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Original Poetry.

For the Yorkville Enquirer.

THE VISIT OF DEATH.

BY MRS. M. W. STRATTON.

This article was suggested by an incident which, by many persons, would have been unnoticed, but which affected the writer deeply. A family on their return to the West, recently stopped for a few days at a Hotel in Columbia. There were two men, their wives, five or six children, and an aged woman; the latter particularly arrested our attention. She had evidently once possessed great beauty, and of no ordinary kind, for her withered and generally inanimate countenance bore the stamp of intellect—uncultivated—unrefined; a gift of God bestowed where it could be of little worth where it had never been appreciated or developed, but yet commanding from any refined and thinking observer, an involuntary respect, and interest which her humble station in life, coarse apparel and abrupt manners would never have attracted. She had just lost a husband, whose cherished companion she had been for thirty years, and whom she had loved with that devotedness and utter abnegation of self, which only characters like hers are capable of. That affection had hallowed everything with which he was associated—the cottage in which they had lived, and which a taste similar to her own, or a love which caught its reflection, had embellished with fruit and flowers; the dog, the cat, and other pet animals which he had loved and tended, all sacred objects and, to her aged and tottering mind, indispensable surroundings. He seemed not so entirely gone while she was among those familiar things; and probably if custom or ill-judged kindness had not removed her suddenly to a strange land, a new home and scarcely understood ties, she might have subsided into her usual course of life, and filled out the measure of her days in peace and resignation.

The two men who accompanied her, and whom she constantly regarded with looks of wondering dread, were the sons of her husband by a first wife; and it had so happened that they had never lived with or even near her. The estrangement was caused by circumstances for which the parties were not to blame, but still it could have but one result: they had no love for and little knowledge of each other. The step-mother had no children or other near ties, and when the old man died, it looked but natural and right that the sons should take possession of the little property, and do the best they could with its incumbrance, the desolate widow; so they sold every thing, and in spite of the feeble remonstrance of the poor old woman, started with her for their own Western home. Each of their wives had relatives in Carolina from whom they had pecuniary expectations; they had taken this opportunity to visit them, before returning without their expectation being realized, and were therefore not in the best humor to find themselves burthened with an old woman who brought little with her beside repinings for her home and sad memories of the past. Her fretting for her old dog and cat which they would not allow her to bring with her, seemed so childish—the tenacity with which she clung to the little old basket filled with withered roses and other flowers which she had torn from the cottage door, as she passed through it the last time, seemed so absurd, that, though they meant not to be unkind, they were impatient with her. The old woman, obtuse as she seemed, felt herself an unwelcome intruder, and it was melancholy to see her try to shrink into the smallest possible compass, to keep out of the way of them, to escape their notice as much as she could.

It was not strange that in one short month after her arrival at her new home, she left it for another and a brighter one, having passed gently away; for, mercifully deprived of all consciousness of realities, she fancied herself at her accustomed home, and her last breath was spent in words spoken (as she believed) to the husband she was about to rejoin.

'Twas a cottage home, and its humble door
The wild rose and jessamine clambered o'er;
And the lofty oak, and the lowly shrub
Were clustering round and tow'ring above,
And the purple grape and the blushing peach
Were waving and bending in childhood's reach:
Scarce a sound was borne on the balmy air,
Yet a potent Guest was visiting there.

'Twas a summer eve', and the setting sun
Shed beauty o'er all that he lingered on,
And Nature had lavished her wealth of bloom
Till the air was laden with rich perfume,
The clear pebbly brook flowed softly along,
And even the mocking-bird hushed his song;
But sadness seemed borne on that balmy air,
For a dark stern Guest was visiting there.

No voice broke silence, and all seemed as still
As the dozing cat on the window sill,
Save the quaint old clock, which sent forth a sound
Startling by loud, 'mid the stillness profound;
For the clock ticks ever most loud and clear,
When sickness is present or Death is near,
And *one* sadly feels that 'twill still tick on,
When his faint step from the green earth is gone.

