

came the effort to restore her. He bound up the wound upon her temple; he chafed her cold, moist hands, and raised her in his arms, and bore her out from the shadow of the trees, that the cool breeze might play upon her cheek.

A world of pure, warm emotions crept over his soul, as she lay there so quietly in his embrace; he forgot the lessons of worldly wisdom that had been pressed upon him from his very childhood; he forgot, for a moment, all save his love—love, whose very existence he had hardly admitted before; and when he saw by the slight flush that mounted to her brow, that consciousness was returning, he murmured—

'Lily dear—dearest Lily—thank God that you are safe!'

The young girl started wildly, and he gently laid her upon the grass again, speaking low, soothing words, such as a brother might breathe in the ear of a younger and beloved sister, until she opened her eyes, and raising her hands to her brow, said—

'Frederic—Mr Gordon—where am I? How came I here?'

'That you can best tell yourself, Lily,' replied Frederic gaily, for he wished to dispel all her fears. 'I found you here in the woods, like the "fair ladies" we read of in the old romances, pale and breathless, with the blood flowing from your temple; and, of course, as a good and loyal knight should do, I did my best to restore you—that is all.'

'O, I remember now,' was the answer. 'I had been to see old Mrs Foster, in the cottage yonder; she is very lame this week. It was very warm, and I sat down under the shade of that maple to rest myself. I suppose I must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly aroused by the report of a gun. In an instant, I felt a sharp blow upon my temple—a large deer went bounding past me; and I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more, until, until—'

Lily paused, and a burning blush overspread her neck and face, as she recalled the words that had greeted her ear as consciousness returned.

Frederic drew her more closely to him, as he said—

'Go on, Lily—or shall I finish the sentence for you? Until you heard words that must have convinced you—of what, indeed, you could not have been ignorant before—that Frederic Gordon loves you. Was not that what you would have said, Lily?'

There was no reply; but, although Lily's lip trembled, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears, she did not shrink from his embrace, and Frederic Gordon felt that he was beloved.

'Forgive me, Lily, you are growing pale again—you are still weak. I should not have troubled you. Are you strong enough to walk home now, think you—dear one?'

'O, yes,' replied Lily, rallying herself. 'I am quite strong now. I imagine my temple must have been cut by a sharp stone thrown up by the hoof of the deer, as it rushed past me.'

Few words were spoken by the young pair as they walked through the woods, in the dim twilight. Lily's home—at least, her home for the time being—was but a short distance off, and with a mere pressure of the hand they parted at the gate.

(To be continued.)

SCENE IN A SCOTCH COURT.

WHEN old Meg Muddockson sought in a Scotch criminal court for her daughter 'Madge Wildfire,' who had been privately arrested and imprisoned, the judge, hearing her in high windy clamour among the officers outside the bar, put on his spectacles, and looking down from the Bench with dignified gravity upon the scene of tumult, said:

'What does that old woman want here? Can't she tell her business, or go away?'

'It's my bairn I'm wantin'!' answered the beldame, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice; 'havent I been a tellin' ye so this half hour? And if ye're deaf, what need ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk screeching to you this gate? Gie me my bairn—an honest woman's bairn!'

'An honest woman's bairn!' answered the magistrate, smiling, and shaking his head, with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke the furious old shrew.

'If I'm no honest now, I was honest once,' she replied; 'and that's more than you can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kenned ither folk's gear fra' your own since the day ye was hatched!' 'Honest, say ye?—ye picked your mother's pouch o' twal pennies when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the foot of the gallows!'

She 'had him there,' as was well remarked at the time.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle, neighbours in work contract, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do:—"I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, what you are good for, and how do you expect to get through the world without a head? "What is the use of your head," replied the needle rather sharply, "if you had no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long." "Why not?" said the needle. "Because you will always have a stitch at your

side," said the pin. "You are a crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the pin. "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle. "And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin, "remember that your life hangs on a thread." "I would rather be threadless than headless," said the needle. While they were thus contending, a little girl entered and undertaking to sew she broke the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread to the neck of the pin, and in trying to pull the head through the cloth, she soon pulled its head off, and then threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle; "how much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lie down together like we are."

From Graham's Philadelphia Magazine. THE DAGUERRETYPE.

A MOTHER'S life! a mother's life! what pictured words are those! What frequent scenes of tenderness and beauty they disclose!

The patient toil, the watchful love, the anxious, sleepless, eye
All, all in colors beautiful, and all too bright to die.

A mother's life—her holiest thoughts, she watches them with care,
Lest a strain may fall upon the heart so innocent and fair;
The words she speaks in softest tones, she fears that they may wake
The cradled slumberer by her side, or bad impressions make.

She feels her home is brighter for the fresh pure spirit given,
And she gazes on her cherub as a sinless one from heaven;
All hearts have grown more tender, and kinder words there fall—
In the presence of an angel, who would dare to sin at all?

