THE SACRIFICE. BY JOSEPH CHANDLER.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry. But in my breast and in my brain Awake the pange that pass not by, The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.

My soul nor deigns nor dares complain Though grief and passion there rebel; I only know we liv'd in vain.

1 only feel-Farewell !- Parewell !

In the Spring I love to walk along the allevs of Laurel Hill, to mark the first expanding of the tree buds; and to see the dowers spring timidly up in the uncertain sun, and trembling at the breeze that sweeps rative of the day's conversation and evenits delights in this place; flowers mature, and fruits and vegetation strengthen, the trees stand out proud in their thickened foliage, and the scythe of the mower cuts down the accumulation of grass that pours its rich odors upon the senses in delightful luxuriance, like the blessed memory of those whom death hath laid beneath the teeming soil,

The Autumn has double charms: the seared leaf sweeps widely round in the eddying between the tombs; and the grass has sobered down its hue. Standing amid these things, one thinks of the decoying forms of added Amelia, blushing deeply. men ready to be shaken into the receptacles below, and this life loses a portion of the come.

Nor is Winter destitute of delights in make a monument for some air spirit that me this afternoon." had ceased to do the errand of love.

Here and there the rose-bush extends its thorny branches without a leaf, and the is not lost. An open grave at such a time has not all the repulsive looks that it posseses in other seasons; the fresh earth comes up with comparative warmth, and the deep pit seems a hiding place to which we may retreat from the chills of the world, until the storms of life shall have passed away, "and one unbounded Spring encircles all.

Leaning, some weeks since, over the post that forms the landmark of some lot to a man who had never announced his in holder in that populous abode of the dead. and looking down into a grave re-opened to receive a new ten int, I discovered through the thin layer of gravel below, the comin plate of the first occupant of the place; and on inquiry learned that the husband's grave had been opened to receive the body of the

wife. The chilly air of a February day, and the coldness increased by a layer of snow upon the ground, induced me to retreat into the house, where I found a person awaiting the funeral. It is natural to discourse of the dead when we lay them in the earth and as neither my associate nor I had direct interest in the fate of the deceased, the freedom of feeling on the part of my companion, who seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances of the deceased.

Few young women of our city were deemed more attractive than Amelia Wilberson Her beauty, her cultivated mind, and the respectable position of her family, gave her consequence in the eyes of young men; more than one of whom made an offer of name and hand, including of course, for the present at least, a heart also. And it was vident that one of the many found his hopes strengthened by the good wishes of the parents, and not repressed by any perticular coldness of the object of devotion.

Mr. Tudor, of respectable connection is the east, and fair standing in this city, demanted of the mother of Amelia permission to address the daugther; and having received the sanction at the end of the week, her daughter desi- less of the tender, wife-like solicitude, than he claimed, it was expected by the parents which that Amelia would communicate to them the proposition which she should receive. She was silent, and subsequently addressed evaded the subject, and continued to treat Mr. Todot with as courtesy, at least, as the most favored visitors at the house could

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"My daughter," said Mrs. Wilberson to Amelia, one day as they sat in the chamber of the former, "not only do you appear to treat Mr. Tudor with reserve unbecoming the position in which he has placed himself tired. in our family, but I am fearful that you are acquiring with him and with others a name not desirable to one so frank and candid as you who, in a vain attempt to talk of some com- as some new sympton is developed. It is have generally been."

"Mother, I respectfully but promptly declined the offer of Mr. 'Tudor.'

"Promptly, my child, but not decidedly -too promptly to give the appearance of having well considered the offer, and yet not with the circumstances and decision that for-

bid a hope from perseverence." "Shall I to-day, mother, give him the answ r verbally, or by letter!"

"Not by any means, my child, unless he has to- lay renewed his offer to you."

"He has not. I hope he will not." "You don't like him, then?"