And the old dog lay at the cottage door,
Still watching for one he would see no more,
The lone horse stood wistfully gazing through
The barn-yard gate, for a form that he knew,
One who had tended him kindly, and well—
Hands that upon him caressing fell;
They came not, for peacefully o'er a cold breast
Those kind hands were crossed in a first and last rest.

An aged wife sat in a darkened room,
Unconscious of sorrow or silence or gloom,
And she bent her beside the lowly bier,
With a stony gaze, and without a tear;
Her sun had gone out, and her world was dark,
And reason was now but a glim'ring spark;
No wailings were borne on the balmy air,
She knew not the Guest who was visiting there.

'Twas a lovely morn, and the rising sun
Shed brightnesss o'er all that he rested on,
And Nature looked young in her morning dress,
All fresh and unwithered by Day's caress.
The neighbors had gathered from far and near,
And long-absent children stood round that bier;
For ties seem to freshen when life's last breath
Is going, or gone in the grasp of Death.

All earth looked glad, yet a funeral train
Was brushing the dew in the long green lane,
And a time-bowed frame, and a breaking heart
Was of the procession the saddest part;
For the others had ties and hopes in life,
But none had the second and childless wife,
She stood like a blasted tree, lonely and drear,
No Ivy clung round the trunk, withered and sere.

Alas! for the changes that Death can make:
The homes he can darken—hearts he can break:
The lips he incloses—the lips that he seals:
The wounds that he makes—and the wounds that he heals.

Often he comes like a quick, crushing fate,
And often so slowly his aid is too late,
But hearts bruised and worn with struggles of life,
Still thank tardy Death when he ends the wild strife.

The cottage still stands with its vine-wreathed door;
But the widow's loved home is her home no more.
She prayed but to die where her head had grown grey—
They frowned at her folly and bore her away.
Nor meant they unkindness; but coarse, unrefined,
Could *they* sound the depths of a loftier mind?
Or know that sad memories, yearnings and cares,
Can wear the frame more than the ravage of years?

And they bore her away to a land as fair,
But nothing that knew her, or loved her was there—
'Mid the cold, unfamiliar she wandered a day,
And the last ray of reason passed kindly away.
Her spirit went back to the home of her youth,
And dreams came to her with the sweetness of truth:
Soon happy as helpless, she yielded her breath,
And met with a smile the kind visitor, DEATH.

COLUMBIA, Oct. 29th, 1855.

Political.

GOV. JOHNSON'S LETTER.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
MILLEDGEVILLE, Georgia, Oct. 17.

Gentlemen: I have this day received your invitation "to attend and address a mass meeting of the National Democratic party of the City and County of New York, to be held at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Monday evening, the 22d instant, at 7 1-2 o'clock, for the purpose of ratifying the proceedings of our [your] late State and county conventions, and the tickets nominated by them." I regret that official engagements deny me the honor of accepting your invitation; for there are circumstances connected with the political condition of our country, which would render it exceedingly agreeable to mingle in the interesting scenes of the occasion. As it is, I must be permitted to substitute, in the form of a hasty communication, a few of the many reflections that are suggested by the signs of the times.

As the result of the war with Mexico we acquired extensive territorial possessions on the Pacific coast. The Southern States contributed their full proportion of blood and treasure, and consequently thought they were justly entitled to a fair participation in the fruits of the contest. But they were denied it. A Brigadier General of the United States Army, without authority of law, assumed civil power in California, and constituting himself Territorial Executive, proclaimed an election for a Convention, and prescribed the time, place and manner of holding the elections.—He ordered the Convention to form a State, and conferred the elective franchise upon every type and shade of people who had squatted upon the public domain, to plunder its golden treasures. There were but few inhabitants from the Southern States. They had been deterred from emigration thither by the Freesoil counsels which prevailed in Congress. The Convention met, organized a State, with a constitution prohibiting slavery and against, the protest of the slaveholding States California was admitted into the Union—the usurpation of the Brigadier General was ratified—and the South deprived of all participation in a scope of territory sufficient for ten States as large as Georgia. Was that just? This was one of the aggressive features of the "Compromise Measures" of 1850.

