, if she brethren, and blessed his God that it had vorites have been the fruitful source of sin and fulfilled his bopes, to adopt her as his own, and ening eyes, and blessed his God that it had so the been his destiny to appropriate such rich treating the state of the state of the been his destiny to appropriate such rich treating the state of the state of the been his destiny to appropriate such rich treating the state of the not accuse me of unkindness, Clarinda, because inheritor of his name. I speak strongly of the evils you have caused. • Clara was outrageous when she heard of the

ance of two large black eyes turned upwards to in front, intersected by an avenue of symmet- discuss more important matters.

late, and alone?

You had better go and look at them through tures of the scenery. A young girl stood near without the consent of Mr. Horton. of dress were made to enhance her juvenile wait upon Clara, was two hours curling her listeners. Effic, follow your sister, and mind your bed-curtains, said he, passing his hand him, helding a bow in her left hand and watchover her dew-damp hair; it is time for little ing the motions of a young man, who was feath-

heart's feelings, and in the gentleness of early as if they loved me, with their sweet, bright appearance of a young Greek; but her clear,

You seem to want to be loved. Effie.

die to be loved only half as well as Clara.

runted Effic.

and come and live with me?

Still I want to see the child, said the beneving see of the horngipe, or the undulations of the a heart you are throwing away from you!

Still I want to see the child, said the beneving see of the horngipe, or the undulations of the a heart you are throwing away from you!

Would walk barefoot to the end of the universe; girl hit the target in the very centre olent Mr. Horton produced her the victor.

To me she has always been sullen and cold, I would feed on bread and water all my life, if Horton pronounced her the victor.

You must surrounden Dudlog said

her heart and mind, and turn it into a bloomling, domestic garden yet,

learn and almost worship, to the feet of not look so mockingly. Dudley; for you may

most beautiful branch is broken, and you did it on purpose too.

Clara laughed mockingly, and the moment Mrs. Dushane was heard to enter the accuse me of so much ment Mrs. Dushane was heard to enter the accuse me of so much bad herself acknowledged by upportunity did by a parental tender.

midst the whirlwind of passion that raged in manner. Do you remember the night when her breast. Mr. Horton's determination was you found me under the sycamore tree, and I have no love for her faults; and to speak to remove Effic as far as possible from the as- called me your own darling Effic? From that the honest truth, I never liked favorites. From sociation of her childhood—to place her at moment I date a new existence; from that mo-How dare you deny it, you good for nothing the time of ancient Joseph's coat of many col- school, where she could have every opportuni- ment life became dear to me, and oh! how dear little thing? cried the mother, with increasing ors, which excited the envy and hatred of his ty for the development of her talents and the

Oh mamma, I didn't do any such thing, I speak strongly of the tyrns you have caused.

I would rouse you to a sense of your danger, new destiny of her sister. She pouted, wept, self; you know I wouldn't.

I should forgive you for breaking the flower, breadth, the sacred duties you have too long Effic should not go home with her uncle, and was worthy to be the mistress of those beautiful.

the moment he beheld her darling Clara, he Effic, smitten by a violent blow, had fallen pros-would adopt her as the heiress of his fortune. trate to the floor, her hand still grasping the

She is a liar, brother, and I struck ber. She againt her, and she was a very cross infant too, wish yourself ugly, for you will have nothing bove us. deserved it, answered Mrs. Dushane, pale with and cried day and night. I could hear the but your beauty to depend upon, when you Do you nurse calling her a cross, ugly thing, till I was grow up. Not a cent of money will you have know you? asked Mr. Horton. She is not a liar, and I know it, answered he, ashamed to have her in my sight. Then Clara for a fortune, while your sister will be an heir-

her bright blue eyes, and looking archly in her she found herself in the hands of Mr. Horton, mother's face. You know every body says I she struggled to be released.

The she found herself in the hands of Mr. Horton, terly she wept. It was only for the dread of anguish caused by that "sharper than a sermouther's face. You know every body says I she struggled to be released.

