

ers; and not a single ornament was visible upon her person but a gold chain to which a locket, containing the hair of both her parents, was attached.

Kate was already surrounded by her usual suite of admirers, but her heart was elsewhere; and while she replied gaily to the light words of those around her, her eyes would wander restlessly toward the door.

The mistress of the mansion had early in the evening announced to her guests that a sybil would be in attendance in an adjoining room, from whom all those who chose to consult might receive a few words of either advice or prophecy. Kate and Amy Leslie were among these who took advantage of this intelligence.

Kate entered the room first. It was a spacious dimly-lighted apartment and apparently unoccupied; but looking anxiously round as she entered, Kate perceived a small closet in a remote corner of the room which evidently had been erected for temporary use. Scarcely had she closed the door of the apartment when a light knocking proceeding from the closet met her ear; she approached nearer to it, and as she did so a sealed note fell to the floor from a slight crevice high above her head. Hastily opening it she read:

"Beautiful? Yes! Those deep blue eyes On heaven have gazed till they caught its dyes, Thou hast been seeking the rose to sip Its dewy bloom for thy balmy lip; Thou hast been out in the radiant air Wooing the sun with thy wavy hair, For a rich gleam breaks through its braids of brown Like a smile from day's bright eye sent down: Beautiful? Yes! But the rose will fade, The smile grow dim which bright eyes wear; The gloss will vanish from curl and braid, And the sunbeams die in the drooping hair! Turn from the mirror! And strive to win Treasures of loveliness still to last; Gather earth's glory and gloom within, They will be thine when youth is past."

A half wondering half scornful smile wreathed the beautiful lips of Kate Leslie, but it faded quickly away and was succeeded by an expression of painful thought as placing the paper in her bosom she turned to leave the room.

It was Amy's turn next, and from that same crevice fell at her feet a little billet which contained these lines:

"As lightly floats the water-star And gems the limpid stream, Thy graceful radiant loveliness A star of earth doth beam! As 'neath the wave its seeds are nursed For future bloom above, Within thy soul thou cherishest Hope, meekness, faith, and love. And like the germ thy soul shall rise When earth's cold bonds are riven, Inhale the light in cloudless skies And bloom—a star in Heaven!"

Sweet Amy Leslie! For an instant her eyes rested with an incredulous gaze upon the paper; but the next moment a slight scream of surprise burst from her lips as the door of the mysterious closet was hastily unclosed and a manly form issued forth and knelt supplicatingly at the feet of that bright earth-star, beseeching her to cast the radiance of her pure spirit over his life-path. And could Amy refuse with those eyes gazing so pleadingly into her face, and that voice breathing its low, subdued, and tender tones into her ear?

Many wondered why fair Amy Leslie remained so long in the Sybil's chamber; but when she at length came forth few noticed the bright flush that so softly tinged her cheek, and none knew how strangely thrilling were the sensations that came crowding so tumultuously upon that young and gentle heart.

The following morning all that had passed was related to Kate, and Amy Leslie little thought as she told the tale of her happiness that she was inflicting a mortal wound upon her cousin's heart.

'And was it Edgar Seymour who personated the Sybil?' asked Kate, while her cheek was blanched, and she scarcely dared trust her voice above a whisper for fear of betraying all she felt.

'It was,' replied Amy, blushing, 'but dear-est Kate,' she continued, 'you have not yet shown me the lines that you received from the Sybil.'

But Kate had turned away, and Amy was too busy with the thoughts of her own bright destiny to notice the quivering lip and pallid cheek of her cousin. Poor Kate Leslie! Thou wert thyself to drain the chalice thou hadst so often unwittingly prepared for the lips of others!

'I could have brooked his coldness,' murmured Kate, in a low broken tone, when they were once more alone. 'I could have brooked his coldness, but scorn—his scorn—oh! it is surely more than I can bear!' But she wronged her cousin. At the request of the lady who presided at the above mentioned party Seymour had consented to act the part of Sybil; but he knew the contents of none of the sealed notes intended for the fair applicants except one, and that one he had himself selected for Amy Leslie.

Not many weeks afterwards Amy was united to the one her heart had chosen, and Seymour and his gentle wife immediately departed on a tour to Europe. Pride alone had supported Kate through the scenes that blighted her heart's brightest hopes; but when the confusion and

excitement of the wedding were over her spirits entirely forsook her, and she mixed no more in the gay society where she had ever moved as a luminary. Day by day her cheek grew paler and thinner, and her eye beamed with a strange unearthly light; but though her heart was broken a holy peace rested there—that peace which passeth all understanding. And thus she passed away from earth, and her spirit took its flight to that brighter clime where sorrow is unknown and where the weary are at rest.'