There was another. It was necessary to organize Territorial Governments for Utah and New Mexico. The latter lies adjacent to Texas, a slaveholding State. Lynx-eyed Freesoilism discovered that fog and dust could be thrown over the question of boundary between Texas and New Mexico. Its fiendish myrmidons insisted that a large portion of the former property belonged to the latter; and, therefore, forty thousand square miles were carved out of Texas, given to New Mexico, and converted into freesoil. And, as if to add insult to injury, the public treasury was taxed to the tune of $10,000,000, as a bonus to Texas to bribe her into the arrangement. Was that just?

And what were the compensatory features of the Compromise of 1850? The South obtained the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law," but she has, to a great extent, failed to realize its peaceful and bona fide execution.—This is one. The other consists in the recognition of the principle, that hereafter the people of the territories should determine the question of slavery for themselves, independently of Congressional intervention.

Well, in 1850 the Southern States were put to the test of acquiescence *vel non* in these "Compromise measures," as a final settlement of the slavery agitation. Georgia acted in Soverign Convention, and for the sake of her devotion the Union—in consideration of the memories of the past, the fruitions of the present, and the hopes of the future—she solemnly resolved to acquiese. Can the non-slaveholding States ask her to make further surrender? Can it be possible that they will so far forget the claims of justice, and disregard the sacred guarantees of the Constitution, as to require her and her Southern sisters either to submit to degradation, or to resort to the most appalling alternatives?

Yes: Georgia acquiesced, but she did it upon terms. She put the world in notice that she had yielded the last inch to the encroachments of Abolition fanaticism. The South was then, as now, threatened with the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, with the inhabition of the inter-State slave trade, with the extension of the Wilmot Proviso over the Territories, with the repeal of the "Fugitive Slave Law," and with the refusal to admit any other slaveholding State into the Union. Still, with these threats staring her in the face, she acquiesced, but proudly defied the execution of a single one of them. She solemnly announced, "that the State of Georgia, in the judgment of this Convention, will and ought to resist, even (as a last resort) to a disruption of every tie which binds her to the Union, any action of Congress upon the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia, or in places subject to the jurisdiction of Congress, incompatible with the safety, domestic tranquility, the rights and honor of the slaveholding States; or any refusal to admit as a State any Territory hereafter applying, because of the existence of slavery therein; or any act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the Territories of Utah and New Mexico; or any act repealing or materially modifying the laws in force for the recovery of fugitive slaves."—Such was the position she took in 1850, with all the dignity that appertains to her inviolable sovereignty and her unsullied honor. It is her position to-day, re-announced and reaffirmed, by the action of both political parties, in their respective platforms; and true to her fame, her interests and her rights, if she shall be put to the test, painful though it be, she will maintain it at all hazards and to the last extremity."

The last Congress organized Territorial Governments for Kansas and Nebraska. That act repealed the Missouri restriction, of which the South has complained for more than thirty years, and applied practically the principle of the Compromise of 1850, that the people of the Territories should determine the question of slavery for themselves. A large majority in Kansas seem to be in favor of tolerating slavery, and it is probable that at no distant period, they will apply for admission into the Union as a slaveholding State. This brings up the paramount question of the day, compared with which all others sink into insignificance. On the one hand, the Abolitionists and Free-Soilers threaten the rejection of Kansas as a slaveholding State; on the other, Georgia, in the lead of her Southern confederates, who have generally endorsed her position, stands pledged, if rejected on that account, "to resist, even as a last resort, to a disruption of every tie that binds her to the Union."—The question is how to secure her admission if she so apply, and at the same time preserve the integrity of the Union? The answer is simple. The thing can be accomplished if patriotism shall rise superior to faction, and passion be silenced by the voice of truth. The late elections in the Southern States demonstrate that the great majority of their people are willing to operate with and stand by the sound constitutional men of the North and West, if they, eschewing all affiliation with Abolitionists and Free Soilers, will reciprocate with firmness and fidelity. The Union can be preserved in no other way. Events are precipitating the crisis.

