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Poetry.

WORTH, NOT DRESS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Let us not from a ragged coat
With indignation start,
For oft beneath it there is hid
A true and noble heart;
And though the COAT some may condemn,
Yet the true sons of earth
Will pass his garments by, and love
The man's high honest worth.

Yet sad it is within our days,
(Refute it they who can;)
That clothing cut in richest style,
Not MERIT, makes the man.
This should not—for all who dwell
Upon this earthly sod,
Though high or low, though rich or poor,
Are equals, to our God.

But, oh, that time is hastening on,
And may it not be far,
When true and noblest merit shall
Reign as the evening star;
When man shall be most rightly priaed
For honor all alone.
Though palace grand, or humble cot,
Should be his earthly home.

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protective duty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

THE TWO PURSES.

It was a cool winter night, and the wind whistled through the bare limbs of the trees that lined the wall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose surface the light of the morn fell with dazzling splendor, studded the incrusted ground with brilliant diamonds. As the old South clock struck nine a young man, wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of the numerous carriage loads of the gaily dressed people of both sexes who entered one of the principal houses on Beacon street.

Through the richly stained glass window, the gorgeous light issued in a steady floods accompanied by the thrilling tones of music, from the full band; the house illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits.

The stranger still contemplated the scene, his cloak, which till now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, disclosing a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curly hair, setting off to great advantage his Grecian style of features. A becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a slight classic appearance to his whole face. The naval button on his coat, denoted that he belonged to this branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter," said he, thoughtfully, to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms I never can possess? Hard fate that I should be bound to the iron chains of poverty—but I am a man, and have a soul as noble as the best of them. We will see," and crossing over to the gay scene, he entered the hall. He cast off his overshoes, handed his hat and cloak to the servant, and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually he made his way among the crowd in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen in loveliness of that beautiful assembly. The bloods of the West End flocked about her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes. Half attracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, blushed deeply, and dropped a half curtsey, in token of recognition of some one without the group. Her eyes no longer languid, now sparkled with admiration, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand in his saying:

"Welcome, Ferris, we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea, this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our queen," was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady approved there was no cause of complaint.

The gay scene of the evening wore on; several times Ferris Howard had put at fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Howard was a lieutenant in the navy, and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and sister, to whom he was devotedly attached.—His father was a self-made man; had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston—but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into the grave leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education and having entered the navy as midshipman, was raised to a lieutenantship, by reason of his acquirements and good conduct.

His profession had led him to all parts of the world and he had carefully improved all advantages, though constrained by his limited means to the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris H., one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston at a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamoured of her, but he well knew in his heart that the difference between their fortunes formed a barrier to his hopes. He had been a casual visitor for some months previous to the commencement of our story, at the house of the H. family.

I must think of her no more, said Ferris to himself. If I am sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown?

Harris H was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty to all who were needy. Still he was a strange man. He seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child, and Anne, too, loved her father with an argent affection. His delight was to pore over his library, living as it were in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Anne, he observed the eyes of the old man bent sternly upon him; then his heart would sink within him, and he would wake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. H., where in spite of the cold reception from those he met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anne was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with the different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenes and effects of the different countries. Anne sat near a sweet geranium, whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying.—Ferris bent close to her ear and said:

"Anne, will you pluck that rose for me as a token of affection? You know my affection for you—or stop, dearest—behind it grows the codruft. You know the mystic language of both—will you choose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing and stammering girl, plucking and handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love save from her telltale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house, when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the clemency of the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a triffe? I am nearly starved and chilled through by the night air."

Ferris, after a few moments' conversation with the beggar—for he had not the heart to turn away away from the suffering of a fellow creature, handed him a purse containing five or six dollars, urging him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occurence, he was again at her father's house. Mrs. H., Anne's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with a somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no great conversational powers she always retired quite early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H. had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he seldom saw him, and when he did the old man's eye was bent on him in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Anne's acknowledgement of her affection for him, and now he was equally distant from the gaol of his happiness, for his better judgement told him that it would be presumptuous to ask the consent of her parents. On this occasion he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who solicted arms, declaring that he could not find any one else to assist him, and that the money before bestowed upon him had been expended for food, and the rent of a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris placed in his hand a purse, at the same time telling him that he himself was poor and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him.