Oh let me go, cried she all the frantically—derly she loves you. Forgive Clara for my having depicted a few scenes in the child-dared to cherish. I tried so little to deserve hood of the two sisters, and shown the different the love which was not spontaneously bestowed, derly she loves you. Forgive Clara for my Having depicted a few scenes in the child-dared to cherish. I tried so little to deserve sake, and I will be kind to Effec for yours. hood of the two sisters, and shown the different the love which was not spontaneously bestowed, For your own sake, my beloved sister, said influences emanating from the same source, I long to prove to them that I am now not ut-

There was something terrible in the pleased if he shought you vain; and you must be repeated in the strength and affectionate to him—get in his is put your arms round his neck, if in a wild paroxism of passion, as she repeated and caress him a great deal. You must never this fearful cjaculation. Mr. Horton shudder-get in a passion before him, for it would spoil your looks; you know, my dear, you are too answer for which will weigh like iron upon this when he is speaking, and be sure never to contradict him. I recollect it always-shipleas of writing mean, he was not always and lavish all your affection upon that selfish and unprincipled girl?

I hope he will mot stay long, if I've got to large of a few years may be imagined, and those taking her hand affectionately in his, the contact will be repaid for all your wills the nor closely. Under the discipline of a warning mean, he was not lordly scale, and they become interested in the "Ugly-ly. And when we return from Europe, they closely which will be repaid for all your will then have acquired all the adventing in classic lands. Under the general passion of the discipline of a warning mean, he is speaking, and be sure never to contradict him. I recollect it always-displeas and lavish all your affection upon that selfish and unprincipled girl?

I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation in the period of account when the interrupted him, to the plant of the contradict him. I recollect it always-displeas and lavish all your affection upon that selfish and unprincipled girl?

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I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

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I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will mot to interrupted in conversation.

I hope he will mot to int Effie, cried he, what are you doing here so that shadowed the walls, and looking out on his youth. When his father died, he left him. Nothing, replied she, springing on her feet : of this, noble establishment, whose dignified conditions that he should finish his education person corresponded well with the other fea- in Europe, and that he should never marry

ering an arrow fitted for that sylvan bow. Her I cannot sleep so soon, said the child; I think figure had scarcely attained its full height, but dark complexion, of perfect softness and trans- been fraught with both to my own bosom." Brother, if you wish me to speak, let that child go. I will not be humbled before her, or ly and gently along.

born-where is she? My heart yearns to cm- ed the whole household. Effic seldom made must not give way to such violent passions. something better than beauty, and fitting it to her bow; should faces become habituated to the wearing perhaps, will come without thicking of it. better reserve some of your skill to fledge your of frowns, when smiles are so much the more Effic looked up to him with a smile which own arrows, for you know I can shoot like becoming? Why should curses and impreca-

over the lawn, striving for the glory of first I walked by the side of a a tranquil stream, Would I? cried she, suddenly stopping—I reaching the fallen missile. At last the young Which the sun had tinged with his parting would walk barefoot to the end of the universe; girl hit the target in the very centre, and Mr.

You must surrender Dudley, said he, there One evening Mr. Horton sat reading in an any affection, but on the contrary the greatest Perhaps we will live together one of these is no disgrace in yielding to Efficient Said he, there That every spray had its image there. fine days, said he, smiling at her enthusiasm; foot, as true an eye, and as steady a hand And every reed that o'er it bowed; And as warm a heart, interrupted she, an- And each golden streak, and each floating cloud.

