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EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE. - JEFFERSON.

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Poetry

From the Anglo-American. SEPTEMBER.

She hath come, the gorgeous summer, Yet on path, and wood, and hill. The tints of her-rosy feet, Are lingering brightly still;

Miscellaneous

ROSEGLORY.

BY L. MARIA CHILDS.

A stranger among strange faces, She is marked as a child of want; and the world hath poverty.

Jerry Gray and his sister Susan were the children of a drunken father, and of a poor woman, who saved them from starvation by picking up rags in the street, and washing them for the paper makers.

The delight she took in curling her little daughter's glossy brown ringlets was the only remaining indication of early coquettish taste.

A washerwoman, who lived in the next room, platted a Morning-Glory seed in a broken teapot; and it bore its first blossom the day Susan was three years old.

One day when her mother was hooking up rags from the dirty gutters of the street, with the little daughter behind her, a gentleman passed with a large bouquet in his hand.

and said, "Would you like one, my little girl?" She eagerly held out her hand, and he gave her a flower, saying, "There is a rose for you."

"When Susan grew older, and there was no more babies to tend, she was mostly confined to the cellar kitchen, from which she looked out upon stone steps and a brick wall."

"This was reversing matters strangely. Susan was sorely tempted to ask for what kindness she was expected to be grateful; but she did not."

No fault was found with the orphan in the family of Mr. Jenkins, the alderman. His wife said she was capable and industrious; and he himself took a decided fancy to her.

Then came meetings after the family had retired to rest, to which secrecy gave an additional charm. Susan with a consciousness of wrong; and he easily persuaded her it was a duty, in order to screen him from blame.

In a few days, strangers came to examine them, with a view to take them into service. Jerry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan to a grocer's wife, who wanted her to wait upon the children.

Now and then she had a visit from Jerry, when his master was in port. He was always very affectionate, and longed for the time when he should be a man, and able to have his sister live with him.

to the mind of Mrs. Andrews. She judged the young couple as if they had the experience of 40 years, and were encased in their own hard crust of worldly wisdom.

After talking the matter over with her husband, Mrs. Andrews concluded to remain silent about Robert's adventure, to send him forth into the country, to his uncle the minister, and recommend Susan to one of her friends, who needed a servant and had no sons to be endangered.

When they were within a few feet he leveled his gun, and fired the two barrels in succession, and two of the wolves fell mortally wounded; the third sprang at him and was saluted on the head with a stunning blow from the butt end of his piece.

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service, but she had no reference to give except Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jenkins. When she called a second time she unfortunately heard the cold reply: "I hear you have been on Blackwell's Island. I never hire servants who have lost their character."

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him, of a charitable institution in North America, called the Home, where the women who have been prisoners, and sincerely wish to reform, can find shelter and employment.

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