

POETRY.

On the Death of a Sister.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I knew that we must part; day after day, I saw the dread Destroyer win his way.

And we have parted, MARY—thou art gone! Gone in thine innocence, meet-suffering one.

But not forever—in the silent tomb Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room.

No poetry in Eden?—where the flowers Clustered and blossomed from their native bowers.

No poetry in Eden?—where the song From thousand warbling throats was borne along.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Forged Patent.

BY A WESTERN RECLUSE.

Remember you no case like this? Or if Your memory none records, is such a one

MR. RUSSELL:—The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any who had not witnessed them.

One Saturday afternoon in the year 1819 a young man was seen approaching with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather the distillery of Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie.

Every one gazed with curiosity upon the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business,

Crosby eyed him keenly and suspiciously for a moment, without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a 'Yankee,'

Without a farthing—without a single letter or paper to attest that his character was honorable—in a strange land and sickness rapidly coming upon him—these feelings nearly drove him to despair.

The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eye around over the group, in a tone of deep and despairing anxiety, inquired, 'Is there none who will receive me?'

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simon Davis, an elderly man who resided near Crosby, and to whom the latter was a deadly enemy.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, but heard no more, for overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he fell insensible to the earth.

At length the crisis of his disorder arrived—the day that was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety 'watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of waking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn any thing further, and forbid his giving his story till he became stron-

ger. His name was Charles Wilson and his paternal home, Boston.

A few days afterwards when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson saw at the head of the bed, his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket book whose loss had excited so many bitter regrets.

This discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine that secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came and Mr. Davis did not return.—Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning he watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached and he was still absent, terrified at his long and unusual stay she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when her parent appeared in sight.

He uttered not a word, and went into his house and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that Lucy attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, during which a powerful struggle was going on in his feelings, he arose took his daughter by the hand and led her into the room where Wilson was seated.

It is not for myself, said the old man, that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life and it matters not how or where I pass the few remaining days of my existence.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds had been duped.

A new scene followed in which another individual was a principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it and barely remark that at the close, the old man took the hand of Lucy and young Wilson, and joining them, said, my children I cheerfully consent to your union.

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man and while he prayed they wept tears of grateful emotion.

It was a sleepless, but not an unhappy night, to the three inhabitants of the neat and cheerful dwelling they were about to leave and go they knew not where. It was then that young Wilson learnt the real value of money.

All night long he thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind—that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land and obtained the promise of a deed.

It is now time for the reader to become more fully acquainted with the history of the young stranger.

His father, Charles Wilson, Senior, was a merchant of Boston, who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the late war when the soldiers received from the government their bounty of 160 acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale.

On the morning of his son's departure Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois, who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain quarter section at government price, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on those terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson on this incident, and on the next morning after he became acquainted with the design of Crosby, with a trembling hand examined the letter and certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase, the identical farm of Davis.

what we wish to investigate in this city, and could spend another two months with profit in the like researches here.—Professor Robinson.

Effects of Civil War.—The Montreal Transcript says that the district of Chateaugay which has heretofore furnished some millions of feet of squared timber for the market, and the principal supply of cord wood to the city of Montreal for fuel, will not this year supply one foot of the former, nor one cord of the latter.

In this state of things, it would seem to us, famine can only be averted by the generosity of the loyal wealthy in the provinces, and of the British government. Contributions will be made from this side—if the enmity of the races should cramp charity in Canada—and the only way in which the far-sighted loyalists can prevent increased hatred to the British and attachment to republicanism, will be extending sympathy at home to the distress of the poor, and forgetting the cause of that distress in the existence and severity of it.

What is that to you, replied Crosby with a look of malice and contempt. 'I will answer you that question,' said Wilson, and acquainted him with what the reader already has learnt. Crosby, at first was stupefied with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees, and begged first the old man, then Lucy and Wilson, to spare him.

Affected with his appeals, the latter agreed to purchase the farm upon which Crosby lived, upon condition of his instantly leaving the country. He accepted the terms and with his family fled to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative? Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion rose up on the farm of Mr. Davis, both loved far better the little room where she had so long and anxiously watched over the sick bed of the homeless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich, but never forgot those who were in want.

Cheered by the kind and affectionate attention of his children, Old Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence. He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright-eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the FORGED DEED.

English Language.—As of all existing languages and literatures, the English is most replete with benefits to the human race, so it is overspreading the earth with a rapidity far exceeding any other.

From the Common School Journal.

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrige, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, they are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men.

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In this state of things, it would seem to us, famine can only be averted by the generosity of the loyal wealthy in the provinces, and of the British government. Contributions will be made from this side—if the enmity of the races should cramp charity in Canada—and the only way in which the far-sighted loyalists can prevent increased hatred to the British and attachment to republicanism, will be extending sympathy at home to the distress of the poor, and forgetting the cause of that distress in the existence and severity of it. Let matters take what course they will, we shall expect that there will be a great deal of emigration from both provinces to this country when traveling opens again; and if the emigrants will take possession of uncultivated lands in their new homes, without attempting war upon the Canadas, there can be no objection to their taking refuge in a ready made republic, instead of striving to create another. But as to making Uncle Sam a shield for their predatory incursions on the provinces, they will find the day for that past. People will have more to do next season than they had last, and in attention to their proper and legitimate business, will let conquests and dreams of conquests alone.—N. Y. Sun.

FAITH AND WORKS.—A worthy son of the church in the West Highlands, who had peculiar opinions touching the "full assurance of faith," having to cross a ferry, availed himself of the opportunity to interrogate the boatman as to the grounds of his belief, assuring him that if he had faith he was certain of a blessed immortality. The man of war said he had always entertained a different notion of the subject, and begged to give an illustration of his opinion. "Let us suppose," said the ferryman, "that one of these oars is called faith and the other works, and try their several merits." Accordingly, throwing down one oar in the boat, he proceeded to pull the other with all his strength, upon which the boat turned round and made no way. "Now," said he, "you perceive faith won't do, let us try if works can." Seizing the other oar, and giving it the same trial, the same consequence ensued. "Works," said he, "you see don't do, either; let us try them together." The result was successful; the boat shot through the waves, and soon reached the wished for haven. "This," said the honest ferryman, "is the way by which I hope to be wafted over the troubled waters of this world to the peaceful shore of immortality."

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