

a raging fever. The breakfast soon went on, however, but poor Kate was too much accus-

"I'm sure you're not well, dear," said Mrs Ross, to her young guest, about an hour after, as they sat alone in the parlor. "Tell me what I can do for you? perhaps you had better lie down awhile; you are so still—you couldn't be, unless you were sick." Kate looked up, with a sweet, affectionate smile; her doubts were giving way; she judged others by her own warm, impetuous heart. "You are very kind," she said, rising, and taking the hand of her friend. "I will make a resting place of the sofa, no doubt I will be as noise as ever, after a nap." To the sofa Kate went! adjusted herself in a comfortable position, with her face turned to the wall, not to sleep, but to think, without being obliged to talk. "She is an affectionate being," thought Kate, with something of remorse in her heart, for what she considered her harsh, and hasty judgement. Mrs Ross flung a heavy shawl over her, that she might not take cold, then stooped, and kissed her softly, whispering "Pleasant slumbers, dear Kate." With a light step she then left the room. "She is kind," said the young girl, with tears coming in her eyes, "and I'm ungrateful, to think of her, as I have done, only for a few passionate words. How do I know, but that she was very much provoked." Thus she cogitated, for about an hour, when a noise, as if some one falling, came from the basement stairs. A loud scream followed. It was little Henry's voice. Kate sprang quickly from the sofa, opened the parlor door, and ran through the hall. She leaned over the balusters, to look down. "Oh! you little pest!" cried the child's mother, who was picking him up, in a loud, angry tone. "Hold your tongue! you are not hurt, and march up stairs again, as fast as you can. This is what you get for coming down here. I told Anna to take care of you. March back, or I'll box your ears!"

"Hurt my head, mother," sobbed the poor little fellow. "No, you hav'n't. If it would keep you still, I should be glad of it. Go up stairs!" "Anna told me to come and get a drink." "She did, hey! well go up, and tell her to get it for you, herself. I told her expressly, not to send any of you down here, to be tormenting me, when I'm making pies and cake. You may go into the parlor and see if Miss Fisher is awake; she'll take care of you if she is." Kate started back, with a crimson blush; then started forward again, indignantly, to take little Henry's part. But Mrs Ross had gone into the kitchen, and did not see her. "Come here, darling!" said the tender hearted girl, advancing, and taking the sobbing boy's hand, as he was mounting the stairs. "I will take care of you if no one else will." She led him into the parlor, and after seating herself, took him in her arms, and kissed his cheeks, while her own tears mingled with his. "Poor little fellow! what will you be, with such a mother!" she murmured, resting her head on his little shoulder, to hide the tears of pity, she could not restrain. "Enough to break his little heart!" half inaudibly, as she raised her face, to look into his brimming eyes, with their grieved expression. "Don't cry, Harry; you're Kate's little Harry, darling!" Her soothing voice, her tender kiss, and the caressing hand, she laid among his bright curls, soon dried his tears. He sunk to sleep in her arms, and more than one warm drop, fell from the pitying eyes of Kate Fisher, as she looked down upon him, and watched his infant breathing. She was unhappy, disappointed, home sick. Her light hearted gaiety was gone; she longed to leave the house of Mrs Ross, and to see their own little parlor again—to sit by her mother's side and while she listened to her words of comfort and affection, to know they were also the words of truth. "I'll not ask for variety, very soon, if it is to be of this sort," thought poor Kate, with a half sad, half mischievous smile, on her lip, for a moment. "Nor will I wish to be like Mrs Ross, when I get to be thirty years old,—so delightful in company," and again came that smile, between mischief and sadness. "Ah! this will be a lesson to me, to cultivate rather, the qualities that will make home pleasant. If I carry in company a right earnest will to see others happy, I can do well enough, if my tongue is not always laden with interest and eloquence. It is all selfishness in me, I really believe. I am right, just as I am now, if I only try to do the best I can." Kate smiled very complacently, for we generally feel pretty well satisfied, when we compare ourselves with a person who is worse. And she certainly was comparing herself with her hostess. "But such a disappointment!" and a shade of sadness came upon her young face, and chased away the smile. Dinner time came, and Mrs Ross was sunny as a May morning; but her visitor was silent and pensive. She had made up her mind to return home, that very day, and right glad she was, that her head ached, as an excuse. She meant to leave, on the strength of it, and she feared every moment it would desert her. "I am sick, Mrs Ross, I must go home," Kate said, with an abruptness, that startled herself, on rising from the dinner table. It flashed across her mind at the moment, that she was not telling the exact truth, by giving her headache as the reason. She colored, and hesitated, as Mrs Ross said "Kate! is perfect astonishment. "I am home sick, Mrs Ross," the young girl said, with a strong effort at frankness; her fingers fairly tingled. "Oh! very well!" replied the lady, coldly. "I certainly have no wish to detain you in a place that is disagreeable to you. I am sorry my

efforts to make your visit pleasant, have failed so entirely." The eyes of Mrs Ross flashed, and her lip curled angrily, as she fixed her gaze upon Kate's downcast face.