New Works.

ANAGRAMS.

An anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly surprising, and afford a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:—

- Astronomers.....Moonstarers.
Democratical.....Comical trade.
Encyclopedia.....A nice cold pie.
Gallantries.....All great sins.
Lawyers.....Sly ware.
Misanthrope.....Spare him not.
Monarch.....March on.
Old England.....Golden land.
Presbyterian.....Best in prayer.
Punishment.....Nine thumps.
Penitentiary.....Nay I repeat it.
Radical Reform.....Rare mad frolic.
Revolution.....To love ruin.
Telegraphs.....Great helps.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

It is difficult to discover what are the exact sources from which spring the thrilling feelings of joy and satisfaction with which we look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters not, or at least very little, what are the pleasures which we have enjoyed in after years—what are the delights that surround us—what are the blessings which Heaven has cast upon our lot—whenever the mind, either as a voluntary act or from accidental associations, recalls, by the aid of memory, the period of childhood and the things which surrounded it, there comes over us a gladdening sensation of pure and simple joys, which we never taste again at any time of life. It must be, at least in part, that the delights of those days were framed in innocence and ignorance of evil, and that He who declared that of such as little children consisted the kingdom of Heaven, has allotted to the babes of this world, in the brightness of their innocence, joys similar to those of the world beyond—joys that never cloy and that leave no regret. What though some mortal tears will mix with those delights? What though the flesh must suffer and the evil one will tempt? yet the allotted pleasures have a zest which not even novelty alone could give, and an imperishable purity in their nature which makes their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and speaks their origin from heaven. I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. I see the same sweetness and the same simplicity pervading the youth of all nature, and find in the dim violet, the youngest child of spring, an image of those early joys, pure, soft, and calm, and full of an odour that acts upon the sense more than that of any other flower. Thus it is, I suppose, and for these causes, that in looking back upon the days of my youth though those days were not so happy and so bright as they are to many, I feel a secret satisfaction which I knew not at the time. Yet those hours indeed, as one who gives a diamond to a child, bestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not till many a year had passed away.—The Man-at-Arms.

PERSEVERANCE OVERCOMETH DIFFICULTIES.

There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks: they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will, can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the dull and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. It is better to wear out than to rust out, says Bishop Cumberland. There will be time enough to repose in the grave, said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry,

since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet; justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as the risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till 'it is made hot.' Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that 90 or 100 hours clear enough for observations cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite their incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friends will never attempt to reconcile them.—Sharp's Letters and Essays.

ROMANTIC STORY.

MARIE, an orphan girl, was returning one evening with a flock of sheep belonging to her aunt, who lived in the village of Licq, in the Pyrenees, and who had brought her up from her infancy, when she heard cries of distress from the summit of Monjauret, down which she had herself descended a considerable way. Yielding to her good feelings, she left her charge and re-ascended until on a narrow plateau near the top, she saw a man in mortal struggle with an enormous bear. With undaunted courage she assailed the ferocious animal with her iron-shod crook, and soon turned its rage upon herself. The man thus freed from the grasp of his redoubtable enemy, became again the assailant, and, with the effective aid of the girl, at length succeeded in destroying the animal. Meanwhile a violent storm came on and dispersed the flock of Marie. The ways were steep and dangerous, and Manech, the young Basque whom she had helped, was grateful, collected her sheep and drove them home. An intimacy naturally ensued. Manech represented the beauty, courage, and affection of Marie to his father, requesting his consent to their marriage. The father, however, not only disapproved of it, but commanded his son under pain of disinheretance and malediction, to prepare to wed a bride whose fortune would increase his own ample store.

Overwhelmed with despair, the lovers made a mutual vow to die together. A false sense of duty, however, induced the youth to comply so far with his father's commands as to go to church and plight his faith to the wife chosen for him by his inexorable parent. The moment the ceremony was concluded he turned from his bride, and pushing his father aside with marks of indignation, forced his way through the assembled crowd, and rushed with all his velocity to the well-known summit of Montjauret, where the poor deserted Marie had arrived before him, faithful to the fatal assignation previously made. He called to her, she heard his voice; but fearing his presence might shake her resolution, she did not wait for his approach but plunged down a tremendous precipice. The next moment Manech followed her down the gulf, and some days after their mangled bodies were found close together on the rocks below.—Sentinelle of Bayonne.

AN ELECTIONEERING BILL.

Table with 2 columns: Description of electioneering activities and their cost in pounds and shillings. Includes items like 'To eating sixteen freeholders above stairs for Sir John, at 3s. 3d. per head'.

THE FORCE OF PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals and railways. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade with the general design and the last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded by the slender force of perseverance of human beings.