Then she hears a voice low speaking to her heart at midnight hour,
It breathes a blessing on her toil, a blessing on her flower,
And its whisper is the sound of Faith's melodious tone,
And that mother's heart is strong with a courage not its own.

Thus her ceaseless care and watching, that would wear a stronger frame,
But give her newer energy, as it from Heaven it came;
And she presses on, and presses on, in toils no others know,
Imparting all the good and true that her own heart can bestow.

She early sows the seeds of truth, and waters them with prayer,
Believing that her God will own her labor and her care;
Confiding trust and cheering hope, to her weak spirit given,
Encourage her to faithfulness—to 'train' the soul for Heaven.

A mother's death! a mother's death! how desolate that home
That only knows its blessings by the losses that have come!
They only learn to know the worth, the value of her love,
When its guardian influence is withdrawn to a better world above.

Oh, how sorrowful how lonely all places she has blest,
A dark and cold grave shadow lies on her couch of rest;
From out each fond memento her skilfulness hath wrought
There gleams a written record of praise she never sought.

Her 'life was hid,' no eye could see that world of thought within
That urged her own to duties, to the prize her soul would win;
If earnest wish, if earnest prayer for other's good on high
Has e'er availed, those names are blest: borne beyond the sky.

A mother's death! ah, though the clay may slumber in the grave,
How oft her living influence her children still may save!
So like an angel presence, with a low, soft word of love,
Breathing a warning to the heart, a blessing from above.

It seems to guard the bed by night, the path through all the day,
And sadly whispers of the wrong if e'er the footsteps stray;
It urges still those blessings which God alone can give,
Fitting them for peaceful death, fitting them here to live.

Her earnest eye is on them, it ever will be near,
They cannot see the waving wing, but murmured words they hear:
Yes, faithful Christian mother, though you here lie down to die,
Your blessed influence shall live when ages have passed by.

The Politician.

UNITED STATES PRESS.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

Now the great thing we need for our security is a higher morality in this matter. It is one of the especial wants of the age; and, unless supplied, there is danger that all other physical progress will be in vain.—There is a leak in the hold, which will surely bring the vessel down, with all its pride of sails and machinery. Under some of the old, and now obsolete institutions of society—such as those systems of regular trades and apprenticeships, that appear so inconsistent with what is called 'the liberty of the citizen'—there grew up a feeling which, if not morality, was near of kin to it. It was the habit of the trade, the *esprit de corps*, the conventional feeling which demanded excellence of workmanship in every department, as a good, and right, and honorable thing itself, independent of any particular destination of the article thus produced. It led each workman, whether high or low, to regard himself, as intrusted with the honor of the whole class. In the course of progress this has been, in a great measure, lost. Laws regulative of trades, and requiring a rigid oversight of all workmanship, would now be regarded as interfering with that individual 'liberty of the citizen,' which a modern legislator of some renown has not hesitated to declare to be 'more sacred than life, and to involve a principle beyond any claims on the score of humanity.'

Whatever, then, may be the termination of our transition period, it is obvious, that right here is required that higher moral principle, without which every other apparent improvement is only fraught with the greater peril. It is simply this, that every man who does any thing, should feel the obligation of conscience to do it in the best possible manner, irrespective of any destined uses, whether known or unknown;—in other words, to do good work for the sake of good workmanship, as a good and right thing in itself, and demanded by conscience on the ground of its own intrinsic excellence. It should be regarded as a sin to do bad work, as an offence against the Great Builder of the heavens and the earth, and that, too, even though we might be assured that no one would ever suffer loss or injury by our neglect. Every man who makes a shoe, or a shoe-string, should feel the same moral obligation to do it well, whether he makes it for the trade, as it is called, or for the most exacting customer; we mean, of course, good and strong in respect to work and materials,—the degree of elegance or beauty being determined by expected price or other considerations.—Every journeyman who lays a brick wall, and even he who mixes the mortar, should regard himself as under a responsibility the same in kind, if not in degree, with that of the architect who builds a cathedral. And thus, too, the man who hammers the iron, should do it in the light and power of conscience, and so apply his strength and skill to every blow as if he entertained the reasonable apprehension that its rupture (as in the late lamentable event) might occasion the painful death of more than thirty human beings. We can not express our thought better, than in the beautiful language, and still more beautiful ethics of the wise son of Sirach:—"So is it with every carpenter and workman that laboreth night and day; so is it with the potter as he turneth about the wheel with his feet, and maketh all his work by number; so is it with the smith as he considereth the iron work, while the vapor of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace: the noise of the hammer and the anvil is ever in his ears, and his eye looketh upon the pattern of the thing that he maketh; he setteth his mind to finish his work, and watcheth to polish it perfectly."

Any system of legislation, any ethical reform that would bring about such a fidelity in workmanship as an accompaniment of progressive skill in invention, would furnish the grand security for a rational progress—a progress that would not be ever in danger of destroying itself by the vehemence and rashness of its own movement.