It is well that the North and South should understand each other, and look the issue full in the face. I think I can speak for Georgia. She does not intend to submit to the rejection of Kansas "on account of slavery therein."—She loves the Union, she loves her rights, and she earnestly desires to preserve both. But she is immovably resolved to maintain her rights in the Union if she can, out of the Union if she must. She will not actrashly.—She feels and knows that the true men of the North can save the Confederacy by maintaining the constitutional rights of the South, if they will come to the rescue. To them she appeals—not to their fears by threats nor to their sympathies by lachrymose supplication, but to their sense of justice and patriotism, by the timely annoucement of her standing ultimatum of 1850. There is hope that the appeal will not be in vain. Georgia remembers with gratitude the forty-four Northern Democrats who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska bill. She is greatly encouraged by the recent demonstrations of popular sentiment, as exhibited by the late elections in Pennsylvania and other non-slaveholding States; while the resolutions adopted by the late Convention of the National Democratic party of New York, are well calculated to strengthen her confidence. In a word, the beacon light of hope begins to throw its beams again over the political sea whose waves seemed to threaten with wreck and ruin the ship of State.

I cannot close this communication without inviting special attention to one other view suggested by the result of the late Georgia elections. In a popular government, political parties must need exist; it is inevitable. In ours such parties, to be efficient, must not only be national, but to be safe and useful they must be sound—sound in their principles and sound in their component elements. The Whig party, as a national organization, has passed away; it is succeeded by the Know Nothing brotherhood, which possesses neither nationality nor soundness. Hence it is impotent for good, and, tested by its fruits, is prolific of evil.—The Democratic party remains. It is national; it is sound in political creed; but in its composition are to be found unsound elements.—These are the Abolitionists and Freesoilers. They must be exscinded. North and South let the motto of every true Democratic and conservative man be, utter and eternal nonfellowship with each and all, who will not recognize and maintain the rights of the State—restrain the Federal Government within its legitimate sphere, and adhere to the Constitution according to a true, fair and honest interpretation. Thus purged, the National Democracy will preserve the confederacy in its integrity, for the simple reason that it will not permit infringement upon the rights of the States which compose it. It will move on with harmony, "like the music of the sphere," and work out the glorious mission assigned it by Providence. Just such a purification of the National party is expected and required by the Democracy of Georgia—aye, by a large majority of the people of Georgia. As evidence of this, I extract the following resolutions from the platform upon which we entered in the late State canvass:

"*Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Georgia*, That opposition to the principles of the Nebraska bill, in relation to the subject of slavery, is regarded by the people of Georgia as hostility to the people of the South, and that all persons who partake in such opposition are unfit to be recognized as component parts of any party or organization not hostile to the South.

"That in accordance with the foregoing resolution, while we are willing to act in party association with all sound and reliable men in every section of the Union, we are not willing to affiliate with any party that shall not recognize, approve and carry out the principles and provisions of the Nebraska-Kansas act; and that the Democratic party of Georgia will cut off all party connection with every man and party at the North or elsewhere, that does not come up fully and fairly to this line of action."

The first of these resolutions was unanimously passed by both branches of our last Legislature, and both have been affirmed by the people at the ballot box. The South in self-preservation, must make the principle on which they are based, a test of party affiliation. It will be welcomed by all the sound men of the non-slaveholding States, and drive the Abolitionists and Freesoilers to their dens. Let the Democracy of every section endorse it, and they will attract to their ranks all true friends of the Constitution and the Union.—The South will watch with deep solicitude the reception which it shall meet at the hands of the Democrats of the North.

Nor is it enough that the principle of party affiliation, laid down by Georgia, should be recognized in a few conventions and county meetings. It must find its way into the approaching National Democratic Convention, and, being sanctioned there, constitute the inviolable bond of the entire organization. If this shall be done, the nationality of the party will be preserved, and the Union saved; if not the former will certainly be destroyed, and the latter more than jeopardized.