"It is impossible to dislike Mr. Tudor for any qualities which he may possess." said

Amelia, somewhat hesitatingly. suspect-to believe rather let me say, for evidence of love. suspicion is not the word to use toward you Sant

Amelia made no reply.

"Then, my child, you love Henry Wil-1

"Mother, could I love him without his avowal of affection for me?"

ha. Has Mr. Wilder offered himself to him answer.'

"Never, never, mother." "It is strange," said Mrs. Wilberson

But it was not strange, neither father nor ward in the active scene, where the young advised haste in further packing; and innocent heart of their child was open. When Tudor and his wife reached Havanand innocent heart of their child was open to every impression. They heard her naracross the Schuylkill. Summer, too, has ing's amusement; but where there is neither coquetry nor artifice, the young female has derived benefit from their expenditures, and

> agitated as it begins to love. "Does Mr. Wilder love you, Amelia?"

"I think he does." "Why then has he not avowed it?" "Perhaps the difference between his po

ition and that of father's is the cause." "But, Amelia, his position is good no as was your father's at his age."

"That may be true, mother, but he is ery proud you know-and very bashful,

"Amelia," said Mrs. Wilberson, "I have received from Mr. Tudot a direct offer for undue attraction that keeps us from a profi- hand. He thinks he is acceptable, and he table contemplation of that which is to knows, so he says, that he can make you happy. He has been constantly in compa-ny with Wilder, and seems never to have such a place. Thick masses of snow he suspected an attachment between you two; here and there in grave shapes, as if the spirit of the storm had fanned and winnow- Mr. Wilder. He presses his suit with great ed the purest production of the clouds to earnestness, and will look for a reply from

Amelia turned pale at the proposition, and vet was not wholly regretful. No wo.nan ever received such an offer from a respectashriveled stems of flowers stretch up from ble man without a sence of pleasure-of beneath their snowy covering, monuments gratitude, indeed-self love is gratified, even of kindly affections, and evidences that all though the love for another is for a moment disturbed.

Mrs. Wilberson pressed the suit of her client with the earnestness of a patron, and vet without the authority of a probable comforts which it would ensure; while she gently hinted, to alarm the pride of her daughter, that it would be a source of mortification to her to find that she had refused so desirable an offer for the sake of constancy tentions, or even his wishes to her, and might, for all she knew, fulfil a marriage

Amelia was distressed, and having made some reply to her mother, asked time to consider the proposition. "Let me," said she. have one week in which to make up my

mind." "And at the end of that time," said Mrs. Wilberson, "Mr. Tudor may depend upon

gossip was not destroyed by any delicacy of poor Amelia with an aching head, weighed Tudor and his wife returned to Havana the merits of the young men, hoping that and took passage to the United States, Wilder would relieve her from the position

in which she was placed. be given, the two young men left the house ed his home in Philadelphia before he found together, and Tudor in the fullness of his bimself so unwell that he was compelled to heart told Wilder what he awaited on the call in medical advice. The disease gained

coming morning. Wilder passed a sleepless night.

"Miss Wilberson: I ask only two days; I relinquish all to Tudor.

"HENRY WILDER."

he had that morning been accepsed at Mr. be discharged, something of a slight jealousy Wilberson's; "at least," said he, "I am of all that would share in, lest they should

placed on probation." "But you are not well, Wilder"

will leave you." at the request of the latter, once or twice especially for the unceasing attention with postponed, but at length took place. The which she had soluced him in sickness, and manly virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness insured gratitude, and the shringing away from society by Amelia was wife, ful of grateful affection, "all these, construed by Tudor into special affection for Amela, at these are fruits of your undivihimself; who could tell that it was not so? ded love; any Heaven bless you for such The constant attention which a virtuous kindness of cart to one who could only wife bestowns on a worthy, aloving hus- try to deserve it. How happy have I been

-is it that you cannot like Mr. Tudor her husband found it necessary to convey one so pure." on account of qualities in another per- her to one of the West India Islands, to avoice the rigors and changes of the winter -the spirit fled while was breathing out months in the Middle States.