mether called in at one of authority—
nium, said Effic, in an expostulating tone, you though you have never elecited them—and a wild music of her soul! It seemed to that moput down your hand from your face, Effic, know mother will be very angry if it is broken mind too, though you have never cultivated it;
and come and speak to your uncle—come—if don't care, replied Clara, evidently persist but if God grain me fire opportunity, I will be be bosom, cold and deadening, but that it was made the green walks ring. What would may with surprise: Thunder and lightnin, mater, and clara say if they heard such an apleffic looked at the process so hard sgainst this geria chitat has a sections, while staking round the three bosoms of the unweeded in at the first time, while staking round the part of the inverse of

lightning to his bosom, and clung round his sudden and vehement clamation from Effie Brother, cried she, putting her handkerchief Effie, the heiress of her uncle's fortune, to the over the head that rested against his knee to her eyes, you are strangely altered. You exclusion of Clara, was a circumstance too in and you may thank the daily exercise in the Oh, Clara, see what you have done! The used to love me once, but now the stranger tolerable to be endured. The used to love me once, but now the stranger tolerable to be endured. The used to love me once, but now the stranger tolerable to be endured.

bad herself acknowledged her unnatural dislike ness, the kindness, and the care; that have been a wittent.

You forget, Clarinda, that I have been a wittent.

Effic, Effic! exclaimed she, angrily, what ness myself of your injustice. I do not make duties towards it, was a too evident truth. In heart, healing and purifying it, and changing, her heart beats as if she had been running a have you been doing? How dare you break accusations, but appeal to self-evident truth; vain she sought to stille the voice of upbraid- as it were, the very life-blood in my verns, exrace. Don't be afraid of me—I'm your own that geranium, when I've forbidden you to and did you not suffer Clara to depart without ing conscience. It would be heard, even a claimed Effic, in her peculiarly impassioned

> sures of intellect and sensibility, and as he looked on the fair lands stretched around him. she read his thoughts, for she smilingly said— I wish you could see my sister Clara.

Why? Because she is so exquisitely fair so fault-

Do you think your mother and sister would I do not think they would, she replied, for

Dudley Alston was a ward of Mr. Horton's. rennial shrubs. Underneath one of the trees the orphan son of the most intimate friend of this rich velvet lawn, sat the benevolent owner to the guardianship of Mr. Horton, with the

### (Concluded next week.) "Oh, how I Regret it."

"Regret what ?" Why, that idle word, it had all the rounded proportions and undu- uttered in so much haste and with such rashwith caustic for the soul of my enemy, it has

Such have been the bitter reflections of many who, yielding to momentary impulse, have givsome in themselves, but they were lighted up en atterance to sentiments not their own. Oh yes, answered she, with energy; I would with animation and intellect, and illuminated When their choler has gooled, and their reason by such large, splendid black eyes, that it returned to its legitimate balance, they have Well, listen to me, Effic, and I will tell you would be difficult for the most fastidious con- felt the disposition to do anything in order to how you may be loved even better than Clara, noisseur of female beauty to have judged them neutralize the influence of a single word, or act, You must not think that it is only beautiful with any severity of criticism. From the bow, or look. That writer errs very deeply, accoron which she partly leaned, the quiver suspen- ding to our notion, who says amiability and But they hate me because I am ugly, inter-ded over her shoulder, the wild grace of her at-stupidity are identical. The amiable members titude, and the darkness of her complexion, she of mankind are to the world, what the sun is You are not ugly, my child; and as you grow might have been mistaken for one of those to the vegetable kingdom. Divest the world older, you grow handsomer. But you must daughters of the forest, which American genius of their warming influence, and our earth is but tions be used, when gentle words will heaf the scarcely had the gleaning arrows darted from knew the full effects of harsh words, a faithful

beam; The water was calm and so chrystal clear,

A Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for villion, suddenly came on the elephant;

restitude, and almost worship, to the sect of not look so mockingly. Dudley; for you may ler benefactor and friend.

When Mr. Horton proposed to his sister to ugliest little gipsy he ever beheld.

When Mr. Horton proposed to his sister to ugliest little gipsy he ever beheld.

You have, indeed, changed most marvellous. and smokes, while his wife prepares for scrubguise her mortification and displeasure.—ly, Effie, replied he passing his hand careleasly tor on the other.