

## MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

### AUTUMN.

The smiles of the Summer are past,  
The labours of Flora are o'er;  
Ab! seasons too charming to last,  
And almost too fleet to deplore.

Of late like the sailor so gay.  
Who sings in the top of the shrouds,  
The lark from on high too'd his lay.  
Now seen, and now lost, in the clouds.

Of late how the banks were array'd,  
Wherever you rivulets run!  
Of late, and the swains sought the shade,  
To hide from the rays of the sun.

The seasons are past—O how frail!  
Like dews of the morning they fly—  
The flow'r has forsaken the vale,  
The tenant of ether, the sky.

What were the wild elements wage,  
Chill Autumn has taken his stand,  
And seems as he howls, to presage  
The horrors of Winter at hand.

Ah me! how august how sublime  
A lesson for wisdom is here!  
How swift are the foot-steps of time,  
How transient the dates of the year?

Our Summer of life must decay—  
Its Autumn at farthest is near;  
Then let us be wise while we may,  
Ere time steals a march on our year.

Let us husband, with care, lest it die,  
The taper of life, while it burns,  
And learn to improve as they fly,  
The days which can never return. IDEO.

### THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

#### A SKETCH.

Mary Irving was the daughter of a humble cottager, who earned his daily bread by the labor of his hands and the sweat of his brow. She was his only child the light of his old age, and the comforter that, in health, was the delight of his heart, and in sickness the minister of every restoring gift. All the village knew her for a dutiful daughter, and wondered not at the extreme fondness of the old man for his child. Now that her mother was dead, and her brother far away from the land of his birth and the home of his infancy, having enlisted as a soldier early in life, where could a father's preference be bestowed more justly, than on one who sacrificed every thing to make him happy, and who seemed alone to draw delight from the silent smile that ever sat on his countenance. But, alas! the spoiler came, and robbed the nest of domestic felicity.

Albert Jones was a young man, the son of a neighboring farmer. He was a youth of a happy, light, and careless turn of mind, and possessed a warm, friendly heart, at least such was every one's opinion, and every one could not be wrong. But alas! every one was wrong in that instance, and the fatal termination of the whole told a fearful tale of human fatality.

Albert Jones wooed Mary Irving, and pressed his suit with all the warmth and assiduity of a young enthusiastic lover.—Having gained her heart, he soon won over the scruples of the old man, who wished to see his daughter settled in life, ere he departed hence; and his few white hairs, and his wrinkled brow, warned him that the period was not far distant.

Mary Irving became the wife of Albert Jones, and every one said they were a couple made for each other; but the honey-moon was scarcely over and gone ere Mary saw that her husband was far from what she had dreamed him to be.

Every village boasts its alehouse,—every village has its due quantum of choice spirits, as they are called,—and every village has its little club that meets at nights to discuss politics, and something stronger than small beer.

Here, then, did Albert Jones flourish, and here did his happy spirits kindle beneath the influence of spirits of a more exalting, and sometimes too of a more humiliating nature. He had a heart formed to make a homely heart happy, but early estrangement from such it would seem, had poisoned the sweeter current of his mind, and turned the waters that might have flowed in calmness, to enlighten and endear his domestic moments, to gall and bitterness.

Many an evening had Mary to sit up till midnight, waiting the return of her husband, and when he did appear, reeling with drink dissatisfied with every thing, she would wipe the tears from her eyes, but her heart forbade her to rail and be angry; she gave her gentle rebuke, hoped he might reform and pitied him. Months passed on, but no change for the better on Albert Jones; and Mary felt herself a mother. She was delivered of a daughter; but instead of rejoicing at the circumstance with the fulness of a mother's joy, she was sad, downcast, for she saw nought but want staring her in the face, and trouble and distress around her.

The babe was but four days old, and the mother had not recovered from her weakly state, when one evening as usual, she was waiting the return of her husband, and was propped up in blanket by the side of the fire, for she could but barely move about. The night was cold

and tempestuous. The rain was pouring down in torrents, as the wind, which had been high in the afternoon, and kept the clouds apart, had now gradually fallen and calmed. Mary Irving trimmed the lamp that stood by her side on a small oaken table, and stirred the fire into a more kindly and cheering light. She again threw herself back into the chair, and keeping her eye fixed on the warm glow of the fire, her thoughts involuntarily wandered back to the fireside of her father's cottage, and to the many happy evenings she had spent there. How different,—indeed how strikingly different were the two in comparison—her present home from the one that had watched over her infancy! But she still, amidst all his imperfections look back to the days when he came as a lover, and sung the songs of Scotia's delightful bard, woed, and won her simple heart. The favor of a first love is too deeply felt ever to be erased or succeeded by another; for the heart, young and untutored, riots on and revels in the luxurious feelings that then haunt the mind and soul. And she had felt all these, and though times were now different with her, indeed, yet still they shone in her chaste memory like the softened twilight that succeeds a brilliant sunset. She was indulging in such dreams, and endearing her husband bad as he was and had been, more to her heart, when suddenly she was startled from her musings by the door bursting open, and her husband reeling in worse than ever, and staggered forward to a chair. "You look worse to-night, Albert, than I have ever seen you," said Mary, as she approached where her husband sat and looked him kindly in the face. "No wonder, Mary," said he, in broken accents, but softer than usual; "only look here—here's for you—see what John Williams has done," and pulling off his hat, the blood gushed out from a fearful wound in the back of his head. Mary screamed out with terror when she looked on the wound, and no wonder, it was an awful one. "Albert! Albert!" was all she could articulate; but Albert heard her not—he had fainted. She used every effort which in her haste her ingenuity could devise, but Albert was beyond the reach of human aid. By her screams she brought her neighbors to her assistance; the village doctor was procured, but too late to do any good; he was carried into his bed, and laid down for the last time. When Mary saw and felt that she was a widow, and that Albert had gone to his last account in that fearful condition, it was more than her brain could bear.—They had barely laid him down, ere she started up suddenly from her chair into which she had thrown herself but a moment before, and rushed no one could tell why, to the cradle where her sleeping infant lay, and snatching it up, hurried out of the house into the rain and darkness. All present petrified by the suddenness of the action, and struck dumb and motionless by the portentous looks of the distracted mother, could only gaze in each other's faces, in silent astonishment. However, when a few of them were again restored to recollection, they went out in search of her, and of course their steps were first directed to her father's cottage. There, in truth they found her, but too late to profit their friendly aid in consoling her distresses—she was past them all.