"Put into my trunk," said she to her seryant, "that work-box; a Christmas present," and I have not used it since the night before Laurel Hill. "Your own heart will tell you that, Ame-the day you troubled my mother so early for

finds himself well and easy where he is; if which had adorned his character, and most he stands even in need I trust he will remem- of those that commenced his memory to that neither your father nor I have seen ber that he has friends who are able and willing to serve him."

A tear glisented in the eve of Amelia; her

no conference with even a mother upon that were anxious to prolong the advantages of the visit by multiplying its comforts.

strange confusion with which her heart is One day, when alone in her chamber, Amelia opened her trunk and discovered the she had brought from home, and she deterhastily broke the seal and read

> "Philadelphia, Jan. 16, 1811. "Miss Wilberson : I have for months ought to express to you in words the feelngs and the wishes with which your charms have inspired me. I am sensible of my unworthiness-but I cannot answer to my own heart for the lasting misery I should inflict upon myself, were I at this moment. and under existing circumstances, to allow my fears and my consciousness of undeservedness to prevent me from addressing you by letter. I am unable at the present moment to find an opportunity to address you orally. How much and how long I have entured to love you I will not attempt to describe; but I know that my proposition may come too late to-morrow. May I hope -may I venture to approach your parents with the assurance that you have not forbidden me—give me at least a few weeks to hope in—I know where the danger lies and who is my rival-I do him no wrong-I only ask that I may win your affectionsif he has them, then God bless him-nay, he s blessed-and he is worthy the blessingwill call at your door to-morrow morning; if you will not see me, a single word by letler, through your servant, will inform me of my fate and my duty.

"Most respectfully,

When Tudor returned to the room, his wife was sitting apparently abstracted, with the letter of Wilder crushed in her hands. She seemed the very picture of despair. "Are you well?" asked he.

"I am faint, very faint."

While Tudor hastened to produce some aid. Amelia thrust the letter into her trunk, and awaited her husband's return.

From that day Tudor marked a change in Almost every evening during this impor-tant week Tudor and Wilder were, with of duties, and more fixed attention to reethers, at the house of Mr. Wilberson; and ligious concerns. The Spring arrived, and

Whether Tudor had imbibed disease in Havana, or whether other causes operated. On the evening before the answer was to it was not known; but he had scarcely reachstrength, and Amelia laying aside all other duties, or merging them in those of the next morning he addressed a note to Amelia, wife, devoted herself night and day to the in which only the following lines were pen-care of her husband. No application was made to him, no medicine administered without her direct aid. She hovered over postpone your answer until Monday even- his bed like a guardian angel, and seemed to ing, and if I do not prove that I deserve you lose all thoughts of self in her devotion to the sick. It was noticed by some, as remarkable, that the care and attention, pay, Mrs. Wilberson was astonished to hear, the language of Amelia to her husband had ros again to postpone her answer; but the of the thorough devotion, the all sacrificing letter of Mr. Wilder seemed to warrant the attention of the careful nurse. It is difficult reques, and she excused her daughter to to describe in words the difference between these two kinds of attention, and yet the Mr. Weler did not present himself at the difference is obvious to some. Religious house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday even devotion, a solemn sense of duty to our ing. There as company in the room du-kind, a deep and abiding sympathy for the ring the whole bening, and it was observed suffering and a familiarity with the office. that Wilder was so agitatated that he scarce. will make the sick bed labors of one most ly uttered a coheren sentence. He evident- efficient, most useful. If to these be added ly sight an opportunty to speak to Amelia, a deep, undisturbed, particular affection, He asked for Mrs. Wiberson; she had re- then there is a longer resting of the eyes upon the patient after the attention bestowed. The next morning, as Wilder was on his the hand lingers yet more upon the temple way to Mr. Wilberson's be met Tudor, it bathes, and a closer breathing is observed mon place subject, revealed his secret that not the duty performed, but that which is to

monopolize the labors. Amelia did her duty faithfully-and when "No, a sudden affection of the heart. I the gleam of reason returned to her husband, he thanked her for all her wife-like cares, The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, her patience with him under all trials, and "Is it then, Amelia, us I have reason to band, must to him at least seem to be the even on this bet, from which I felt I could not rise; how pread, indeed, to be thus atten-But the health of Amelia gave way, and ded, to be the single object of the love of

The lip of Tudor bembled convulsively its love and gratitude.