He left the beggar and passed on his way, happy in having contributed something to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent Ferris called one evening at the House of Mr. H, and was fortunate enough to find Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter poring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further notice of him than a slight inclination of the head, and—"Good evening, sir."

He took a chair by Anne's side, and told of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter," said the sorrowful girl. "No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me relative to a connection with R; but I never can love but one man," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer In fact the hint relative to an alliance to another spurred him to action. He proceeded to the part of the room where Mr H. sat, and after a few introductory remarks he said—

"You have observed, sir my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attention to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it was not altogether against you wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion of the matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Mr. H, "and have no reason to object to your visits."

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune nor rank to offer your daughter, but, emboldened by love, I ask you for her hand."

The old man laid down his book, and removing his spectacles, asked—

"Does the lady sanction this request?"

"She does."

"And you ask—"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours."

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet saying.

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir; I looked for different treatment."

"Listen, young man," said the father.—Do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given you this precious child (and here he placed her hand in Ferris's) before I had proved you? No, sir; out of Anne's many suitors from the wealthiest and the highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence. The world calls me a cold, calculating man; perhaps I am so, but I had a duty to perform to Him who entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully. I know your life and habits, your means and propects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you receive am ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate husband cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with R. was only to try your heart, then, and thicken the plot," said Howard to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved entered, and stepping up to Ferris, solicited charity. Anne recoiled at first from the dejected appearence and poverty-stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he gained entrance to the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately hight, and casting off the disguise it had worn, disclosed the person of Anne's farher.

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—Charity; and had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Here, sir, is your first purse—it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a cheque for six thousand; and here is your second, which contained five dollars, and is multiplied by a thousand. "Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to object to it, "there is no need of explanation; it was a fair business transaction."

This was of course a mystery to Anne, but when explained, added to her love for her husband.

The Newspaper.

A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in his mind to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it; for the newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men—it is the wisdom of the age—of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always behind the times in general information; besides they never think much or find much to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there is the wife who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap and has nothing to relive her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle.

The newspaper is the cheapest luxury in existance. From no other source can so much pleasure and profit be obtained at so little cost. Think of it; the history of the world's life for a week; intelligence from every event worth putting in print; accounts of war and accounts of peace; the rise and fall of dynasties; the fluctuations of the market; the incidents of commerce; casualties by fire and flood; robberies, and murders, and defalcations, and elopements and suicides and hangings, deaths, births and marriages; scraps of wit and humor, tales and poems, speeches and essays, recipes for making pudding and antidotes for diptheria; hints upon love and matrimony; conundrums and moral precepts; apothegms, and *jeux d' esprit*, puns and pasquinades—and all for four cents a week!—Think of it! the faithful chronicler of universal history—the epitomization of universal affairs—for the price of one cigar, or a single glass of brandy.

The newspaper is the greatest of reformers. It revolutionizes the household. It does more to educate the family than all the schoolmasters that ever swayed the rod. It carries light and life with it wherever it goes. It stimulates the husband to sturdier efforts, sends the housewife singing to her work, and leads the children by flowery paths up the heights of knowledge. It is a friend that does not deceive, a confident that does not betray, a mother that does not whisper evil counsel.

It is the best mental tonic. It arouses the slumberng energies of the soul, and makes the currents of life flow more freely and healthy. Deprived of its more genial influences, society would go to rust, the wheels of progress would be arrested, and the world relapse into darkness of the Mediæval times.—[Exchange.

THE BEST PAYMASTER.—An eminent minister in Wales, hearing of a neighbor who followed his calling on the Lord's day, went and asked why he broke the Sabbath. The man replied that he was driven to it, by finding it hard work to maintain his family.—"Will you attend public worship" said the minister, if I pay you a week day's wages? "Yes, most gladly," replied the poor man. He attended constantly, and received his pay. After some time, the minister forgot to send the money, and, recollecting it, called upon the man, and said, "I am in your debt." No sir, he replied, you are not. "How so?" asked the minister; "I have not paid you of late." True said the man; but I can now trust God, for I have found that he can bless the work of six days for the support of my family just the same as seven." Ever afterward he kept the Sabbath, and found that in doing so, there was not only no loss, but great reward.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There are minds as well as streets that want draining.