If the National Democracy intend to conform, in good faith, to the resolution of the Baltimore platform, touching the subject, they will not hesitate, at their next Convention in Cincinnati, "to come up fully and fairly to the line of action proposed." In that resolution they declare that "they will abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the act known as the compromise measures." One of the principles established by those measures, as I have previously remarked, is that the people of the Territories, like those of the States, shall settle for themselves the question of slavery, and be admitted into the Union, with or without it, as they may determine. In the Kansas-Nebraska act this doctrine has received a practical application. The repeal of the Missouri prohibition opens all territory of the Union to the ingress of the slaveholder, with his property, untrammelled by Congressional intervention, and under its operations Kansas may not become a slaveholding State. Hence, the National Democratic Convention of 1852 having endorsed the principle, it will be an easy and reasonable duty for the Convention of 1856 to make that endorsement effectual by exscinding from party affiliation "every man or party at the North or elsewhere," who will "not recognize, approve and carry it out."—The Democracy of New York will not hesitate, if they are true to the third resolution of their State Convention, as amended by Mr. J. B. Hasken. True National Democrats of every section will cheerfully and cordially co-operate upon this line of policy. It is due to consistency. It is due to the South. It is due to the Union.

I beg pardon, gentlemen, for so large a draft upon your patience. My zeal has betrayed me into tiresome prolixity. I close by expressing the fervent hope that the perils which theaten our Union may bring to the rescue the conservative patriotism of all who love it, and save it, and save it from dissolution by upholding and maintaining the rights of the States that compose it.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON.

Messrs. Alexander C. Morton, L. P. Glover, E. W. Glover, Wm. Sinclair, John King.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

The following, from the 'Newberry *Mirror*,' breathes the right spirit and puts a case which the "Union praisers in South Carolina" will indeed find it hard to get over. Washington's Farewell Address may possibly clear away the difficulty; but we must be allowed to doubt until the "*Patriot*" tells us how.

The "*Mirror*" says: Some articles have recently appeared in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, upon the benefits of the Union to the North and South, respectively. The articles are republished in DeBow's Review with the approbation of its editor. Is the following statement, which we copy, correct?

"The South has been burdened with an unequal taxation for the support of the Federal Government, which has been a source of thrift to the North, from which it would be measureably relieved (by separation.) For example from 1791 till 1845, the principal receipts of revenue at the Custom houses of the United States amounted to $927,050,067, of which the slave States paid $711,200,000, and the free States $215,850,097. We will take a period of four years, from 1833 to 1837, and the figures of Mr. Woodbury, to explain in what manner the public money is expended relatively in the two sections. The free States received $65,000,000, and the slave States only $32,000,000, while the latter contributed $90,000,000 to the Treasury, and the former but $17,500,000."

From this it follows: that the South pays to the support of the Government three or four times as much as the North, while it *receives* in disbursements less than half of what the North receives; and that the North receives three or four times as much as it pays. The burden of the Government therefore falls not partly but *exclusively* upon the South, the North not only enjoying the benefits of the Government, but being a clear gainer, *pecuniarily*, to more than three times the amount it pays.

If these facts are correct, and they stand uncontradicted in newspapers of the highest authority in the country there was never upon earth a huger swindling concern than the Federal Government.

We invite the attention to these figures of the vociferous Union praisers in South Carolina. There is one Editor who refers to the Farewell Address of Washington to prove the great benefits and blessings of the Union, in almost every other number of his paper. By showing these figures to be false, or by explaining them, he will make a more pertinent argument for the Union, than by digging in the dry bones and fossil remains of antiquity, in the shape of farewell addresses, or other antiquated documents.

Miscellaneous Reading.

From Household Words.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not: the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar; brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some internal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

"I wonder why Emeline is so sad to-night? One would suppose that on the evening immediately preceding her bridal she would be happy, if ever." Thus soliloquized Mrs. Pemberton, as Emeline Barton passed through the parlor, where she sat reading. As the reader has already inferred, the day succeeding the one on which our narrative opens was to witness the union of Emeline with one to whom her heart's best affections had long been given; that one was Cyrus Bordale.