"Don't think I'm ungrateful for your kindness to me,"—began Kate, raising her eyes timidly, but she dropped them again quickly. She encountered an expression, she once thought the face of Mrs Ross could not wear. After hesitating a moment, she bowed slightly, said "Good morning!" then hurried out of the room. She went into the nursery, and kissed all the children fondly. In five minutes more, she was flying home with fleet steps.

"Oh! mother, such a story as I have got to tell you, I am almost afraid you won't believe it!" she exclaimed, bounding into the parlor, where her mother sat, and flinging her arms around her neck. "O, I've hurried home so, I can hardly get my breath."

"Well, what is your story, Kate?" questioned Mrs Fisher, with a smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"Why, Mrs Ross is a passionate, deceitful woman! It is true, mother. It is so imagination of mine. She puts on all her amiable airs and graces, for company."

"I knew all this, Kate, but you had so strong a desire to be like her in society, I thought as you wished to visit her, it might teach you a lesson you would not soon forget. I hoped it might show you, that our efforts ought to be as strong, to play the agreeable, at home, as abroad."

"But mother, I should have thought you would have told me her character."

"You know I don't approve of telling people's faults, unless some good may result from it. I knew you would be sorely disappointed, but I trusted that your good sense would make it profitable. You must learn to prize people more for moral worth, than for the amusement they afford you. I suppose the friendship is now entirely broken off between us."

"O, I hope so!" was Kate's fervent response.

From Graham's Magazine. THE TRIAD.

My first born! I have marked in thee  
A soul that loveth to dare—  
Wild winds across a stormy sea  
Thy bark of life will bear.  
Young eaglet of the household nest,  
Turned sunward is thine eye;  
A pulse is in thy little breast  
That beats full strong and high!  
I tremble when I hear thee speak  
In tones of clear command;  
Ambition's flush is on thy cheek,  
His iron in thy hand.  
Oh! guard thy ruling passion well,  
Or wrecked thy bark will be;  
Alone can Virtue ride the swell  
On Glory's troubled sea.  
More bright than gift of fairy land,  
My second born, art thou!  
The breath of Heaven never fanned  
A lovelier cheek and brow:  
An angel art thou, child, sent down  
To cheer my darker hours,  
And gifted with a spell to crown  
E'en Grief's bowed head with flowers.  
Daughter!—(Love's most enchanting word)  
Thy voice is music's own,  
And ever like the note of bird  
Announcing winter gone.  
Jane gave thee birth, and in thine eye  
Her azure I behold;  
On that soft cheek her roseate dye,  
In those bright locks her gold.  
My last born, if I read aright  
The language of thy glance,  
Thou hast a soul to drink delight  
From streams of old romance,  
Each nerve is delicately strung,  
And through thy little heart,  
When minstrel lay is played or sung,  
Wild thrills of rapture dart.  
A star, of ray benign and clear,  
Presided at thy birth,  
And filled, in slumber, is thine ear  
With music not of earth.  
Thy bolder brother's prayer will be  
To sway the fiftful throng—  
Thine, gentle boy—"Enough for me  
The golden late of song!"

From Graham's Magazine. ROCK MOUNTAIN—GEORGIA.

The parting rays of the sun lingered among the tops of some lofty trees, bathing their dark drapery in a mellow radiance, as we emerged from a deep forest shade, in full view of the place of our destination—the Rock Mountain Hotel. This establishment is situated at the western base of the Rock Mountain. We were so much fatigued with a long day's travel, that we deferred our visit until morning. The western view of the mountain, though perhaps the most beautiful, is not calculated to give the beholder a just conception of the magnitude and grandeur of this remarkable object. To obtain this, he must visit the north and

south sides, both at the base and at the summit. After we had breakfasted we commenced our survey. Pursuing, for half a mile, a road which winds in an easterly direction along the base of the mountain, we arrived directly opposite its northern front. There the view is exceedingly grand and imposing. This side of the mountain presents an almost uninterrupted surface of rock, rising about 900 feet at its greatest elevation. It extends nearly a mile and a half, gradually declining toward the west, while the eastern termination is abrupt and precipitous. This side is not perpendicular, but exhibits rather a convex face, deeply marked with furrows. During a shower of rain a thousand waterfalls pour down these channels, and if, as sometimes happens, the sun breaks forth in his splendour, the mimic torrents flash and sparkle in his beams, like the coruscations of countless diamonds.