Amelia was unable to attend the funeral .BEHOLD IN HIS SOFT EXPRESof her husband, and it was not until some said she to her busband, "from Mr. Wilder, months after his death, that she rode to

Leaving the carriage, she was conducted to the grave of Tuder, and, handing over handsome boy ! "Poor Wilder," said Tudor, "I hope he the hillock, she thought of all the virtues her constant gratimde.

Strange it may seem to some-and perhaps unfaithful to the duties of one lately mother looked on to see what was going for- husband kissed the cheek which it wet, and | widowed - but, as she thus mused over the grave of Tudor, she thought of Wilder, of his love for her, of her feelings for him, of been married twenty-eight years.'. they made preparations for a winter's res- all that had passed, all that both had sufferdence in the interior of the island, and found ed, and then the new freedom of her own

> Let us not smile at such thoughts, under such circumstances; if the thoughts of every man or woman were blazoned forth. those of Amelia would seem natural and small box, the present of Wilder, which pure. They were pure; they were visitants, not tenents of the mind; they came, but she mined to dispose therein her housewife ac- entertained them not; and when she thought companiments. On opening the box she of her freedom, she chastened the mind. discovered a neatly folded letter, sealed and and, kneeling upon the new laid sod, she addressed to Miss Amelia Wilberson; she vowed solemnly, dutifully, sternly, to live and die the widow of him below. She would make a sacrifice of more than the Indian widow makes. The great suttee which should distinguish her mourning should be her heart. To cherish constant love for the dead, and to preserve herself from other its them addicated bellows." ove, is a sacrifice which any woman might make: but to sacrifice a love of the living to the memory of the deceased; to live day by memory of the departed, and consumed by love of the living, that should be the offering expiatory of the wrong which she had committed; a wrong unfelt by the object, but still inflicted.

Ameha tose from the grave of her husband, strong in her new formed resolution. on the care-worn features of Wilder. He was leaning against a large tree, and seemed absorbed in the scene before him. No sooner did he discover that he was seen by Amelia, than he turned suddenly and left the place. Annelia was conveyed to the carriage, and thence to her chamber. Several moths after that scene, a servant entered the chamber of Amelia, and said that a gentleman, wrapped closely in a cloak, had requested that a note should be given to her, and he would wait an answer.

The note bore only the words, "February 2, 1843. Amelia raised herself slowly from her pi'-

ow, and with much emphasis said: "Tell the gentleman he may meet me next week where he saw me last.

The heavy tramp of horses upon the frozen gravel walks denoted the approach of the this, with an air of surprise he cried funeral train. We went forth to the grave The coffin was born forward and lowered into its resting place. A short service was lingered to see the closing of the grave, and dinner." to think over the vicissitudes of her who had now come to rest in the earth with her husband, and to think of what have been her fate had her affections been allowed to minister to her comfort.

As the grave-digger took his shovel to conclude his labors, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"You will, my friend, pause a littleive me only a moment.

He looked down and sighed, "And here

at length we meet." The grave-digger thrust his shovel into

the earth and beckoned me away. When we returned, the stranger had drawn his hat over his brow, and was wiping some sand from his knees.

He departed. "Do you know that gentleman?" said I

to the grave-digger. "He visits us often," he said, "and I think he will soon take up his rest among

us here." "What is his name?" I asked.

