

SPRIT OF JEFFERSON.

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JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY.

The gloomy night before us lies, The reign of terror now is o'er— In gory, inhuman scenes, In honours of harpies are no more. Chorus—Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice! To Tyrants never bend the knee! But join with heart and voice, For Jefferson and Liberty!

KNOWLEDGE—ELOQUENT AND TRUE.

Young D'Israeli, recently made an eloquent speech at Manchester, in the course of which he remarked that the Prince of all philosophy had said, in an immortal apophthegm, that "knowledge is power"—but it is not true that "knowledge is power."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place; it cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on the wave, and then sink into darkness and nothingness; else why is it, that the aspirations that leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unattended? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, then pass away and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness?

THE COST OF FASHION.—From a pamphlet sent us we learn that five hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in the United States, for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuations of fashion.

HARRY HOWARD AND LUCY FLEMING.

Many a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the memory of the most pathetic incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fades like the mist, and leaves heart-rending griefs unexplored. Elegies and dirges might indeed have well been sung amid the green ruins of yonder cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a calm-ashed shaken down by the storm.

Up Forest-Ulswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains of Grassmere by the majestic path of the solitary Haws, still as every new star arose in heaven, with it arose a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed.

Every day, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour he spent before the young poet's eyes—and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr. Howard was, or even indeed if that were his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of good birth, and all with whom he had conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice, and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold.

What wild scheme does not love imagine, and in the face of every impossibility achieve? "I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in the place of all the world. I will myself breathe light over her being till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away, perennial and self-renewed. In a few years, the bright, docile creature shall have the soul of a very angel—and then, before God, and at his holy altar, mine shall she become forever—here and hereafter—in this paradise of earth, and if more celestial be, in the paradise of heaven!"

George D. Prentice.

sorrow for himself when his passion dies—when the dream is dissolved; and when, in the place of the angel of light who now moves before him, he sees only a child of earth, lowly born, and long rudely when left to himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold.

In spring Mr. Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city of London—and on his return at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent, were still together. And now a letter came to the Fold, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold.

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Encircled with arms that lay around him softer and silkier than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit-lying even on his own maiden's bed, and within her very bosom, that he had been so long absent.

Three days and three nights we have said he hid beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his eyes were fixed on the winding sheet, eyeing it, without a single tear, from foot to forehead, and sometimes looking up to heaven. As forgotten beings in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he—and so he would have done, on and on to the most far off funeral day. From that chair, close to the bed-side, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept.

The company assembled—but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the sylvan slope, and away round the head of the lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied here and there, as it passed, the way-side houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sounds of psalms; but he saw, he heard not when the sound of the last spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he saw by; but all the while he was lying where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life.

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Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes and mortal griefs over his face, in expressive of a reasonable soul. It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth, yet, when left to himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold.

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MATERNITY.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps, Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps; She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies, Smiles on her slumbering child with positive eyes, And weaves a long and melancholy joy.

The softest, sweetest, and most delicate touching feature in the domestic circle, is where maternal solicitude discovers itself in the thousand nameless little attentions towards loved innocence. The pencil of Raphael would be inadequate to the task of delineating the expressive, the soul-thrilling gaze of her whose throbbing breast beats affection to the precious little one, lent her the skies.

THE BALL ROOM AND HOME.—A ball-room! what a scene of common-places! how hackneyed in novelty, how trifling in excitement! and yet ball-rooms have a character and a sentiment of their own for all tempers and ages.

HEAD AND HAND LABOR.—The Bangor Whig has the following excellent remarks on the subject of labor: "What honest vocation can be named that does not contribute, in greater or less degree, to the enjoyment of men? It may be humble, indeed, but it goes to swell the mighty aggregate; it may be the fill that trickles from the mountain's side, but it diffuses fertility through the valley, and mingles its drops at last with the ocean."

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.—There is something pure and exalted in early friendship. It is the result of unsophisticated feeling. Unacquainted with the deceptions of the world, the heart then resigns itself to the dictates of nature. Disimulation is not in the spirit's emotion. There is a perfect correspondence between the outward conduct and the inward state. No false character is assumed—no heartless professions made. What friendship appears to be then, so it is.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—There are at this time upwards of 600 paper mills in the United States in full operation, with a capital of \$16,000,000, and giving maintenance to upwards of 60,000 persons.

WINTER EVENING SONG.

Not a leaf on the tree—not a bud in the hollow, Not a leaf among the blue-bird and blossoming rose; And hushed in the cry of the swift darting swallow, That circled the lake in the twilight dim close.

The Poor of the Great Metropolis.

The London papers sometimes teem with cases of deep distress, produced by poverty, starvation and despair. We have before us several of this kind, and of a truly painful character. A woman was recently taken before one of the magistrates for some slight offence, who said that she had four children to support, two of whom were dangerously ill of the small-pox; that she worked at stay-making from morning till night; and she only received three farthings a pair for her labor.

HONORING PARENTS.—What can be more tender and beautiful than the following simple narrative? As a stranger went into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave.

FALL OF THE LEAF.—The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its great lesson? Who, as he sees the frost-withered leaf driven by the fitful gusts of autumn winds, is not reminded that such is human life?

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