Near the road is a spring, which, from the beauty of its location, and the delightful coolness of its water, is an agreeable place of resort. It is in a shady dell, and its water gushes up from a deep bed of white and sparkling sand. A more exquisite beverage a pure taste could not desire.

We ascended the mountain, accompanied by the owner of the tower. This singular edifice, somewhat resembling a light house, is an octagonal pyramid, built entirely of wood. Its base, including abutments 30 feet in length, is 100 feet square; its height is 165 feet; it stands upon the rock with no fastening but its own gravity. It was erected nearly three years ago, at a cost of five thousand dollars. The erection of a lofty tower upon the summit of a high mountain, is certainly an unique and curious exploit. The projector and proprietor is Mr Aaron Cloud, of McDonough, and his work is commonly called Cloud's Tower; it is truly a cloudy affair. We ascended to its summit by nearly 300 steps; the prospect we obtained is wide and beautiful. By the aid of good telescopes in the "observatory," we distinguished five county towns, three of them at a distance of thirty miles; the lower part of the tower is fitted up as a hall for the accommodation of parties; it is 100 feet in length; here the young and gay not unfrequently tread the mazes of the merry dance.

Among the curiosities of the mountain, which our guide pointed out to us, there are two which are deserving of notice; one is the "Cross Roads." These are two crevices or fissures in the rocks, which cross each other nearly at right angles; they commence as mere cracks, increasing to the width and depth of five feet at their intersection; they are of different lengths, the longest extending probably four hundred feet. These curious passages are covered at their junction by a flat rock about 20 feet in diameter. Another is the ruins of a fortification which once surrounded the crown of the mountain. It is said to have stood entire in 1788; when, or by whom, it was erected is unknown,—the Indians say that it was there before the time of their fathers.

The mountain embraces about a thousand acres of surface; its circumference is six miles, and its summit 2,230 feet above the level of the sea. This beautiful scene is in the county of De Kalb, and is much visited during the pleasant months.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

It is useful as well as interesting to notice the changes, for the better or worse, which ten or fifteen years serve to operate in a community. Mr Cist, of the Cincinnati Advertiser, furnishes the following instances in that city:

I know a business man on Main street, who was refused credit, in 1830, for a stove worth twelve dollars. He is now a director in one of the banks, and is worth \$150,000 at least. Every cent of this has been made in Cincinnati during that period.

I know another business man, on Main street, who was refused credit in 1825, by a firm in the drug line, for the amount of five dollars. In 1830 that very firm lent that very man 5,000 dollars upon his endorsed note.

I know an extensive dealer in the city, now worth 100,000 dollars, and who can command more money, on a short notice, for sixty, ninety, or one hundred and twenty days, than almost any man in Cincinnati, to whom I, as clerk for a grocery house here, in 1830, sold a hoghead of sugar, with great misgiving and reluctance, under some apprehension of not getting the money when it became due.

I know a man whose credit, in 1830, was such, that when I trusted him for a keg of saltpetre, my employer told me I might as well have rolled it into the Ohio; since that period he was worth 100,000 dollars; again bankrupt in 1841, and now worth 20,000 dollars.

I know a man, good for \$30,000, who, ten years ago, exhibited a monkey through the streets of Cincinnati for a living.

I know a heavy business man, a bank director, who sold apples when a boy, through the streets.

I knew one of our merchants in our city in 1825, who could at that period have bought entire blocks of the city on credit, a director in one of the banks, who, within ten years of that period, died insolvent and intemperate.

Another individual, who was considered in 1837 worth half a million of dollars, has died since, leaving his estate insolvent.

Another individual, of credit equal to all his wants, and worth at one time \$12,000, and a Judge of the Court, died in our city hospital, and was buried at the public expense. I have seen him once and again presiding at public meetings.