Under the power of such a reform, and such a morality, labor would be both enhanced in price and elevated in dignity. It would do more than all social arrangements, which do not embrace the principle, to relieve the present deep depression of the laboring classes. Conscientiousness in every work is the true equalizing principle, the true ground of all fraternity that deserves the name. It is the real leveler, or rather the elevator which brings all departments of industry, however marked by external differences, to the same moral rank. The man who, with a conscience in his work, faithfully converts vile rags into good paper, is a higher being than he who prints or writes a book without it. It would impart too, to the humblest workmen, a political importance to which they would never attain by listening to the demagogue, or reading the Sunday newspaper. It would give them a proud station in the body politic, and make true, in the most honorable and republican sense, what our ancient preacher seems to have expressed in its more aristocratic or conservative aspect.—"But these is the system of the world maintained; they make firm the building of the age; and without them a city could not be inhabited."

Next, we must spend a word upon the hotels of the town. Where is this all to end? Are we to have no privacy? Will all our homesteads be built up three stories more, and the basements metamorphosed into reading-rooms; and some French landlord sandwich us at dinner with a German Jew, and a German baron in a wig? Are we running stark mad? Is there no hope of quietude left? Must our bridal chambers be described in the newspapers, and must all our wants in this life be answered by the trick of a 'Jackson's patent Annunciator?'

The fever is really growing serious. Our own wife (our bachelor friends must not be jealous) is instant for a private parlor in the third floor of the St. Denis, or the Metropolitan, or the Clarendon, or the Union, or the Manhattan, or the Grammercy, or the — knows what!

On enquiry, we find it will cost us—for room, thirty dollars a week; for board (three persons), fifteen more; for fires, lights, and servants' fees, some ten more; and, as it would never do to have such a parlor without wines, and concert tickets, and a hack, we may put down the total at eighty dollars a week. Eighty multiplied by fifty-two, makes four thousand one hundred and sixty dollars, which sum (if we were not already married) would make a dividend, of which we alone would be the divisor, and our little green purse the quotient, until the end of our days!

Seriously, matters are getting severe.—This California influx, and this concert fever, and this hotel mania, will drive us penniless to our graves! We would recommend in all sincerity to the benevolently disposed, the establishment of a society for the promotion of small rents, and general domestic economy. We are convinced that it would promote marriages, happiness, and quiet rest.

Next to the hotels, we have to make a short note in respect of crowded streets; specially of Broadway. How does it happen that no other city of the world, of whatever magnitude, is so hampered with the plethora of street goers, as ours? If we are not misinformed, a foot-passenger has a reasonable chance of picking his way across the London Strand, or Oxford street, or Thread-and-Needle street, without any serious risk of life or limb; but surely the same can not be said of the lower half of Broadway. In Paris, where the omnibuses will transport a man from one corner to another, in any and all directions, there is nowhere such crush and jam as belongs to our terrible Broadway.

One reason of this difference will at once suggest itself; viz, the fact that Broadway is more peculiarly the great thoroughfare of our Island City, than in any one street of any other city of the world—not even excepting the Corso of Rome. It is the spinal marrow, to which all other streets are but the vertebrae. But besides this another reason may be found, in the foul haste which pervades every thing like business, or travel; that undue haste which shatters our boilers, and makes our rivers race courses, drives the very carmen to infuriate speed upon our highways, and infests every Irish cab driver. We are even now plotting a railway to take us from our breakfast into Wall street, and we shall soon have a railway to Greenwood! We live and die by steam!

Travellers all remark that our streets are full of men 'in a hurry.' There is no place for quiet walkers; they are hustled off the trottoir; they are knocked down by sharp hand cartmen; they are jostled by the women; we are all in a state of nervous tremor; we all need the cure of quietude.

But quietude works best by system; and is the best medium of real force and progress. On this text we would like to preach.

As a beginning of system, why may not all those heavy materials, which cumber so much the street in their passage from the North River docks to the old wards upon the southeast of the town, be denied the passage by Broadway, and be transported by the parallel avenues? What is to forbid a healthful municipal enactment, forbidding cars of merchandise to appear on Broadway, except they are for the delivery of freight at some store house immediately upon the street? What is to prevent the entire exclusion of enormous timber, and boilers, which day after day choke up the thoroughfare, and which only take the transit by Broadway to humor the caprice of some indolent driver, who solaces his loitering habit with a sight of the shop windows and the equipages? What lies in the way of street cleaning, whether by shovel or broom, at an hour of the morning when the street current will meet no check, and when no passers by will be choked with dust, save the lack of that energetic system which we beg leave to propose?

Must it always be, that our town should remain a by-word and a reproach for its slack municipal management, and its want of all the healthier regimen of an advanced civilization? We make no apology for talking in this strain even to our country readers; those who have been beleaguered upon the street for a half hour together, will join in our petition for reform; and we have no doubt that every transit through our thoroughfares, is as new to the wish of our country visitors as to our own.

Among the old schemes which have been bruited for the 'relief of Broadway,' one deserves record for its novelty, if not for its magnificence. It proposes the establishment of a huge longitudinal cavern, traversing the