He pointed to a stake-a land mark beween Tudor's burying-place and the adjoining lot-it was marked

.H. Wilder's lot." And, before the grass grew green upon the resting-place of Tudor and his wifebefore the birds had formed their new alliances of love and care-before even affection had planted a rose between these tenements, Wilder was carried forth to occupy the nearest place to Amelia which propriety would

The wife of the Rev. Mr. Burnam, of Boston, coughed up a half grown live frog the other day, which hopped about a little and then turned on its back and died. Ahem!

A few days since a Jonathan from the ye-I don'tears if I do take a small piece."

Life has no wretchedness equal to an illassorted marriage-it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections, and hopes gone by forever. So said 'L. E. I. '-Miss Landon.

SIVE FACE."

Corporal Streeter has got his likeness placed over his "higgledepiggledies." He's a

An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage coach, was amused by the constant fire of words kept up between the two !adies .-One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache? to which he replied, "no ma'am; I have

"Oh, there s nothing half so sweet in themselves comfortable among those who position passed her mind. She might in life," as the boy sung ven he got into the mgar cask.

> An Indian once brought up a young lion, nd finding him weak and harmless, never attempted to control him. Every day the lion gained in strength and became more untractable; until at last when excited by rage, he fell upon the Indian and tore him to pieces. Our evil habits and vile passions very much resemble this lion.

> "I say Bill." says not cov to airother, "what do them musical chaps mean by an accordian?" "Why, don't you know

.I advise you to put your head into a dye tub," said a joker to a sandy haired girl, "for day through a cheerless life, chained to the it is rather red. I advise you to put yours into an even, for it is rather soft," was the prompt reply.

The man of the St. Louis Organ has less music in him than we thought he had. He can't find out how the word bur-She turned to depart, and her eye rested up- garers has er too much. Any fool knows that it should read burglars.

> "I say, Mister, how came your eyes so all-fired crooked?" "My eyes!" "Yes." "That came by sitting between two girls, and trying to look love to both at once."

MODERATE SPIRIT DRINKING.

The following instructive anecdote appears in the Isle of Man "Temperance Guardian." in a letter from Mr. Towle.

man, whom I understood to have been intimate with Mr. Wesley, and once a useful local preacher. We entered into conversation about Mr. Wesley's times, when, a-

mong things he observed: "On one occasion, when Mr. Wesley dined with me after dinner, I prepared a little brandy and water. On perceiving

"What, my brother, what's that! do you "It is brandy," said I; "my digestion is

read, and the company turned to depart. I so bad, I am obliged to take a little after

me see." "(Inly about a table spoonful,"

"Truly," said he, "that is not much; but one spoonful will soon lose its effect, and then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass, and that in like manner. by habituating yourself to it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses, and so on, till, in the end, perhaps you will become a drunkerd. O, my brother, take care what you do."

taken the ti ely warning of his good friend fittering. This done, from year to year, Wesley. But, stast he tr d with his let we are sure of enough of good compost to the drops, until he setum, did become a keep us busy all winter to hauf it out, and tle drops, until he setum, did become a drunkard, ruined his reputation, and at the also a great improvement to the soil. I very time I had the interview with him he have been planting an upland plantation was a poor, old, miserable backslider, apparently within a few years of his grave.

PRETTY GOOD.

The Boonslick (Mo.,) Times, tells the following of one fo the constables in those

A friend who has just returned from the upper counties, informs us that while resting one day at a farmer's house, on the road side. a constable came in and info rmed the resident he had an execution against him, and wished to levy on his property. Three barrels of corn and calf were pointed out as being the suaotal. The constable conceiving it to be his duty to lay hands on ery thing he executed, proceeded to discharge said duty taking hold of every ear of corn. saying each time "I EXECUTE THEE," and lay it aside, after going over the three barrels of corn with the same ceremony, he proceeded to execute the calf. In order to eatch it easily, he offered it some corn, but the bait was refused. He took after it-it run and he run-being a little lame the calf country, who had taken lodging at the As- rather outran him-over hill and hollows they went he grabbing at the call's tail as tor House, was rather surprised when he came to the dinner table, to see nothing on log and fell, he being in too close pursuit to it. "What will you have?" asked the wai- discover the log went over too; and the calf ter. Jonathan started at him-"I dun know." and constable were in a pile together; in the "Would you like a bill of fare, sir?" "Thank fall he caught the calf by the tail, and as ejaculated, "I EXECUTE THEE." He then retired, much fatigued, saying he had rather execute any thing else than a calf.