At an early age Emeline was left an orphan. On the settlement of her father's estate it was found that there was scarcely enough remaining to bestow upon his only child the rudiments of an English education. A maternal uncle had kindly offered her a home, and as she was ever treated with uniform kindness, and the most affectionate regard, she felt less keenly her loss than she would have done had it been otherwise. But though uncle, aunt, and cousins were as kind as heart could wish, and though after a few years attendance at the district school she was regarded as having more than ordinary accomplishments, yet she possessed a mind that grasped after still more lofty attainments. She early learned that true greatness consisted more in moral and mental worth than in the possession of wealth, and though she was unfortunately denied the means of defraying the expenses of an academical education, yet she determined that this should not form an insuperable barrier of her ascending the rugged hill of science. Not a moment of her leisure time was allowed to pass unemployed; but while others were seeking enjoyment from other sources, she found hers, in poring over some volume from which useful knowledge could be derived. At the age of sixteen she saw an offer of one hundred dollars, by the publisher of a popular magazine, for the best essay on female education, and not without many misgivings, it is true, but with a determination to do her best, succeed or fail, she set about the task, and though there were many competitors, she succeeded, not only to win the prize, but to command the admiration and spontaneous encomiums of all who read her production. Her name was not given to the public, and this fact we have mentioned, lest any should come to the absurd conclusion that becoming modesty, and firm fortitude and self-reliance are uncongenial. Now were the means placed in her hands to gratify her long cherished desire to avail herself of the benefits of the female seminary, which was of no mean celebrity, in a neighboring village.

Three years she passed in this classic hall, supplying her wants by the profit arising from the productions of her pen, which she employed during the hours that many of her schoolmates devoted to trivial amusements. But her good sense prompted her to take the exercise requisite for her health. Examination day came, and among many who had toiled hard, and who were deserving of much credit, Emeline bore the palm. There were not a few amongst the delighted spectators who were deeply interested; but there was one, who, when Emeline came on the stage, kept his eyes fixed on her with the deepest interest, which he could not avoid betraying. And who was he? The reader shall know. In a city far away from the location of this city he lived.—He was a young man of no mean endowments, and literary accomplishments, and wealth—all that heart could wish—was his. For several months, with the deepest interest, had he perused the articles in one of the most popular periodicals in the country, published in this city, written by our heroine over an assumed signature, but bearing evidence not only of having been written by a female, but one of no ordinary cast of mind. With each succeeding article his interest increased, and he came to the determination to form a personal acquaintance with the authoress, whoever she might be. But how to ascertain her real name and residence were questions more easily propounded than decided. The only plan that to him appeared feasible was to inquire at the publication office of the publisher. It was with difficulty that he induced the publisher to disclose the secret confided to him by his correspondent; but he finally succeeded, and immediately set off to the seminary, and arrived there on the day of her examination. Our readers have doubtless, ere this, guessed that the personage last introduced was Cyrus Bordale; if so, they need not guess again.

Of her circumstances, so far as poverty or wealth was concerned, he knew nothing; and he had seen too much of the blind adoration paid to wealth, and the unhappy consequences of giving it preference to real worth, to wish to be made a victim to selfishness. And he determined that whoever shared his wealth, should do so not for that, but for him.

Accordingly he passed in that village for an itinerant artist, and was attired in indifferent apparel. In his assumed character he obtained an introduction to, and acquaintance with Emeline. If, from perusing the productions of her pen, he had been induced to respect the talents of the author, a personal acquaintance produced in him emotions of a deeper, purer, holier nature.