Pr. Indeed! that's rather below the usual price of advertising.

Q. Very true—but then I thought as how, being a new beginner here, as there a little advertising, gratis, might be better than nothing. And I always feel disposed to help my fellow creatures, as far as I'm able—I think its no more than a christian duty, I do.

Pr. How long do you suppose it would take to fill an empty purse, by advertising gratis?

Q. Why, I don't know as to that particular—but one thing I'm morally certain of; it helps a man amazingly to get into business, to do it for nothing. Now as to my own particular, I have a good deal of advertising to do, and if so be you'll do it for nothing, you shall have all my custom in that way.

Pr. Thank you sir!

Q. Not at all—you are as welcome as the flowers in May. Ah! one thing that I had forgot—I shall expect you to send me a newspaper now and then, (gratis of course) which you know, you can very well afford to do, to a good customer—besides, you know, I don't take your paper.

Pr. Very true—and, as one good turn deserves another, I could not possibly refuse you a paper, after advertising for you for nothing.

Q. No I think not. But as to the present particular, I—

Pr. One thing, I had forgotten—you have a little money to let, occasionally, if I mistake not.

Q. Why, yes, a cool thousand or two, occasionally.

Pr. I should be glad to borrow a thousand dollars, or more if you like, on your own terms.

Q. Well, now that's clever—I like to see men willing to pay for a thing? My terms are 20 per cent, and you may have one or two thousand dollars, just as you like, on good security.

Pr. You mistake me, sir. When I said I should like to borrow money on your own terms, I meant the terms you proposed to me in advertising.

Q. Lend money for nothing? a thousand dollars of money, gratis! a pretty money making business, truly!

Pr. Precisely like advertising gratis.

Q. Lend money for nothing! Why, do you think I'm a natural fool? But the presumption of some folks is astonishing—Lend money for nothing! gratis! gratis!

Pr. Why, having considerable use for money I thought I could no less than offer you my entire custom, in the borrowing line, on the very liberal terms you were pleased to offer me for advertising.

Q. Excuse me, sir; I never lend money in that way, not I. Good bye to you, Mr. Printer.

*Jephthah's Daughter*—It is astonishing how little has been written or spoken upon that most exalted of all the sacrifices ever made by mere mortals, which is recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Judges. The divine historian has not even given us the name of the fair victim. Jephthah returning from the slaughter of twenty cities, and the complete conquest of the enemies of Israel, rashly vowed that, whatsoever should come forth of the doors of his house to meet him, should surely be his Lord, and should be sacrificed with him!—His daughter, an only daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite, indeed an only child, gay in all the loveliness of youth and beauty, and animated to enthusiasm by the prospect of her brave father's approaching triumph *came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances* unconscious of the awful doom to which she was destined! When, in all the agony of regret and sorrow he announced to her the vow which he deemed irrevocable. How dignified her composure, how unparalleled her heroism! She resorted to no sophistical evasions to avert the blow that impended over her untimely fate. *My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth forasmuch as the Lord hath a vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon.* All she requested was that herself and the companions of her infantile pleasures might be permitted to wander for two months upon the lonely mountains, to prepare herself for a death more glorious than that of the most celebrated hero of ancient or of modern ages. Compared with this how trifling the boasted sacrifice of Iphigenia, a story, indeed, which, from the silence of history, who could neither have forgotten nor disposed an incident so suited to his state, and so capable of embellishing his poem, we ought to regard as altogether fabulous.

Sweet simplicity of the patriarchal ages, ennobled by self-devotion more sublime than that of Codrus and of Curtius! It is the business of a soldier and a king to die in the field of battle, but what could a poor rural girl feel of martial enthusiasm or expect of future fame.

*Old Maids*.—A certain lady living, as some say in a state of single blessedness; but who was quite anxious to change it; attended a holy meeting, where she heard one of your real old fashioned preachers bold forth. On her return home, in remarking upon the services, she observed she liked the minister much, as he prayed particularly for her. "Now—said one of the family—I do not recollect any thing that you particularly refer to." "Why yes, replied she, after mentioning the parish the sick the dying, the widow and the fatherless, he prayed for those who had 'unmentionable troubles' and I am sure if there are any who come under this description, it is us poor old maids.

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Pr. Why, so so.

Q. Is that all? Why, then, I think as how I can help you a little. Here is a bit of an advertisement I'll get you to put in your paper, if so be, supposing you'll do it for nothing.

From the Berkshire American.]

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Pr. Thank you sir!

Q. Not at all—you are as welcome as the flowers in May. Ah! one thing that I had forgot—I shall expect you to send me a newspaper now and then, (gratis of course) which you know, you can very well afford to do, to a good customer—besides, you know, I don't take your paper.

Pr. Very true—and, as one good turn deserves another, I could not possibly refuse you a paper, after advertising for you for nothing.

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