The best word in a book is "Finis."

How few come within earshot of Fame.

The tears of his hearers are the preacher's applause

Mammon ties as many marriage knots as Cupid.

A heart once given should be "not transferable."

He that says "I know a secret," will tell it if pressed.

Friendship often ripens from the seed of intimacy into love.—[Diogenes.

Chemically speaking, a man is 42 lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through 5½ pails fall of water.

A father of a family recently lost his temper, to the great delight of his friends, as it was a very bad one.

"Once a Week" tells us why cats are carried to sea. There are two reasons; first, to kill rats, whose depredations insurance does not cover, but damages from which can be recovered if no cat is on board; and second, to save forfeiture to the Admiralty if a ship is found deserted by her crew at sea with a cat on board, as it is not derelict if a living creature—even a cat—is found in it.

In St. Louis, recently, a man and his wife were engaged in arranging for a seperation.—The principle difficulty was the baby, which the woman tearfully begged to be allowed to keep, while the man angrily refused. At length, the wife almost threw the child into the husband's arms, and exclaimed, "Take it I can soon have another!"

RULES AND REGULATIONS

To be observed by Commanders of Vessels Anchoring at Digdeguash and Bocabec.

All Vessels must be moored North and South.

All Vessels to be taut moored with their bower and stream anchors, and to have good Buoys and buoy ropes attached to their Anchors.

Vessels having Rafts astern, to keep the same as close to the Ship as possible.

The Harbour Master is to direct where the Ballast is to be laid, and no Ballast shall be landed in the Harbour without his permission and direction; and at the time of discharge a tarpaulin to be laid between the Ballast port or Gunwale of the Vessels discharging, to prevent any part falling into the water, under the penalty of Ten Pounds.

No Anchor to be laid between the lines of high and low water mark.

Any Master or Commander of any ship or Vessel who shall refuse or neglect to obey or conform to the directions of the Harbour Master, shall forfeit and pay the sum of Five Pounds for each refusal and neglect.

The Harbour Master shall be entitled to demand and receive from the Master, Commander, or Consignee, of every ship or Vessel which shall anchor at Digdeguash or Bocabec, Five Shillings for all Vessels above Fifty tons, and not exceeding One Hundred tons, and Ten Shillings for all Vessels above One Hundred tons, as Harbour Master's Fees.

ROBERT GLASS,
HARBOUR MASTER.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—God puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, "There are your houses; go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds the trees; men must build the houses. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock is given us, not brick or square stones. God gives us no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and sheep. If we would have coats to our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything good or useful, we must earn it.

Georgia and Alabama papers report good crops.

The Chicago dailies have increased their subscription price to $12 per year.

The foundation-stone of the O'Connell monument will be laid in Dublin in August.

Bill establishing free trade on corn has been introduced into Portuguese Courtes.

A young man has been arrested at Louisville for eloping his uncle's wife.

There is rejoicing in St. Louis on account of a large fall of rain, the first in several weeks.

The Confederate Congress adjourned on the 14th ult. They will re-assemble in November next.

Isabella Cubus, the beautiful and celebrated Spanish danseuse, died in New York, of consumption, on Monday, 20th June.

Mr. Charles Annand, son of the former proprietor, has now become the publisher of the Halifax Chronicle and Nova Scotian.

Two thousand eight hundred and ninty-six persons have been saved from death by shipwreck on the British coast by what is called a mortar and rocket apparatus.

The asylum for drunkards, at Binghapton, N. Y., will soon be opened. It will hold about 5000, and already more than 800, it is said; have applied for admission.

The Connecticut farmers are selling their rye crop to the bonnets makers. It is cut green and carried off in the sheaf.

A little boy disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true, for ma said so; and if ma says its so, it's so, if it ain't so."

inal issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available