The founder of the Penitentiary system at Pennsylvania, and well known in that State, and elsewhere, as a public man, died a pauper in the Commercial Hospital in that city. I have seen him addressing the Legislature of that State, at Harrisburg, and listened to with

the attention and deference that would have been paid to John Quincy Adams, or any other public man of his age.

I know a lady, the descendant of a distinguished governor of Massachusetts, who supports herself by her needle; and the niece of a governor of New Jersey, still living, who washes for subsistence.

I know a lady who, thirty years ago, in the city in which I then lived, was the cynosure of all eyes, one of the most graceful and beautiful of the sex, and moving in the first circles of wealth and fashion, now engaged in drudgery and dependence, at one dollar and fifty cents per week. All these reside in this city.

What are the fluctuation of romance writers, compared to some of the realities of human life?

New Works:

From Ephemerides; or, Occasional Recreations at the Seaport Town of Tant-Perd-Tant-Paye. By Robert M. Hovenden, Esq.,

DOMESTIC TASTES AND HABITS OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

I will own that I find something inexpressibly charming in the good taste and good feeling that pervades all domestic relations in France. Where will you look for better parents—better children? Whole families to the third and fourth generation, living harmoniously together, under a common roof! What is the case in our own England? Has it not passed into a proverb with us, that a double *Menage* is a very delightful thing in theory, but a very impossible one in practice? A house so divided, is divided against itself—it will surely fall.

It is not in trifles only that the difference consists between our own and our neighbours' modes of thinking and living. It were a small thing that one person passed his evening within doors, and another in the open air. Our climate is damp; the climate of France is dry. Go into the Champs Elysees at the close of the hottest day in summer, and you will find no moisture on an iron railing; Go into Kensington Gardens under the same circumstances, and you will return home, certainly with damp feet, probably with toothache and rheumatic twinges. Here the fact of dew or no dew settles the question in a manner which admits of no appeal; the decision rests upon the fitness of things. But there are other points of national dissimilarity which cannot be so summarily dismissed; and these are subjects that may be canvassed and compared with advantage, if we enter upon the examination in a spirit of truth and candour. Let us take one or two, out of many.

We will first suppose the father of a family in England, with a moderate but comfortable fortune. How does he dispose of his two or three thousand a year? His sons are sent to an expensive school; his daughters are brought up in an equally extravagant manner at home. He must have his riding horses, and give dinners; his wife must keep her carriage, and receive in the evening. The whole establishment is conducted on the best possible scale, compatible with an annual expenditure of two or three thousand pounds. At the end of the year how stands his account with his banker? It shows no surplus; indeed, the world will call him a prudent man, if it exhibits no deficit. In the mean time, his sons grow up, and are to be advanced in their several professions; his daughters come out, and are to be provided with husbands. The two necessities clash; and between the two, the comfort of his own existence is compromised. He cannot reduce his expenditure—that would injure the prospect of his girls; he must do something for his boys—they cannot remain idle at home all their life. Here, then, is a dilemma which resolves itself into a very awkward question of ways and means.

Now, what system would a French *pere de famille* pursue under similar circumstances? He has *trente mille livres de rente*, and is, in fact, the representative of the same sort of class to which the Englishman, with whom we compare him, belongs in his own country. He lodges in Paris, in some street selected with a view to cheerfulness and convenience, rather than to fashion. His son, or sons, if he have more than one, receive an excellent education at the College of Henry IV, College Charlemagne, or the like, for the trifling sum of five or six pounds a year. Amongst fellow students of every class, from a prince of the blood to the peasant's son, he is in the heart of an entire microcosm. His daughters attend classes where, if less time is wasted than with us in cultivating accomplishments, with very little regard to the pupil's taste or capabilities, far more attention is paid to the acquisition of useful or solid knowledge. The consequence is, that the young Frenchman goes into the world at an early age, really a man of the world; the young Frenchwoman, when she marries, is not a mere puppet at the head of her husband's table; she is his friend, the sharer in his pursuits, the guardian of his interests.

Our *rentier*, again, during the college vocation, goes to his *terres*, if he is a landlord proprietor; if not, to "*les eaux*." In either case he rarely spends more than two thirds, or at most, three quarters of his income; the remainder is put aside, to furnish a provision for his sons, or dowries for his daughter during *his own lifetime*. This he can afford to do; he has always had a surplus, of which he can now divest himself without difficulty or embarrassment, and his accumulated savings come in aid of that disposable portion of his income, which is to ensure the comfort and well being of his children.