Temperance.

THE DRUNKARD'S CATECHISM.

What is your name? Drunkard, at your service, sir. Who gave you that name? As strong drink is my god, and rum-sellers

and their wives my godfathers and godmothers, they gave me that name in my drunken spree, wherein I was made a member of strife, a child of war, and an inheritor of a bundle of rags!

What did your godfathers and godmothers then do for you?

They did vow and promise three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the comforts of my own fireside. Secondly, starve my wife and hunger my children. Thirdly, walk in tatters and rags, with my feet going splat, splat, all the days of my life.

Rehearse the articles of thy belief.

I believe in the existence of Mr Alcohol; the great head and chief of all manner of vices—the source of nine-tenths of all diseases, nine-tenths of all the pauperism, and nine-tenths of all the crimes. I believe in a set of vendors, wholesale dealers and manufacturers of this liquid fire! And lastly, I not only believe, but I am sure that when my money is all gone, the vender will stop the tap!

How many commandments have you drunkards to keep?

Ten.

What are they? The same which the vender and his wife spake in the Bar, saying, We are thy master and thy mistress, who brought thee from the paths of virtue, placed thee in the ways of vice, and set thy feet in the road to perdition.

- 1. Thou shalt use no other house but mine.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any substitute for intoxicating drink, such as cold water, tea, coffee, lemonade, or ginger beer.
3. Thou shalt not enter lest thou spend, for we will not thank thee for using our house in vain. Remember, thou eat but one meal on the Sabbath day.
4. Six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy gains; but the seventh is the Sabbath, wherein I am forced to shut up for a few hours: in which I wash my floors, mend my fires, replenish with saw dust my spit boxes, and make ready for the worship of Bacchus during the remainder of the day.
5. Honor the rum-sellers and their wives with thy presence, that thy days may be few and miserable in the land wherein thou livest.
6. Thou shalt commit murder by hungering, starving, and beating thy wife and children.
7. Thou shalt commit suicide by poisoning thyself with alcohol.
8. Thou shalt steal thy wife's and children's bread—strip them of their clothes, and rob thyself of all comfort.
9. Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the Horrors, and say that thou art in good health, when thou art laboring under the liquor-fever.
10. Thou shalt covet all thy neighbour is possessed of. Thou shalt covet his house, his land, his horse, his ox, his clothes, his purse, his health, his wealth—that thou mayest indulge in all luxuries. Thou shalt help the distiller to buy his carriage—his gay horses—his fine buildings—and thus enable him to live in pomp and idleness. Thou shalt help the wholesale dealer to strut about as a General or Councillor—to dress his wife in silks and satins, and to buy a Piano Forte for his daughters; and thou shalt help the rum-seller to all thy cunners, and enable him to buy a beautiful sign to put over his door, with "liberty to be drunk on the premises," painted thereon.

From the Washingtonian Journal.

THE LOST SON.

Dark thoughts and fearful are hovering round the quiet home of—. Grief had entered the loved home, and they mourned for their son. He, so bright, so beautiful, so good, had fallen! Yes, fallen! But not by the relentless hand of death. Had it been so, his friends could have laid their hands upon their breasts, and raised their hands in humble submission, and said, 'Thy will, O God, not mine be done.' But how could they thus pray, when he, their loved one, so long and so dearly cherished, had brought this desolation on himself and them?—His sisters too, they, who in love had so often imprinted the fond kiss upon his brow, proud of that dear kind brother, how could they now press their guileless lips upon his polluted cheeks, when he, their only brother, was a drunkard! Sad, very sad, were their thoughts, for the fountains of life and joy were all dried up, and as they surrounded the family altar, as they were wont to, there was a vacant seat, for the son and brother could not bow before his God with that dark stain upon his brow. He was a drunkard! The sad truth went like a bolt of iron to the hearts of his friends, for well they knew that the meshes of the syren tempter were woven fast around him, and as one by one their united efforts to reclaim him alike failed, they felt the sad pangs of disappointment and despair. Hark, the clock has tol'd the midnight hour, and still he comes not; with sorrowful, aching hearts, one by one, they have all dispersed to their sleepless pillows, for love keeps silent vigils over dear ones. The morning sun broke forth from the slumbers of the east, but it met with no happy group in this family, for this son was dead. Their noble and gifted one had died in an idle brawl, while they were waiting for his return. Soon the deep muffled bell tolls heavily, for it brings sad thoughts to their memory, and as they hear the heavy damp earth fall upon the coffin, they weep, for no ray of hope illumines the grave. They leave him there, and his name is forgotten upon earth, save by those faithful ones, and even there, around that social group, is seen the blush of shame when they remember that their son and brother was a drunkard.