As he sat by her side, and listened to the sublime sentiments that fell from her lips; as with her he walked beneath the moonlight's pale beams; as her fingers swept skillfully over the keys of the piano, and her well-cultivated voice accomplished their music; and above all, as he had evidence that she had given her affections to her Redeemer, he felt that she was, indeed, one with whom it would be no ordinary blessing to journey through the rugged lane of life. The fact (which he learned from her) that she had, by dint of her own perseverance and toil, encountered difficulties of no small moment to achieve what she had, in his view shed a rich lustre over her character. He wooed and won her. Months glided by to the boundless ocean of eternity, and the time when Emeline was to leave the friends of her youth was at hand. None but those who have been under the necessity of tearing themselves away from the home and friends of their childhood, can appreciate her feelings. Emotions strange—painful and yet joyful—pervaded her bosom, and tears came unbidden to her eyes, as she reflected that this was the last night she would remain under the roof of her endeared relatives; that on the morrow she was to go with him, on whose arm she was hitherto to lean, far, far away. No wonder, then, that she looked sad, no wonder that the sadness of her countenance attracted the notice of her affectionate aunt.

The morrow, the memorable morrow, came. The king of day rose in all his loveliness and grandeur, and shed a rich lustre over the varied hues of autumn, while the soft September wind gently waved the forest trees. A few among her many friends assembled to witness the ceremony, and to give their parting blessing to the young bride who was now about to leave them, perhaps forever. The sun was sinking behind the western hills, and threw lengthened shadows across the landscape, as Mr. and Mrs. Bordale stepped into a carriage which was to convey them to a steamboat some half mile distant. On the third day they arrived in the far-famed Empire City; their carriage stopped before an elegant mansion.

"This," said Cyrus to his bride, "is your future home. When you consented to become mine, you supposed you were uniting yourself to honest poverty; and this stratagem I used, that I might be sure of winning one uninfluenced by considerations of a selfish nature!"

And here we will leave them, while we learn the lesson that obstacles may be overcome by fortitude and energy of character, and that virtuous perseverance will be sure to meet with a reward.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

It is a very usual and a very natural thing for men—and women too—to sink down when discouraged, when obstacles present themselves in the way of easy progress through life. The apprentice, the mechanic, the clerk, the merchant, and the professional man, will *slur* over what they find to be difficult or disagreeable in their rounds of duties, without once thinking of the wrong they do themselves and others, and the ever accruing evil which such a habit engenders. A constant self-watching is needed by all who would do well in the world, and they cannot get along without it. The apprentice and the clerk injure themselves more than their employers, when they give way to slothful feelings and become mere eye-servants; while on the other hand, by constantly keeping in mind and practising upon the motto, "Do the best you can," they earn the good will of all around them, and the satisfaction afforded only by an approving conscience. Then, when time and opportunity arrive for advancement, they rarely want a helping hand.

To "do the best you can," young man, is not to plod on day by day, performing the allotted round of duty uncomplainingly, without once thinking of better things or of independence for yourself and for those in whose existence yours is bound up. Neither is it on the other hand, to let the thought of your own superior worth, and the watchfulness for "chances" predominate in all you say and do, so that it can only be said "you do" your duty—nothing more. Nor yet is it to think of your work as so much task to be rid of as quickly as possible, so that you may spend every other moment in idleness or mere amusement, without aim or object beyond passing pleasure.

To "do the best you can," is, so far as possible, to lay down a course of life in your own mind to which you will attain if possible, and then keep your eye upon it, wherever you are, whatever you do. If you are determined to be a master mechanic, let every day of your apprenticeship show that you have learned some new thing or principle connected with your trade—no matter how trifling the thing may be. Strive to make the work which goes through your hands just such as you would be proud of if you had turned it out as an employer. Connect yourself with some library, or in other ways obtain books descriptive of the art or trade in which you are engaged. Lose no opportunity to obtain information upon every branch and minute detail of it. Relaxation you must have, of course, but while you seek and enjoy it, see if you cannot adapt even that to the aim you have chosen.