> A wag, on witnessing a execution by hanging, said "It must put any one out of breath to stand on nothing and pull hemp with their hands tied behind them.



AGRICULTURAL.

THE OLD FARM-ROUSE. The old farm-house where I was born, Just underneath the bill. A quaint, time-honered edifice-Methinks I see it still.

Just as it stood when I was young. A happy country lad; Happy, though shoeless, and although My hat was "shocking bad-"

Though now I am a wealthy man, I'd give my wealth to be A happy country lad once more, Beneath that old roof-tree.

They've torn the old house down, and built An ugly staring thing, With bright green windows in the front, And at one end a wing

The little streamlet in the rear; And bright and sparkling rill, They damed it up a while ago, And now it turns a mill.

The noble chesnut-tree, that grew Just on the mossy bank, They chopped it down a twelvement ai And sawed it into plank.

The garden and the barn-yard, all Those dear remembered spots, Are now "improved," and leveled, and. Cut into building-lots.

Ah! would some fairy, as of yore, But grant a wish to me, I'd wish myself a country lad, Beneath the old oak tree.

HORACE.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE SOIL.

and as our only resource, at this time, is compost and the green manures, we should use every effort, with the means in our power. It is 22 years, since I first commenced making compost. Indulge me, if you please, in a lew words, to inform you of the opinions of that day, 22 years ago; aye, even ten years ago, in regard to making compost. The stables and lots were covered over lightly, and a long time, and the result was, by hand scraping, a few loads were procured to throw on the poo er spots, and the land not improved. And I am sorry to say, that it is the case with "How much do you take!" said he, "let too many of our Planters of this day, perhaps most of them.

... I will now give you my plan. The first thing is, to be sure, to collect a plenty of vegetable matter, such as pine-straw, oak leaves, corn stalks, the scrapings of fence corners, ditch sides, and some rich depostes of earth, &c., and continue to haul in and throw on horse lots, cow lots and stables, all the year, if possible, and have all the stock penned every night, until the month of December, at which time, all is Happy had it been for that man if he had thrown in heaps, to give room for another for the last twenty years, and I am sure, and my neighbors can testify to it, that it is much better now, than it was 20 years ago. And the great improvement has been within the last five years. So much for being a subscriber to an Agricultural paper.

The next efforts is with Green Manurer and that is chiefly stiff swamp land, which has hitherto refused to make cotton, or corn, except after a failure in cotton. -The next year it would make corn, and is very fine for oats or grass. For the last three or four years, I have been changing oats cotton and corn, in part, listing it in the full, all the stubble and a fine coat of grass and weeds are turned under, just pefore frost, and, sometimes all the oat crop with the grass, which I find to be e-qual to a good manuring, and the land produces much better. No stock is suffered to go on the oats, or stubble, which intend to turn under in the fall. I have tried turning under the grass and stubble of oat fields in the month of August, and in the winter, both improve the land, but it is worth double, if turned under in fall, when there is a fine coat of rich grass to assist the out-stubble. I suffer no cleared land, under fence, to lye unimproved. It is either sown in oats and turned in, or the natural growth of the soil is turned in, every year. By so doing. I find, instead of the land wearing out, there is a gradual im-

provement.

1 am satisfied, if the Planters would plant less, and make all the compost they can, and have some lands always for green work, not so hard, and, in a few years, make more. But so long as from seven to