Your first steps in such a course will be hard ones; you may feel terribly discouraged, but persevere, and when you cannot do all you would, then do all you can, and be content therewith. But do not give up the contest, renew it day by day, and year by year. When you once get fairly started, the progress you make will encourage you on, and difficulties will vanish like mist. Soon you will gain confidence in your position. A superior intelligence will manifest in your work, and as you compare yourself with your fellow-workmen—those who work without thought or study, you will discover, little by little, that the secret of real success in life is perseverance and close application.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

PARIS Oct. 9

Among the rumors which have circulated—rather mysteriously, it is true—in two or three political circles, is one which I have refrained from noticing hitherto. Its revival in a more general, if not a more consistent, form than before, makes me now allued to it. This rumor refers to an alleged matrimonial alliance between Prince Napoleon and a Princess of the royal family of England. Whether there be any foundation for it I am unable to say, and only relate it as it is reported. The friends of the Imperial dynasty reason, it appears, in this manner: "The old prejudices which separated France and England have disappeared, like the smoke from the field of battle. The glory won in common, the dangers shared by brothers in arms, the sentiments of esteem and affection cemented by the generous blood which both have shed in combatting the same enemy, the resistance they have shown together for two years, not only to Russia, in arms against them, but to the intrigues of Germany, which looks on and waits—all concur in uniting and linking each day stronger and closer the two greatest nations of the earth, and it would *be rather with France that England should seek a matrimonial alliance than with Prussia, whose sympathies and whose wishes are well known to be for Russia, and Russia alone.*" They add that Prince Napoleon is also of royal race, and is even connected with the royal family of England by his mother, the Princess Catherine of Wurtumberg, who herself was a daughter of a Princess of Brunswick. But, Independently of that relationship, they look upon an alliance of the kind as a combination far more suitable, more useful, more politic than the other, and one which would be more in conformity with the actual relations of the two countries. I repeat that I cannot say whether the rumor is ill or well founded, but this is the second or third time it has been in circulation, and with the comments to which I have alluded.

NEWSPAPERS.

That able and excellent paper, the Richmond Enquirer, says: "There is no book so instructive as a newspaper; no knowledge so necessary to be acquired as that which can be gleaned from its columns, and acquired with half so much facility. It is not only the vehicle of the cheapest and most useful information, but it also affords the cheapest, most innocent and least cloying source of pleasure and happiness. A newspaper, in a large family, is sure every day to be the means of interesting, informing or pleasing almost every member of the family, especially where they live in the country, and see and hear little that is new. In the course of a year, a well conducted paper conveys information on almost every subject, or at least excites curiosity and enquiry on all subjects. To know what is nearest to us in time and in space, is most necessary, most pleasing and most instructive; and this kind of knowledge can only be obtained from newspapers. We would venture to affirm that there never was, and never will be, in a country situation, an ignorant family who took a newspaper. Let any parent teach his children to read and then subscribe to a paper and, and it is impossible that his family should not in time become well-informed, provided they live sufficiently secluded to be thrown upon the paper as a source of amusement. The dullest child who hates a book will, *in rainy weather*, steal up to a newspaper, read a marraiage notice, an advertisement or two and put it down. The next time, probably, he will become bolder, and get through "A Horrible Murder." Soon he will read short tales of fiction; then just before the election time he begins to peep into politics and even to read foreign news. By this time his curiosity on most subjects is excited, and overcomes his aversion and fear of books, and he is lured on to become a reading and well informed man. It is strange than any family, as a measure of economy, should be without a paper. Children see the world cheaply at home, in a newspaper, without the danger of bad association or the expenses of travel."

SERVED THEM RIGHT.—A number of young ladies were out walking in the country, and met a gipsy woman who offered, for half a dollar a piece, to show them their future husbands faces in a pool of water that was near. In their frolic they agreed to it, and paid her the money, the more readily as she promised to refund it if she did not fulfil her engagement. The girls were led to the water, each anxious to get a sight of her intended, but instead of the form and face they expected, they saw only their own rosy cheeks and laughing eyes below.

"Surely you are mistaken, woman," said one of them, "we see nothing but our own faces in the water."

"Very true, Miss," replied the gipsy, "but will not these be your husband's faces when you are married?"

There was no disputing this, and the girls saw they were neatly taken in, promised each other not to tell of it, and in the course of an hour had laughed over the joke in half a dozen gay circles, where they heard only this remark, "Good enough for you—served you right."

☞ In Europe people take off their hats to great men; in America great men take of their hats to the people.